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# What is the creepiest thing that you've ever experienced?

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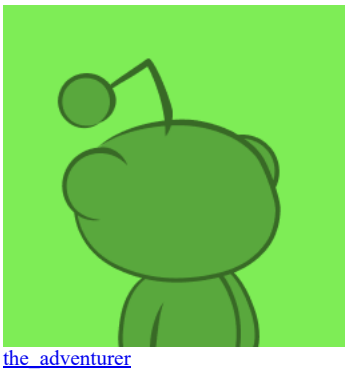

the_adventurer
â€¢ 15y ago

I've been lurking here a long time and this is the first time I think I've had something interesting to add.

I was born in Bosnia in 88 and was 4 when I, my mother, and my sisters fled the north of the country. Our bus was stopped on the border to Croatia and armed men boarded. They demanded everyone's money and valuables. Not being pleased with the take, they demanded that everyone strip naked to make sure that no one was hiding anything. If they found anyone hiding valuables, they told us, even if it was just one person, the entire bus would be shot.

One of these armed men paced back and forth on the bus, looking at each of us as his comrades rummaged through our clothes. He stopped by an older and rather saggy looking lady and extended his rifle. He raised her left breast with it to check if she had been hiding anything under it. She hadn't. Satisfied, he moved on and passed me, sitting there completely naked except for my little white socks. They returned our clothes, smiled, and handed us our "exit visas."

When my family and I finally reached a shelter in Zagreb we all collapsed from exhaustion. Before I went to sleep, however, I complained that my feet hurt. My mother took off my socks to massage my feet and out fell a little gold necklace.

We all just stared. I was four years old but the gravity of the situation did not pass me by.

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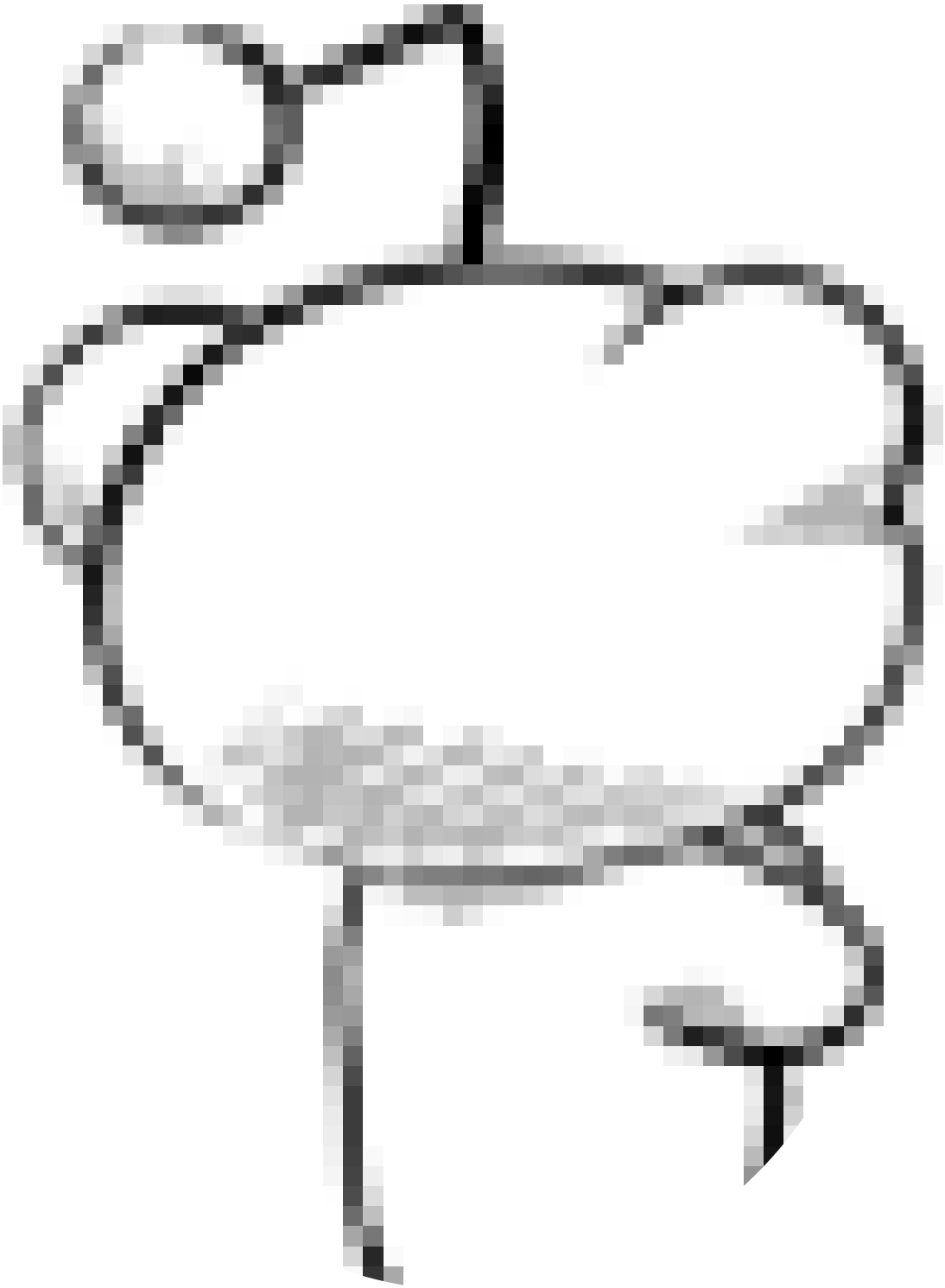

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â€¢ 15y ago

I was almost abducted from a Wal-Mart parking lot by a middle aged man (I had dropped the bags I was carrying and he had helped me pick them up). I was making small talk with him when he tried to throw me into his car. I brained him with the flashlight he had in his backseat and ran like hell through the parking lot, screaming.

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booclay
â€¢ 15y ago

This happened to my cousin. A guy at her highschool who was a socially inept introvert (perhaps a redditor?) began following her around between classes in second year. In her third year she realized that he was in all of the same classes as her. Turns out that he found a copy of her preferred class schedule and copied it to a tee.

Not long after she started receiving creepy love letters in her locker. She amassed a good two dozen letters before she took it to the principals office out of concern. The letters had become increasingly more creepy. The words love and "watching you" had been used.

She had a decent idea of who it was and the principal contacted his parents and took him for some counselling. The letters stopped.

Two months go by and my cousin and the rest of her immediate family are coming home from a family dinner. Her older sister goes straight up to her room to change. She opens the closet and curled up in a ball in the corner is the stalker, crying and shaking.

No doubt my cousin flips the fuck out screaming bloody murder and my uncle rushes up. They knew who the kid was and although they were extremely mad they didn't get physical or anything. They called the police who came and took him away. They had a restraining order put on him and had him moved to another school. They didn't press charges because he was mentally unstable.

The creepiest part about the whole situation is that the whole family had been hearing noises in the house for months. The older brother of the family (whose room was in the basement) had heard the faint sound of doors opening and closing several times. And my cousin who he was stalking had noticed some of her personal belongings had gone missing, primarily underwear. In fact, it was an inside joke between the sisters for some time that she had to buy so many new pairs of underwear all of the time. The creep admitted that he had been breaking into their house for months to go through my cousins personal belongings.

TL;DR: High-school stalker had been breaking into my cousins house for months before the family caught him in the act of stealing my cousin's underwear.

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Eldorian
â€¢ 15y ago

About 10 years ago I was at a small fair in a small midwest town. It was middle of summer and I was sitting in this barn like place that had some picnic tables set up. I noticed this bird was flying around being pissed off and then noticed a young bird that couldn't fly off in the corner that had probably jumped out of it's nest.

No biggie, it was off in the corner by itself and nothing would bother it.

This little girl (maybe about 4 or 5) walks over to it to get a closer look. I keep my eye on her to make sure she doesn't pick it up or anything but she stays her distance and just looks at it. And I hear her say a couple things like "oh such a pretty bird, you're a pretty bird"

I look away for about a minute and look back up and she's standing over the little bird STOMPING the fuck out of it. This goes on for a few more seconds and then she quickly covers it up with dirt and runs off into the crowd. No one else saw this except for me and I was way too awestruck to even do anything about it. Hell, even to this day I'm not sure what the fuck I really could have/should have done.

I'm pretty sure I saw a future psychopath born that day. Creeped the fuck out of me.

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On_ne_sait_jamais
â€¢ 15y ago

That is fucking horrifying. Young children displaying violent and sociopathic tendencies scares the hell out of me.. I think it has a lot to do with the whole "children are the epitome of innocence" idea.. *shudders*

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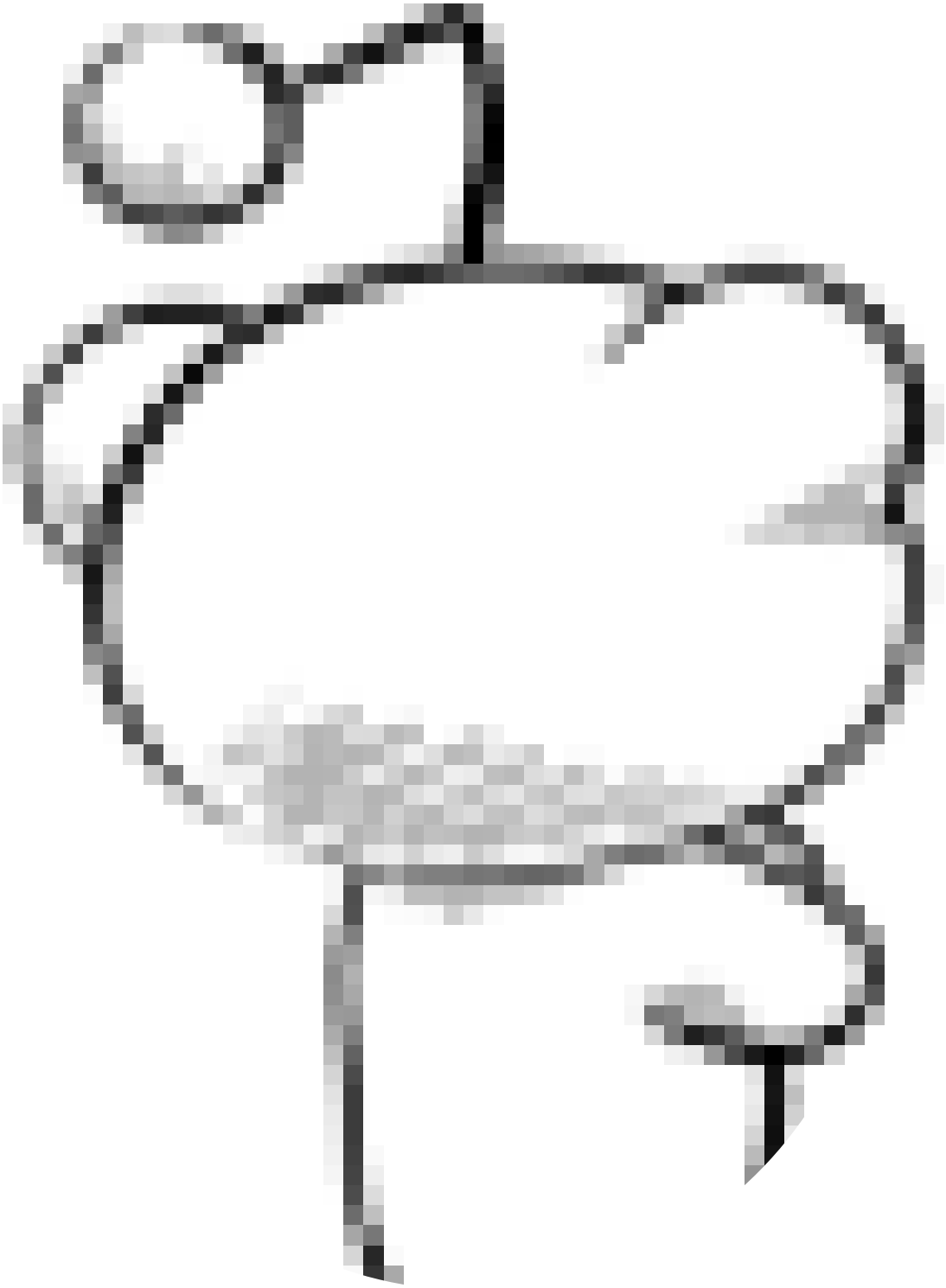

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â€¢ 15y ago

I am probably responsible for someone else's most creepy experience. It was summer and a guy I worked with had lined up some girls for us to meet in a nearby town. I was only about 16 and my parents were really strict, so there was no way they were going to let me hook up with my friends and go meet these girls. So instead, I had my buddy agree to pick me up down the hill at this dead end that stopped right at the beginning of this wooded area on the side of a lake.

So midnight comes and I had just snuck out of the window and was putting on my shoes (had left them outside beforehand to I wouldn't make too much noise sneaking out), when I saw the headlights to a car pulling up to the dead end down the hill from my house. Not wanting for my buddy to take off without me, I started running through the back yard of this empty summer cottage between my house and the lake. Unfortunately, I didn't see this old charcoal grill that I ended up running into at full speed, which sent me rolling. I had black ash and charcoal ALL OVER ME. I mean, I was fucking covered with it, head to toe. Well, I jumped back up and kept running, ended up about flying through the hedges and landing right next to this Volkswagen beetle that was sitting there are the dead end. Except it wasn't my buddy.

It was two chicks I didn't know and they were passing what looked like a bottle of wine back and forth between them. It was summer so their windows were down and they both looked over at me when I appeared beside their car. So there I was, panting and out of breath from running, covered in black soot from the barbecue grill, staring at them through their window from about 2 feet away. They both screamed bloody murder, shoved their car into reverse and literally flew the hell out of there.

Fucking buddy never bothered to show either. Asshole.

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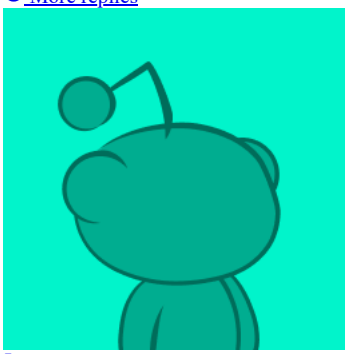

Jwaness
â€¢ 15y ago

One night when I was 11 years old I was watching tv with my two older sisters (13 and 15 at the time). Our parents were out late at a party but being home alone was nothing new to us. Just before 1 am our dog stood up and left the family room, and began to stare out the back door of the kitchen, just off the family room. A minute later he went absolutely crazy. It was not the typical barking sound, or the growling at a stranger, cat, etc. It was an insane mixture of incredibly loud barking and wild animal growling, the sound one would make in a truly life or death situation.

This, of course, freaked the shit out of us. We went to our dog to comfort him and after 20 seconds of discussion of what the fuck was going on we decided we had better secure the house as quickly as possible. It was a large house with many doors and windows to check, we all ran frantically to lock up everything as quickly as possible. The last door I got to was the garage door. A split second after locking it I put my hand around the handle to verify it was locked, and felt someone from the other side viciously shaking the handle, pushing trying to open the door. We of course made quite a few phone calls within the next few minutes.

The memory of feeling that violent shaking, knowing the person my dog freaked out about, was 1 foot from me on the other side creeps the shit out of me even now.

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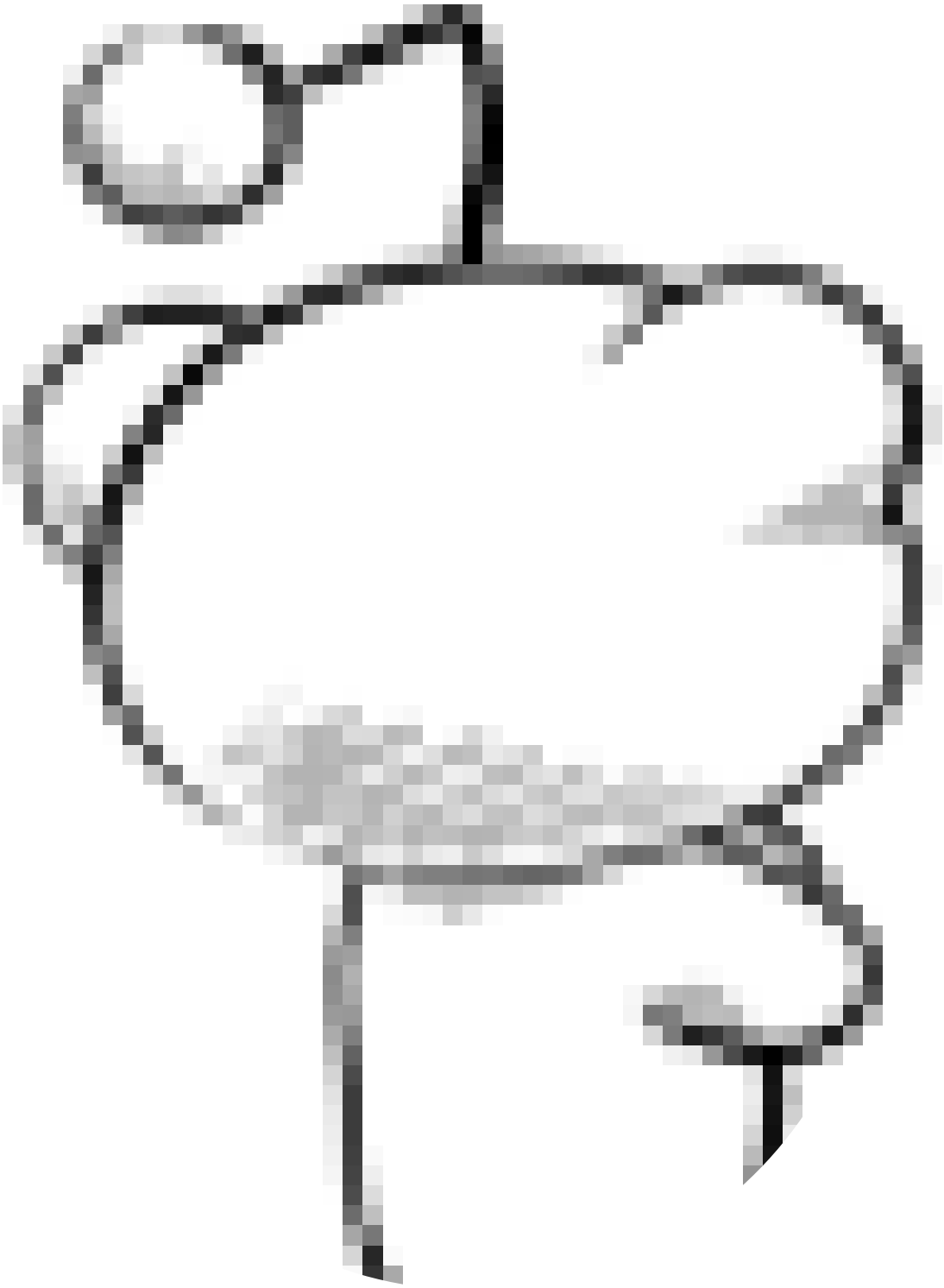

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â€¢ 15y ago

Jesus, creepy as hell. Glad you got out of it OK, I had a similar thing happen although at an older age.

I had just moved into my tiny basement apartment in Chicago and had finished watching some random horror movie, when my dog starts pawing at the window and just making this mewling sound. Not barking but this pathetic sound like he is really scared and wants to leave but can't. So I walk very slowly to look out the little eye-hole of the door and there is this formless lump just kind of rustling around. At this point I'm freaked the fuck out, but it's like I'm paralyzed trying to figure out what it is. Soon enough the lump-thing moves and the craziest looking homeless guy stands up and looks straight into the eye-hole, but he looks into it with such purpose and intensity it's like he knows exactly what's on the other side. At this point I bolt to the kitchen grab a knife and my phone and call the cops.

Seeing that fish-eyed, bloodshot eye in that peep-hole is something I'll never forget.

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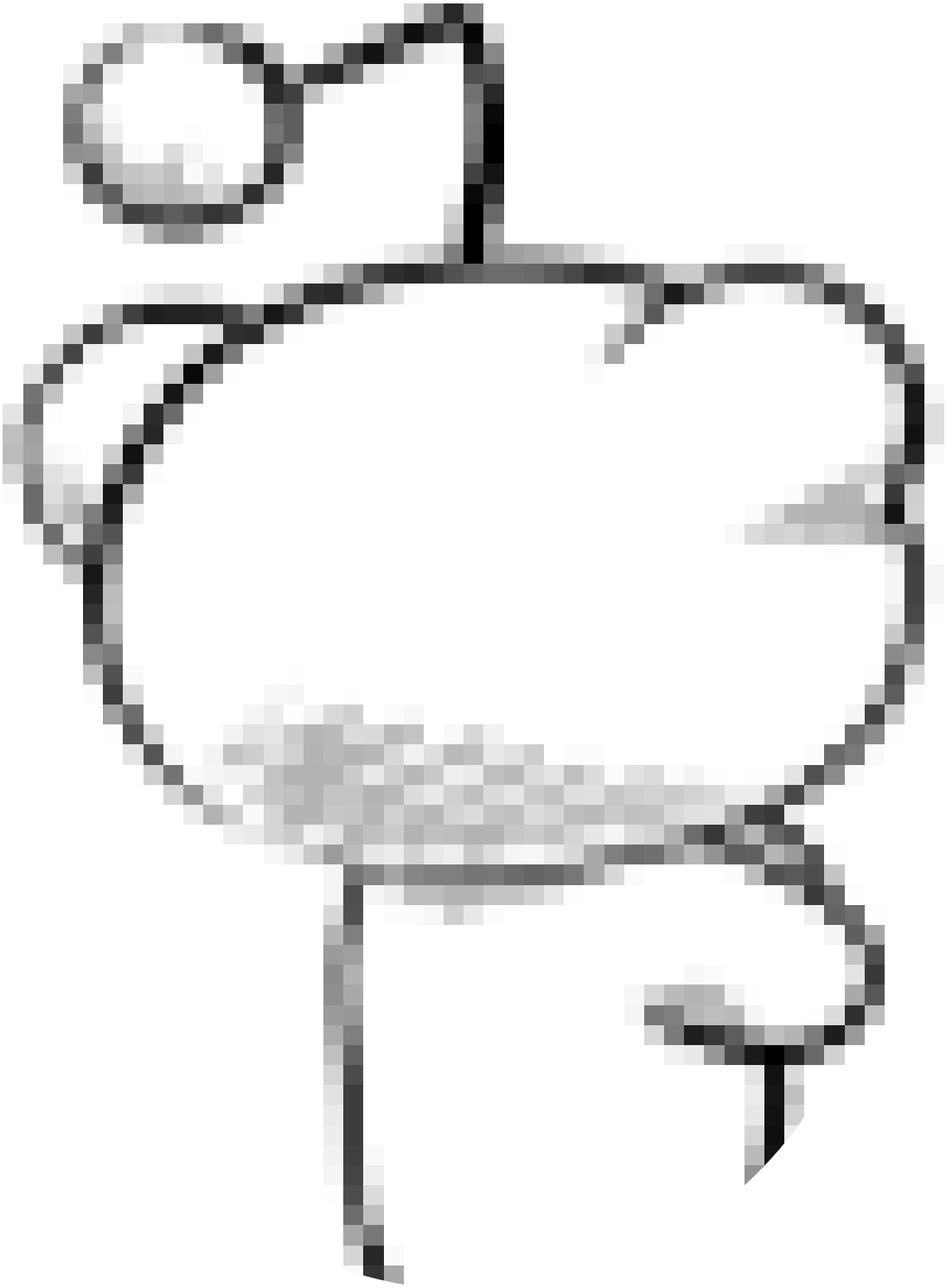

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â€¢ 15y ago

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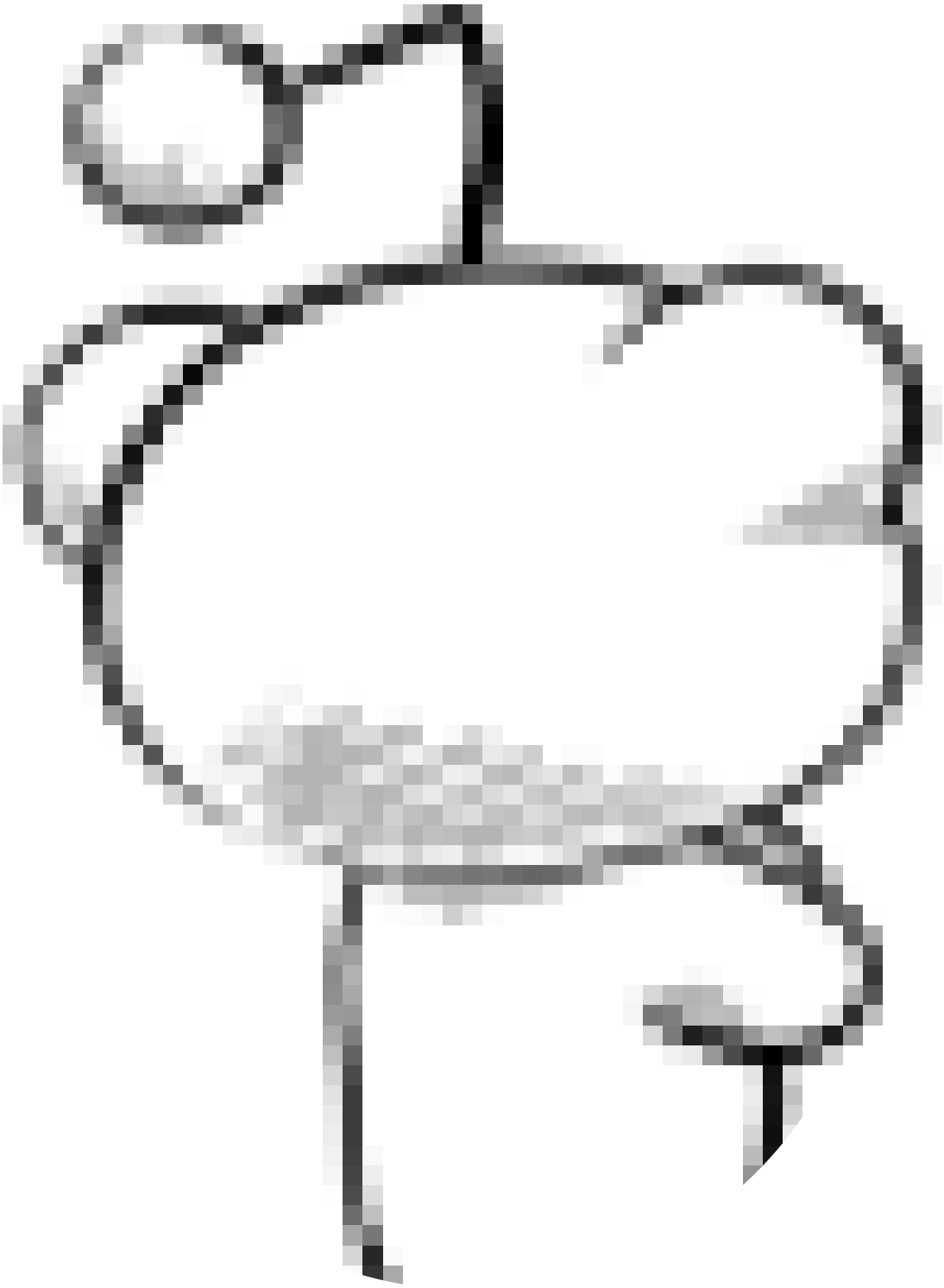

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â€¢ 15y ago

My little sister told me stories of "the evil truck driver". She was around 7, I was 10-11 years old. She told me he had stalked her friend and that he was now stalking her. My sister had a rather crazy imagination at the time and I dismissed it as fiction, so did my parents.

Now, they really did have a very good reason to dismiss it, my sister made up stories like this almost every day, about strange people, aliens and teddy bears coming to life. She was a strange kid.

Anyway, one day we're outside playing in the front yard and a truck drives up the street. It's one of those old Mercedes trucks, falling apart from all the rust and it looks like it's been in service since world-war II. My sister completely freaks out and shouts "that's the evil truck driver!". I look to the street and sure enough, there's some seriously evil-looking dude behind the wheel... pointing at us. Then reality hits me like a brick in the face: she didn't make this one up, that shit is for real. I grab her hand and pull her into the house, crying, and lock the door. My mom was at the store and didn't come home for another 10 minutes, so we're alone in the house. I called my mom and she came home. We never saw the driver again, until...

A few years later we discovered the identity of the driver. Turns out he was a repeat-offender child rapist and committed suicide after being charged for another assault. so yeah... is that creepy enough for you?

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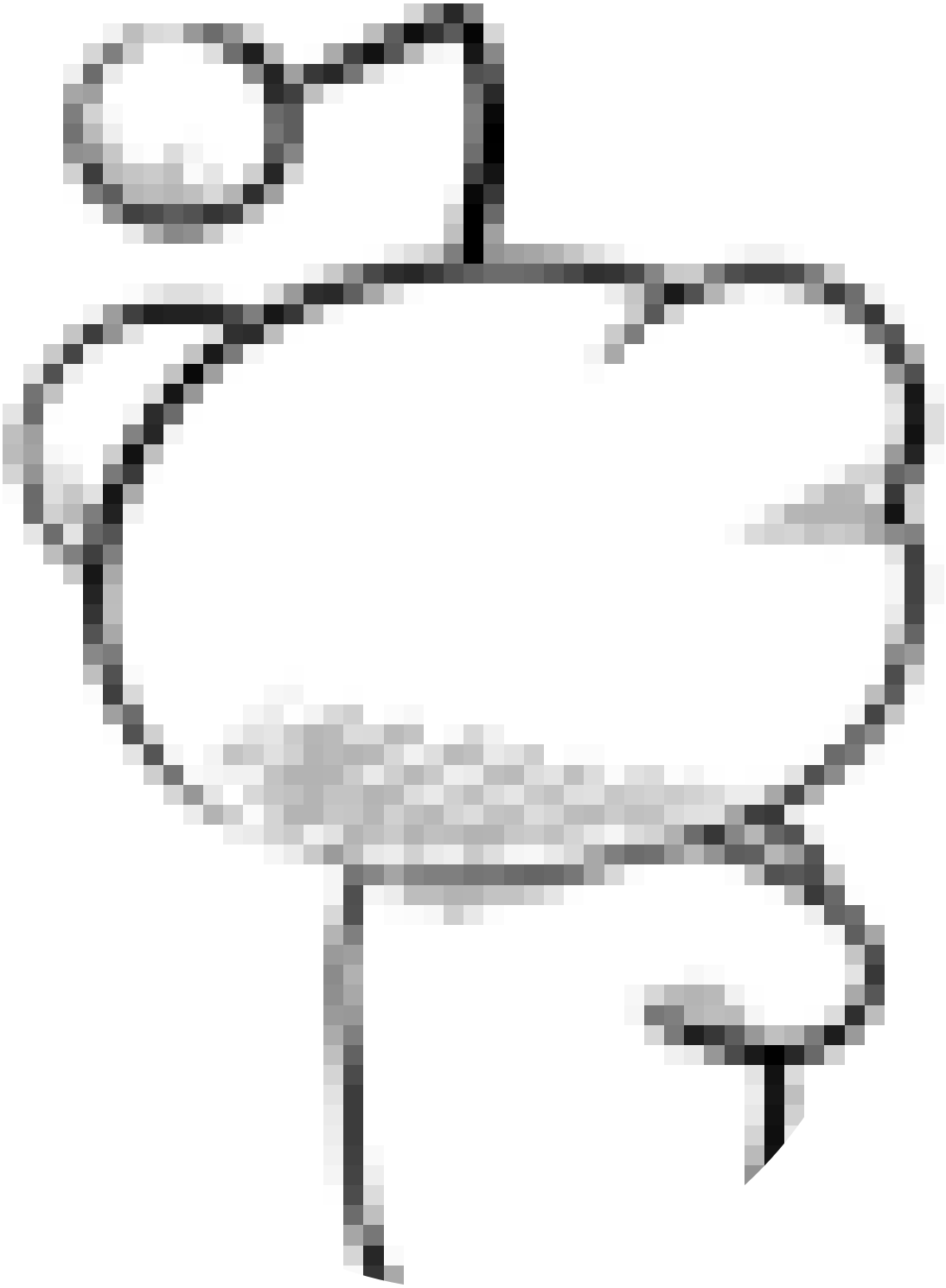

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â€¢ 15y ago â€¢ Edited 15y ago

While in college, I took this job for this eccentric guy who was trying to manufacture these machines for some company. I would just show up and assemble the machines for around 4 hours a day. It was a quiet and pretty easy job. It was just this guy, some of his family working for him, an accountant, and myself.

The job was in this small town which, now run down, used to be an old gold mining town between 1890-1910's. The building I was in was just part of an entire block of buildings that were all connected. The building was about 100 years old. It was three stories, a basement which was sealed off with the entrance from an old warehouse next store. The middle story was completely empty, just a big room with some pillars. The top floor, where I worked, had high arch ceilings and a big beam that ran across the center of the room. The top floor was accessed by a rickety set of stairs with a room to the right, a big room to the left, and a small room in the back. The room to the right was just some half empty shelves, some with engineering books. The small room in the back is where the accountants desk was at. The main room, where I was, was just a long table with some shelves in the middle.

I was short some hours because of finals, so I asked the boss if I could work late one night. He said it would be fine, just to make sure I lock the front door when I leave. About 5pm everyone left. After they left, I checked the front door at the bottom of the stairs to make sure it was locked.

I sat there and worked for about 2 hours without incident. Then I heard someone coming up the stairs. The stairs were old and rickety, and creaked and groaned with the lightest step. I thought nothing of it, I assumed the boss forgot something, maybe a book or something and was over in the other room looking for it. I didn't hear anything and called out after a few minutes, but no one answered. To access the backroom or anywhere else, a person coming up the stairs would have had to walk right by me, no one walked by me.

I finally decided to get up and go into the other room to see who was there. Well, I walk around the corner and no one's there. I'm not scared or anything, just confused. The rooms are big and mostly empty, so it only took a minute to walk around the place and it was definitely empty. I stood at the top of the stairs perplexed for a few minutes and decided that someone was just messing with me. I literally went over and starting moving the bookshelves to see if there was something behind them. There was nothing. Not that there was any point, but I searched the building again, this time, upstairs and the big empty room downstairs. I even checked the door, which was still locked. I felt a little bewildered and tried to come up with possibilities in my head. I finally came to the conclusion that someone in another part of the building must be doing some construction or something causing the stairs to shake. It was a long shot, but what alternative was there.

I went ahead and clocked out, went down the stairs, made sure the front door was locked. It was my first time working late, and the boss told me to make sure the door was locked when I left. I even double checked the door.

My plan was to go next door and see if they were doing some construction or something. I felt like I needed an excuse as to why I didn't get much done because I was walking around trying to figure out who walked up the stairs. When I went outside, I realized the entire block was completely empty. This is an old industrial area and not only was the block empty, but every block around it. Still convinced that someone in another building caused the stairs to shake, I got in my car and drove around the back side of the building to see if they were maybe working in the back. Nope, another block that was completely void of anyone. To me, being in an area that was so desolate was creepier to me than whatever caused the stairs to shake. I circled around the entire block in less than a minute and decided that I would just go home. As I drive back by our building my heart about explodes. Our front door is wide open.

So, it's about 7:30pm, pitch black outside except for a street light at the end of the block, and there are no cars or people anywhere as far as I can see. I stop the car and just sit there like an idiot staring for about a minute.

I finally calm down and decide to drive right up next to the door and see if I can see any lights on in the building. Nope, it's pitch black inside.

At this point I am debating how badly I want to keep this job. I worked at K-mart before this, and I certainly don't want to go back to working with customers again. This job paid a lot better as well. If I leave with the door wide open, I could get fired. If I go close the door, I'm going to probably shit my pants out of fright. Being a poor college student, I found my balls and, with the car still running, got out, ran over to the door and slammed it shut. I then twisted the handle to see if it was locked, it was not. It seemed like minutes, but what probably took a fraction of second, I opened the door just enough to reach inside and turn the lock. I slammed the door again and twisted the handle again to make sure it was locked. It was locked, but before I could take my hand off the handle, I heard the stairs shaking again. Even if I had looked, I wouldn't have seen anything because the stairs were pitch black, but needless to say I didn't look. I turned pale white and ran the few steps to my car, slammed the door, put it in gear and floored it. I was driving so fast I had to slam on the breaks for the stop sign at the intersection. I don't know what possessed me, but I looked over my shoulder out of morbid curiosity. It was dark, but I could see the door, and it was still shut. So I went home.

I went back to work the next day and debating for a long time if I should say anything or not. I finally decided I had to say something and talked to the guys son. I explained that something kind of weird happened to me here last night. He replied by asking me if I had heard noises. I just shook my head up and down. He then told me that this place is haunted or something. He said he used to work nights and would see shadows and hear noises but he wouldn't go into any detail, he just said he doesn't work alone or at night here anymore. He said I shouldn't work at night anymore either and he would let his dad, my boss, know not to ask me to.

I never got anymore information out of him about his experiences, and I didn't feel comfortable explaining my entire experience to him either. I told him about the stairs rattling, but not about the open door.

The strange thing was that the boss would work late by himself many times. He told his son he was stupid and to cut his bullshit. He didn't care much for me either after his son told him I didn't want to work nights anymore. Between the strange occurrence and the boss treating me with less respect I found a new job in a few weeks and left.

Years later, I see my old boss in the newspaper. They had said his business went under and he was being evicted from the building. He refused to leave and when the cops came to force him out, they found him dead. He had hung himself in the center of the room from the center beam in the building in the room I used to work in. The reason it made the paper was because they thought it was a murder because there was nothing below him that he could have stood on to get his head in the noose. After a few weeks they couldn't find any evidence for a murder or a motive for murder, so they concluded that he climbed a shelf near the wall and somehow either hand over hand or by walking on the beam, got to the center of the beam to hang himself.

I never saw the family again, I heard that they had moved to Florida to live with family.

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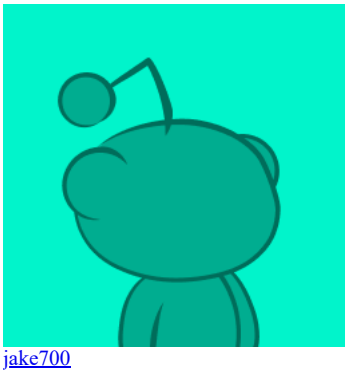

jake700
â€¢ 15y ago

Woke up a few weeks ago petting the cat in my bed. I was still too groggy to realize that I don't own a cat. Once I woke up fully I flipped out for a few seconds and then let the cat outside. I still wonder how long it was in the bed with me for...fucking cats.

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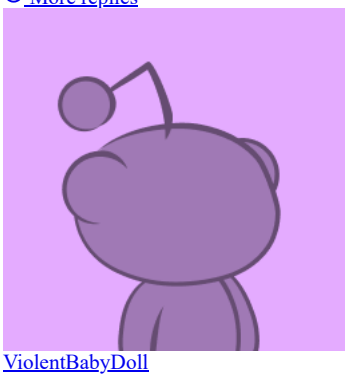

ViolentBabyDoll
â€¢ 15y ago â€¢ Edited 15y ago

When I was a sophomore in high school, my mom began dating this guy who looked like Dan Marino. They eventually moved in together, and I had my own bedroom in his house.

This was when I was around 15, so of course, I knew everything and my mom was stupid. We argued constantly, and this was probably the point in my life where we had the worst relationship with each other.

I liked him. He was nice to me, he didn't tell on me when he caught me smoking (one of his) cigarettes, he let me shut the door when my boyfriend was over, and even brought us cokes and snacks and stuff.

The only weird thing that happened when I was there was the one time I came home from school and found him asleep on the couch, with the biggest bong I've ever seen and a tray covered in giant buds that, from my trained eye, looked like some dank chronic.

I thought it was funny until I walked over to get a closer look and found, next to him on the couch, a box literally *filled* with drivers licenses. I only had ten seconds or so to observe this, but I swear every single one had a picture of a young, pretty girl on it. I was already creeped out, so when he suddenly said "Hey, what are you looking at?" right in my left ear, I jumped a mile.

I laughed nervously and said "oh, nothing". He laughed, too, and said that he used to own a bar and he just found a box of the old licenses he had that were fake ID's confiscated from teenagers. I laughed and went along with it, not even mentioning the bong or the weed, and went to my room.

I thought he was a nice guy, so after about six months or so, when my mom approached me looking crazed and telling me to pack my shit, we were leaving *now*, I was totally shocked. I packed a small bag, as did she, and my uncle, her brother, pulled up and we peeled out of there.

For a couple of weeks after that, I kept noticing this tall white guy in a cowboy hat who seemed to be... *watching* me sometimes. I'd see him in the parking lot of my school, during lacrosse and JROTC practice, at my friend's swim meets. It gave me goosebumps, but I kept telling myself I was being paranoid and brushed it off.

Whenever I asked her why we left, she would just get quiet and say, "Please, don't ask me that anymore honey, we just had to go."

So jump forward ten years, I'm 26 and hanging out with my mom at the beach, and we had just taken shots of tequila and were drinking beer together, which is something we never do but hey, we were on vacation. We begin talking about Milton (her old boyfriend). I finally had enough liquid courage in me to ask her, what the fuck?

She told me the freakiest shit I ever heard in my life.

She said that soon after she started dating, he began to assert his dominance over her. He would tell her stories of how he and his friends would go to other guys houses who they suspected cheated at a poker game, or tried to hustle them at billiards, and beat him to within an inch of their lives, just on principle. He made it clear that he had "people" just a phone call away.

He began to drug her with stuff that turned her into a careless zombie. Of course, being a self centered, bratty teenager, I didn't see any of this going on. I just knew that she was "moody", and sometimes Milton would ask me, in privacy, if I thought that something was "wrong" with my mom, like, mentally, putting the idea in my head that she was a little unstable. He was basically pitting us against each other.

She said he used to smoke pot and crack, and would hit her with a belt at least once a day just so she wouldn't feel "spoiled." She mentioned the box of drivers licenses, and confirmed my suspicions that they were all young, pretty girls, and he never told her why he had them, but beat her severely when she asked him about them. She said he always hit her on the trunk of her body, never anywhere where people would see marks.

She told me that he made it clear that if she left him, or tried anything, called the cops, whatever, he would poison me with so much LSD that I would be in a nuthouse for the rest of my life (which made me think back to all the times he brought me and my boyfriend sodas and snacks, probably to make her worry).

She told me that for years after we left there, he would call her and her parents, my grandparents, and leave threatening voice messages. But they were never him, they were always like, clips from TV shows and movies.

She told me about the time he took her to breakfast at a local restaurant, two cops came in and sat down at the booth across from them. She said that his mood instantly darkened, and he grabbed her hand under the table, looked her directly in the eye, and said "We are going to leave, and you are going to kiss me and laugh, and don't look at the cops. We are going to do this right now, and if you don't kiss me and laugh, I will make sure that my partner will make you wish you did. He's a white guy, and he's always got his cowboy hat on."

So she said that she did what he told her to do. They went home and he never spoke of it again. But, she said, for weeks after that, every once in a while, a white guy in a big old cowboy hat would come in to the restaurant that she managed. He would sit at the bar, not order anything, and just hang out for a bit. She said that she was scared shitless, but she was also drugged up and couldn't tell if she was being paranoid or going crazy, or what.

I told her about the guy I kept seeing in the cowboy hat after we fled from his home, and her face wrinkled and she began to cry. We hugged, and cried together. I apologized for being such a shitty teenager and being on his side the whole time, and she apologized for putting me and herself in harms way for so long (we lived with the guy for about 6 months, I think).

Basically, this man brainwashed my mom and me, made everyone in her life suspect she was unstable mentally, and kept her in his prison of a home under constant threat of harm to herself, and me. He had people stalk us, and left crazy messages on our machine for years later.

To this day, I live in constant fear of that bastard.

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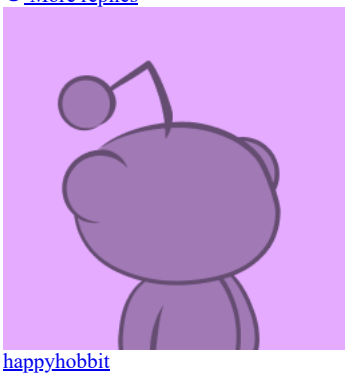

happyhobbit
â€¢ 15y ago

I was an RA in a dorm for two years in college. A girl who had been having stress issues finally snapped. She was found by someone in a dark stairwell (I was in an older dorm, circa 1887, so there were plenty of nooks and crannies). By the time she was found she had already torn out over half of her hair and had eaten it. She just kept on saying, "I just need a haircut," in a perfectly normal voice. It took 6 of us and the police sedating her to finally get her strapped down to an ambulance gurney. To this day I can't forget how powerful she was. She couldn't have weighed over 120 pounds, yet she had this sort of superhuman ability to rip her arms away to tear out another clump of hair and stuff it into her mouth. All with a perfectly straight face.

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brbpooping
â€¢ 15y ago

I once lived alone in a historic, victorian-style neighborhood in Columbus, Ohio.

I don't scare easy... and I don't say that to sound tough. I really just don't scare easy. I take showers in the dark because it's more relaxing, for example. (My wife thinks that is fucking wierd).

Anyway, I lived in a duplex (a one time large house converted into 4 separate apartments). I lived in one of the upper apartments.

Jumping ahead to what axtually happened, now... There was an old lady that lived very close, in a house that shared the same parking as I. She was a really nice lady. Often, I would help her bring her groceries in. Give her rides to her daughter's house. I would even help her fix things around her house.

EVERYTIME that this lady would ask for my help - she would call me on my cell phone. I gave her my number when I first met her and told her "if you need any help ever, just call me and ill be right over". She would call almost daily - and it never bugged me one bit. She was a sweet lady and I was more than happy to help.

Jumping ahead here... It had been 3 days that I hadn't heard from, or seen her. I got very concerned because I would see her every day sitting on her porch drinking coffee. I shrugged it off at first and thought to myself "when I come home from work - I'm going to call the police if she doesnt answer her door".

So, I come home from work. I step into my apartment and drop my things on the counter. Put my jacket away. Pop open a beer. That's when I hear somewhat of a ruckus outside.

I step outside just as I see a police cruiser and another "blackish" vehicle parked infront of this lady's house. I pause for a moment... Then I see them carrying her body...wrapped in a white sheet from the upper floor of her house. My chest tightened and I started to sob uncontrollably.

And, this is where the creepiness begins... That evening... I am sitting on my terrace, outside that faces this lady's house. Having a beer. Just relaxing really.

I didn't really before this... but I glance over toward her house. Specifically, at the door where her body was carried out. This exact instant of locking eye contact on this door - I see the curtain in the window closest to the door MOVE. I instantly get the coldest shivers up my spine. It doesn't stop there...

In the next few moments.... I am scared to death and relieved. I get call on my phone. IT IS THE LADY'S NUMBER ON MY CALLER ID. WTFWTFWTFWTFWTF. I answer... "Hello?"... a pause...I hear somebody breathing. "Thank you" a female's voice says. It is her daughter. She is at the house helping clean up the mess left behind in result of this woman's death. She was thanking me because she knew how much and how often I cared for her mom.

Eventually, I was able to retrieve my balls from my throat, and realize that a dead woman wasn't trolling me. But, for those 10 seconds or so - I was petrified.

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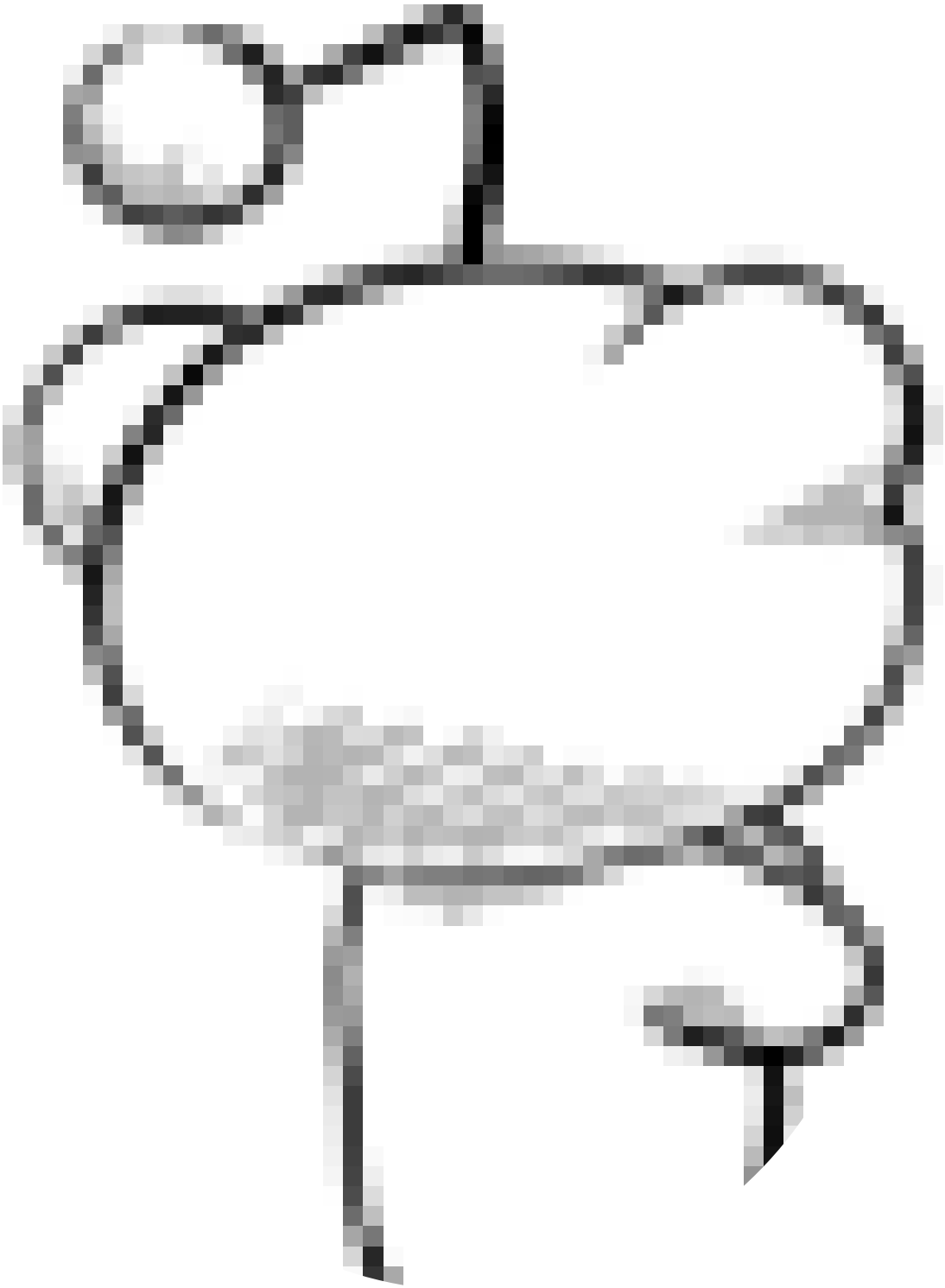

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â€¢ 15y ago

When I was 7, my father went on business out of state for a week. While away, he was involved in a car accident which put him into a coma for 2 weeks. During that time I would see flashes of him wandering around the house looking confused, and if he looked in my direction or someone walked around him, he wouldn't even react. Granted these flashes were only 1-2 seconds tops, usually less. I would tell my mom every time I saw him and she brushed it off as me missing my dad. When he came out of the coma, my mom told him about all my "sightings." When she was done explaining my behavior dad asked me to leave the room, and that was the last I heard about it until I was 18, leaving for college. Before heading out, they sat me down and told me that the only thing my dad remembered while being in the coma was wandering around our house and trying to figure out why it was empty and looking for everyone. He said he would randomly see me flash in and out and described exactly how I would see him for a split second. Maybe not ultra creepy but I still get goosebumps thinking about it.

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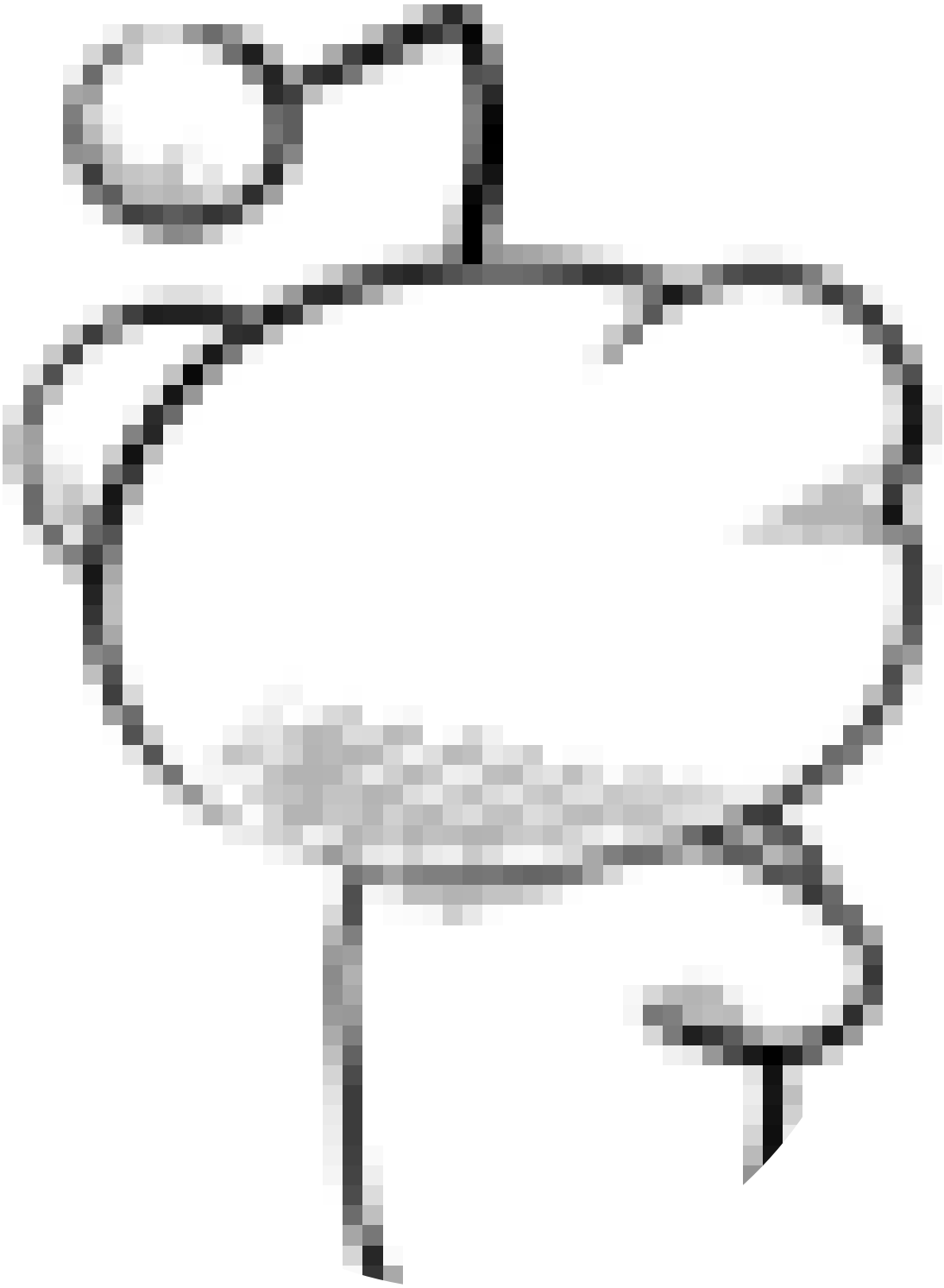

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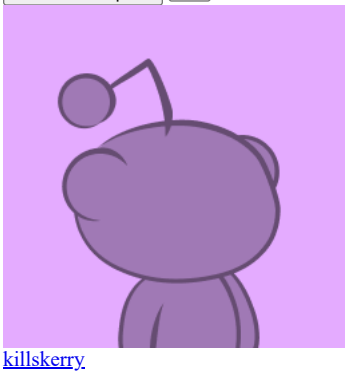

killskerry
â€¢ 15y ago

This is one of the creepiest things that has ever happened to me.

If you've ever been to Portland OR you know that our public transportation system is pretty nice and the MAX system has a tram that runs between the Airport and the City Center until fairly late at night. I was coming home from seeing my family at Christmas and my flight came in very late so I was lucky enough to catch the last MAX home. Because it was so late it was just me...and a guy who looked homeless sitting a few seats ahead of me. He was sleeping with his head against the window. I paid little attention to him but noticed his head lolling around and wondered if he was wasted. Anyway we get to the city center and there are cops waiting there because apparently the homeless guy sitting in front of me is being escorted off the tram. Airport security had tried to get him off before and thought he was ignoring them and refusing to move. And that's when both the cops and me find out that the guy had been DEAD THE WHOLE TIME. He had O.D.ed at some point before the MAX had even arrived at the airport We had been riding on that dark midnight ride alone together with one of us fairly deceased.

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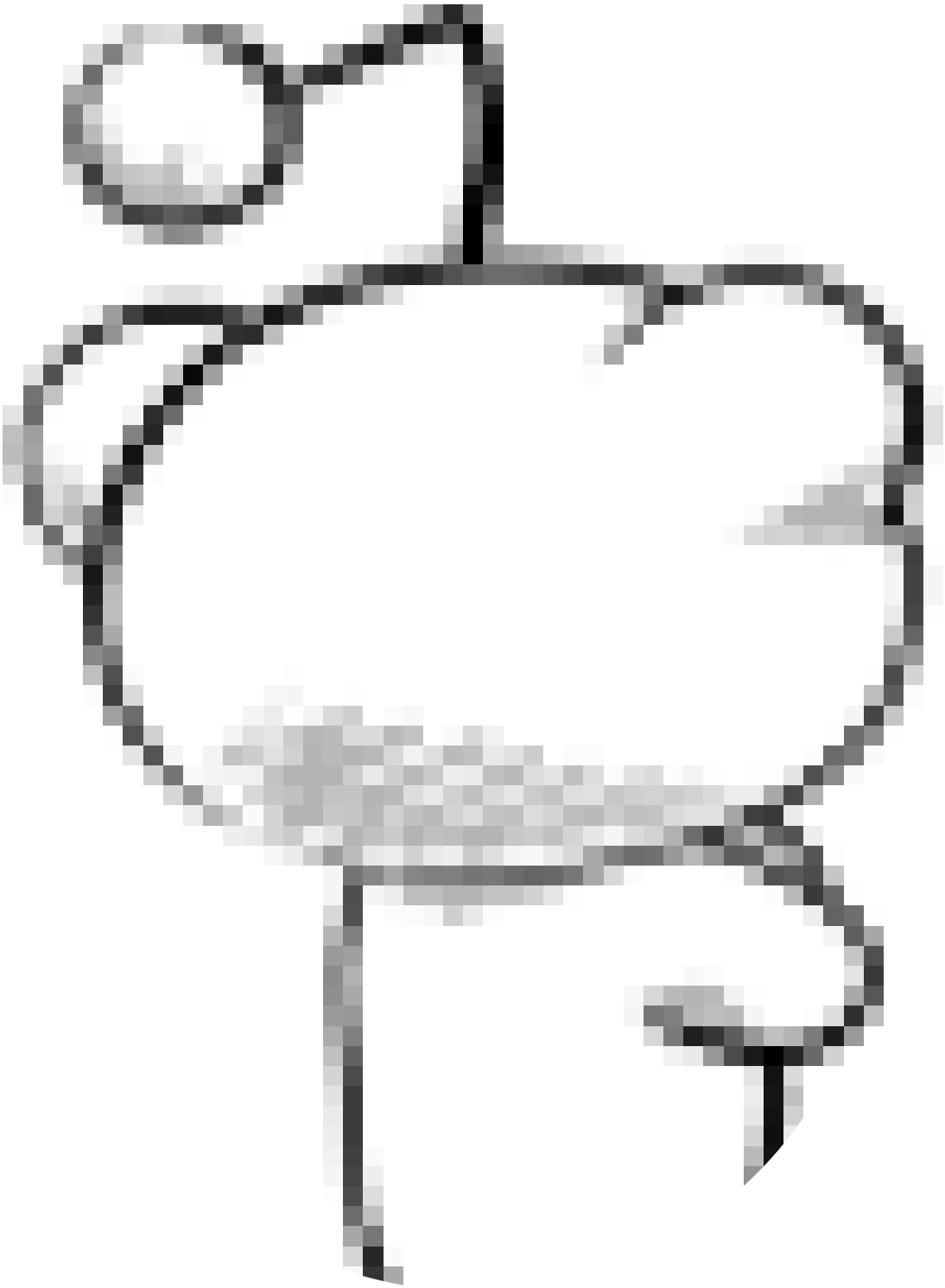

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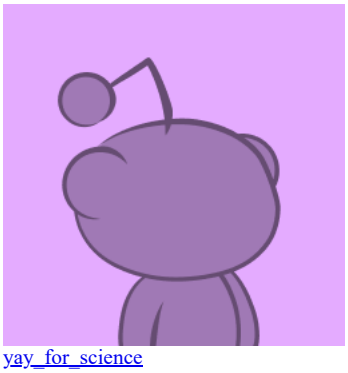

yay_for_science
â€¢ 15y ago

Nice to have a story of a dad being a badass to interrupt all of these super creepy stories.

4 more replies
4 more replies
More replies
47 more replies
47 more replies

sparkynuts
â€¢ 15y ago â€¢ Edited 15y ago

My father walking in the darkness from my parents bedroom to mine. It was Thanksgiving break during my first year of college and I had taken my first real girlfriend home to meet my family.

My family is Mormon, so she slept in my old room and I slept downstairs on the couch. I woke up in the middle of the night and I thought that I was dreaming. I had never slept on that couch before so the sight of a dark figure crossing the narrow hallway at the top of the stairs seemed surreal. After a few minutes I realized that I wasn't dreaming and got up. Before I could make it up the stairs, the dark figure crossed the hallway again back into my parent's room and their door shut almost silently.

When I got up to her, she asked me to sleep on the floor in the room with her and said nothing more.

The next night, we drove up to her Mom's place to spend the rest of the vacation. Once there, I learned about what happened. The dark figure was my father and he tried to sexually assault her. He stopped when he heard me get up.

Several stressful months later with much more exposed, he started a long prison term. Good riddance, he was always an asshole anyways.

There's plenty of other creepy details about him if you want more. The rabbit hole goes way deeper.

TL;DR A sheltered upbringing and an overly-powerful patriarchy can create a dangerous naivete.

EDIT: Don't forget to check "load more comments"

Reply Share

pizzarina
â€¢ 15y ago

10 billion points to you for going up to check on her *and then believing her story*. i've known a couple girls who could have saved a lot of money in therapy if they'd had a guy around as bold as you.

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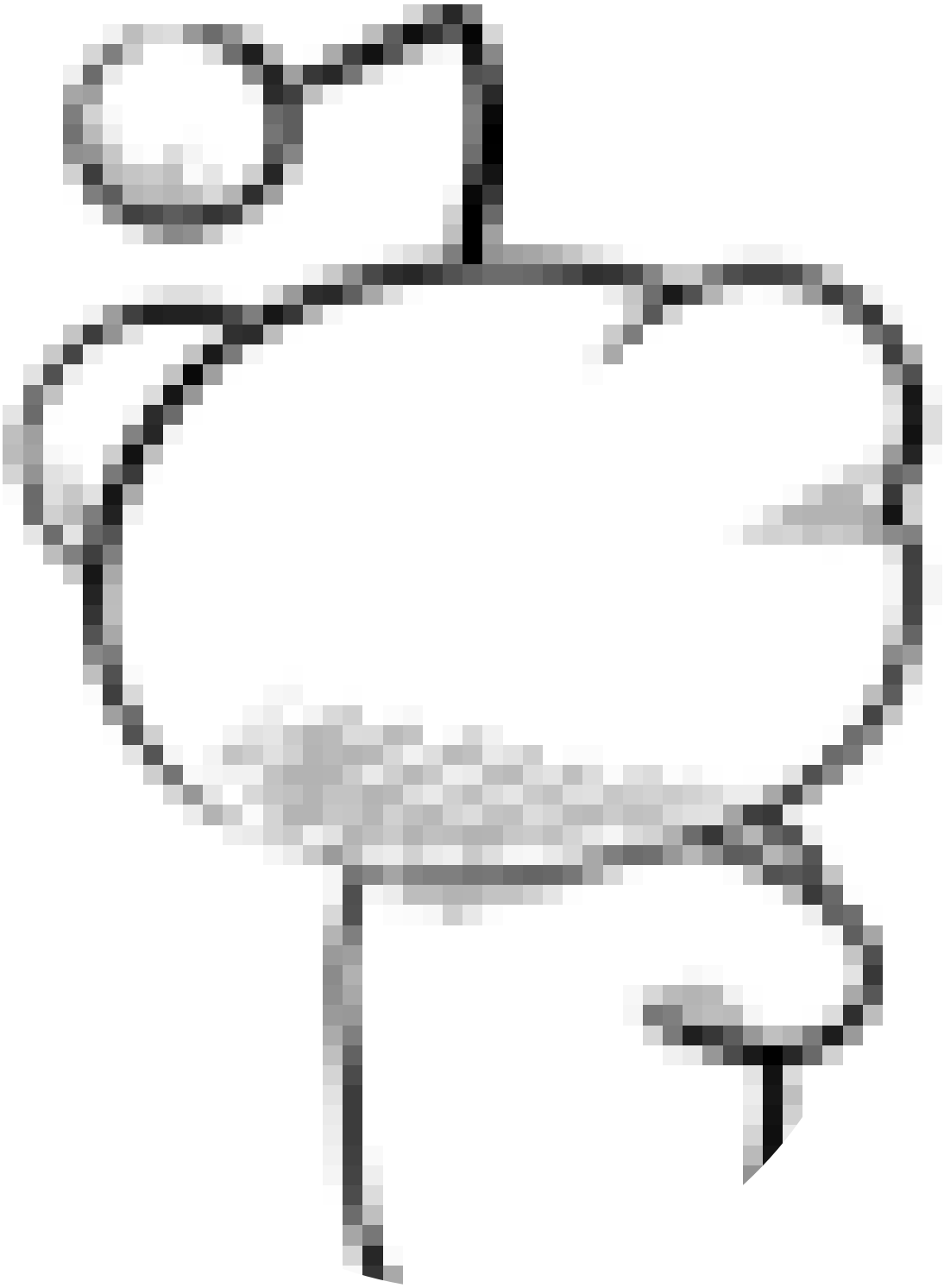

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â€¢ 15y ago

I said "Okay, last one. I'm getting too freaked out." after every post, but still kept reading. Thanks, guys.

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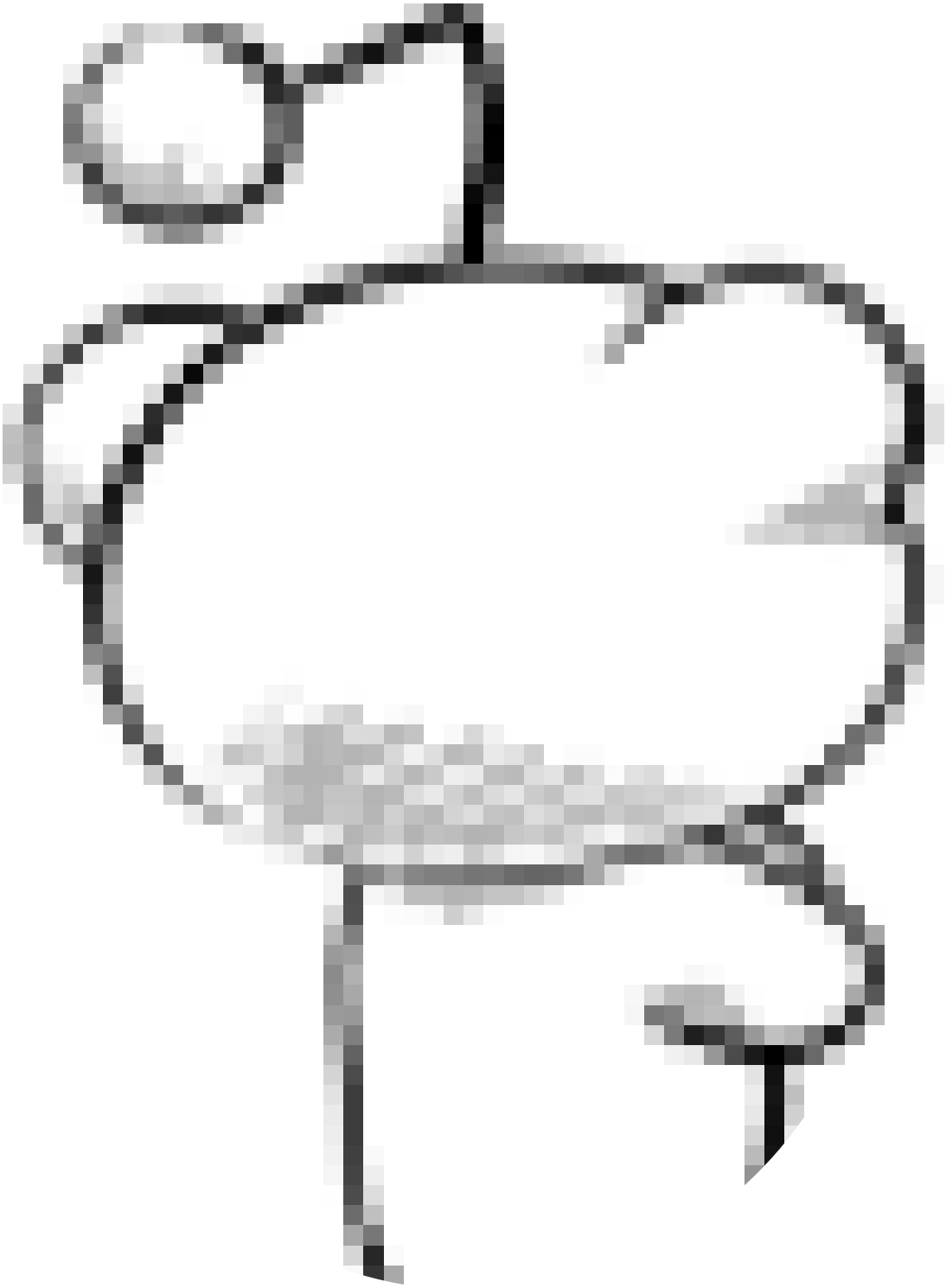

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â€¢ 15y ago

When I was 3 or 4, I was with my mom at the mall following her around. I wondered off, and my mom went ballistic looking for me.

Finally, she found me walking towards the exit holding the hands of two men. My mother screamed my name, I turned around, and the two men ran.

That was one of the most pivotal moments in my life so far. (I'm 27).

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aelios
â€¢ 15y ago

Driving home with a buddy from the high school summer job at the local amusement park. It's about 3 in the morning, and there is no traffic at all. Get stuck at the red light that never ends and while we are waiting, another car pulls up next to us.

Big black hearse, in immaculate condition,

with a clown in the drivers seat, with full makeup and costume on.

He never moved, didn't look at us, nothing; just stared straight ahead the whole time.

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Sharkoffs
â€¢ 15y ago

Twisted Metal in real life.

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pqzzny
â€¢ 15y ago

If I had the means to do this, I totally would.

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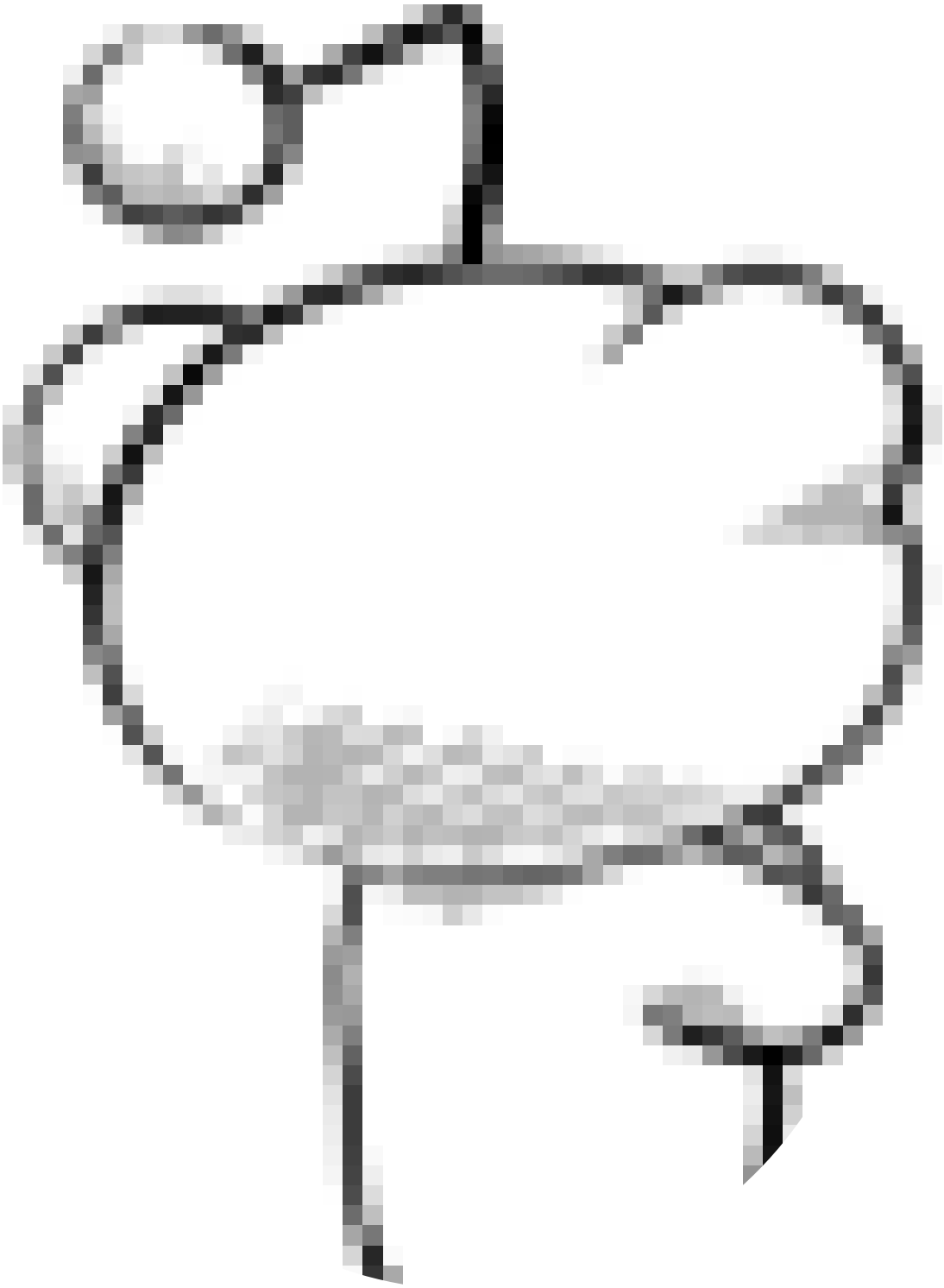

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â€¢ 15y ago

That is terrifying.

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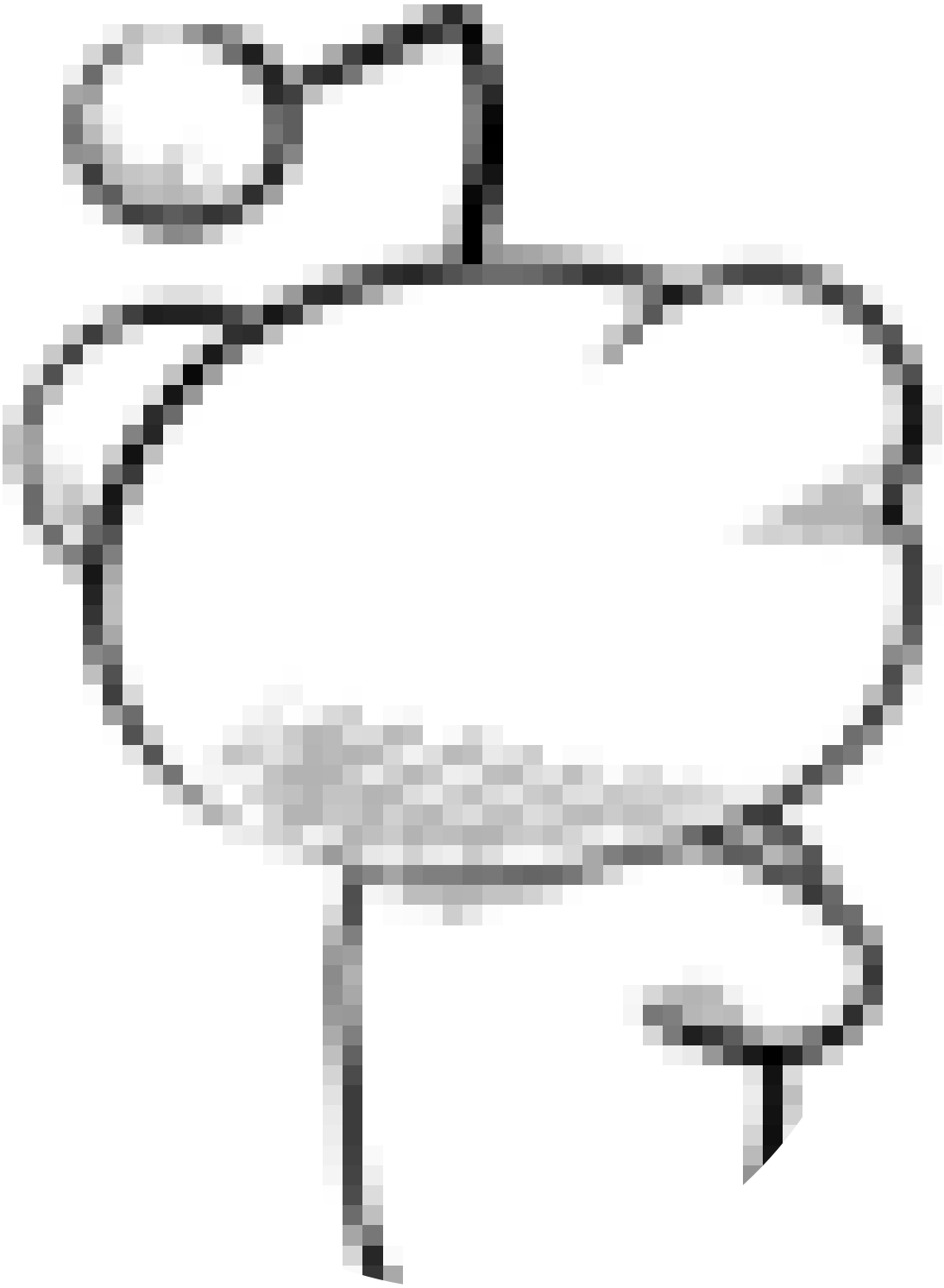

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â€¢ 15y ago

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carrutsauce
â€¢ 15y ago

Oh god. That is terrifying.... :(

You have reminded me of a story I have, that I pretty much try to block out of my mind for the most part.

Probably 5 years or so ago, my mum was using my shower, as my parent's shower wasn't working.

The moon was lit a particular way outside the bathroom window, that she suddenly saw the silhouette of someone right outside, and the window slowly dragging back.

She screamed, but the creep got away. I was really angry, until I realised the creep had probably been doing it to me, and I broke down.

The bathroom window was pretty high up, so involved awkward climbing. It had security screening, but he'd taken time to push through it with a screwdriver or something sharp, to drag the window back - there were scratch marks on the glass which indicated this. We often left that window open a chink just to air out the room, because I'm deathly allergic to mold. As the window was so high up, and you'd need to climb to look through the tiny crack of it being open, it never really crossed any of our minds that it'd be an issue.

We also had security lighting, but the stalker had tampered with it all. We didn't notice because we'd had a dog and figured if anyone got into our yard he'd bark his guts out, but he recently got put down.

I have no idea how long this was going on for. My room is right near the bathroom as well.

Really awful experience, I felt totally violated, and haven't really told a lot of people about it. I still feel weird going into my street, as I'm pretty sure it was a neighbour.

EDIT: spelling

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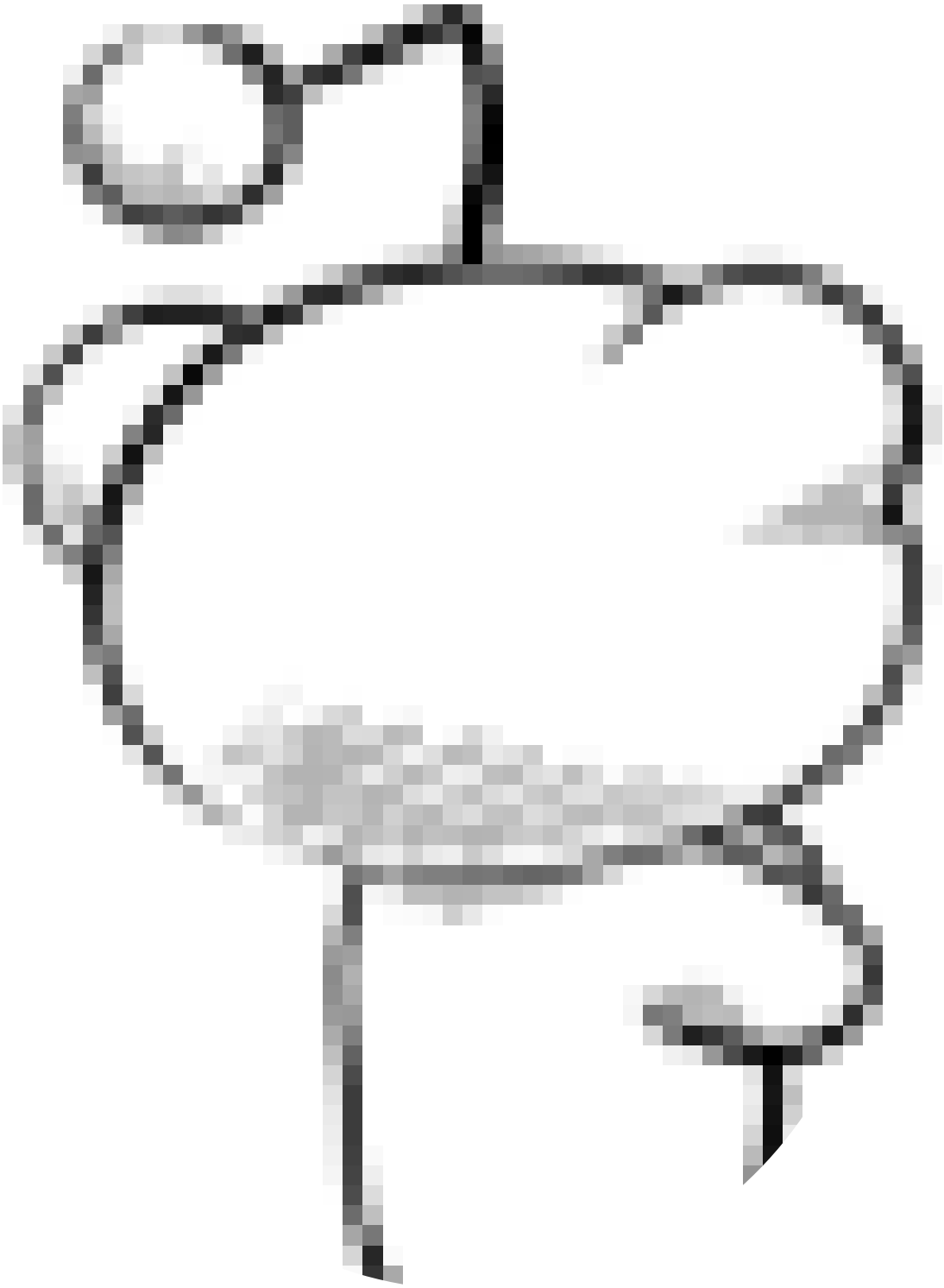

Bandito13
â€¢ 15y ago

Finding a woman who had committed suicide by hanging herself from the monkeybars of a park I used to work at at 6:15 on a very foggy morning. When I got to the gate of the park to open it (park maintenance worker) I could see her 100yds away at the playground and thought she was just standing there looking at the ground with her umbrella on the ground beside her, it was only when I got closer did I realize she was hanging from a jumprope 6 inches off the ground. My voice was very shaky during my 911 call. The dispatcher asked me to touch her to see if she was cold (she was very cold and very wet, had been raining all night). The fucked up part is this park is very close to an elementary school and the parking lot is a popular place to drop kids off at...and it was a weekday.

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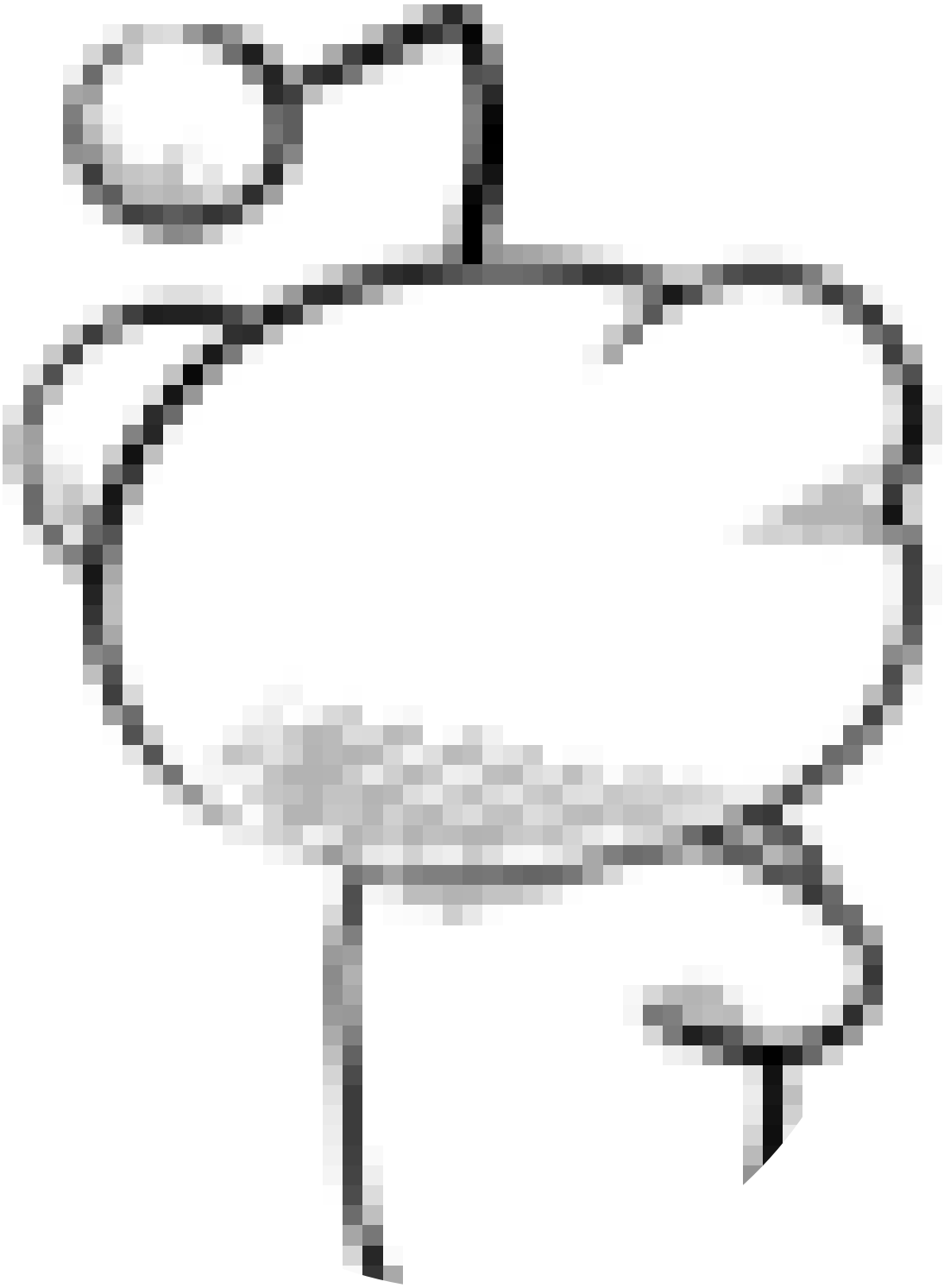

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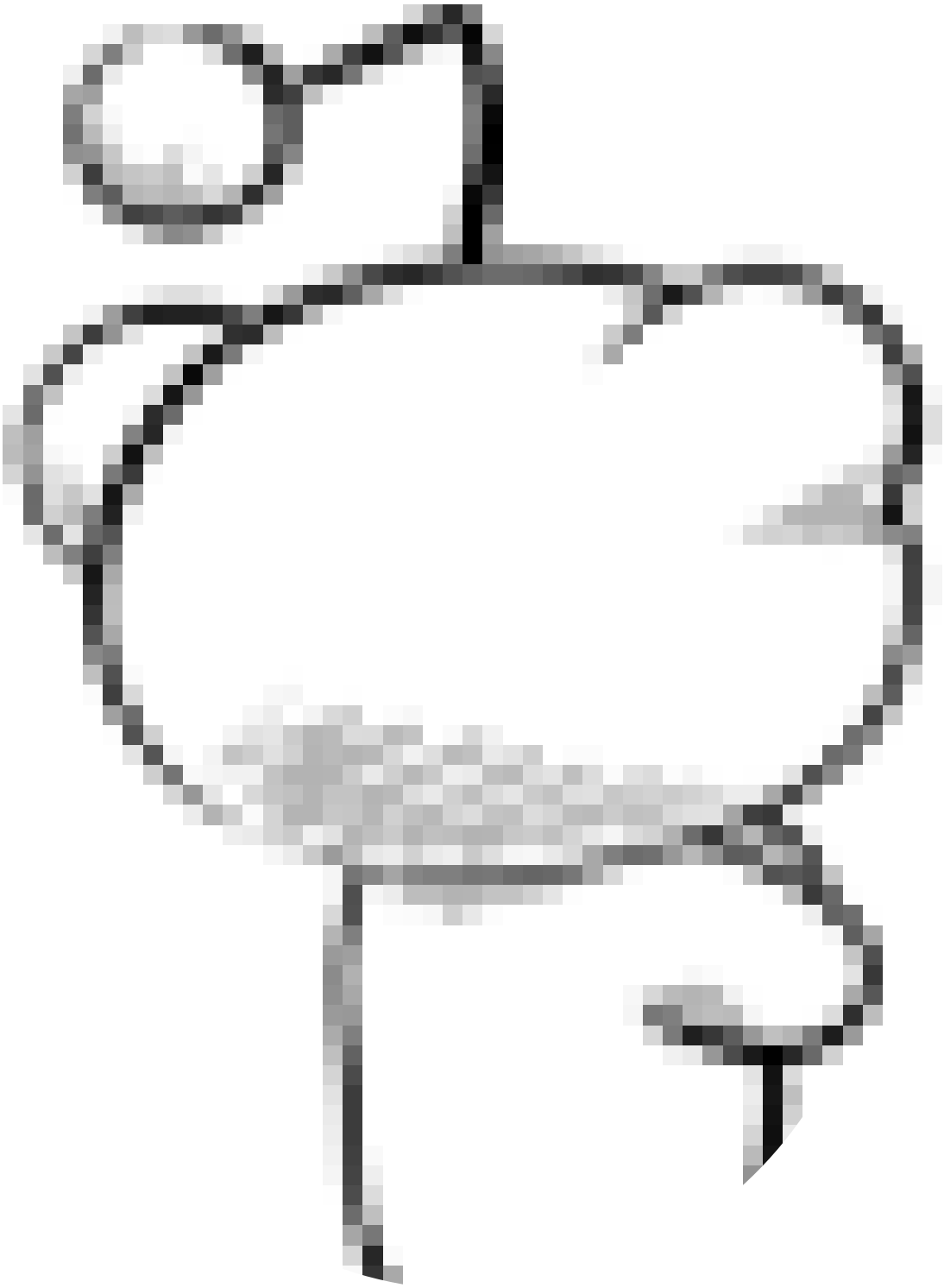

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â€¢ 15y ago

I went to see a Matinee of The Hills Have Eyes 2 on opening day, not because i was interested in it, but because it was the movie with which they released the preview for 28 weeks later. when my friend and i got to the theater, it was us in the front, a couple of teenagers making out in the back, and a scary looking redneck woman right in the middle of the theater. no one else. in the second of silence between previews after the spot for 28 weeks later, my friend and i were both like "Woo! Zombies!" we watched the next preview, and in the moment of silence after that, we heard 2 things: 1. the scary redneck woman, in an unbelievably deep / hoarse / scary as fuck voice say "Mmmmmnnnngghh lets get to the fucking rape scenes..." and 2. after a split second, the 2 teenagers running like fuck out of the theater. yikes.

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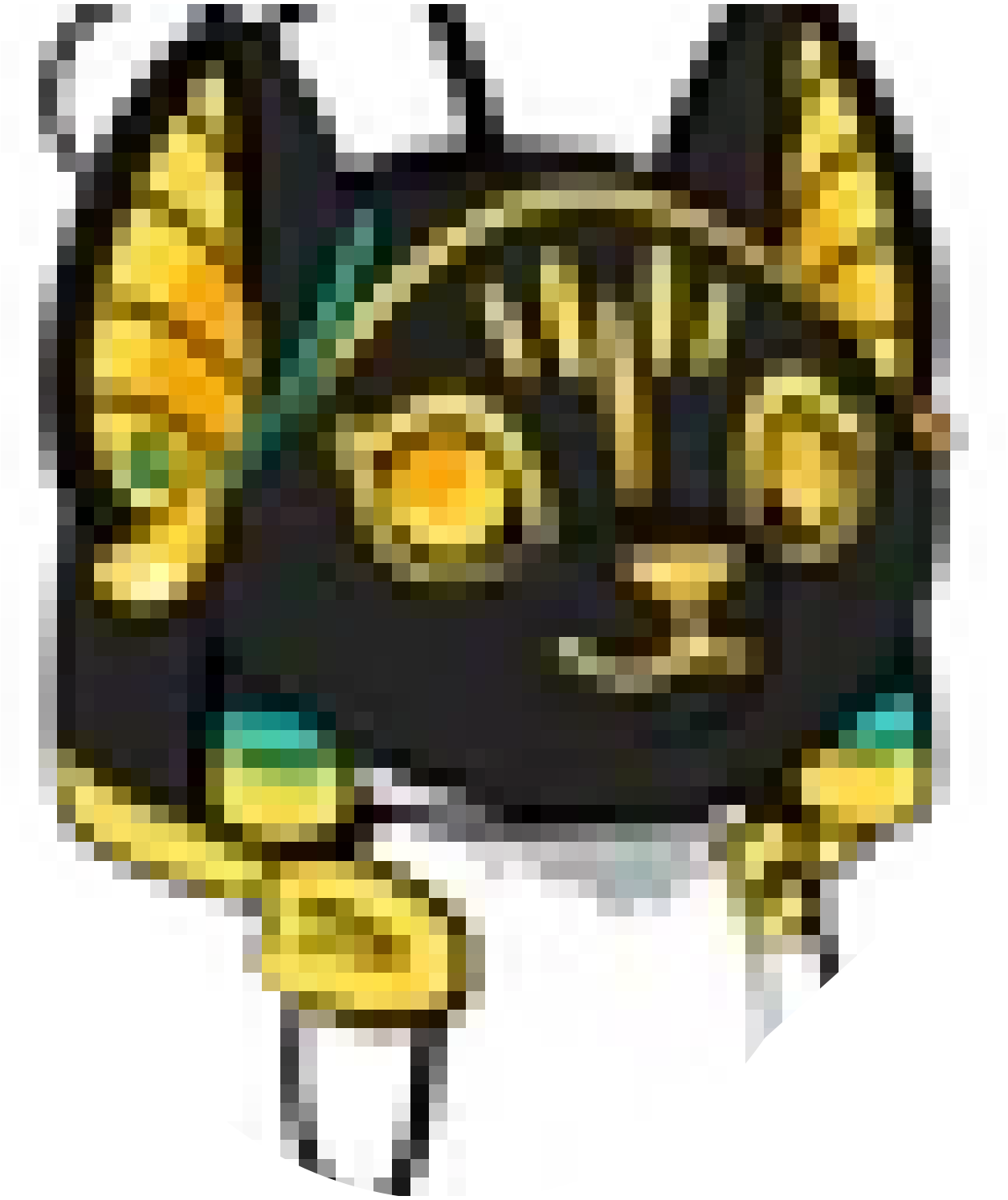

cupcake1713
â€¢ 15y ago

I initially read that as "I went to see a manatee" and was really confused.

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dingle_hopper1981
â€¢ 15y ago

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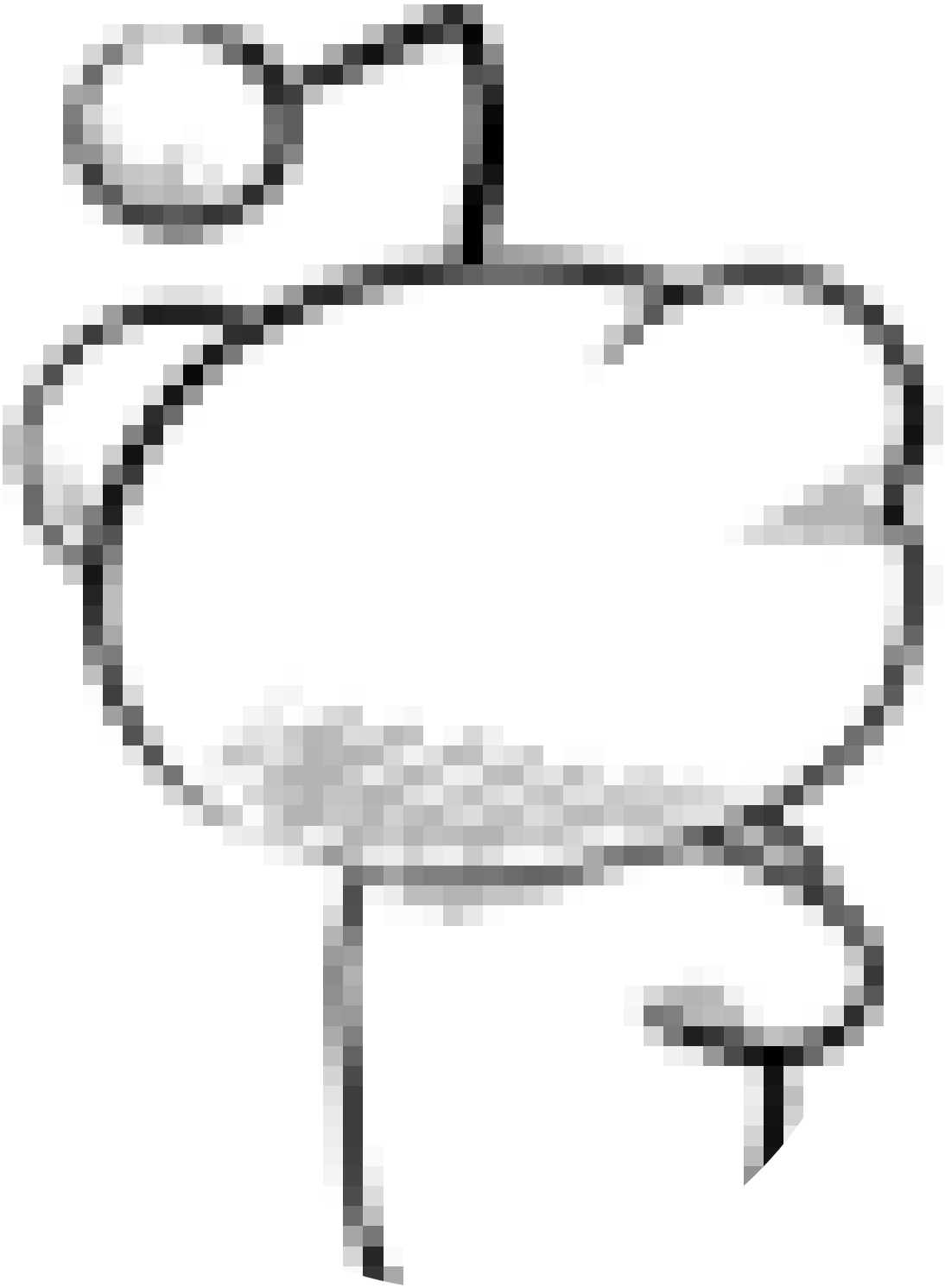

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â€¢ 15y ago

Woke up one morning. Found a gum tangled in my pubic hair. Thought it was weird since i never chew gum, and it wasn't there when i went to bed. I still have no reasonable explanation as to where it might have come from.

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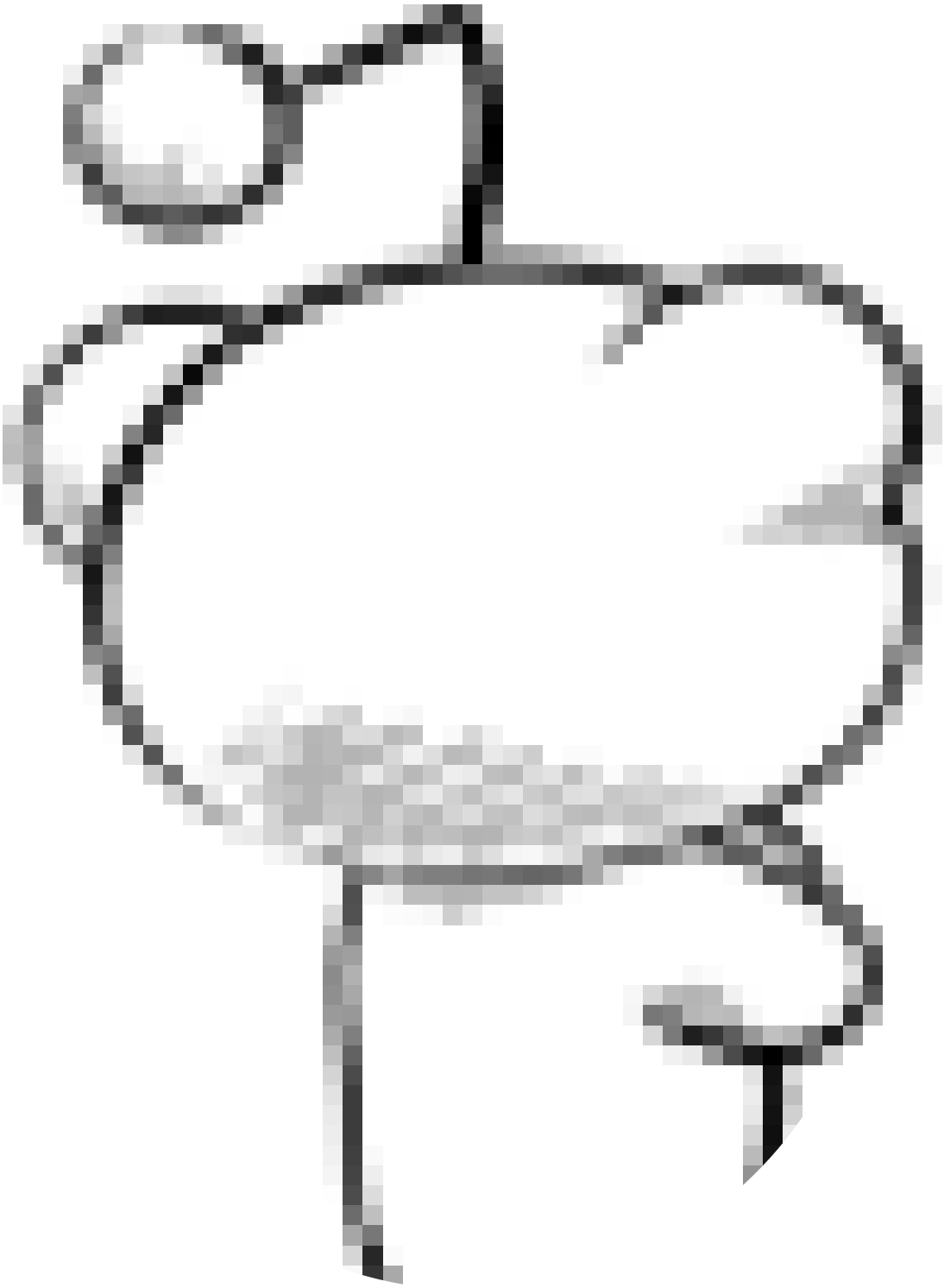

chonginese
â€¢ 15y ago

I would've just gone with it.

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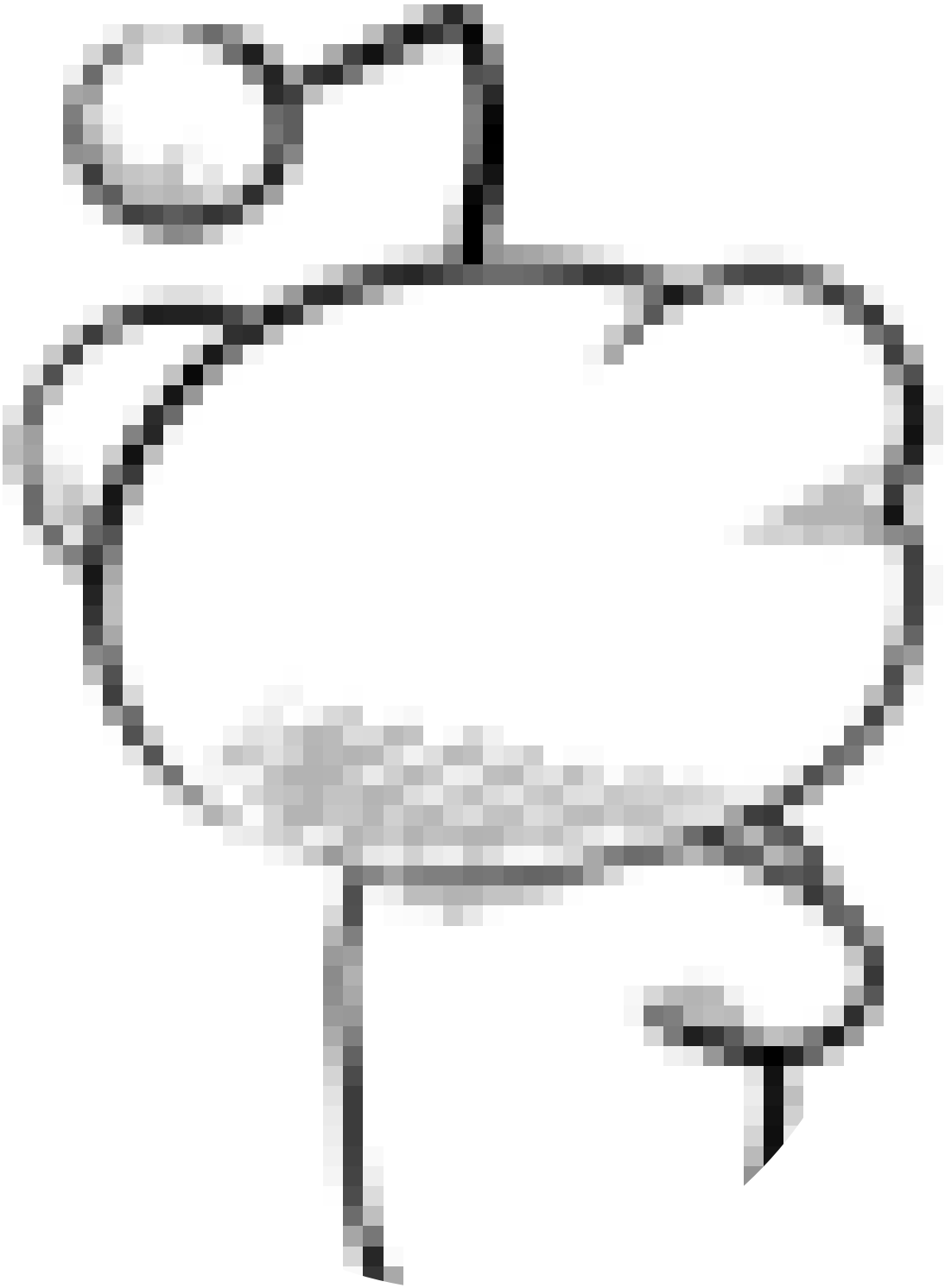

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â€¢ 15y ago

I was up late reading Bram Stoker's Dracula. I noticed the clock strike midnight. Immediately after, a weird shadow fluttered around the room. I glanced up, and low and behold, a bat had somehow made its way into my house and was trying to escape.

It wasn't actually a vampire though, just a lost and confused bat.

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hempgirl
â€¢ 15y ago

I was about 8 years old and obsessed with horror movies. I was sleeping in bed on my stomach when I was woken up by the feeling of a hand running down my back and butt. The first thing that came to mind was "IT'S FREDDY KRUEGER!!" so I pretended to be sleeping. I heard a voice whispering my name and I realized that it wasn't Freddy, it was my mom's friend's brother who was staying at our house that night. I sat up and he asked if I would do him a favor and pull my pants down, and that if I did what he asked he would fix my broken bike for me. I said no and asked him to leave me alone. The next morning he was gone, he had stolen all of our camping equipment out of the garage and took off during the night. I never told my parents what he did, but if I ever see him again I will kill him. No joke.

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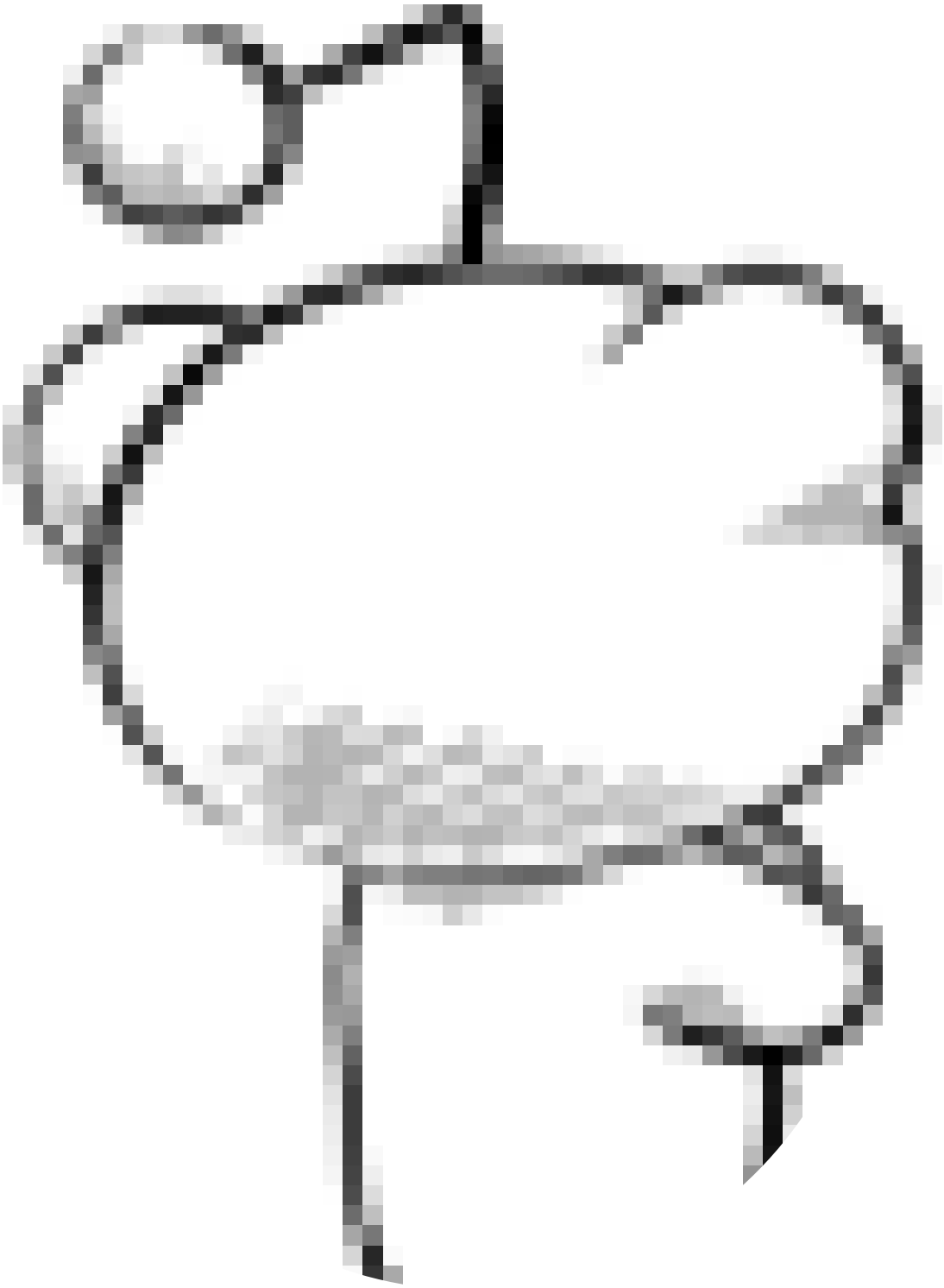

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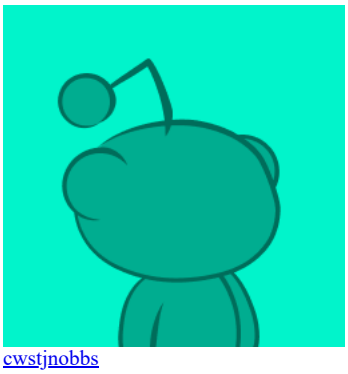

cwstjnobbs
â€¢ 15y ago

Hmm, it's always joggers who "find" the bodies.

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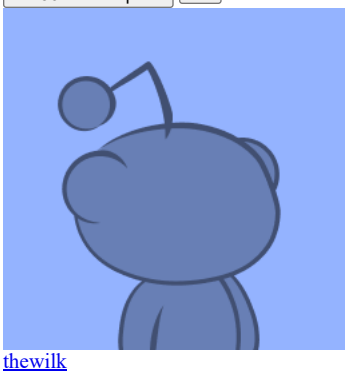

thewilk
â€¢ 15y ago

ok this one time about 5 years ago a friend and I were upstairs in my house gaming. We were home alone as we usually were. We were around 14-15 and for being cool tough kids we were both pussies. I have had a number of weird things happen to me in my life so I always have a knife in my room. So anyway were gaming and its storming outside. Tons of rain and thunder and shit. All of a sudden in the middle of a game of Madden I hear the door of my house open and start slamming viciously. My house is old as fuck so the door is really tough to close and just as tough to open. So my door is slamming and slamming and slamming and finally it shuts. So I am upstairs clutching my knife and my friend is behind me, and we are both starting to freak out. I phone my mom and she isn't home and I tell her what happens and she says "I am coming" and hangs up. It sounded surprisingly scary. So I see the lights of my moms car pull down the driveway (I forgot to mention but I live on a farm). So with knife in hand I go downstairs and me and my friend and my mom look and my kitchen and livingroom are covered in muddy footprints. They are human sized and shape but with 4 toes. Its like a guy with 4 toes was walking around my house barefoot? and we follow these footprints and they get to this old Armoir we bought from the old farm church when it shut down and they just stopped. There were footprints leading into and around the house that just stopped and never left. I have been fucking shitting bricks ever since. My friend and I still wonder what the fuck was in my house that day.

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optimus_dickface
â€¢ 15y ago

When I was a kid, my sister always loved playing with dolls, but I was terrified of them. There was this one that would sing a song when you pressed a button on its back. It only had like 3-4 songs it could sing, and it would cycle through them so you knew what song it would sing next. Well, shortly she got it, it had been lost in some random pile of junk around the house. A year later, she found it again and tried to make it sing, but when it started singing it was in a really distorted voice, so she figured it was running out of batteries. She found me and let me hear one of the songs, and I was slightly disturbed by it but not legitimately scared. We then found my mom and my sister asked her for new batteries. When demonstrating the distortion to my mom, the sound clip completely died out halfway through- we attributed this to the batteries losing the

little juice they had left. When opening the battery case though, my mom accidentally hit the button, and it started singing in the same distorted voice as it had before, except this time it was a slow version of "Jimmy Crack Corn," which it had never sung before. It wouldn't stop until we took out the batteries. Afterwards we checked the instruction manual that came with it, and it confirmed that "Jimmy Crack Corn" was not one of the songs it sang. Being young and already scared by dolls, this was the scariest thing ever.

Reply Share

piecat
â€¢ 15y ago â€¢ Edited 15y ago

sometimes when factories mass produce the sound IC's they have more than one way that they can be hooked up, playing different songs and sounds to cheapen it up.

If miss soldered/wired it can produce terrifying results.

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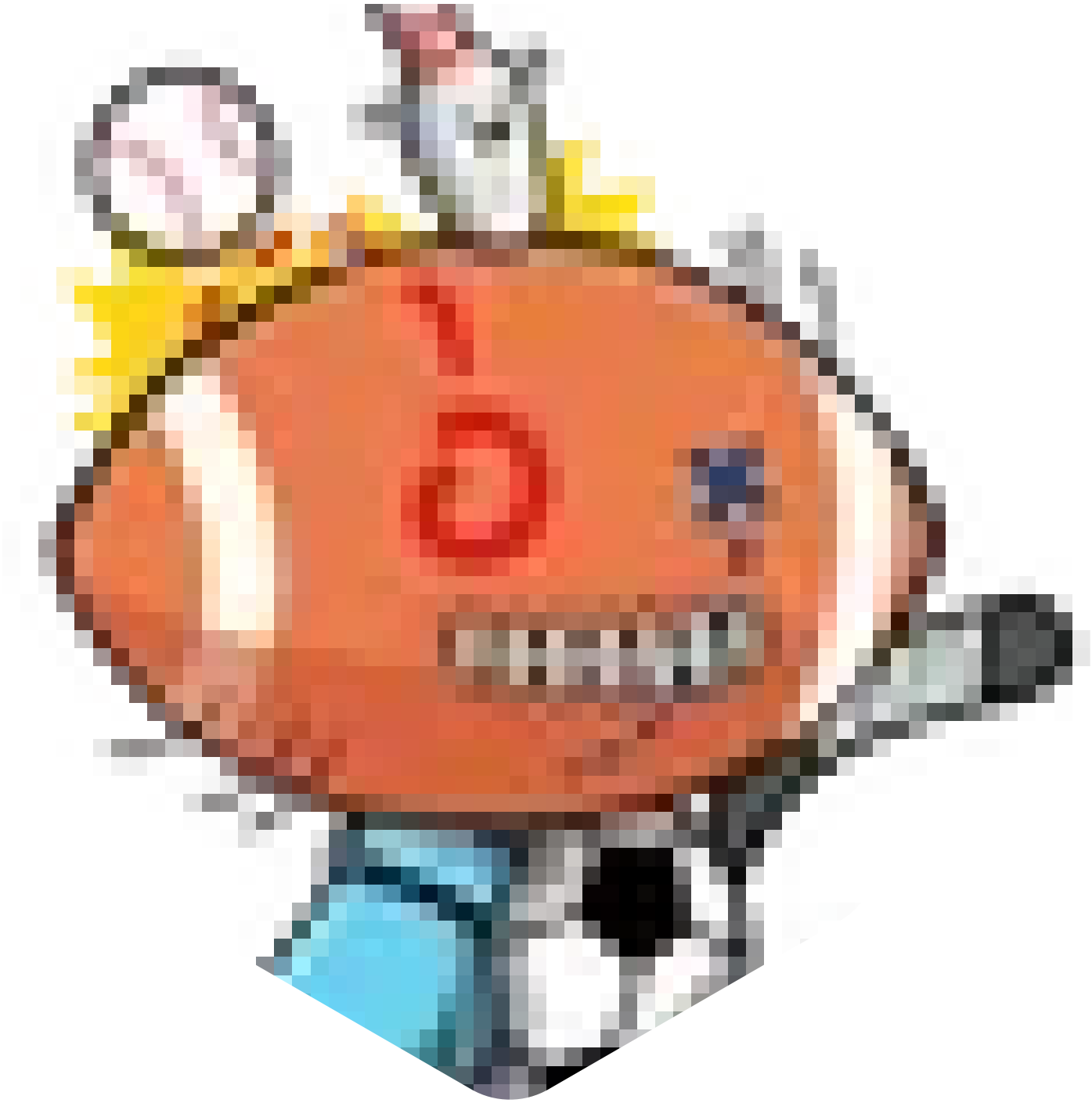

T1K1
â€¢ 15y ago

This didn't happen to me but sent chills down my back when my aunt told me about it around her house in Oregon. Her friend lived in a neighborhood suburb of Portland and there were a lot of kids in the neighborhood. Ever since the kids were little, they were always telling their parents about how they kept seeing someone outside of their windows at night. It wasn't just one neighbor either, it was in the vicinity of 5 houses. This happened for years because the parents just kept brushing it off as little kids pretending to see things. Eventually they started to believe them and set up a phone tree for when someone saw the peeping tom. The directions for the kids were specific: as soon as you see the peeping tom, pretend like you don't see him and text your dad. Your dad would then text/call the neighbors in an attempt to swarm the peeping tom. The trap was set. One night as a girl was getting ready for bed, she saw the peeping tom looking through her window. She did as she was told and texted her dad about the situation who then texted the neighbors. In no time, they snuck out their back doors and ran over to the house. They tackled the man and held him down until the police arrived. Once the police got there, they flipped him over and found out it was the man who has lived across the street from them for over 10 years. The police subsequently searched his house and found a very large amount of child porn on his computer. He's in jail but his wife claims she had no idea any of this was happening. She even has the nerve to ask the neighbors to do favors for her like nothing ever happened! For validity: link

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seamore555
â€¢ 15y ago

I was about 16 and I came home from school. Heard some weird noises coming from the walk in closet. I went to check it out and my Dad was screwing the attic door in the ceiling closed with L brackets and wood screw, as if it was never to be opened again.

When I asked him what was up he said he kept hearing sounds of someone walking around up there. My dad is a level headed guy, I've never seen him show any type of fear about stuff like that.

It freaked me out more to see him going to such lengths to prevent the attic from being opened.

That or there's some dead hookers up there.

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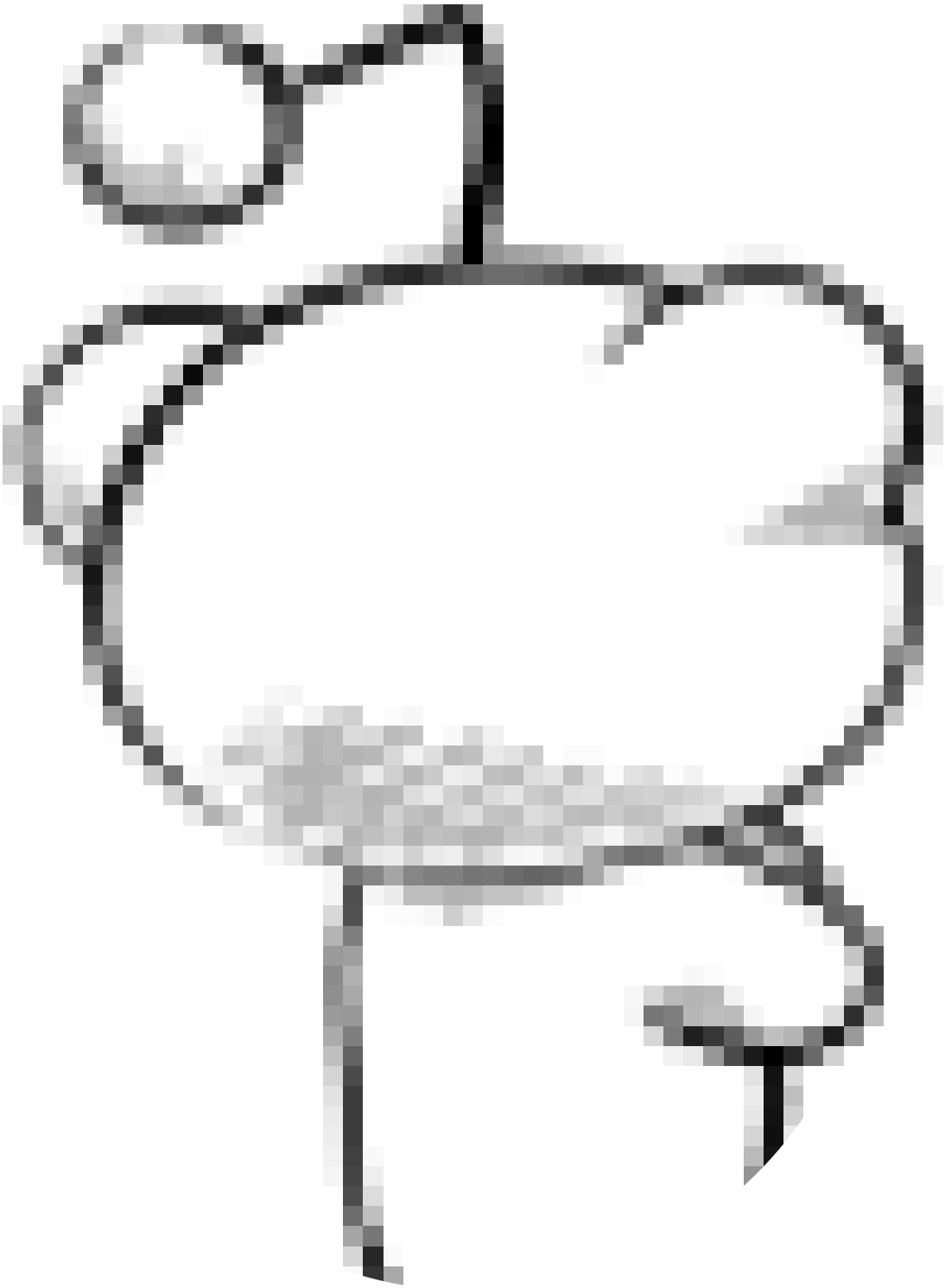

takatori
â€¢ 15y ago

A guy breathing through a hole in his upper chest trying not to drown in his own blood. The sound was worse than the sight.

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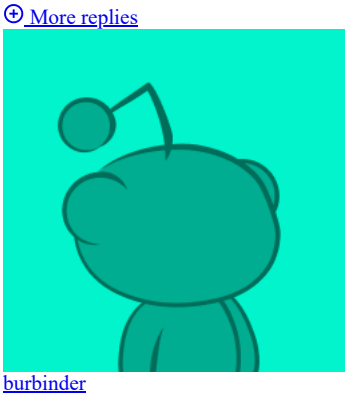

burbinder
â€¢ 15y ago

I was 11 years old, and I woke up one morning and headed down the stairs to the washroom like I usually do. Half way down the stairs something caught my eye, it was my dad sitting on the sofa watching the television (i think he was watching the news). With his body perfectly still and his hands on his lap his head moved (very slowly) to look at me and smile. Mind you, my dad would be at work this time so I was super excited to see that he was home. I continued down the stairs, but as I did the spot on the sofa where he was sitting went out of view, and once I reached the main floor and entered the family room he was gone. I looked everywhere, he wasn't in the house. My grandma came to our house later that day and told my sister and I that our dad was in a horrible car accident that morning dropping my mother off to work, and that my mother was in the hospital and my father hadn't made it.

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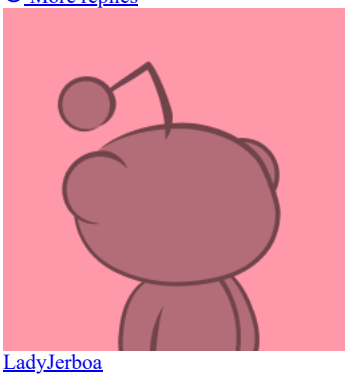

LadyJerboa
â€¢ 15y ago

Getting a taxi home late at night once and he locked the doors which they never usually do, then took the long way to my house along a route I didn't recognise. He was really creepy and a few minutes in he started going on about a local taxi driver who was being charged with rape and how easy it would be to do and get away with and how it happens a lot more often but is unreported. He kept on this topic for over 10 minutes, detailing exactly how easy it is. I tried to act normal and chatty and when we reached a point I recognised I said oh here is just fine, i'm short on cash so you can drop me off here. He refused to unlock the doors and insisted on driving me to the front door of my house, which I'm pretty sure he did so that I would be scared to make a complaint as he would know where I lived. He tossed me a keyring as I got out with a horrible lechorous grin. Threw the keyring out and switched companies.

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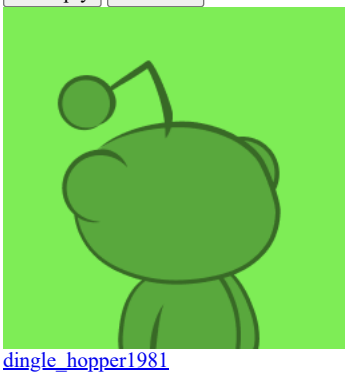

dingle_hopper1981
â€¢ 15y ago

you should have reported that shit :/ I know some folks who were raped by taxi drivers and never reported it :(

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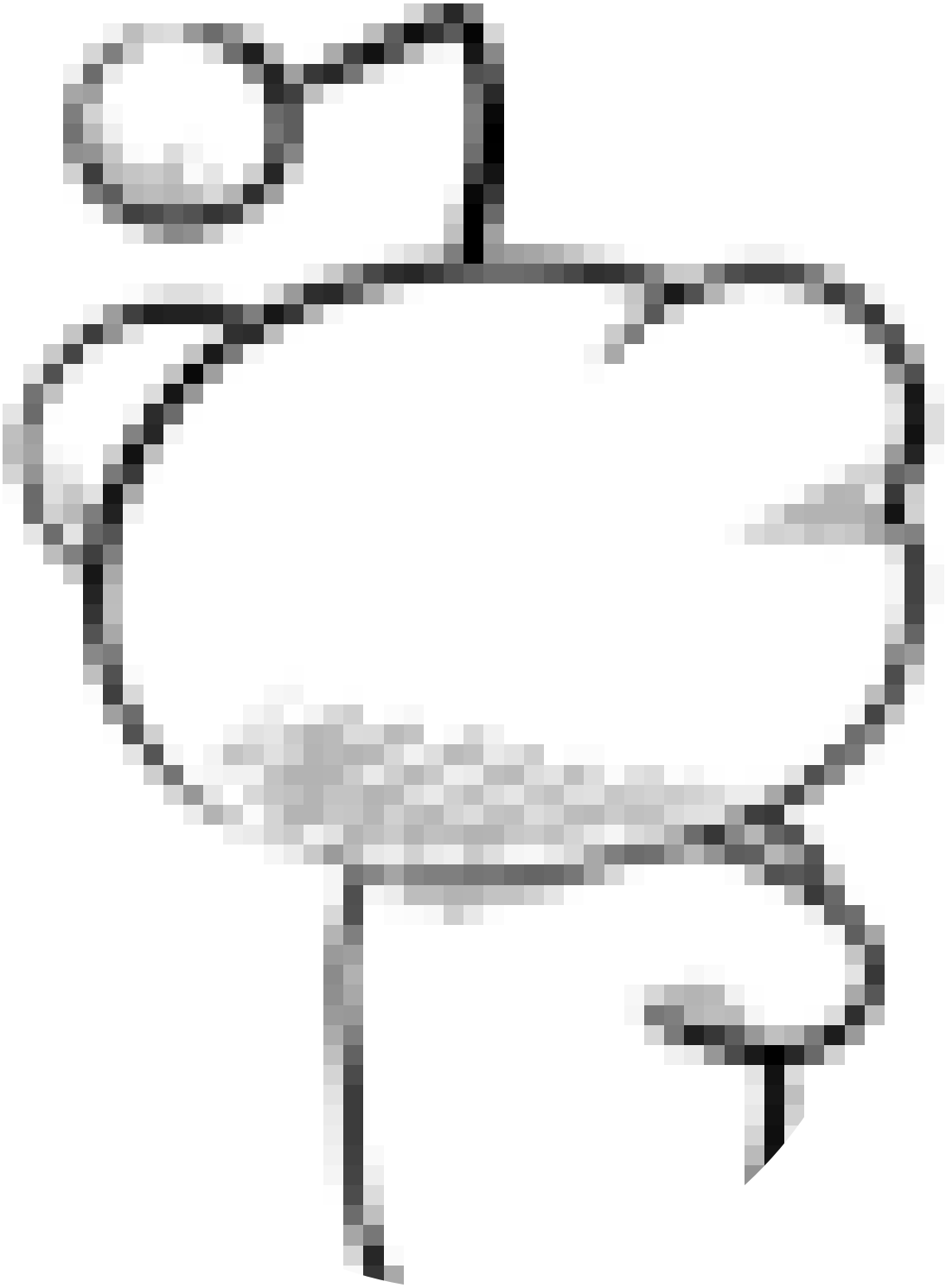

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â€¢ 15y ago

went out back for a late night cigarette one summer night. heard deliberate slow footsteps cracking gravel coming from the corner of the house, 8 feet away. i froze in terror and watched the corner to see a man slooooooowly creep forward until half of him was visible. the second seemed like forever and i had so much adrenaline my heart was pounding in my ears. as slowly as he appeared, he disappeared back behind the corner and i heard no more movement. ran inside, locked doors, closed windows, called cops about a man creeping around. they show up and there's no sign of him. two nights later, a man came around the same corner at night towards my girlfriend and her friends while jerking off. they made it inside and called the cops, but he was gone again. a week later they caught the man known as the "campus rapist" a block away, jerking off between houses while looking in windows.

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phildogtheman
â€¢ 15y ago

A girl I know was walking home one day through a park and a guy jumped out in front of her masturbating furiously, she ended up just laughing and the guy said "Hey! don't laugh this isn't as easy as it looks". Brilliant.

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Culottes
â€¢ 15y ago

This won't ever be seen, but the creepiest thing I ever experienced (truncated version): Home alone at night in my big house. I was about 15. This house is in front of a park, people can see into it. A guy came up to the door, asked to use the phone. I was smart enough not to let him in. He left, thought nothing of it. Until I looked down to my right and saw that he was standing in the window behind me, watching me. This window was on the back of the house, he'd have to deliberately be looking for it. I screamed and hid under the table, and he went back to the door. I bailed, sat in the bathroom for 2 hours until my parents came home.

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DiggRefugee2010
â€¢ 15y ago

This is the very first time i have ever read every single story. Loved it.

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Plethorian
â€¢ 15y ago

Kinda tame, but totally surreal. I opened my wallet to show a friend that I didn't have any money, and a little moth flew out of my wallet. Just like in a cartoon. We both just watched it fly away, open-mouthed.

No idea how that happened - I normally don't even open my wallet as I keep folded bills in my front pocket.

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morleydresden
â€¢ 15y ago

Nothing. Not a goddamn thing. No matter how much time I spend wandering around the woods and trespassing in dilapidated buildings, not a single goddamn thing that wasn't soon identified as either wildlife or homeless people. Not sure why this disappoints me.

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shaftbond
â€¢ 15y ago

In high school in Mesa, Arizona, there was a mansion that was rumored to be haunted. It was built in the back of a neighborhood surrounded by citrus trees with fully paved roads but not a single other house built.

I'd gone there in big groups (20+ people) and there was always an eerie feeling, but nothing specific happened (although a girl broke her arm there once, but thats a different story). One night we were bored and decided to go with only six of us. The house was in the middle of a giant island in the middle of a cul-de-sac, so we parked in back to hide our car. We walked through the citrus trees toward the house and soon heard rustling in the trees behind us. I kept turning around to see if someone was following us, and finally saw it was a few javelinas. There aren't very aggressive, but it definitely spooked us. So, we get to the house and there is a light on inside. We've NEVER seen a light on, so 4 of the 6 refused to get any close, but two of us sneak up and look in the window. The first windows we look in, the lights are off, but light is spilling in from the next room over, so we sneak to the next window and peek in. The lights were off in this room too, but light was spilling in from the room we had just looked at. We ended up circling the house and could not find the origin of the light or evidence of anything inside.

We talked the others into going into the backyard and sitting by the pool and telling ghost stories. After a few stories, on the other side of the pool, there was a 1950's style radio. When we had been there in larger groups, we would always try to get it to turn on, but never could. In the middle of my friend's story, the radio turned on to static. We all turned and looked at the radio for about 10 seconds and then it turned off again.

By this time we were seriously spooked and decided to leave. As we walked through the backyard to the citrus trees, we walked up to the raquetball court. it was halfway buried in the ground and there were stairs up to the roof, which was about 8 feet off the ground. We walked up and looked over the orange groves to see our car on the other side. One of my friends turned to look at the house and suddenly froze. "Do not turn around," he said. Of course we all turned around to face the house. I couldn't see anything. "What?" I asked. "Look in the house," he said. On the first floor facing the pool were two glass french doors and standing inside was the dark silhouette of a man looking at us. He didn't move, just stood there watching us. We counted to 5 and all jumped off the roof and ran through the orange trees to our car. To this day, I have no idea what that was in the door.

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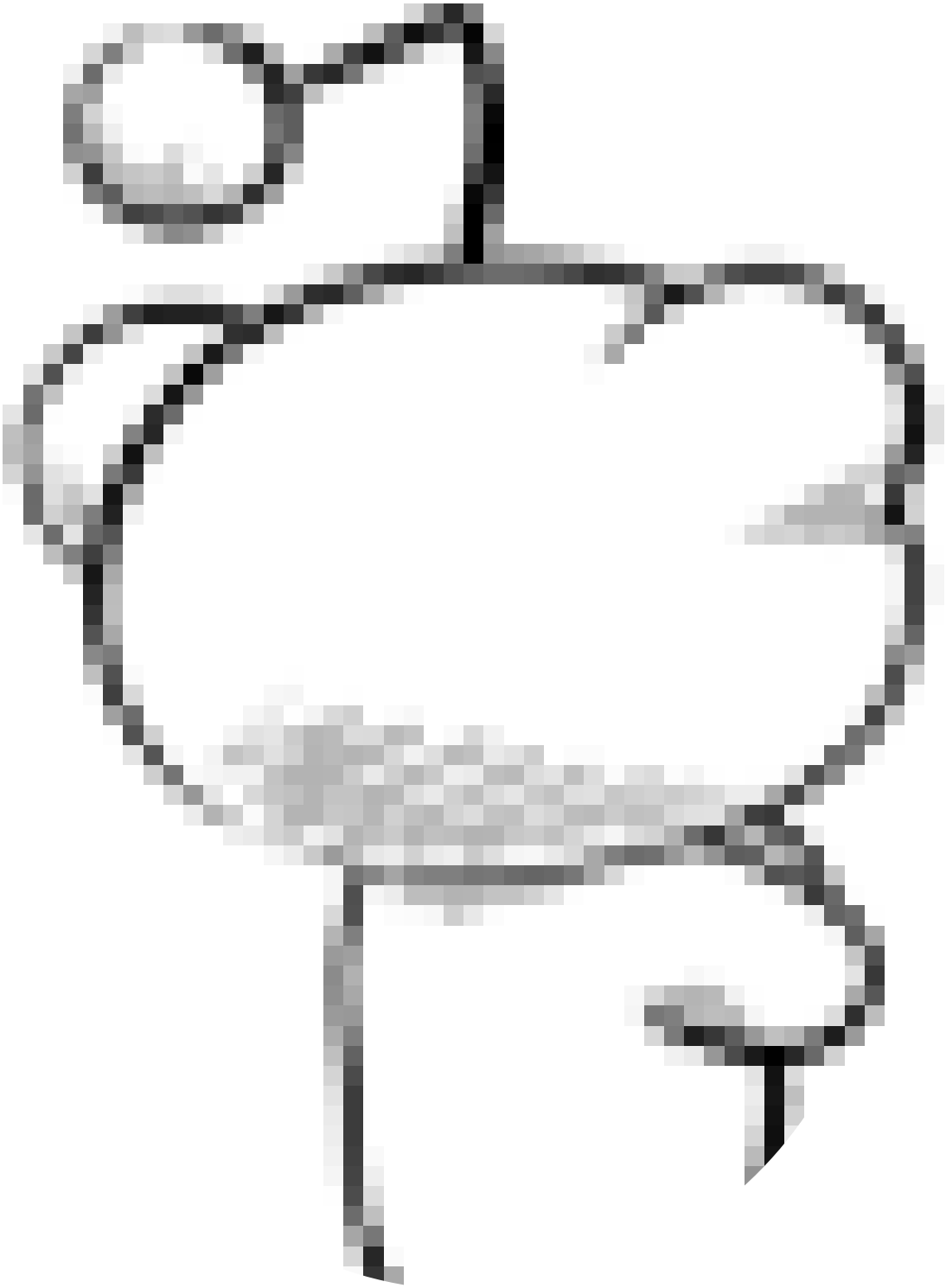

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â€¢ 15y ago

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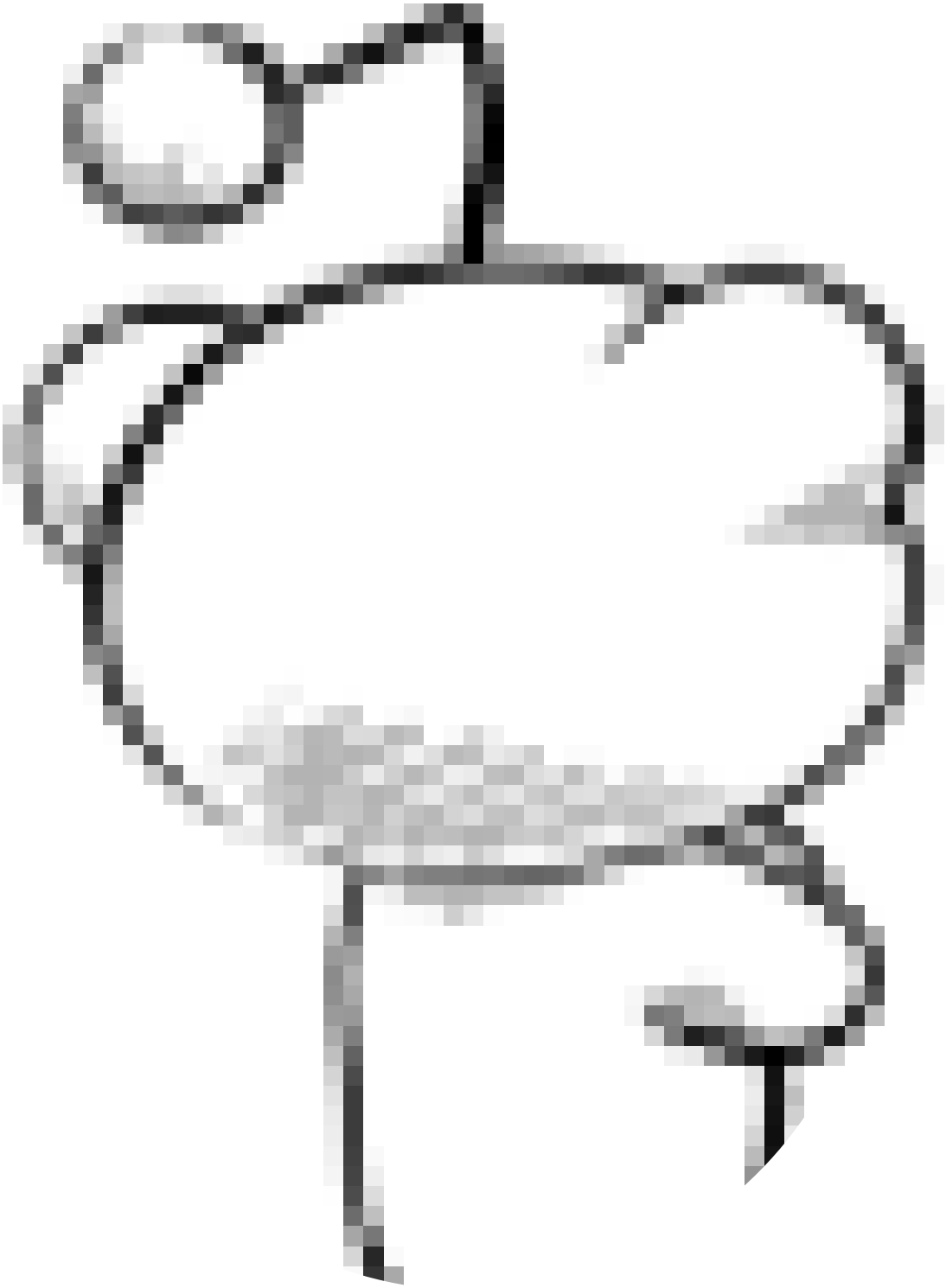

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Exon
â€¢ 15y ago

I'm sure this will be buried deep but for you redditors that like to read every post, enjoy.

So when I was 19 I went to visit a buddy of mine in Ohio. His house was pretty nice, but definitely had some age to it. Jon(my buddy) informs me that the house had been built in the early to mid 1800's as a farm house, had had many changes to it, and finally his grandparents had bought it in the 70's.

Ok, so, the first night Jon takes me to my room( which used to be his degenerate drug using and abusive brother's before he was arrested), which was maybe 15' x 15'. A pretty normal size room and no windows what so ever. I noticed that this room was freezing cold, about 10 degrees less then the rest of the house(for good reason too, read below!) I get into to bed around midnight, and quickly fall asleep. I wake up at 2:00am to my door swinging wide open and slamming into the wall. I was scared shitless to say the least, but let it pass, thinking its an old house and had to have had drafts coming into it. I leave the door open and go back to bed without any other problems. The next morning I tell Jon and his grandmother about what had happened and they both turn white and immediately start to apologize. They told me how the house was used during the underground railroad, that there was an escape hatch/hiding hole under my bed (source of cold air), and that there had been many other incidents that had happened it the house but that I shouldn't worry as it'll go away and was harmless.

At this point I'm a nervous wreck. Jon shows me the hatch, and sure enough it's there as well as this small hole in the ground for hiding shit/people. He tells me of all these incidents he had had as a child; someone knocking on the walls where doors used to be, people walking through walls, coming home to find the dishes done (this shit made me laugh and I really didn't believe it but his grandmother and cousins all swear to it), small items becoming misplaced and found in random corners of the house, etc.

After hearing his grandmother tell me that no harm is ever done to anyone I let it slide. I have no problem sleeping the second and third night, but on the fourth and final night everything goes to hell.

So Jon and I decide to watch a movie. We get about 2/3 of the way through it and I swear I see a guy walk right in front of me and go through the wall. Jon confirms that he had seen it too and not to worry, that it's called a residual haunt, like a movie playing over and over again, the same things happens over and over again and this thing was a guy walking through a fricken wall right in front of the TV! Once again, with a little bit of comforting of my friend I let it slide. So I crawl into bed and quickly fall asleep. Around 2:00am my God damn door flies open again. My heart rate quickens, I get under the covers, and begin to listen. I can hear someone walking around my bed. I shit you not, the floor starts to creak(wood floors) on the right side, foot steps go to the foot of my bed, and then around to the left side. I'm shaking with fear as this is freaking me out. Hoping that whatever it is will leave me alone, I stay still.

About 2 minutes pass by and I haven't heard anything. So I start to calm down... until someone starts to tickle the back of my fucking neck! It felt like two fingers wiggling back and forth where my skull meets my neck. I shoot out of bed, never look back, and run up to my friends room. I wake him up, tell him the story, and he just starts laughing. I'm livid pissed at him now but he tells me a story of how his brother, who at the time was 25, had the exact same thing happen to him. I guess this "entity" or what not really hated his degenerate brother and most likely thought I was him. I was happy to get on the plane to Denver the next morning. Slept the entire flight. Looking back now I laugh at it but my God did it creep me out at the time!

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atonob
â€¢ 15y ago â€¢ Edited 15y ago

This will probably never be seen either but I had to quit lurking and make an account just to tell it. This, unlike some other stories, isn't a ghost story. Kind of long, but here goes.

I think I was 17, and picked up my (then) high school girlfriend for a relatively routine date. We lived in a small rural town so we went to the movies and were going to stop and get dessert at a local restaurant. But when we got there apparently they had changed their hours and closed earlier than expected. Well since she had told her parents we were going to get something to eat after the movie and we weren't going to be home until late, we had time to kill.

So I start driving towards her house, but like every high school couple we decided to find a field to pull off into.. and hook-up. I'm not that familiar with the country roads by her house so she starts giving directions. And within 10 minutes we're in absolute farm country in the middle of the night (around 12:30-1 AM) with dirt roads, fields with an occasional farm house etc. Well I turn off of a gravel road onto a rough dirt road with complete tree coverage overhead so it's absolutely pitch black with the occasional light of the moon shining through the tree branches above.

Well a few seconds after I turn onto this road, I see a set of headlights in the mirror from an old red truck, pretty far behind my car. I think to myself, that's odd, we haven't passed a car in well over twenty minutes and I don't remember seeing any other cars when I turned. But I just brush it off thinking more about the girl than the truck. As I'm driving down the road, the headlights have caught up and in a matter of no time - he's right behind me. So I try not to act alarmed (She hasn't noticed the truck yet, and I haven't said anything) As we continue down this road the truck drives right up behind my bumper and starts swerving back and forth behind my car and revving the engine. By now she's noticed the truck too, and is somewhat alarmed. Trying to be the macho-guy, I'm thinking he just wants to pass. I don't want to stop in the middle of nowhere, so I casually pull as far over to the side as I can, while I continue down the road.

This is where shit goes bad.

I look back up into my rear-view mirror and the lights are gone. I'm relieved and we both breathe a sigh of relief. He must have turned off behind us somewhere, so we continue on our way on this already scary-ass road. Until...

We hit a clearing in the trees overhead, and the overcast of the moon makes the road somewhat more visible. I look up in my mirror and all I can see is the moonlight reflect off the chrome of a truck grille right behind the trunk of my car.I say something to the effect of, "WHAT THE FUCK?" and she looks in the side mirror and sees that the truck had just turned off his lights awhile back and is now following right behind my car. She begins to freak the hell out. I hit the gas and start trying to get to the end of this desolate road. I'm flying down the road as fast as possible, and see the truck has realized what I'm doing and flicks on his headlights and comes barreling to catch up with us. I come up to a stop-sign and not knowing where the hell I am, just start making turns down every road I can. With the truck right behind my car. I start making every turn I can (I have a rough idea of how to get back to the main roads) and I can see the truck has turned out his lights again and is still right on our tail. I finally come to a street I recognize and get to the main road. Somewhere in the confusion, the truck quit following us. Where? I have no clue. But I was forever scared to drive to the country roads beyond her house again. She told her parents and apparently there were police reports of a guy in a red pickup truck following people at night, but he hadn't been doing it in years.

TL;DR Crazy truck follows you at night. Turns out lights. Shit follows.

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Fiduciusrex
â€¢ 15y ago

Meeting one of my father's secret half-brothers. My dad was horrified to discover that his older sister had two children in her teen years (both were born in the 1940's). The older one was born when she was nearly 14. The second one was born when she was 16. She was sent away on both occassions for 6 months and my brother never realised why (he was 10 and 12 at the time). A few years back these two children, who were adopted out, tracked down their birth mother and made themselves known to the family. Turns out my grand-father had been raping his daughter for years to the point where he got her pregnant at least twice. We don't have anything to do with these two men - my father told them that he accept's that they are his sister's children - but he want's nothing to do with them. I think what creeps me out the most is that my grand-father (who died when I was about 5) was always hailed as this amazing guy - and yet he was a complete fucking monster.

When I was 16 I met my aunt for the second time ever and I've always been told I look like my grandad. I walked into the room and this poor woman physically recoiled.

It struck me at the time that I knew that reaction, as a rape survivor myself I know the terror of seeing someone you feel threatened by (and yeah I'm a straight male - rape isn't just a crime against women).

I figured at the time it was just my own irrational thinking - but now I guess I was right in my initial assessment.

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Badhugs
â€¢ 15y ago

I suffer from sleep paralysis, which is much rarer to me now than when I was younger.

One night, I woke up with an immense feeling of dread. I wanted to scream or shout, but couldn't move. Slowly, I came around and was able to just barely move my right arm.

As I brought it over my chest, I feel something surprising. Fumbling over it with my right hand, I began to feel hair, and as my hand glided over it, I realized it was an arm - but not mine. I tried to pick it up, but it was heavy and I could not move it.

I. SHIT. BRICKS.

I cannot accurately describe the feeling of waking up to a foreign, hairy arm weighing me down in the middle of the night.

It turns out, it was my own arm. But it was asleep so it didn't feel my hand rubbing it, but my hand surely felt the arm so I didn't recognize it as my own. Compounded with the fear and paranoia of sleep paralysis, this was by far the must unpleasant thing I've ever - and may ever - experience.

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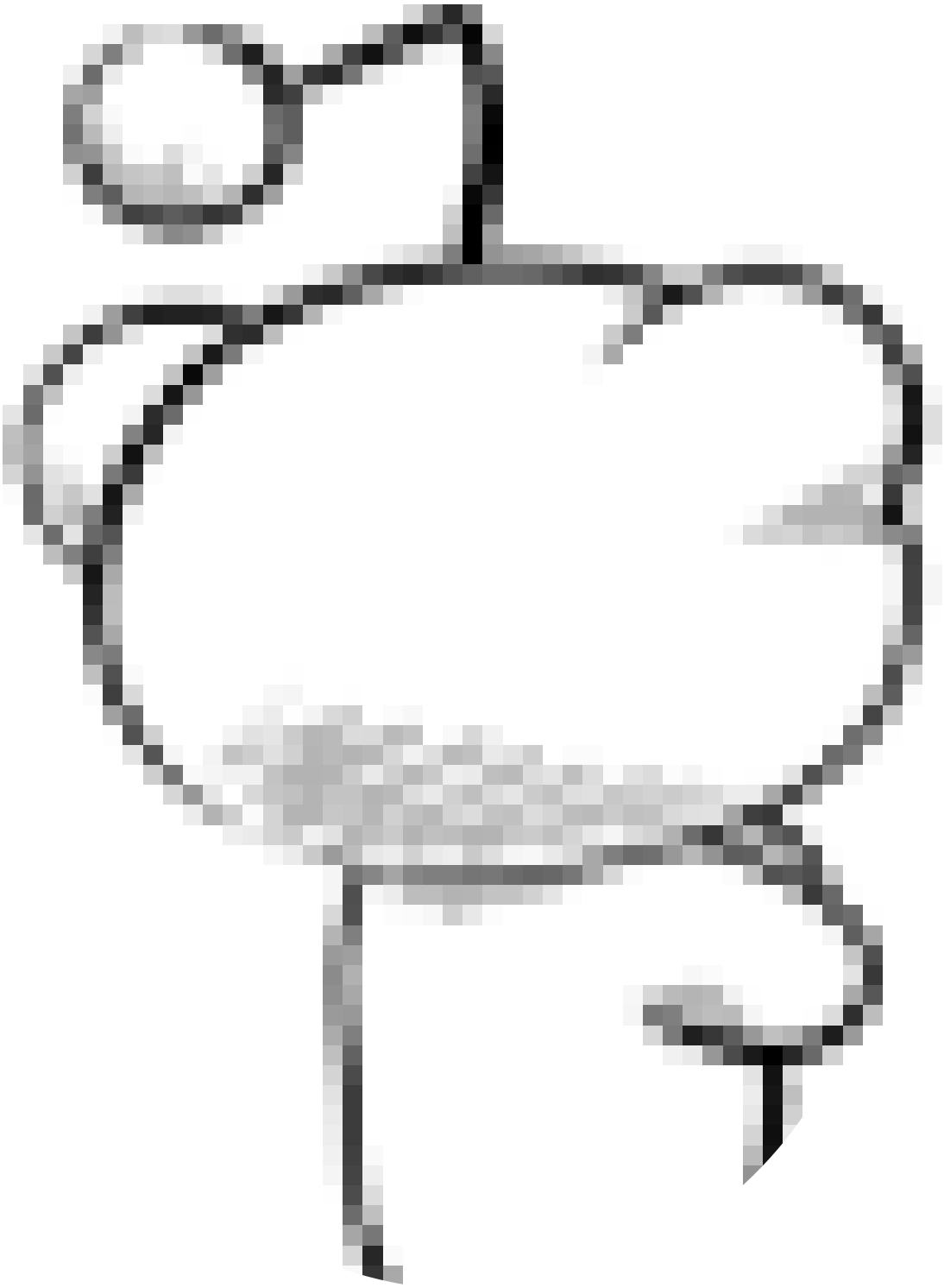

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â€¢ 15y ago

OR you are a werewolf and woke up as you were turning back into a human. This explains the foreign hairy arm.

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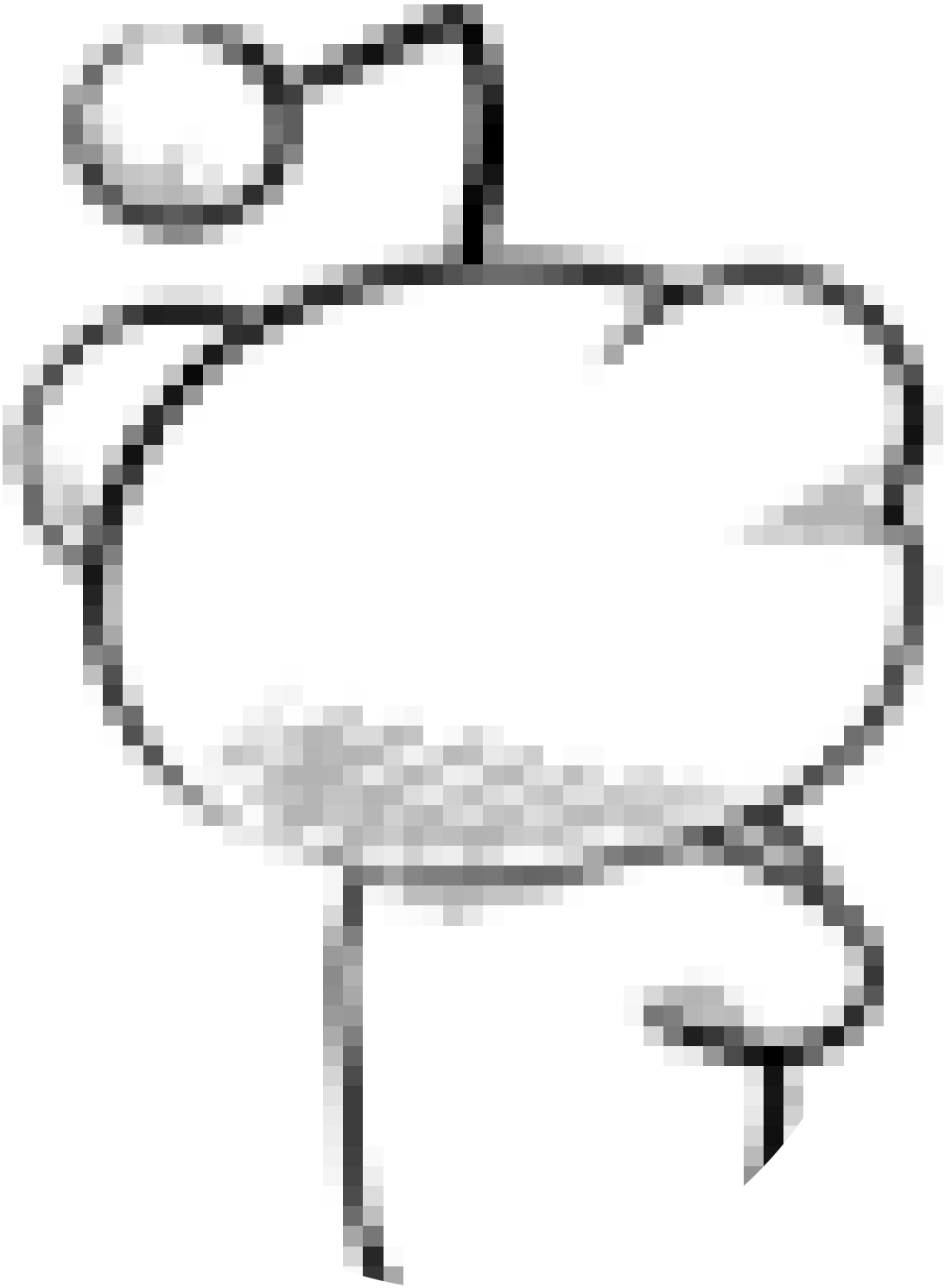

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â€¢ 15y ago

If you guys like these stories, check out /r/nosleep

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Mootastic
â€¢ 15y ago

When I was 12 I was visiting my grandmother for her birthday. She lives in the middle of nowhere, typical farmhouse surrounded by woods. It's kind of creepy on its own, and definitely creepy at night. My family lived a good distance from her, so we decided to spend the night and drive back home in the morning. Like usual, I got stuck sleeping on the couch.

In the middle of the night, I was awoke by the sound of something moving around the room. I didn't get up, but I opened my eyes to take a look. Across the room, about 10-12 feet away, stood an alien. It was a stereotypical alien, short, giant forehead, small chin, all I could see was the silhouette of his head in front of the window. He kept looking around, just standing there, surveying the room. Of course I was scared shitless and didn't do anything, but really, what could you do? It's a goddamned alien.

Awaiting my inevitable abduction I lay in bed, paralyzed. But he just stayed still, looking around, for what seemed to be forever. I decided to get a better look so I very slowly sat up, trying to get a look at what he was up to. As I sat up, more of his body came into view, but where his neck should've been there was only a knot. Below that, string. It was a balloon, from my grandma's birthday party, swaying back and forth due to a vent somewhere.

To this day, I've never felt a bigger sense of relief.

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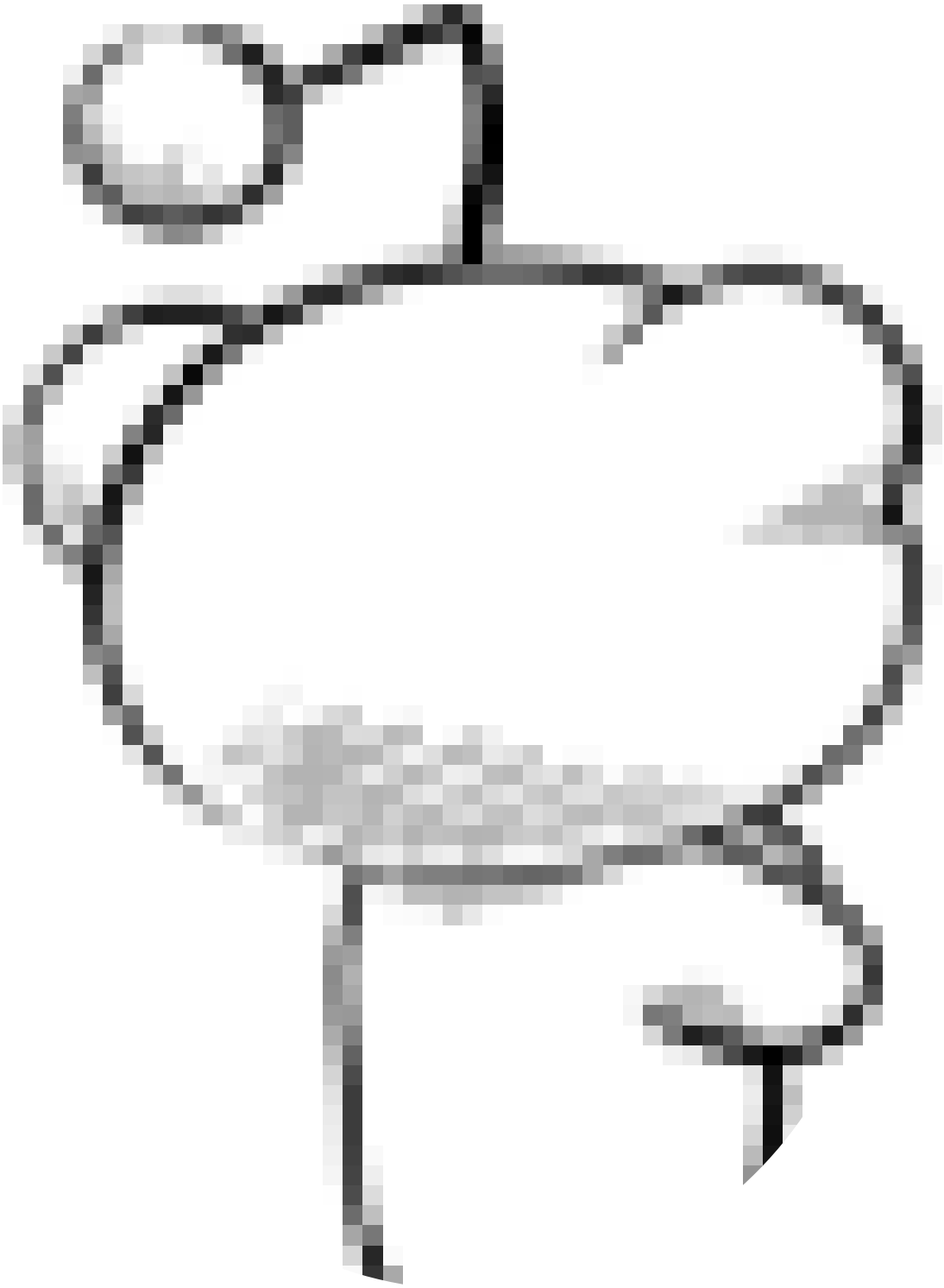

gamesterx23
â€¢ 15y ago

Superb use of imagery.

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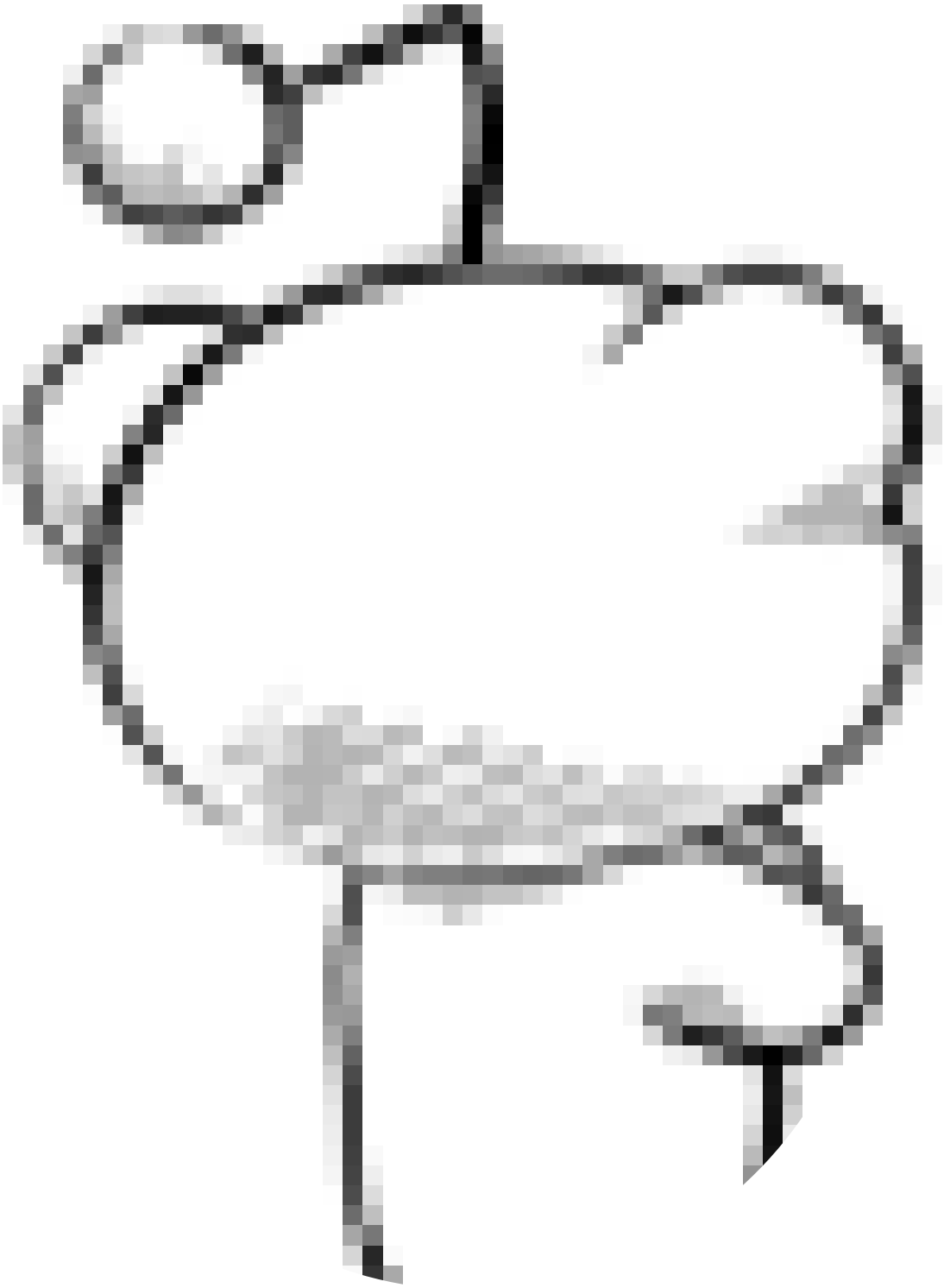

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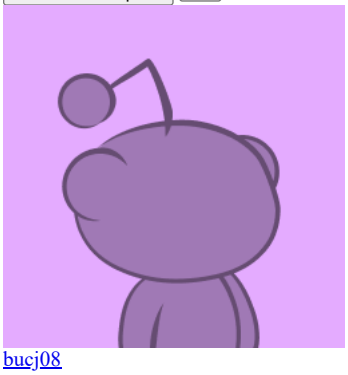

bucj08
â€¢ 15y ago

While reading this thread my icemaker dumped ice into the tray. Terrifying.

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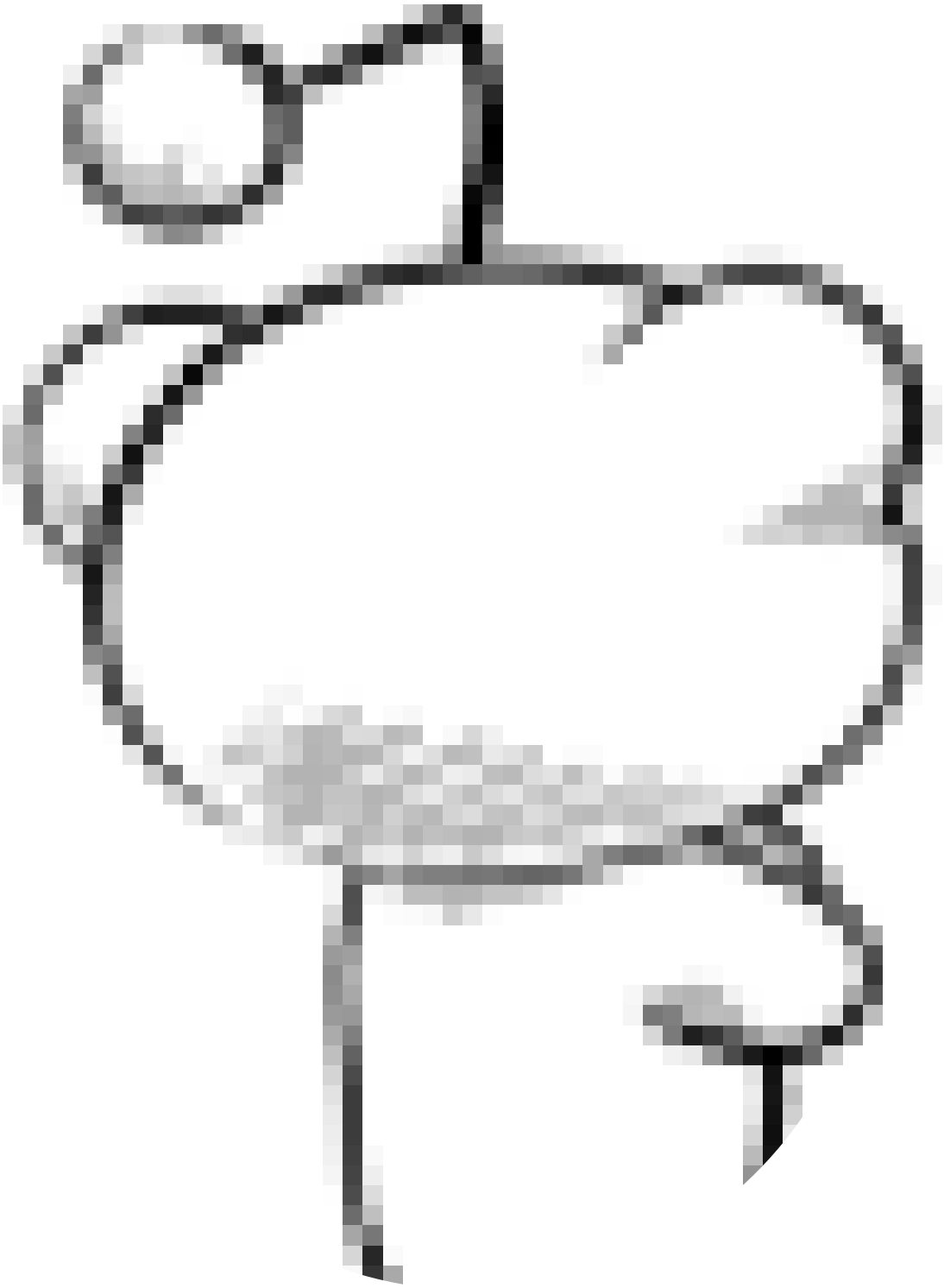

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â€¢ 15y ago

Woke up one night sleeping in my basement to a weird noise, right after that noise I heard "Get the fuck out" whispered right into my ear. Ran upstairs and slept on the couch for the rest of the night.

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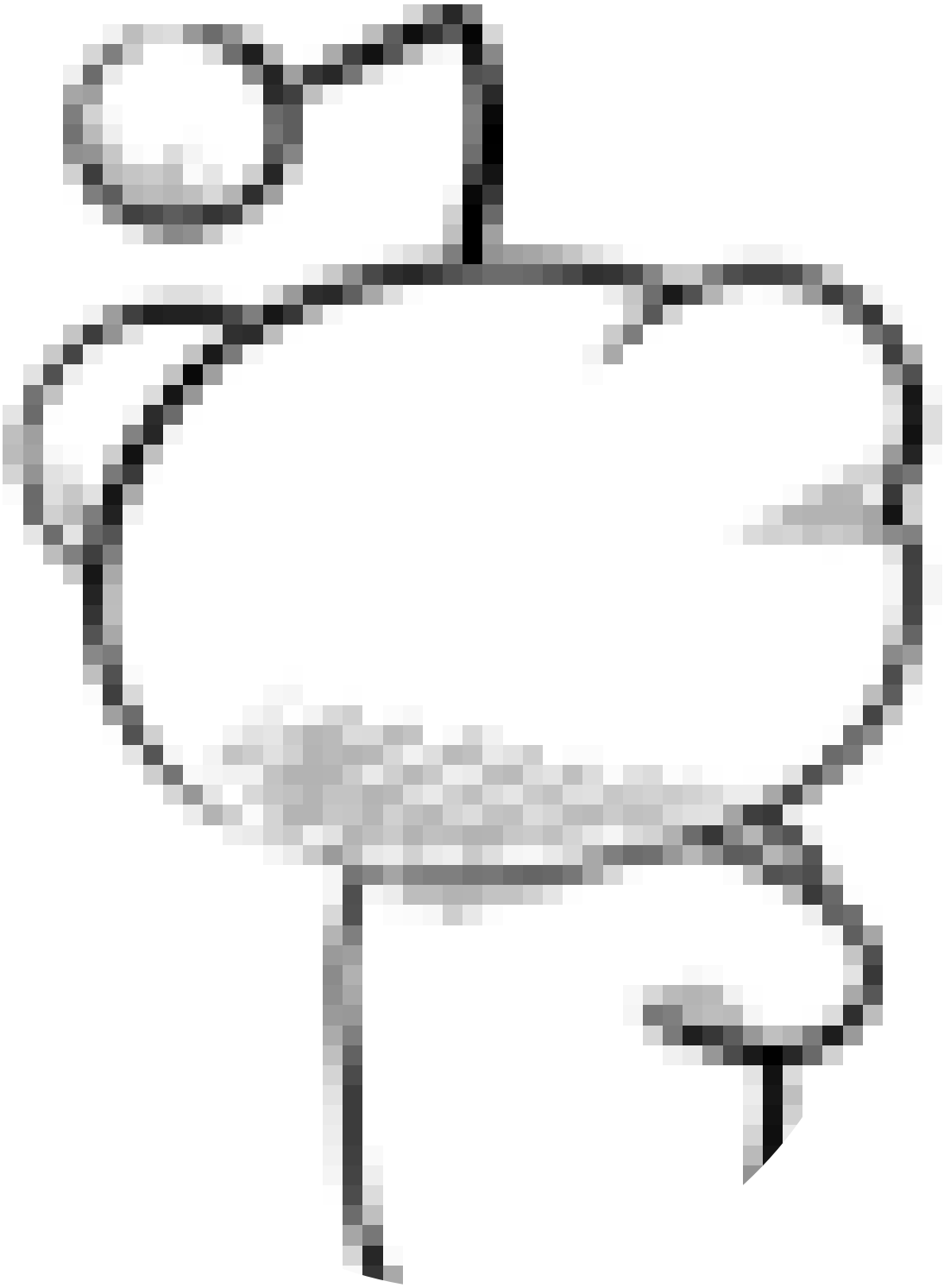

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â€¢ 15y ago

For years whenever I sleep at my parents house I would be woke up in the middle of the night to someone urgently whispering my name. I've never experienced it anywhere else and is the reason I sleep with earplugs in. I told my parents I used the earplugs because I was a light sleeper and the cat would wake me up. I didn't want to tell them the truth. I don't hear it now anymore but I will not sleep without earplugs.

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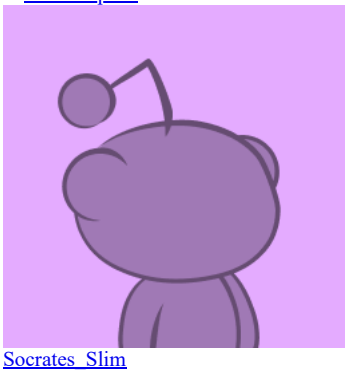

Socrates_Slim
â€¢ 15y ago â€¢ Edited 15y ago

In my grandparent's incredibly old house in Long Island, my cousin once confessed to me that when staying there, he would wake up in the middle of the night and see a figure in the doorway.

He said the man was very tall, looked grim, and had a beard. He said he looked a lot similar to Abraham Lincoln. His younger brother, shaking at this point, said that he saw the same man several times.

I'm glad I never had to stay in that house.

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IGottaSnake
â€¢ 15y ago â€¢ Edited 15y ago

I have told this story a few times in a mildly entertained manner, but at the time it was pretty fucking creepy. To give you some background, I owned a house that I was renting out. I got a call a month into the rental time where the renter is saying a floor fan flew across the room. I laugh it off and tell him it was obviously his imagination. He calls me a couple weeks later and tell me that he walked into the kitchen with many of the cabinet doors open so he proceeded to close them all and make a bowl of cereal. He goes into the room right next to the kitchen, comes back to put the bowl in the sink and every cabinet door and drawers is wide open again. It is a large kitchen with many cabinets, so we are talking at least 14 doors and 10 drawers opened. Again, I kind of laughed it off and told him there had to be some explanation for it. A month later I cannot get ahold of him for the rent. I finally hear from him weeks later. He moved out after something happened, but he refused to tell me what happened. Rent was way cheap because he was a friend of a friend, so he definitely wouldn't have left unless he felt like he needed to.

So, I end up moving into the house because I aint scurred. I hear sounds in the basement and attic that sound like footsteps, but I never really give it much thought. I just kind of smile and shake my head. Then one night, my brother (who had recently moved in with me) told me he was going to walk down to a friend's house. I was on the couch with my 5 month old hound dog pup. He walked out the door and 5 minutes later I hear footsteps upstairs int he bedrooms. Not light steps, but stomping. And it is running between the two rooms...hard and fast. I had cats so I thought maybe they were playing, but it was so loud and hard. The lights downstairs were shaking from it. So, I thought my brother had gone through the back door and was fucking with me. I got up, walked into the next room where the stairs were and stepped onto the first step to go tell him he was in idiot.

As soon as my foot hit that step every hair on my body stood up and I got this heavy feeling in my stomach. Meanwhile the stomping/running is still going on. I can't see the second floor because the lights are all out, but I can hear it thudding from room to room up there. For whatever reason, I call my puppy over (like he is going to do shit). He darts in front of me, goes up to the second step, stops, and starts growling. Every hair from his neck, down his back, and to his tails is up. I do not scare easily. I am the girl who goes outside with a bat to investigate... I do not get scared like that. I could not go up one more step.

Then, the front door opens and my brother walks into the room. The stomping is still happening. He looks at me and says "who is running around upstairs?" **FUCK**. I said "You are."

The puppy is still growling and I feel like I am going to puke. My brother looks at me worriedly, walks past me onto the stairs, steps over the dog, and looks back like he is terrified. If anyone is less scared of ghosts than me, it would be him. He gets halfway up and the stomping stops. To this day I don't know how he managed to go up into the pitch black without having a heart attack. One room had the light switch in the middle of the wall so it wasn't even like you could turn on the light before going in.

There was nothing up there. No cats (I stayed on the stairs and they never came down either), no windows open (including the basement someone would have to climb through windows 3 stories up to get in anyway), nothing.

Turns out my brother had gotten halfway down the road and just decided to come back home. He didn't have any idea why.

After that, the noises were usually pretty passive. Light footsteps and other things that were easy to ignore or explain away. There was scrapings into one of the ceilings we found one day that I know were not there before because I had just gone through the house evaluating which rooms needed painted walls/ceilings. And a radio in a spare

room that no one went into suddenly came on one day just as my skeptical ex had just discredited my ghost stories.

But NOTHING comes close to that night. It has been 4 years and I have never seen my dog act like that since and I have never felt like that either.

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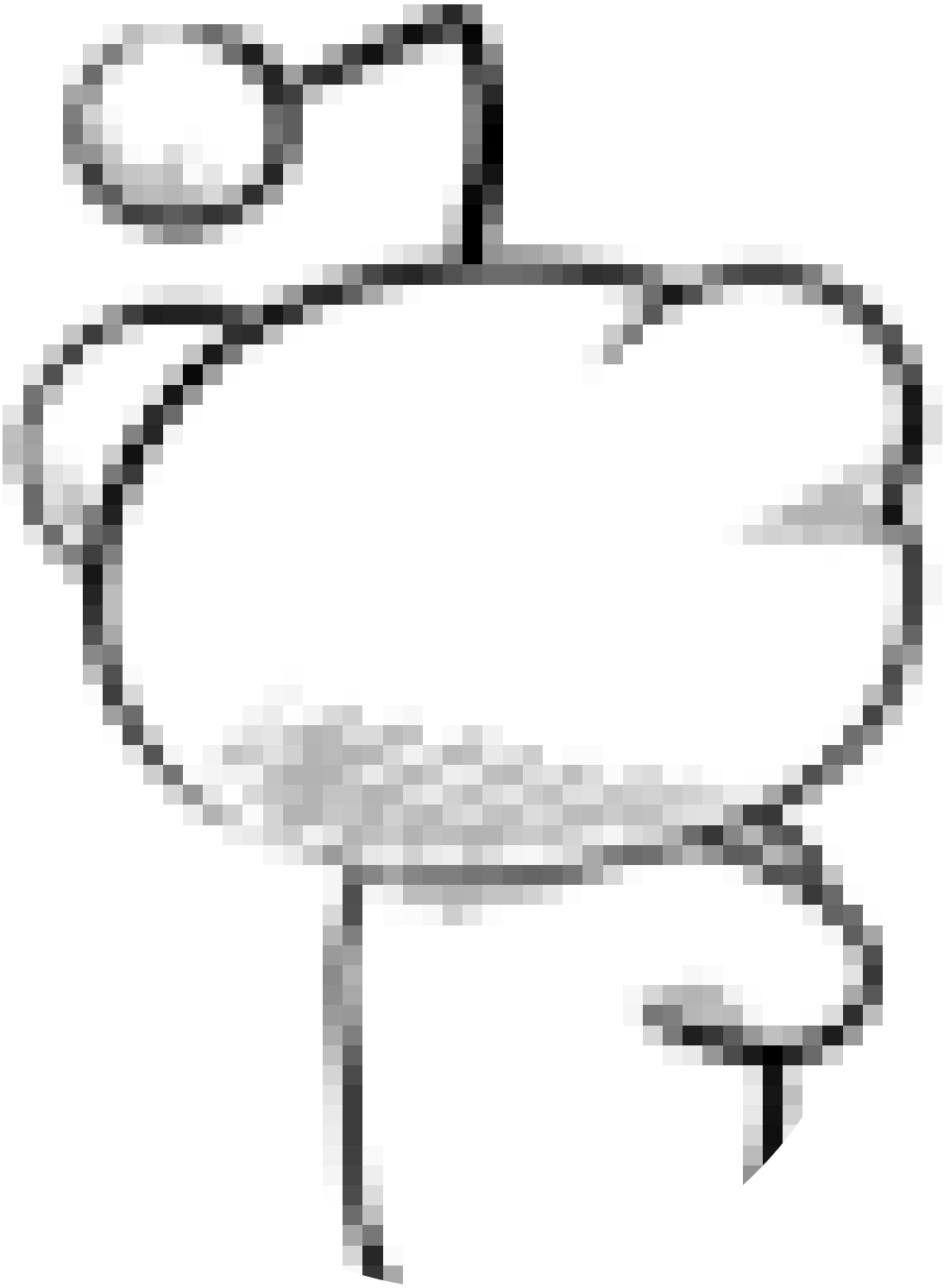

Rainbobryte4
â€¢ 15y ago

My friend's daughter (2 years old) had the bad habit of picking random things up off the floor and putting them in her mouth. One day her mother heard a choking sound and came over to see what was in her mouth. Upon opening, there was a gigantic wolf spider (still alive) that scurried out of her mouth, up the little girl's face and into her hair. That's not even the worst part. The spider had thousands of baby spiders on it's back that all fell off in her mouth. Imagine thousands of spiders crawling down her throat, on her teeth, on her lips, up her nose, on her eyes, in her ears, etc. Her mom flipped the fuck out.

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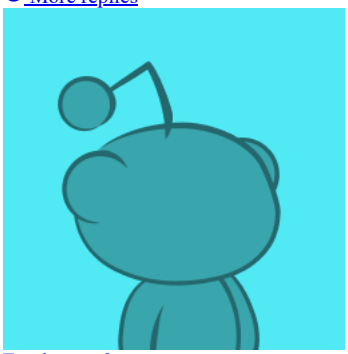

Frankocean2
â€¢ 15y ago

A few things..I'm a twin, and my twin sister has far more creepy stories to tell, like dreaming my cousin was going to die prior to her wedding...she did, she still cries about it and that was in 2002.

One thing, I was with my friend driving to his house when the light goes red. We wait..it goes green.

I don't go forward, I couldn't move.

"light's green Frank" my friend says.

"I know, but I dont want to hit the gas, I dont know why"

Just as I said this, a car at full speed makes his way...It would have hit us full speed, full force, it passes.

"Few!, that was close, hit it".

"no" I said.

Another car chasing the first one makes his way trough.

"Ok we can go".

My friend looked at me really weird, and to this day I cant explain what compelled me to totally go blank.

The way the road was, I couldnt hear the car, nor see them.

Damn.

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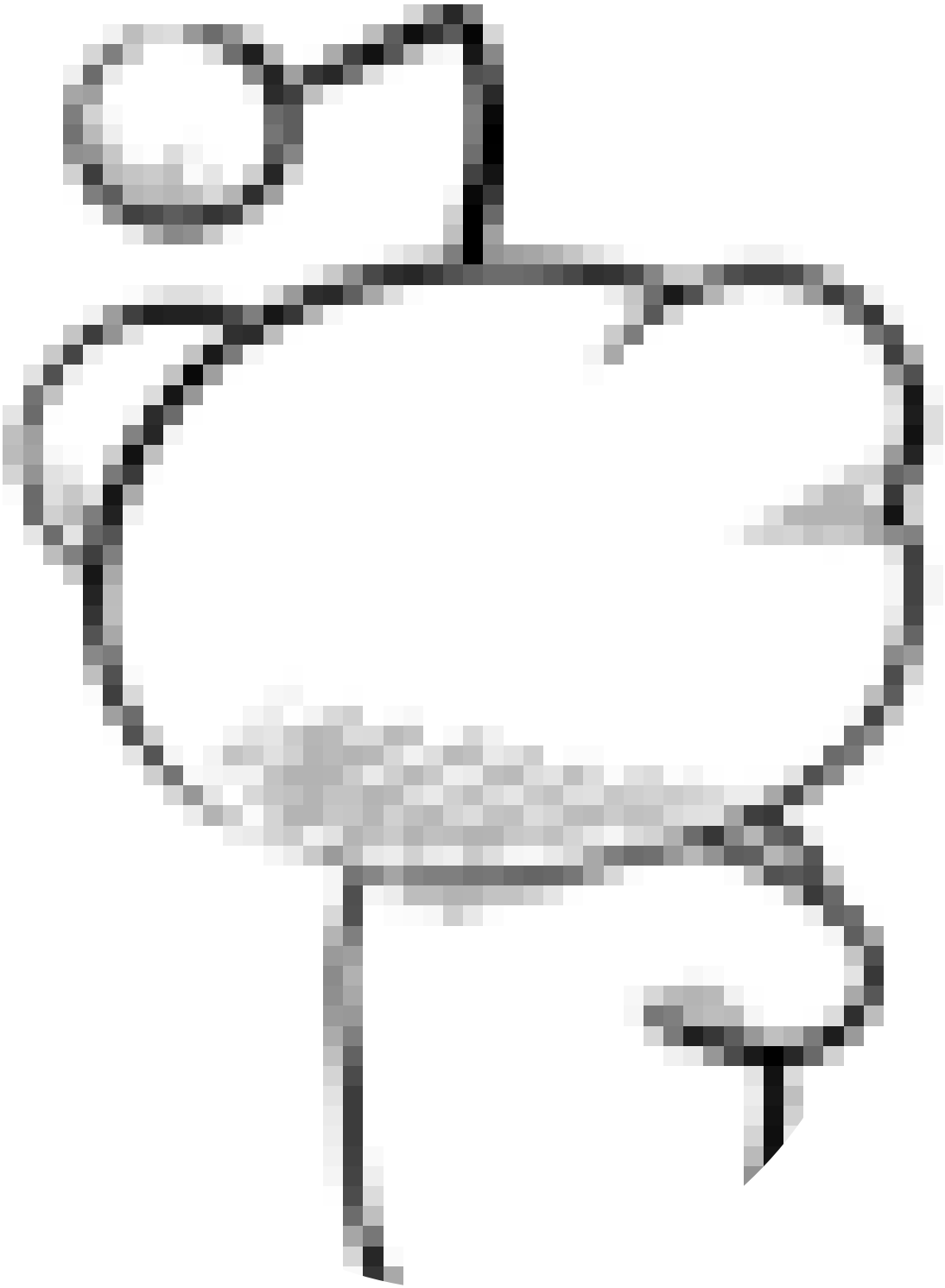

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â€¢ 15y ago

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vampire_kitty
â€¢ 15y ago â€¢ Edited 5y ago

Lots of people seem to be sharing "paranormal" experiences. Mine is nothing of the sort. I had a creepy ass roommate once. I was renting a room in his house, which was all fine and good for a while. Then things just slowly got weird.

The first time he folded my laundry out of the dryer, I didn't think much of it. But it happened a couple of more times (and it's not like I'd leave it in there forever, maybe a couple hours while I was at class or something and then as soon as I got home I'd take it out). That wasn't creepy until he started commenting, "you have sexy thongs." Though even that wasn't TOO creepy, just unnecessary.

As the weeks went by I started noticing that my bedroom door would be open when I'd get home from school. At the time I ALWAYS closed the door when I'd leave the room. I checked the door several times - there was nothing wrong with the handle or any other mechanism. I started wondering if the roommate was going in my room when I wasn't there (this was after the comment about my underwear) and so I discretely bought a new locking doorknob that matched the color and shape of the existing one. THE NEXT DAY he commented to me about how I had locked my bedroom door.

The worst part of that was the logistics of the house - my bedroom was at the end of a really long hallway and the only other things down that hallway were the linen closet that he assigned to me for storage, and the bathroom that was mine alone to use (he had the master bed/bath and guest room at the opposite end of the hallway that he used)

and the entrance to the hallway meant turning left to get to my side, and turning right to get to his side. In other words, he had no reason to be going down the hall to my room, and even if he did, he had NO REASON to be opening my door. Daily.

But, no biggie. I had a locking door and I started locking it when I was in the room. He wasn't hassling me or anything, it was just... creepy. I started looking for new rooming situations pretty casually like asking around with friends and checking craigslist at times.

Then things got weirder. He started bringing home [redacted] and/or [redacted] and started having REALLY loud sex. With his bedroom door open. He also made it super clear, by verbal invitation that I totally declined, that I was welcome to join in anytime I wanted. *blink* After I strictly declined, he still continued leaving his bedroom door open for these episodes. His bed was directly visible from the hallway entrance based on where he placed it in his room so once in a while I wasn't able to unsee. I started closing my eyes before going to my room if I heard any noises upon entering the house.

Eventually I just LIVED in my bedroom with the door locked. I stopped cooking real food and switched to microwave meals so I didn't have to be in the common areas for any longer than totally necessary. I never left my laundry alone and if I recall correctly, I started taking it to my parents' house and visiting them more frequently and/or spending as MUCH time at my boyfriend's house as possible so I didn't have to deal with the situation.

I think THE creepiest part about staying there, though, was after I had been living as close to 24/7 behind my locked door as possible, he still had me on instant messenger and would chat from time to time. I usually didn't respond but one time he mentioned that he thought it would be fun to put a webcam in my bedroom if I was okay with that to which I vehemently replied that I was NOT okay with that.

I stepped up the efforts to find a new place and started talking to different people via e-mail. He replied to one of my posts asking if it was, in fact, me who was writing. This displeased me greatly.

The part that really flipped me out, though, was one day I was home from school before him and had already been in my room and was finishing eating something when he came home and I heard him walk to his guest room/office and get online. He immediately logged into IM and very soon following asked me if I was enjoying my dinner or something to that effect.

Given that he couldn't have seen into my room to know I was eating, and if I recall I was eating a sandwich or something that would not have left evidence in the kitchen (like if I had microwaved something and a cooked food scent was lingering) that I had made food for myself (I also clean up as I go and for a sandwich, I don't dirty any dishes other than the plate which I had in the bedroom with me at the time) so my only conclusion was that, perhaps, in fact he already HAD installed a webcam in my bedroom and it flipped me the hell out.

I began making IMMEDIATE plans to gtfo and as it happened, coincidentally the next day a friend of mine informed me (he had already been hearing me asking, repeatedly, if anyone was needing a roommate) that his roommate was moving out and did I want to find a place somewhere else. Within a week we found a place, I was packing, and moved the fuuuuuuuuck out.

Epilogue - he kept IMing me even though I'd LONG deleted his account. He also would regularly reply to craigslist postings I made (such as requests for a rock climbing partner, or a walking buddy - even though he not ONCE exercised that I ever heard of or saw the several months I was living there) and YEEEARS later wrote to my OKCupid profile asking casually, "what's up? It's been so long" or something of that sort as if we were old pals and there was nothing weird in our history. *blink*

As an aside, I was telling my friends of the odd evidence and behaviors I was finding in the house and THEY started calling him "panty sniffer" or "laundry sniffer" and thinking that surely he was obsessed with my laundry and that was why he was always going into my room before I got the locked doorknob. :/

TL,DR: If you are a male and want to know how to creep out your female roommate, read the above post. :(

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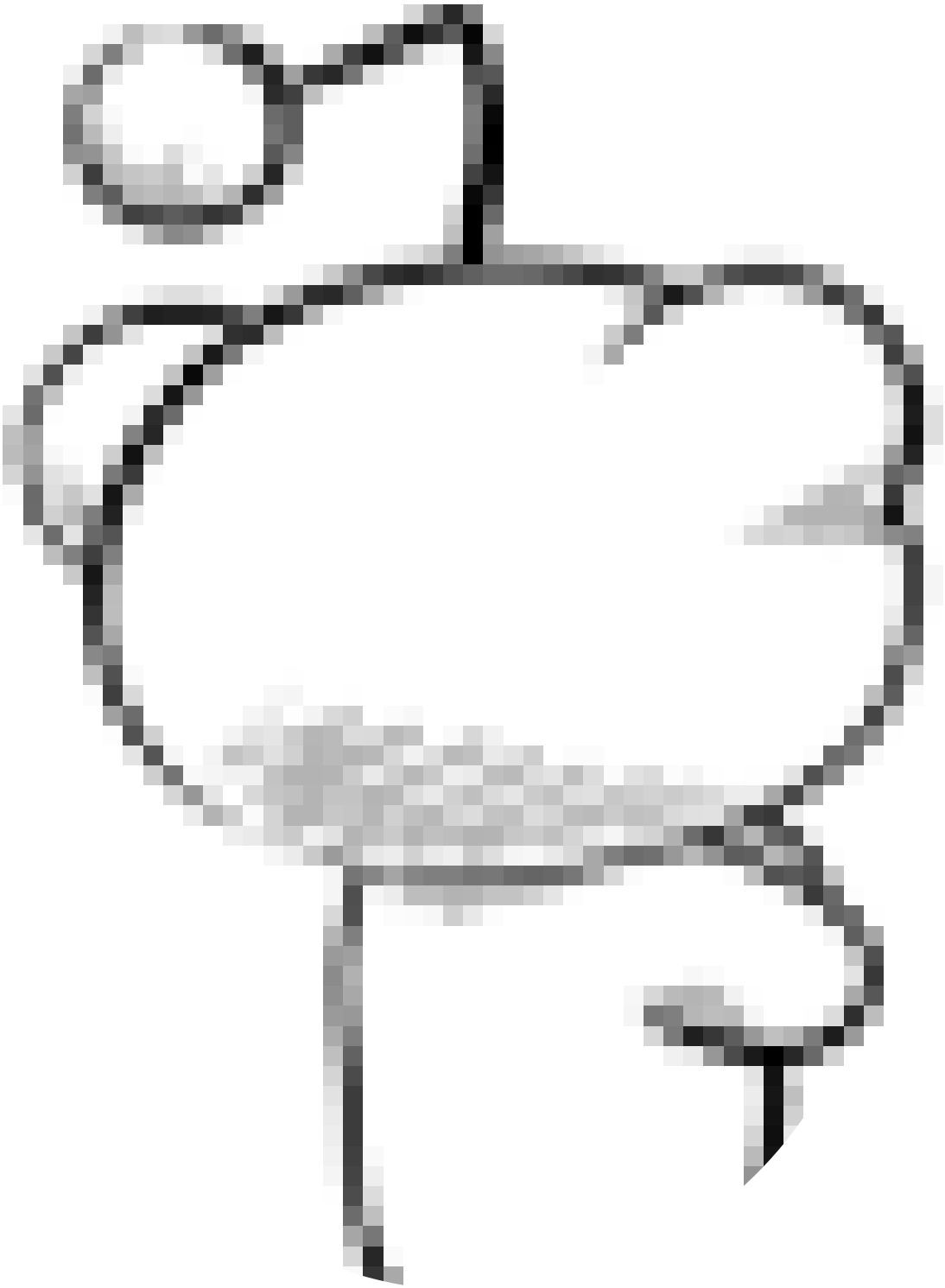

[deleted]
â€¢ 15y ago â€¢ Edited 15y ago

My wife and I arrived early morning in Manchester, UK. We came because I had to write an economic history paper and the University there had given me permission to spend the week utilizing its resources. By 09:45 sorted out permission from the library and worked out where the collections I needed were. Spent apx another hour looking for accommodation, bumped into an aussie who ran a pub and said we were looking for a week's digs. Got that sorted. By say around 11 we were walking back into the city centre. My wife grabbed my arm and said, 'We have to go! We need to leave!" Of course one queries that and I objected fairly sternly saying we have just got ourselves organized etc etc. Nonetheless we went back to the pub picked up our packs and she dragged me to the bus depot. I was damn shitty at this irrational behaviour. Never in 8 yrs of marriage had she done anything like this or behaved in this manner. We went to the main bus depot paid for the first bus out - which went to Edinburgh and off we went. My wife visibly relaxed on the bus. I backed off my aggression, accepted this stupidity and inconvenience and wondered what on earth had got hold of her.

20 mins into the bus trip the driver made an announcement. The IRA have set off a very large bomb in Manchester central. It devastated the entire city centre. They did apparently give a warning to authorities and the centre was just cordoned off in time. We didn't see that though.

I asked her how did you know? And all I have ever got is that " I felt there was something wrong and we had to go."

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doctor6
â€¢ 15y ago

Something happened similar to me. I was travelling in the middle east about 15 years ago. Was in the old quarter of Jerusalem at the time and got a really odd, but strong, feeling that I needed to get out very quickly. So I acted on this and got the bus down to Eliat, to go on to Dahab in the Siani. When I got to the border with Egypt, I was told it was closed as there had been a double suicide bombing in the apple market in Jerusalem 3 hours earlier. Exactly where I'd just been!!!

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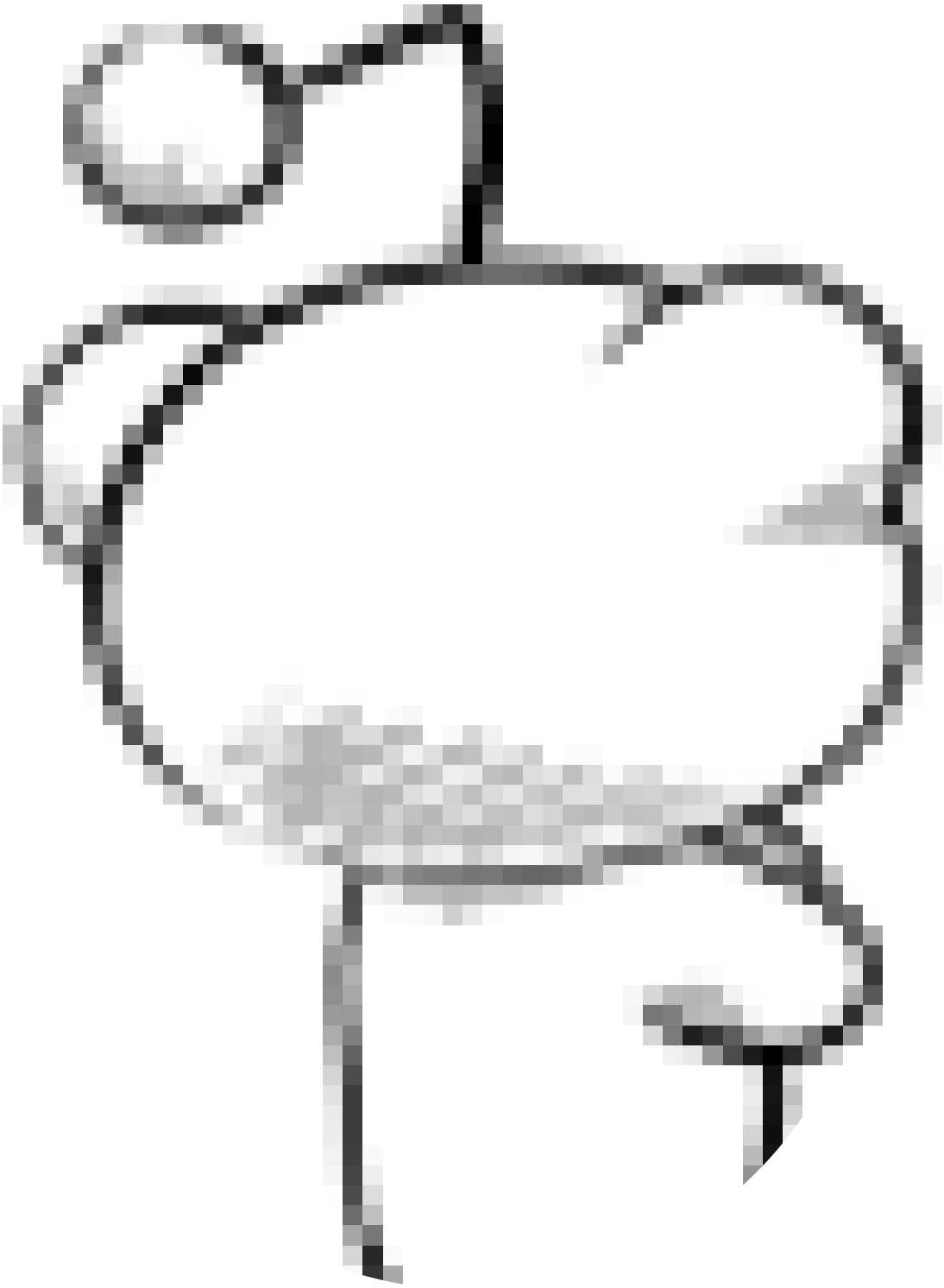

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â€¢ 15y ago

I had three pet rats about a year ago. I used to let them run around at night as I got ready for bed, and then would put them back in the cage (which was outside of my room) before I went to sleep.

This was one of my first nights living in a new house. Let them run around, put them to bed, and got in bed myself. I could hear them running around in my cage as I went to sleep. Fell asleep with the lamp on.

At some point soon, in that sleep-awake limbo, I feel a rat's nose on my face and four little claws on my shoulder--happened occasionally, as they could push the top off the cage everyonce in a while. I swipe it away, and I see the shadow of a rat run into my closet. I go into the closet, hear scampering beneath some papers and books, and then nothing. Can't find anything.

Go outside my room to see which rat it was. All three rats are in the cage.

Go into the closet. See a massive gnawed hole in the closet wall. And a bunch of rodent turds right by it.

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bsidez

â€¢ 15y ago â€¢ Edited 15y ago

When I was about 17, me and a couple of my friends used to drive out to Union Cemetery in Easton, CT to do some late night ghost hunting. We'd walk around and take photos, never really captured anything too amazing. If you haven't been to that part of CT, the roads are very long and windy. Its deep in the middle of the woods where there are no street lights and houses are like a mile or 2 apart from each other. The road to the cemetery itself is probably about a 10-15 mile single lane road with just a few creepy looking run down houses. The drive alone is enough to creep you out enough to the point where you wouldn't want to set foot in the cemetery.

So anyways, me and two of my friends were on this one trip up. We we're heading down the road to the cemetery at like 2 in the morning when this car comes up behind us out of nowhere and starts riding dangerously close behind me, to the point where i couldn't even see his head lights in the rear view mirror. We slow down, thinking its a cop or something, its hard to see and we can't make out anyone behind the wheel. They slow down and keep almost the exact distance.... we speed up again, still keeps the same distance.... didn't think much about it at this point, maybe just some asshole driver in a hurry or something. So we finally get to the cemetery, we didn't want to be seen pulling into the cemetery that late at night so just past it is a rotary with 2 other roads that cross paths, so we decide to pass the cemetery and go through the rotary to turn around and come back. As we approach the rotary we go around once, the car follows... go around a 2nd time, the car follows again, now we start to freak out.... 3rd, 4th, 5th time around and the car is still following us. We can finally see that its an older car.... late 80's or early 90's Carolla or something but we still can't make out the driver. I finally just said fuck it and pulled off a random point in the rotary and just start driving as fast as I can.... he still follows us and at this point we're about 50 or 60 feet ahead of him and I see him flip off his headlights. Now remind you there are no street lights on this road, its pitch black. I'm doing about 45-50 and at this point we think that we lost him.... when about a minute later, his head lights come back on and he's right behind us again, then his headlights go out..... about 20 seconds, come back on he's about 15 feet behind us again. He does this about 3 or 4 times.. Finally I slam on the breaks and pretty much come to a dead stop and he's about 10 feet back from us. His head lights go out again and this time I floor it and get up to about 60, his headlights come on again and I see that he's pretty far away this time and for some reason I think to pull into the first driveway that I see. So we take a right up a very narrow driveway and we just sit and wait.... no car passes. My hearts pounding like crazy and I'm getting ready to get out and start running towards the house, but nothing ever happens.... No car ever passed by us and when we finally get up the nerve and pull out of the driveway about 10 minutes later, there is no sign of the mysterious driver.... we decided not to go to the cemetery that night.

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TheDoubtfulGuest

â€¢ 15y ago

I'm about a day late on this, but mine is pretty good I think :)

When I was about 17 I still lived with my parents. The house was 2 stories plus a walk-out basement and a sub-basement. My dad has always slept on the living room couch because he snores so loud while my mom sleeps on the top floor in her own room and I slept in my own room across the hall from hers. Now, my dad's snoring is something we all were used to, and something we always woke up to if we noticed it had stopped (undiagnosed sleep apnea). Anytime i woke up at night I'd immediately listen for him and either go back to bed when he snored again or go throw a pillow at him so he'd wake up and breathe. When my mom did this she would just stand in the hall and listen for him and either throw a pillow or go back to bed. **Anyway**, one night I awoke to someone standing in the hall outside my door, believing it was my mom I pretended to be asleep and listened for my dad. Then I realized he'd been snoring for several seconds. As the figure in the hall walked into my room I, half asleep, decided it was my mom checking on me like she used to when I was little, or just her sleep walking (my mom sleep walks, I have narcolepsy and my dad has sleep apnea. Weird night happenings are semi-common for us). The figure eventually left and I drifted into slumber. The next morning my mom, who seemed concerned, asked me why I stood at the foot Of her bed last night for so long. After explaining my experience we both sort of laughed it off as sleep walking or weird dreams. Skip forward a few weeks, my mom decides to open her window, which is right above her craft desk COVERED in craft junk. Not only was the window unlocked, but the screen was missing. Since her window is a story off the ground and the ONLY window on that side of the house she just assumed my dad had done it. When she asked him he denied it and decided to investigate ( he owns a windows and siding company and couldn't understand how the screen just fell off. When he stuck his head out to take a peek it became clear someone had entered from the outside using something that scraped all the paint from around the window. Somehow they'd managed not to knock a thing off her desk while climbing in, and they apparently didn't wake the dogs, set off the sensor light OR steal anything. We cried a little when we put it all together. Uggghhh creepy.

**tl;dr** mom and I both awoke to someone standing in our rooms, thought it was a dream, found evidence to support otherwise.

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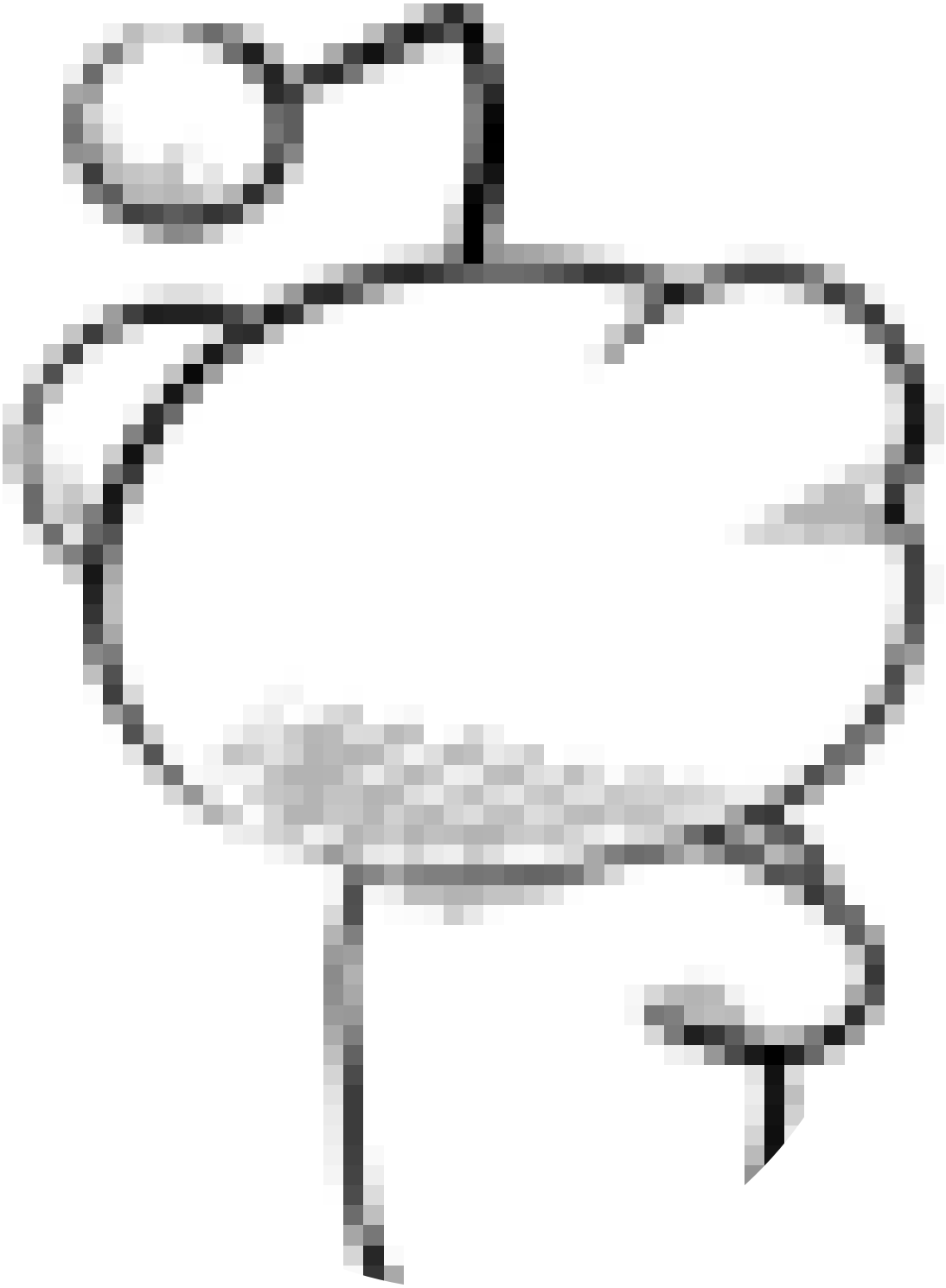

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â€¢ 15y ago

When I was about 10 or so we moved to a house in a small town that backed up to a cemetery. One night, we were coming back from something and as we get out of the car in the driveway, dad sees a light back in the far corner of the cemetery. He decides to go back and see what's going on, as this is obviously not normal. I follow him back through our yard, and the closer we get, I'm starting to freak the fuck out. We get back to the back of our yard and start walking through the cemetery, and we can see there are three or four people around a lantern. I'm having a mild heart attack at this point, but our of a sense of duty, I'm following my Dad to my own doom. As we get a little closer, I see one of the people pick up a shovel and start digging. That was all my fragile mind could handle. In my greatest moment of shame in life thus far, without saying a word, I turned and ran like a pussy, leaving my dad to his own fate. I get back to the house and wait for dad to get back (or not, as the case may be). About 10 minutes later, he comes back in the house all smiling as he was talking to a few high school kids who were filming a scene from Tom Sawyer for an English project.

pizzarina
â€¢ 15y ago

upvote for admitting you were a total coward.

ps. the rule is everyone gets to freak out and run *just* once.

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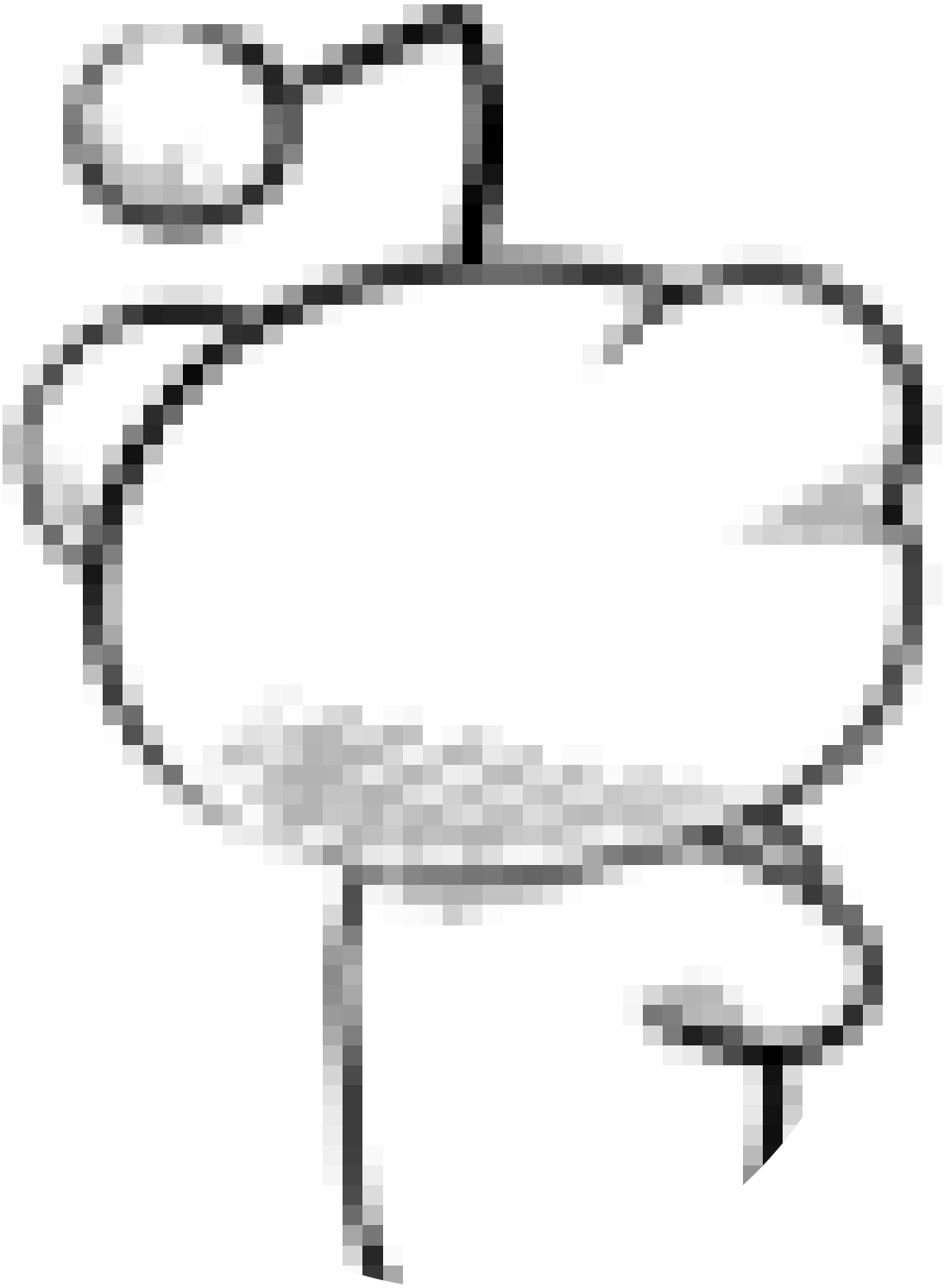

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â€¢ 15y ago â€¢ Edited 15y ago

over 5000 comments so i doubt this will be read much but for the lonely soul that does, thank you.

When i was in 9th grade i had signed up for a ski trip. I was a novice skier at the time not knowing to much about what i was doing. Went off a couple of jumps until I ended up breaking my arm. Fast forward to the hospital, my gym teacher had taken me in her van that she had driven up just in case something like this did happen. When I was in the hospital the doctors made it clear that they were going to attempt to reset my arm. I was given a sedative and went into a whole different world. My mind was in a state where I knew I was in the hospital but at the same time I was out of my body in a serious of events. These events were all horrifying, from what i can recall the first event was me sitting in a chair with crazy men around me laughing and taunting me. The events would rapidly change, one specific event I remember was me lying down not being able to move with people attacking me violently, beating me from head to toe. But during all of this I knew I was still in the hospital but these events seemed so realistic. The creepiest part of all of this was me waking up to the doctor looking directly into my eyes screaming to me ARE YOU OKAY? I had no idea what i was doing while i was under the medication but i can guess that i was either freaking out or possibly unconscious, i am not to sure. I did not say anything because of the medicine had me out of it and i felt extremely uncomfortable, the person I knew the most was simply a gym teacher that i might have talked to twice before all of this. Finally my parents arrived and I felt safe. this was truly the freakiest moment of my life and this story sounds crazy but you have to live it to know what I went threw. Before I die I hope I can recall all the events that happened to me, to this day I can not recall what happened exactly but i know i have been different ever since.

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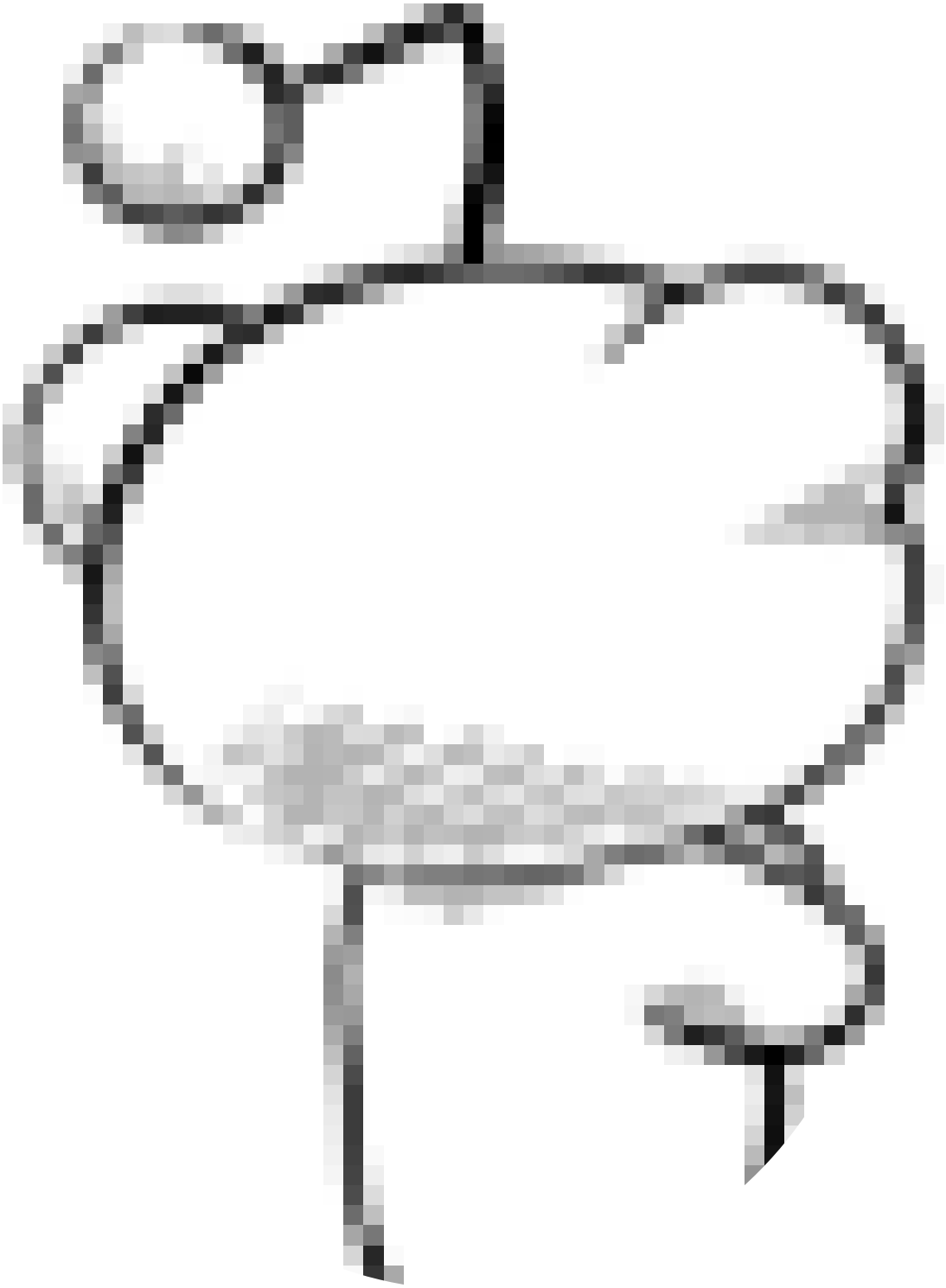

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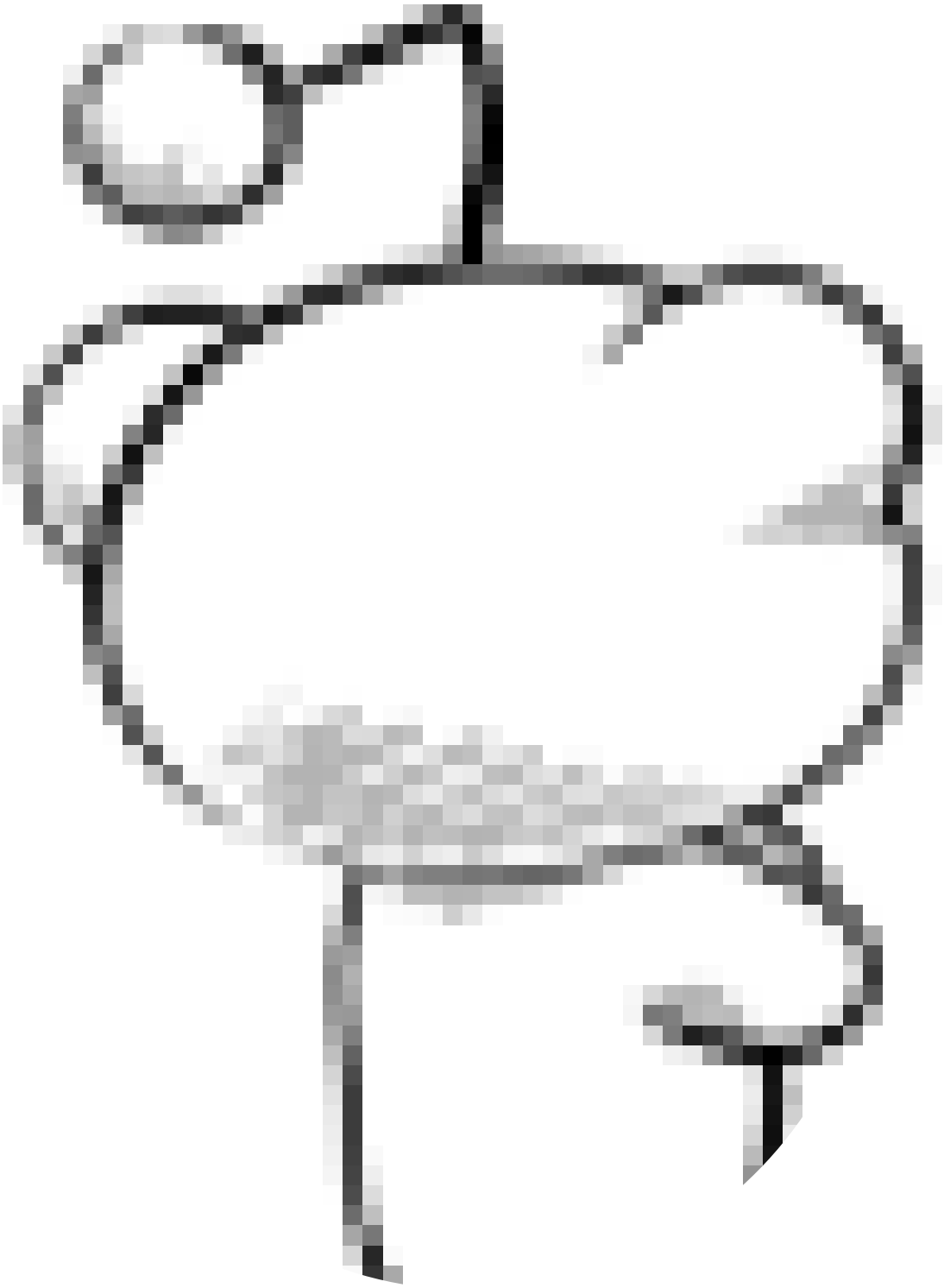

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â€¢ 15y ago

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kimchivirgin
â€¢ 15y ago

I hear that from sober people all the time. After a while you just roll with it.

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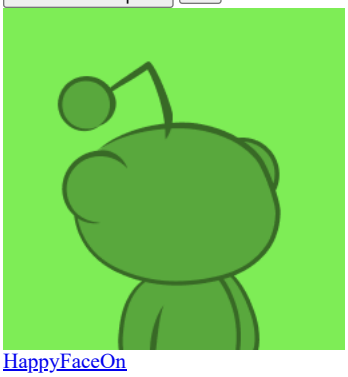

HappyFaceOn
â€¢ 15y ago

Was fooling around with some friends and recorded a video of a kitten. Halfway through watching it, suddenly there's the sound of a man laughing in it. There wasn't any guys around. We freaked the fuck out man.

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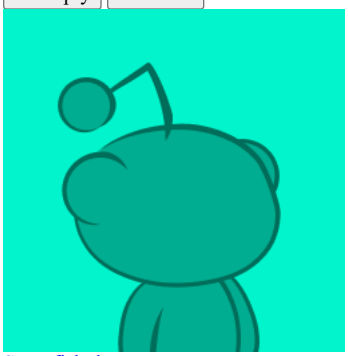

Superfishul
â€¢ 15y ago

it was the kitten. it likes being tickled.

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piecat
â€¢ 15y ago

Were you recording over an old tape? that would explain it completely.

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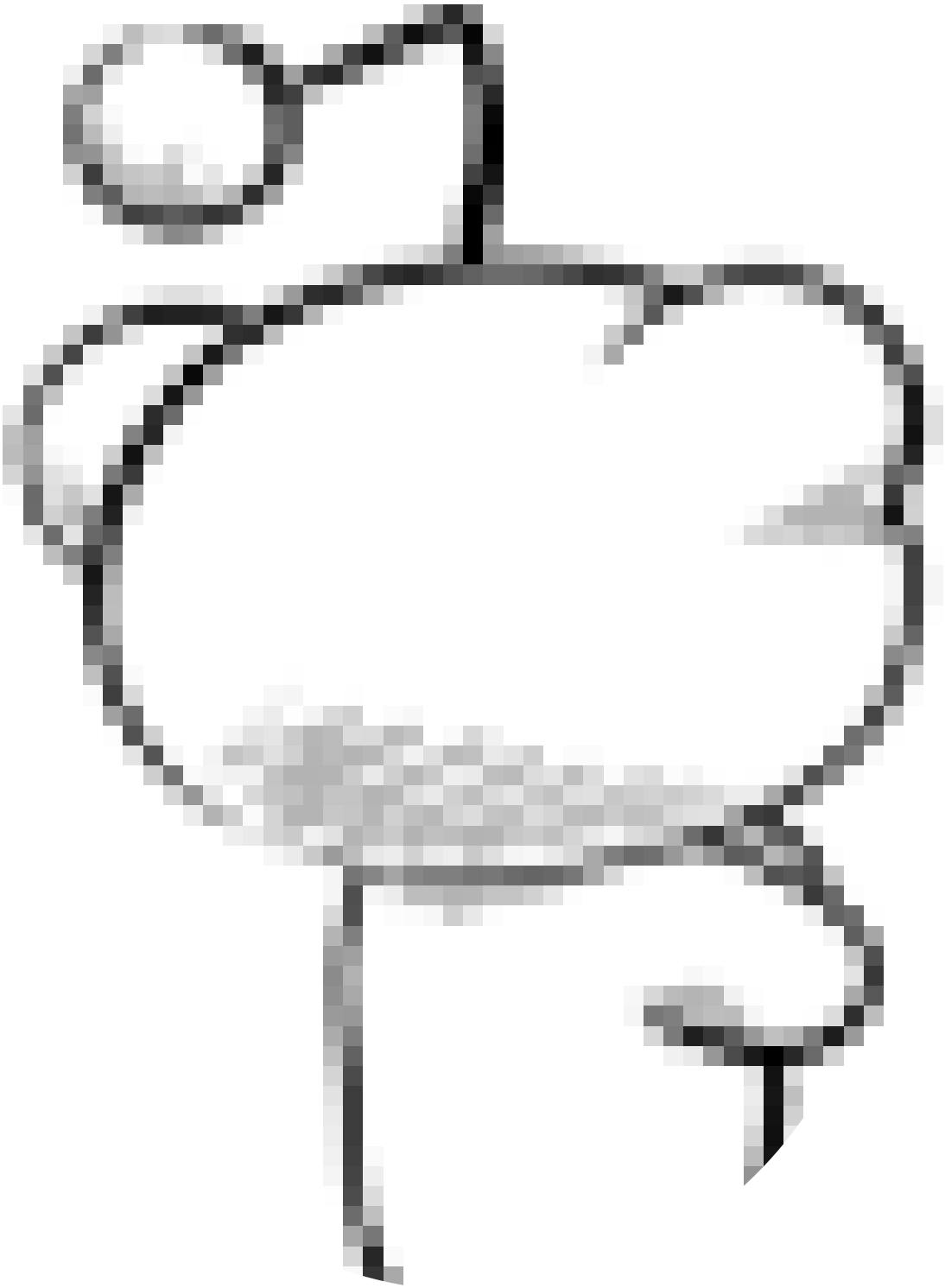

thefatbrat
â€¢ 15y ago â€¢ Edited 15y ago

when i was like 7, i remember my mom got a phone call in the house and the person on the other end told her that my dad was in a crash and in the hospital.

She grabbed all of our stuff and told me to meet her outside while she grabs some stuff to go. When I ran outside, there was a guy in a black limo who looked at me, and said, hey kid, you need to go somewhere? Come hop inside, I'll give you a ride. I remember being scared and confused and backed up.

The guy gave me one more look and drove away. My mom came outside and brought me back inside and when I got older, she told me that my dad was never in the hospital and that there was never a crash- in fact he was just at work.

Still gives me chills thinking about it-I'm not sure if someone was trying to kidnap me or something but I mean that's my best guess.

Edit: sorry for the not so great writing-wrote this in a rush before heading out to get some hangover cure yummies.

Edit 2: eh thinking back on it i guess limo wouldn't be the best description more like, those common black old school style cars that mostly older ppl have, (googled it-it's a Lincoln Town Car), but to me it looks a like a small black limo. Limo was a slight on the moment wrong choice of words when I wrote this, iderno thats my best excuse. I'm also not a car person, I call everything either a car or a truck and that's about it lol.

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Skov
â€¢ 15y ago

I was staying over night at a friends house back when I was in junior high. We heard some noise coming from behind the equipment shed and thought someone may be trying to steal tools. I grabbed a baseball bat and flashlight while he picked up a hockey stick. We decided it would be best to sneak up on whoever was back there. As we rounded the corner I aimed the flashlight at the presumed thief. To our surprise two glowing eyes stared back at us. After a few terrified moments, it donned on me that I was staring into the face of a mountain lion. One that was standing less than ten feet away. I kept the flashlight trained on the mountain lion as we slowly backed around the corner again. We then ran like hell back into the house and sat down shaking for several minutes.

The messed up thing is I live in Vermont, they are supposed to be extinct up here. This was twelve years ago. Maybe some still survived back then.

TL;DR: Don't bring a baseball bat to a mountain lion fight.

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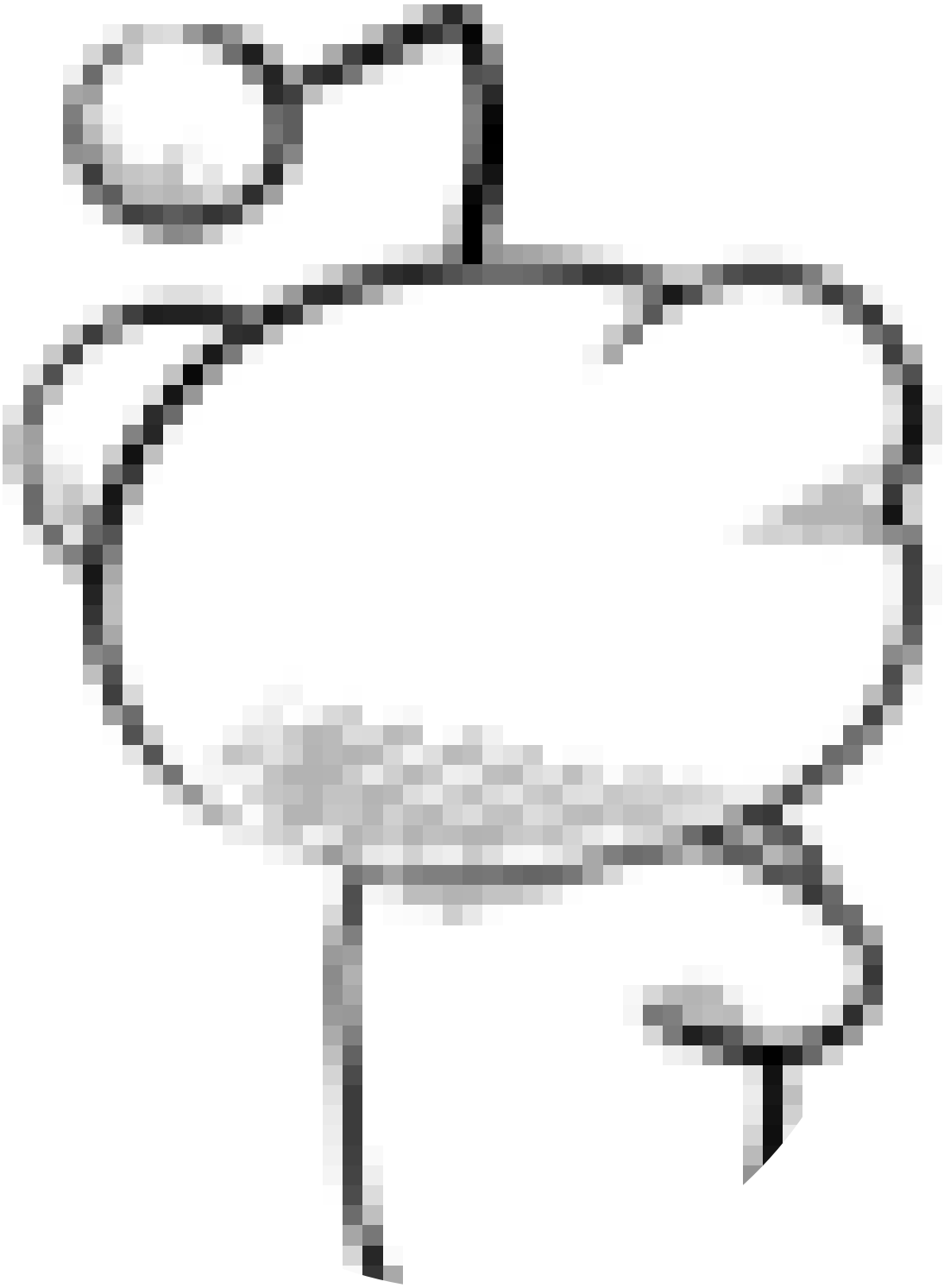

[deleted]
â€¢ 15y ago

My boyfriend (at the time) had picked me up to stay the night at his place. It was around 5pm when we got to his house. We watched movies/ate dinner/were just hanging out until about 10pm. During this time, his dog was acting very strange. He would come into the room and act very anxious; he couldn't sit still and he'd make a lot of noise. So around 10pm we took the dog outside so he could do his business/etc thinking that was all he needed. Closer to 11pm, we were winding down to go to bed. I was walking up the stairs ahead of my boyfriend as we went to his room. His room was the last room at the end of the hall- his mom's room was first, then his bathroom, and then his room. I got into his room and he wasn't behind me. I didn't think much of it until I heard the most horrific scream. He had stopped into his mom's room to turn off the light & tv (she always left those on whether or not she was home) and had found her body. She had been dead all day, we had no idea. (She was very sick, her death wasn't a shock as much as it was to find her dead. Especially after having been in the house with her for 6 hours)

TL;DR: My boyfriend's dog was trying to tell us his mom had died and it took us 6 hours to realize what had happened.

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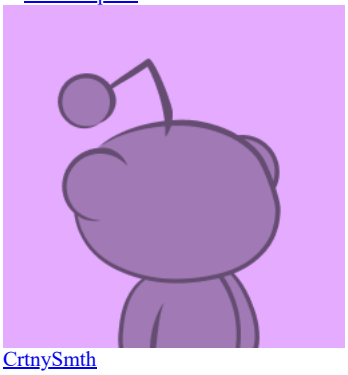

CrtnySmth
â€¢ 15y ago â€¢ Edited 15y ago

The dorm that I stayed in during my freshman year of college was on the 13th floor of what was once a hotel. Before school even started and before I moved into my dorm, I had heard stories about the ghost that haunts the building. He is affectionately called The Shuffler, and his signature is a traveling sound similar to shuffling feet/hands sliding along your walls. A few months after I had finally moved in and got settled, everyone had had their experience with The Shuffler (nothing too horrifying, but unsettling nonetheless).

One night at about 4 in the morning, my roommate, her girlfriend and I all woke up to the sound of our huge free-standing metal closet banging violently for short periods of time over and over again (sounded similar to repeatedly slamming a filing cabinet shut). We frantically closed the window and turned off the fan in hopes that the banging was caused by a draft or possibly changes in the air pressure. It happened for another half hour and we finally called our CF (community facilitator, basically just an RA). She came in with a high heeled shoe ready to stab the rodent or creature that was trying to get out. By now we were all screaming so loudly that most of the kids in my hall were cuddled under our blankets on our beds watching the madness (one of the kids was crying and crossing himself). The door was finally opened and nothing came out, so we all kind of sighed and forgot about it.

A few minutes later after the door was closed again, we heard the banging once more and everyone immediately ran out of the room leaving me, my CF (who has been putting up with this for 2 years already and claims to have the power to tell the Shuffler to leave) my roommate, and her girlfriend to deal with this shit.

I finally had the *brilliant* idea to duct tape the door closed and put a little post-it note with a cross on it (making fun of the situation so I could maybe be able to fall asleep in that room again). We all turned off the lights, closed our eyes, and the banging continued. I turned my light back on, and for the first time actually saw the movement happening - the tape was wiggling, the door handle was moving, and the stuff we had stacked on top of the cabinet was sliding around a little bit.

After that, the Shuffler jokes were no longer funny and I **never** once slept in that room by myself without the light and TV on ever again. It also took a lot of courage to look in my bathroom mirror thinking that I would see him standing behind me.

TL;DR - A ghost in the dorms that everyone thought was bullshit made a major appearance in my room and made a guy cry.

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gabaji123
â€¢ 15y ago â€¢ Edited 15y ago

I think I am too late to the party, so nobody will see this, but I'll post it anyways.

About 3 years ago, I was sleeping in my apartment in Berkeley on a Wednesday night. I used to rent a little studio by myself on Frat Row that was annoyingly loud for me because I am a really light sleeper. I don't know why, but just about any noise above background wakes me up. I actually sleep with my computer on just for white noise.

So this night was pretty much just like any other night. I ate dinner around 7:30pm, did some hw and went to sleep by about midnight. My apartment was basically a square where you could imagine the door at the top right, my desk in the top left, and my bed in the bottom left. I slept so that my head was against the wall and my eyes toward the door. The door opened in, with the hinge on the left so that the open door sort of obscured the view into the left side of the apartment. When open, from the outside it basically blocked my bed from view.

At about 3:30am I woke up suddenly to see that my door was slowly swinging open. My first thought was that the wind must have blown it open. Then I remembered that I lived inside an apartment building with locked doors and no wind. I reached for the knife I keep by my bed, but sure enough, the one time I needed it in a hurry, I couldn't find it. It felt like an eternity but I reached for it again, still didn't get. I took a breath and reached for it a third time, and again I didn't find it. At this point the door was completely open, and had been for maybe a second or two. I decided I didn't have any more time to look for the knife and I got up as quickly but quietly as I could, ran up to my desk and then along the wall to my door.

As the guy was just starting to sort of sneak in, I threw all of my momentum into the back side of the door. The guy got crunched about his one leg and belly, then backed out into the hall way. I slammed the door shut, locked it (deadbolt + doorknob), and looked through the peephole.

I saw this tallish white guy wearing a raider's jersey and dark green jacket...looking right back at me. He seemed to be completely cool, not freaking out the way I was. He reached into his pocket, pulled out a fat key ring, picked out a key, put the key in my deadbolt and un-fucking-locked it. He then picked out another key, put it into my doorknob and started to unlock my doorknob. I grabbed the doorknob and held it as tight as I could so that it wouldn't turn. He tried for about 30 seconds, by which time I started yelling that I had called the cops (BS) and that they would be here any minute. That finally made him bolt. I then had a second to get a phone and call the cops.

Cops arrived, did their thing, found nothing. Never caught the guy. Told me that I got extremely lucky and that I did the right thing to stop him from entering.

They said that if I didn't wake up and act when I did, "things might have turned out really bad. After all, he didn't seem to care that you were awake inside the apartment. *He tried to get back in. Obviously, he had a plan on how to deal with you, once inside.*"

TLDR; guy broke into my apt. while I was sleeping. I shut him out, he had a fucking key and tried to get back in. Cops basically told me that he would have killed me if he got back in.

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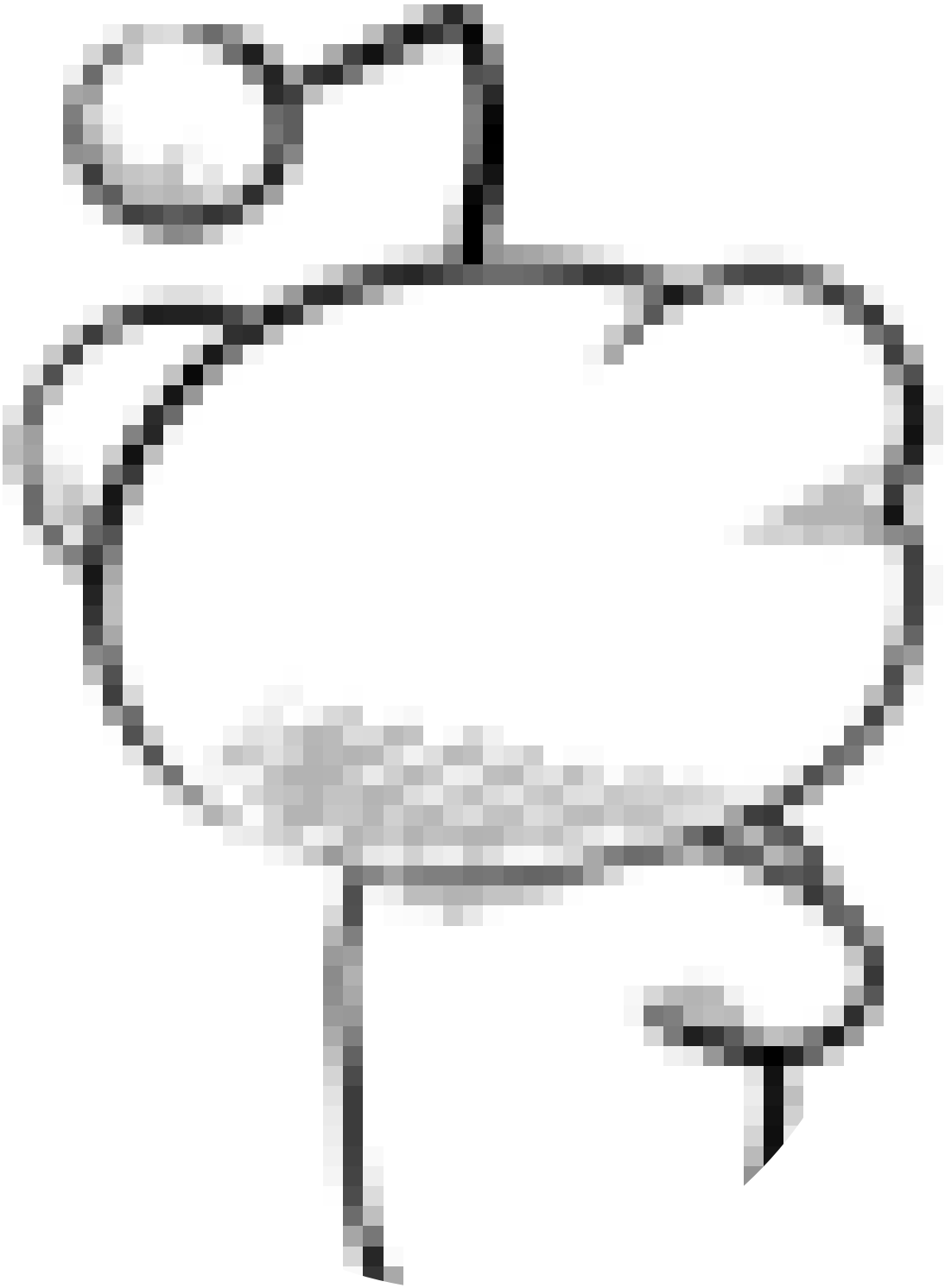

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â€¢ 15y ago

Being stalked when I was three. My mom and I were driving across the country with my aunt (who was in a separate car) to visit her. She seemed on edge, and, being three, I had no idea why. Anyway, we get to a rest stop and my mom goes into the women's restroom and takes me with her. She looks under the stalls, grabs my hand, and walks out. A guy was leaving the men's room and she asks him "How many other men are in there?" He tells her there's only one other guy and then when jump in the car and haul butt outta there. Apparently she thought a car had been following us, noticed three men at the rest stop, saw men's shoes when she looked under the stalls in the women's room, and figured out that the other dude was in the bathroom with us. I didn't really grasp the gravity of the situation at the time, but looking back thanks for being so observant mom.

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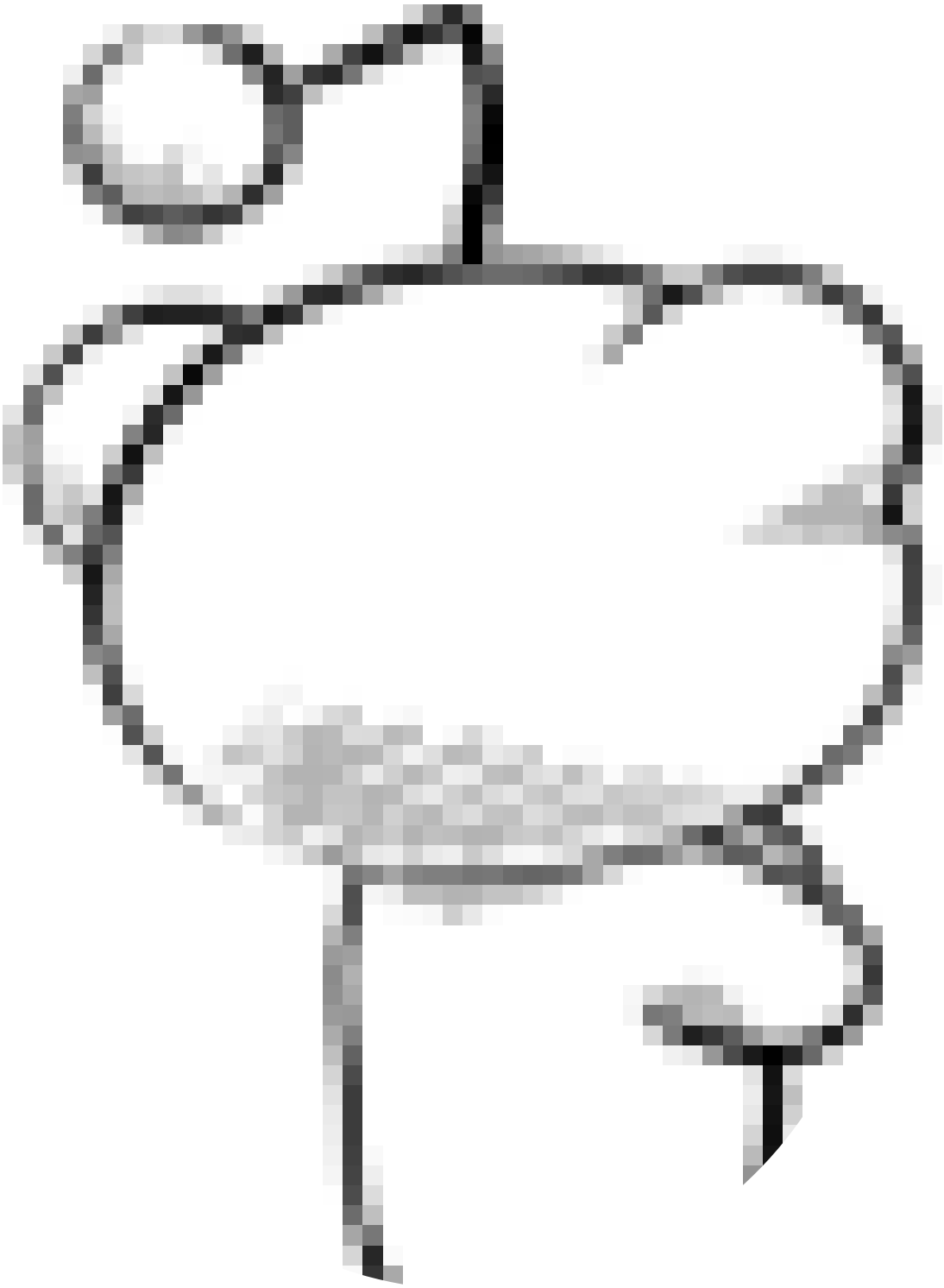

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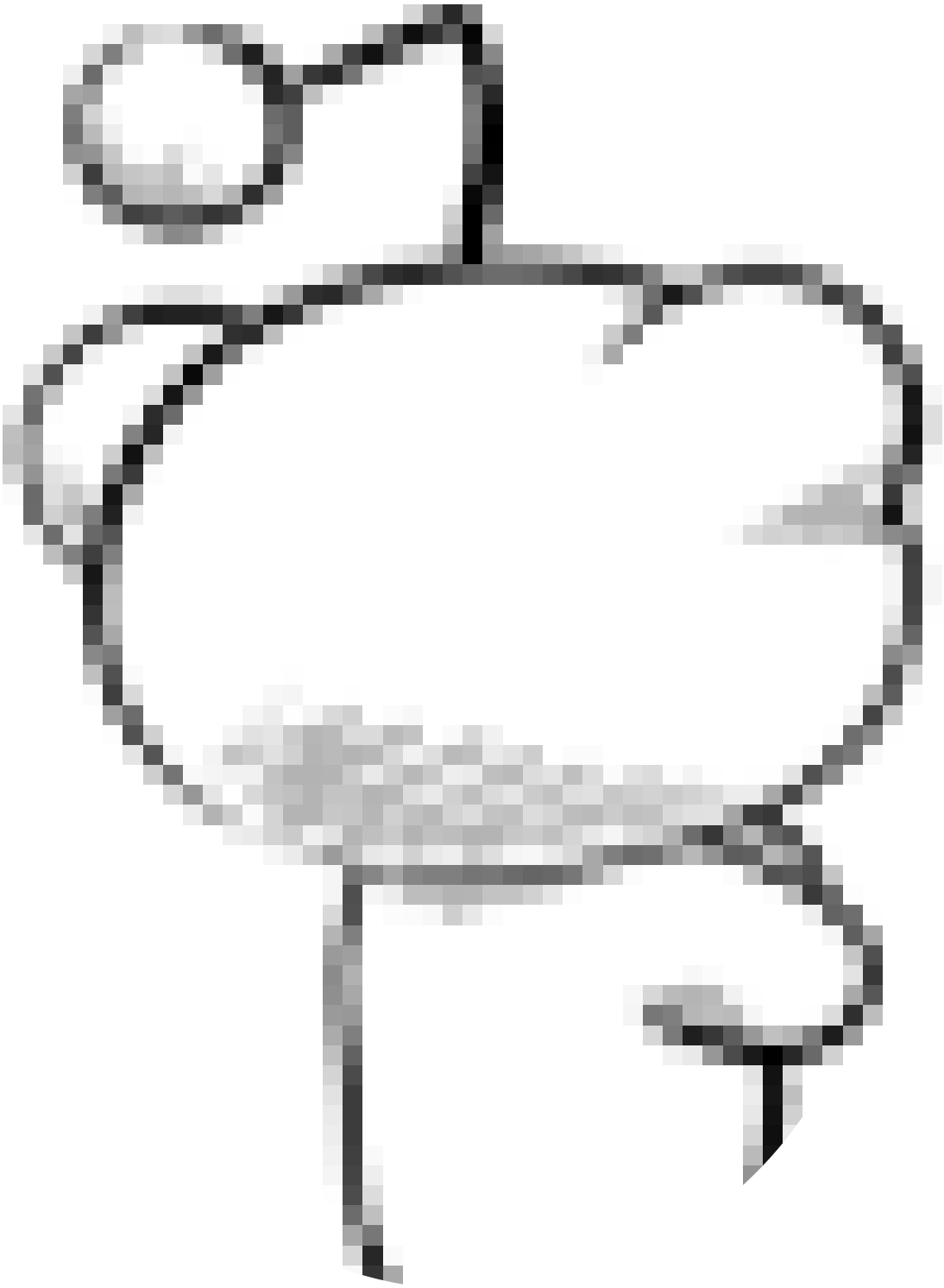

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â€¢ 15y ago

my mom told me this one She was visiting friends of her an my dads. My dad had passed suddenly earlier that year. As my mom walked in the cd player they had on started playing "Just tell her Jim said hello" by Elvis. My dads name was Jim. She thought it was thoughtful of them but came to find out it's a 500 disc CD changer and as she pulled up it stopped playing the song it was on and started searching through the disks.

Another time at the same friends home they were sitting having dinner and a music box my mom and dad had bought for the friends started randomly playing. They said it always had to be opened to play but was playing closed

I didn't experience these myself but would have definitely had some comfort in experiencing those things as well as being creeped the hell out

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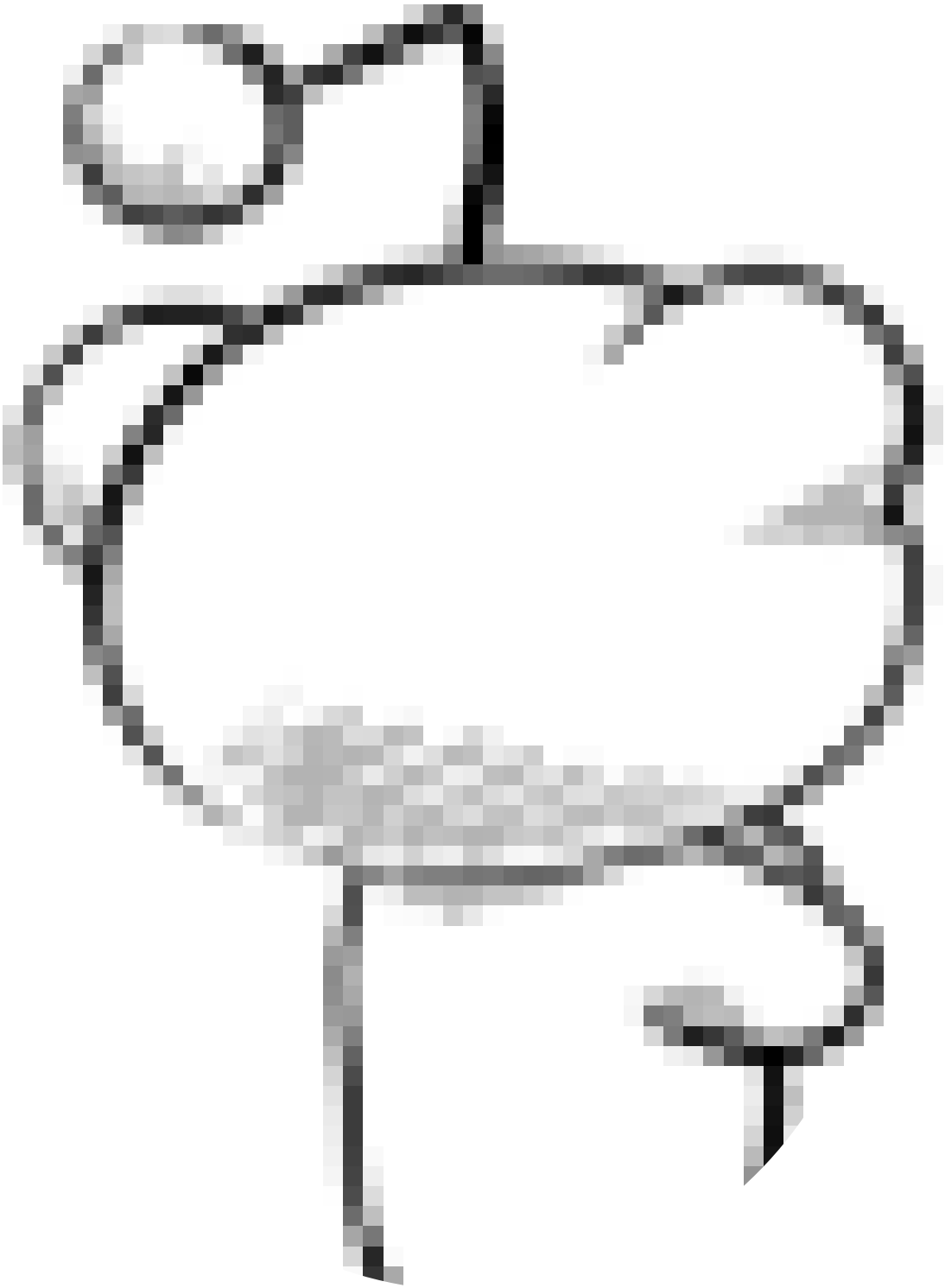

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Trishlovesdolphins
â€¢ 15y ago â€¢ Edited 15y ago

When I was about 7 I shared a room with my brother. Our bedroom was right across the hall from my parents. From our beds (bunk beds,) you could see their whole bed.

One night, about 3 or 4 am, my brother wakes me up and says, "Who's that?" Then, he started screaming. I don't mean "Ahh, a nightmare" scream. I mean, blood curdling, someone is killing me, I'm boiling in lava scream. He saw someone standing over my mother. When my brother asked who they were, the man turned and my brother said he had "demon" eyes, he came toward my brother and disappeared. After that, my brother wanted to call 911 and even slept with my parents for a solid week.

All that doesn't sound so creepy, kids have nightmares all the time. What's creepy is that my mother told me later that at the time she felt like someone was suffocating her, and she was trying to get up. When my brother screamed, suddenly she could breath and move.

My brother is now 28, he STILL won't talk about it, and if someone talks about it with him around, he can't sleep for a couple nights.

Another, I was an RA in college. KU, Hashinger Hall if you know it. We had to clear out the building every break. On break, we cleared the building. The only people in it were the 12 RAs and our 2 bosses. We could hear laughing in the stairwell. So, we split up. 1/4 went up the West elevator to walk down the west stairs, the other 1/4 up the

East elevator to walk down the East stairs, and the rest of us split up to walk up the stairs. We all met in the middle, the laughing was still there, LOUD, but we never found anyone. I found out later that the previous year the staff had cleared the building and went outside and saw lights turning off and on in random rooms.

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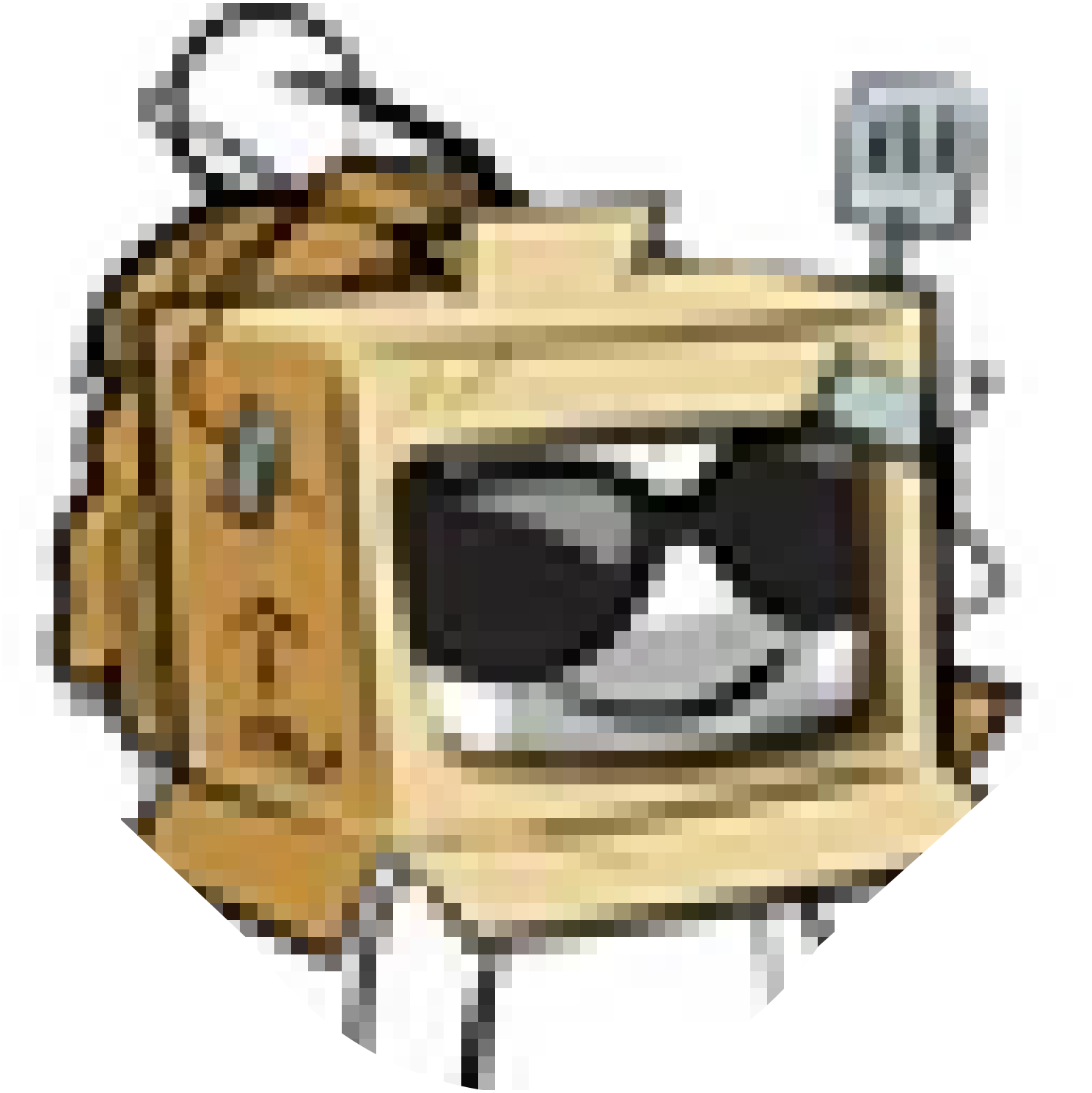

hillside
â€¢ 15y ago

A friend of mine had died. A few days later I dreamt I was walking in an empty sombre school hallway and saw someone emptying their locker. I got closer and saw it was my friend. I asked him what was going on. He said he had to spend some time in this place (limbo? purgatory?) for forty days. I noticed a clock in his locker that had 3:20 as the time. He said when I see the clock at that time again, I'll know that he'll have moved on.

A few weeks later I got woken up by the crack of some loud thunder. I opened my eyes and my clock said 3:20. I remebered my old dream and got up and went to the kitchen to check the calendar. He had died 42 days previous.

Maybe an odd coincidence, but I still think it was kinda freaky.

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moonlessrat-ExDigg
â€¢ 15y ago â€¢ Edited 15y ago

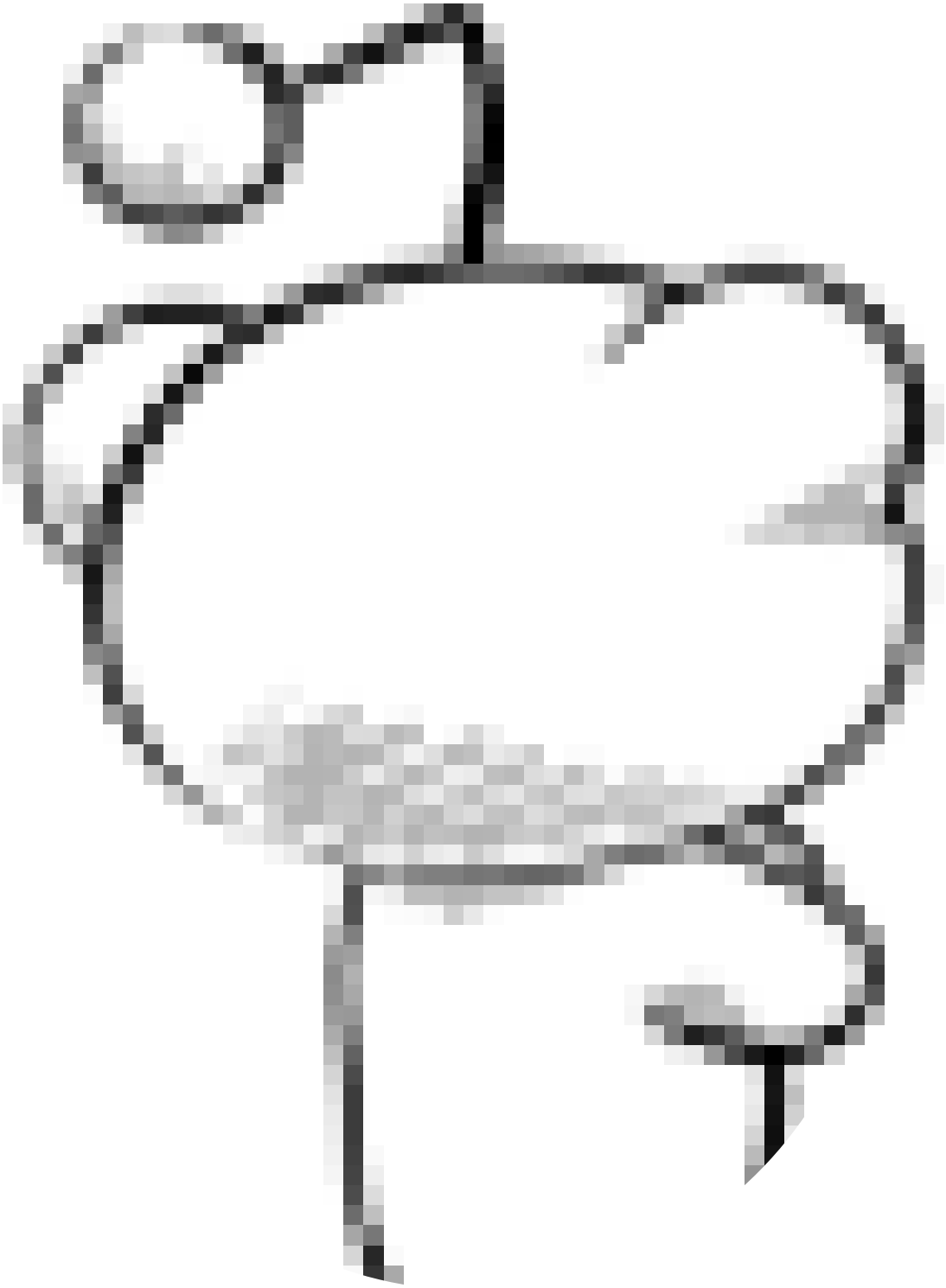
OK I swear this is true.

When I was a kid, no more than 5 I woke up in the middle of the night to the sound of someone outside my window. I shared the bedroom with my brother who was on the top bunk asleep. I lay there for what felt like forever to scared to move, listening to someone removing the screws to the wire screen (many houses in Australia have fly screens on the windows and doors...obviously to keep the flies out). This was probably about 5 minutes in reality.

I remember we had 2 dogs (normally noisy and very protective) who were both in the room....completely still and silent, just sitting there and looking up at the window. The last thing I remember is hearing what I assumed was the sound of someone putting down the screen and then I saw movement of the curtains being parted as if someone was about to climb in. And then thats it.....total blank. Zero memory of anything after that....at the very least I should have remembered lying there awake for a while or something or hearing footsteps leave or something....anything, but it just goes blank.

I woke early the next morning and first thing I did was still lying in bed call out to my (older) brother who woke, I tried telling him that someone had come into the room in the night and he immediately told me I had been dreaming. But when we got up and parted the curtains the window was fully up and the screen was neatly leaning against the wall.

Burglar who saw the dogs and changed his mind? thats always been my rational answer for myself, but deep down I don't believe it.



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â€¢ 15y ago

This happened to me as well, except that it happened to me and my identical twin brother - AT THE SAME TIME. SOMETHING (it was like a gentle urging that probed me in my sleeping state) woke me up. Thinking back I was around 5 at the time, as well.

I sat up, looked across the room to see my brother had awoke at the same time as me and was looking at the window as well. (What are the chances that my brother and I BOTH awake at the exact same moment, silently? There was no noise to awake either of us) I saw lights in our backyard, and I felt somehow drawn to them. I also got a deep, deep feeling of deja vu, as if this had happened many, many times before.

After a few seconds - NOTHING. Lost time. I still have no idea what happened. It was morning, and I was still sitting up in my bed in the exact same position. My memory was blank, and I know for a fact I'm not capable of falling asleep sitting up. The clincher - my brother was also sitting up in his bed, wide awake, and he didn't remember anything either. This happened to BOTH me and my brother at least 5-6 times during our childhood.

You're not alone man.

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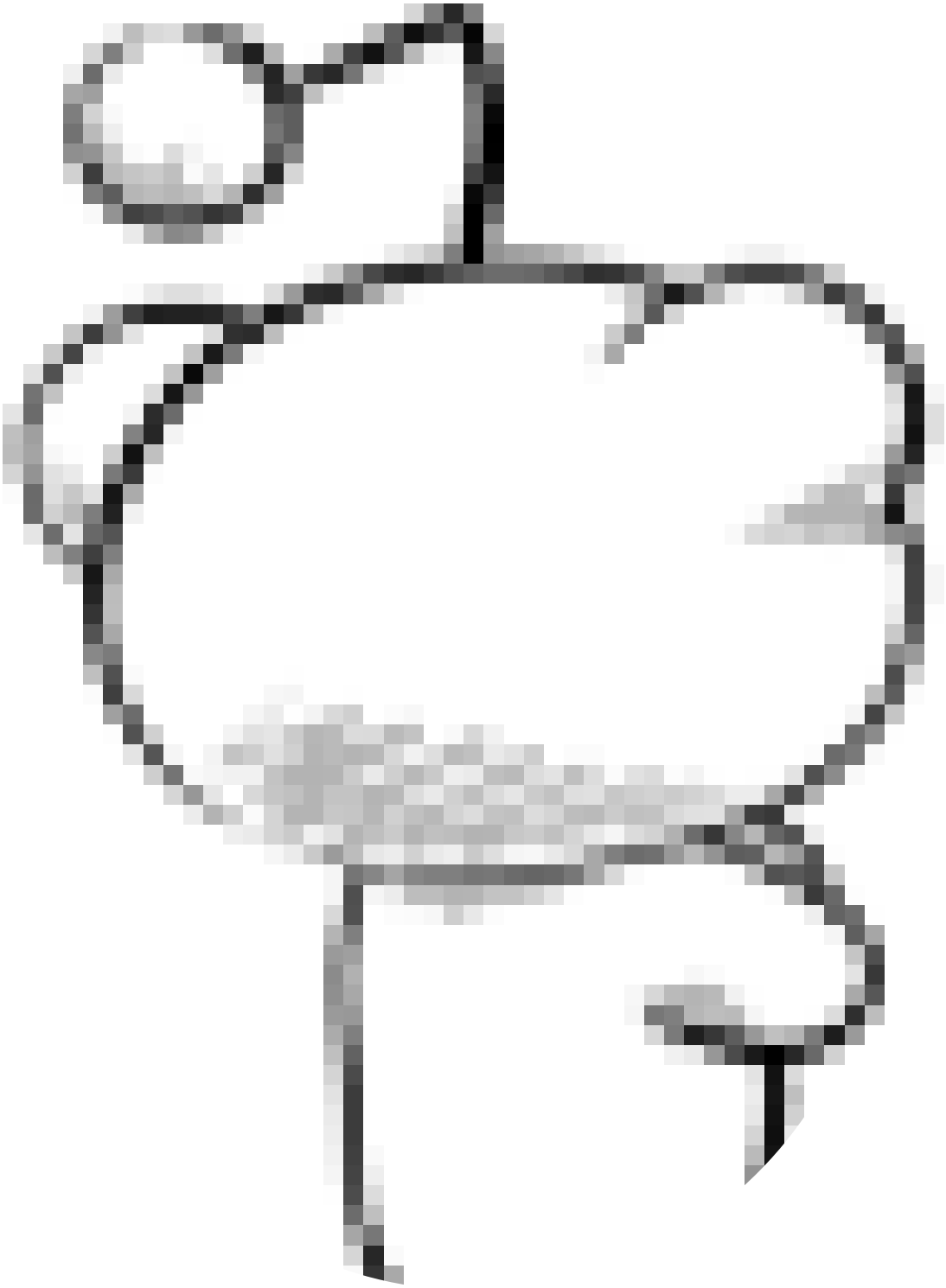

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celticeejit
â€¢ 15y ago

that's not creepy - it's hilarious !

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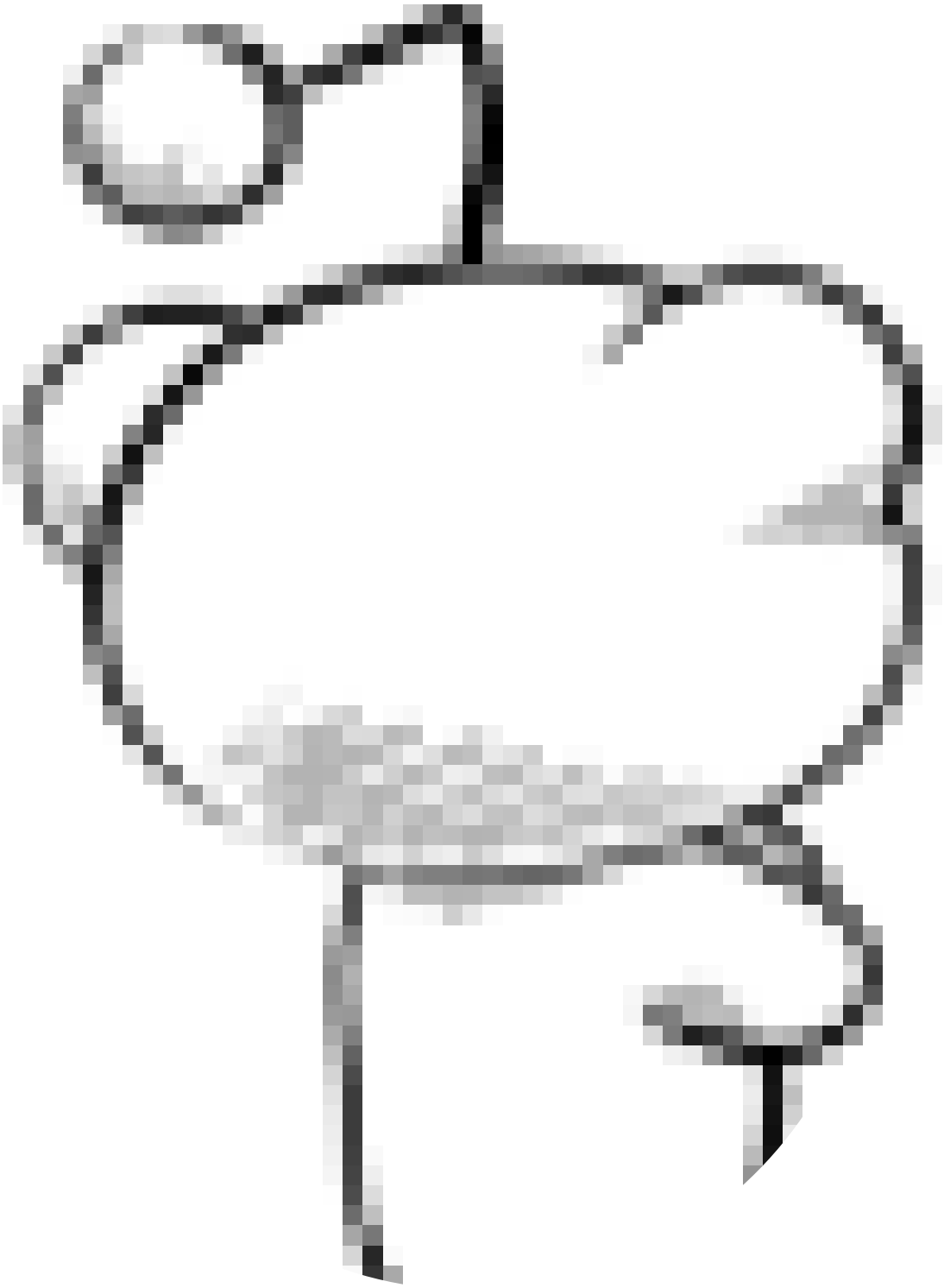

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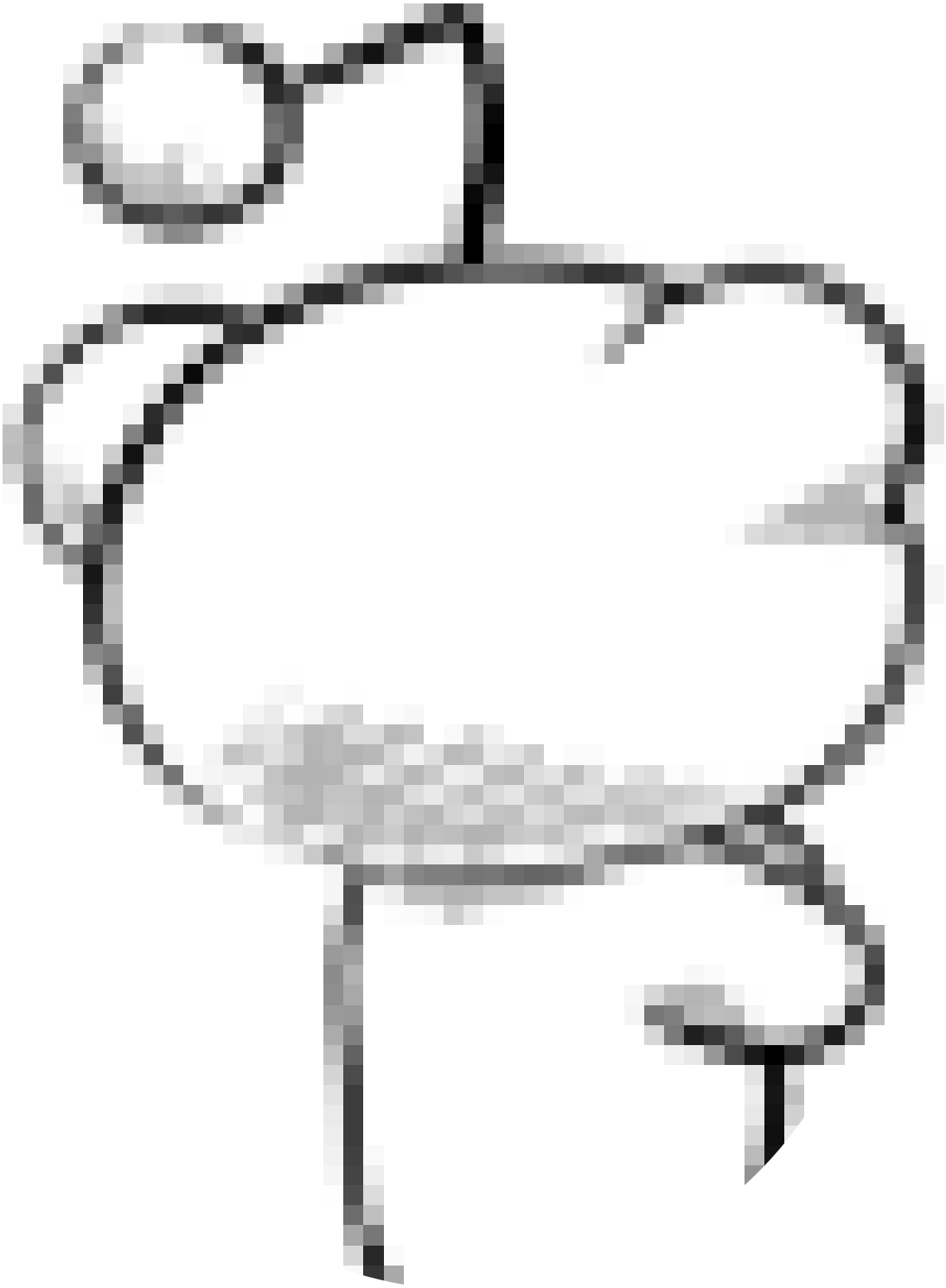

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Mount-indewced

FTFY

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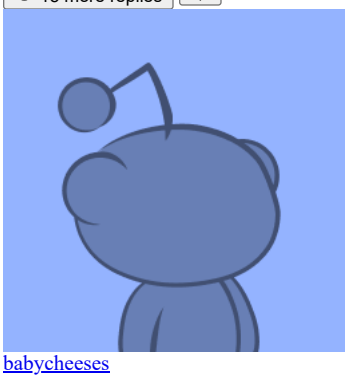

babycheeses
â€¢ 15y ago

We bought a house from my Aunt/Uncle. When she lived in our house, she was sitting at the kitchen table at night. The table sat next to a large sliding glass door which looked out across the tree-less back yard in the middle of farmland.

In an instant, a young women covered in blood was standing with her hands pressed against the glass, pawing and banging.

My aunt had the living shit scared out of her. Called the cops and eventually got the frantic women to calm and sit down.

Apparently she and her boyfriend were in a car wreck down the road, and she struggled from the wreck to the very visible kitchen where my aunt sat.

The boyfriend was dead.

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carrutsauce
â€¢ 15y ago

This probably isn't as creepy as some of the other tales on here, but it happened pretty recently and shook me up pretty bad.

I was driving home from my bf's house at around 11pm. I was pretty tired. The roads were dead, and it's about a 15 minute drive. I'm a few streets back from my place when I realise I can't remember half the trip, and how I got to the street I'm on, so I better wake the fuck up and pay attention. I feel a bit worried about something. I perk up by putting the aircon on.

I get to my street - my house is at the top of a hill. Everything is dead still, as expected at that time of night. I'm driving up at around 20km/hr out of habit (theres a crazy kitty on my street that darts about at night) and probably 2-3m from my house, when I swear I see the silver car parked at the front of the house opposite to mine, slightly move. I think, nah. It's parked. I'm tired, I'm seeing shit. Plus, it's lights are off.

I look again. I realise it is definitely moving. I'm like, what the fuck is this idiot doing?? The car is basically heading straight to my driver's side, horizontally from across the top of the road. I beep my horn, maybe they didn't see me! That's when it hits me - there is nobody in the car. The car is dead empty, no lights, nothing. It's almost about to hit me. I realise it's up to me to move, and it just misses me as I react just in time. I have to completely leave the road and go onto my neighbour's lawn to dodge it.

I manage to park my car and am now faced with the terror that this car is going down the street really fast, there's nothing I can do, and I'm positive it's going to smash into a house and kill someone. I can only watch in terror while I've gone into shock.

Thankfully, it smashes dead on, into a streetlight, stopping it. Had it not been there, it would have smashed into the house behind.

It is probably the most eerie thing I've ever experienced. Just a case of hand-brake failure - but what are the odds of that occurring, just as I'm driving towards it.

Just a week before that, a vase fell off my dresser, randomly by itself. I'm semi-convinced stuff is out to get me. Probably just a series of bad luck.... but I'm still creeped out.

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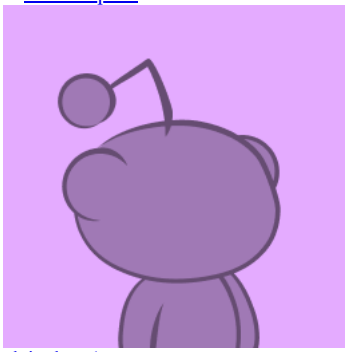

elainelucy1
â€¢ 15y ago â€¢ Edited 15y ago

When I was 12 years old my mom and I moved into a low income co-op town home because her boyfriend lived in a unit in the same complex, even though we had enough money for somewhere better. The units were arranged so that one was on top of the other and we had a top unit. In the basement unit right under us lived a 40-something man that was a severe alcoholic and had delusions he'd talk loudly about. I remember a little while after we moved in he came up to me outside and welcomed me to the complex and invited me over for dinner. I was obviously creeped out and told my mom, she just warned me to always come inside when I saw him. By the way the walls were extremely thin so we could hear eachother very well. Soon after he first spoke to me outside he started talking to me through the floors once he would hear my mom leaving for work. He would call me by the pet name my mom would yell to get my attention and ask me questions, I'd never respond and try to not make any noise to make him think i'm not home but he'd continue talking. I told my mom about this but she just shrugged it off as me trying to get attention or something. I remember being super scared and just hiding inside when he would yell drunkenly to me. He tore off a bar from his front gate and would bang the ceiling with it to try and get my attention but I would still never reply. He would ask me about my day.. and talk about his fucked up life whenever he was super drunk. Eventually he started leaving a flower at my doorstep every day and when my mom found it I told her it was from him but she just dismissed it as the kids in the complex just playing around.

Then one morning he left a bullet. I seriously wish I was kidding, I know it founds made up. My mom's boyfriend found it in the morning when he was stopping by to see me because I was sick and staying home from school that day. Once he was gone, the guy downstairs knew I was home but didn't talk to me and started to make lots of noise on his back patio. Turns out he was putting a ladder from his patio to my balcony to get to me in the living room. I was falling asleep on the couch and suddenly I see his hands on the balcony railing and one foot as he was trying to get himself over. I jumped up and ran out to my mom's bf's unit as fast as I could and we called the cops. He opened the window once on my balcony and just ran through it, out the front door, and back into his.

I told the cops everything but was honest and said I didn't see his face but I obviously knew who it was. They didn't do anything about it, we got an alarm system, and I never saw the guy again. Weeks later relatives or someone came to empty out his place. I will never ever forget the sound of him talking to me.. creepy since he could hear all of the convos with my mom and would bring it up.

TL;DR: creepy guy talks to little 12 y/o me through the floors and eventually breaks in

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mattzm
â€¢ 15y ago â€¢ Edited 15y ago

Creepiest thing I've ever experienced were the four times I've had sleep paralysis. The first one, completely paralysed with the girl from the Ring playing with my toes. The second one, an alien is attempting to cut me open and dissect me. The third, a bizarre wooden puppet, kind of like a clown with a marionette cross floating above it was dancing on my chest.

The last time it happened, I was slow to come to and realise I couldn't move. I could see light edging around the curtains but couldn't move to open them. So I turned my eyes towards the other side and saw Him.

Death, in all his glory. 8 feet tall, robed and scythe in hand, with black feathered wings. The skull is alabaster white but looks a solid as marble. The eyes are completely empty, his scythe just brushing the ceiling. He was impossibly huge and larger than life. I freaked out and began trying to force my body to move. Slowly, he raises his free hand and extends a single, long, bleached bone finger towards me and begins moving closer, floating, gliding whatever you want to call it. He was moving like he was on goddamned castors.

I am going through the most intense mental effort of my life, trying to restore control, trying to do anything. I think at that point if I had regained control, I'd have gone out the window. But instead, just as the finger is about to touch me, I screw my eyes shut and go through every mantra available from "It's not real", to "There's no place like home" to "WAKEUPWAKEUWAKEUP!!!"

When I opened my eyes, Death was gone. He kindly did not stop for me.

Also this thread, plus the discovery of r/nosleep, means that tonight, I probably am going to sit up drinking tea until 3 or 4 am.

Edit: Thankyou to the three brave souls who ventured this far down. You'll be pleased to know I, a 22 year old male who stands over 6 feet tall, slept with the lights on and hugging my stuffed crocodile.

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munificent
â€¢ 15y ago

My daughter is two and is generally laid back and not really afraid of anything. One night a few weeks ago, she walked up to the glass door leading out to the patio and stared motionless into the night for several minutes.

Shortly after, she runs into my arms saying "Scary. Too scary." She wouldn't let me put her down and demanded that I hold her and rock her for the next half hour. Eventually she started repeating over and over: "The dark coming inside now. The dark coming inside now."

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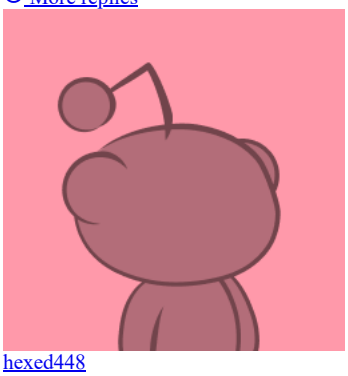

hexed448
â€¢ 15y ago

My parent's didn't have a lot of money when we were growing up so when my big sister started taking piano lessons they bought some old piano. It was an old player piano (but I think it had the guts of the player removed.) Anyway, I was probably in sixth grade, got home from school, and I heard a noise coming from the basement. So I opened the door and called my sister's name out...no answer. Kinda nervous now. I yell my little brother's name...still nothing. I started walking downstairs and got about halfway down the steps and yeah something was making that piano play. I ran my ass upstairs and decided to sit outside until someone else got home. I am 34 and sometimes I still get the chills when I am in that basement.

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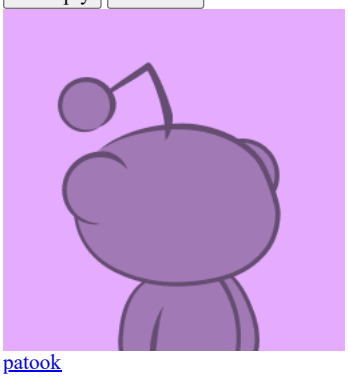

patook
â€¢ 15y ago

This is a really hazy memory, but in my preschool there was a piano, and I remember once the teacher left the room for some reason and it began to play. Terrified me, don't remember how the other kids reacted. The only explanation I have is that it must have been a player piano that some kid accidentally activated. I hope.

Also, we had a finished attic that I was scared of. I once got brave enough to go up alone, and the electric keyboard that we kept up there decided at that moment to start blasting one note at its highest volume (even though I was nowhere near it and in all likelyhood it was turned off).

TLDR: pianos be trollin'

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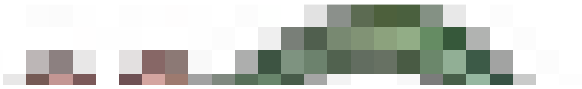

cookeyummmmm
â€¢ 15y ago â€¢ Edited 15y ago

Happened a week ago. Driving late at night on a long road trip with my family in the car. Radio was playing and the next song that came on was iron maiden. My husband jumps up (was reclining in the passenger seat asleep), Yells OH SHIT! and quickly turns the radio station. I asked him why he did that and he said, "Nothing good ever happens when Iron Maiden plays on the radio while you are driving. Be Careful."

Assume another crazy idiosyncrasy of his and keep driving as he reclines his seat to go back to sleep. However, as I am mulling over his crazy superstitious reaction, I start getting a little creeped out by how certain he was of this. Eventually move on to other thoughts and keep driving while singing to stupid songs.

Another hour later, it starts to rain. I see the temp dropping fast and move over a lane and slow down from usual speed racer MO. Not ten minutes later a car cuts in front of me, decides to cut back over to the left again, almost hits the car on the left of him. He over corrects in front of me and skids on a patch of black ice. I start braking hard and wake up sleeping husband again. He pulls his seat into sitting position and says "Oh Shit" again. The guy in front has started zig zagging between the two lanes and hits two cars on the left and then taps the car in front of us, who moves over to the right and keeps going. He starts to spin around once and is sitting horizontally directly in the lane in front of us. I am still braking hard and preparing for impact when another car on the left hits him and pushes him over to the next lane. car on the right side of me impacts and then the car in the far right line T-Bones the guy. Both are now off in the ravine by the shoulder.

I asked my husband to call the number on the signs to report the accident and pulled over two miles down the road at the next rest stop.

My husband told me I never said a word the entire time. I doubt I would have as I was just focusing on trying to slow down as much as possible before I T-Boned this guy.

While at the rest stop we are discussing the accident. My husband ran over and bummed two smokes off of some guy smoking in front of the building and we shakily smoked a cigarette outside of our car together (neither of us smoke anymore...but we both really needed that). Kid is still asleep in the car oblivious to entire event.

My husband can't believe we escaped that entire thing while every car on either side of us took some damage, some more serious than others.

I told him I was more freaked out by his warning than I was over the actual accident. He looks at me and asks, "what warning?"

He doesn't remember jumping up while sleeping and changing the radio station, or telling me to be careful.

**tl;dr - husband warns me of car accident in his sleep....**

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LadyDarkKitten
â€¢ 15y ago

Having a stalker... I was 15 and he was almost 30. I'm 26 now and about a week ago he sent me a friend request on facebook. So the creepiness is sadly still happening.

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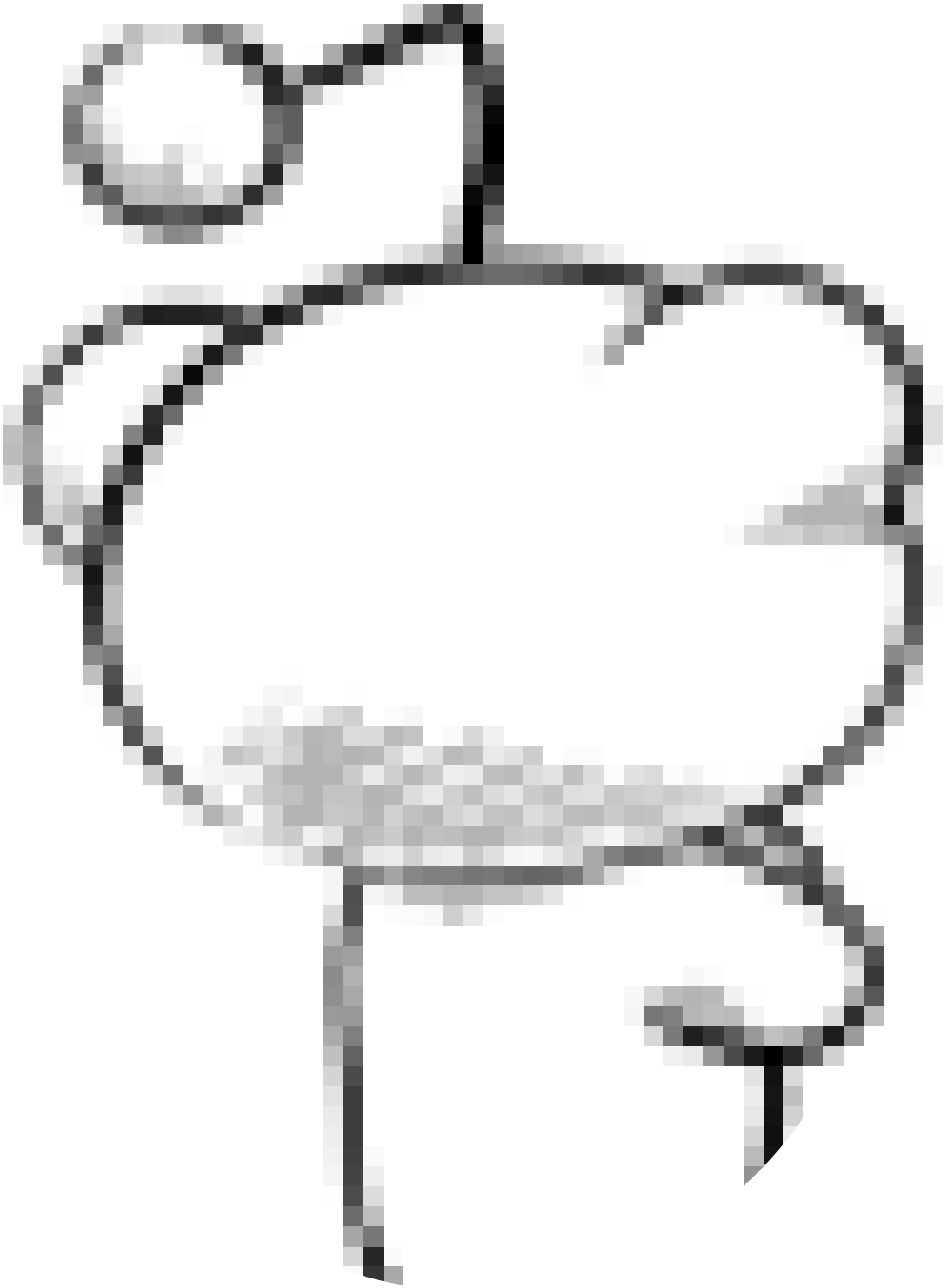

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â€¢ 15y ago

I have to stop reading this thread. After the next one.

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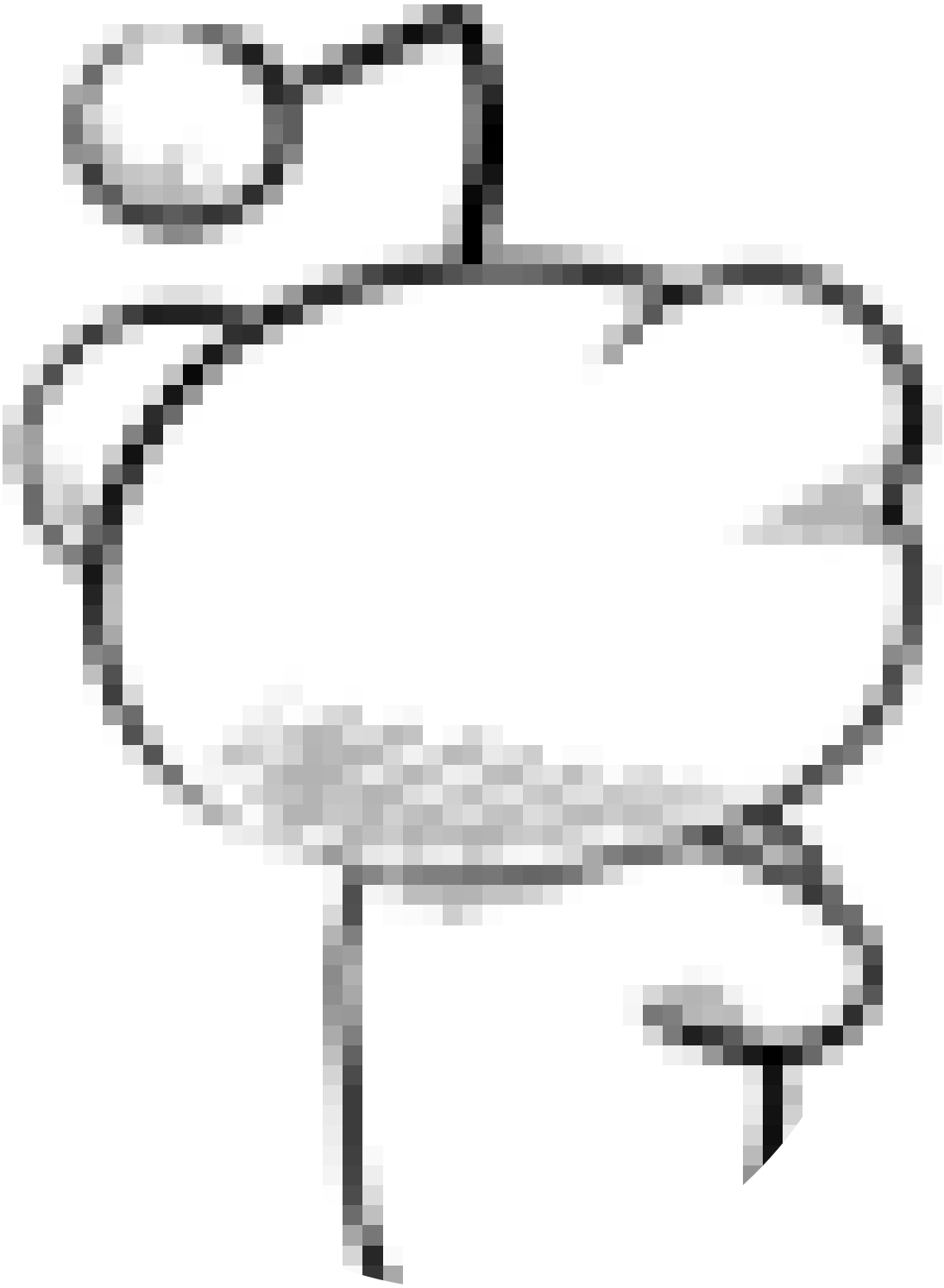

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â€¢ 15y ago

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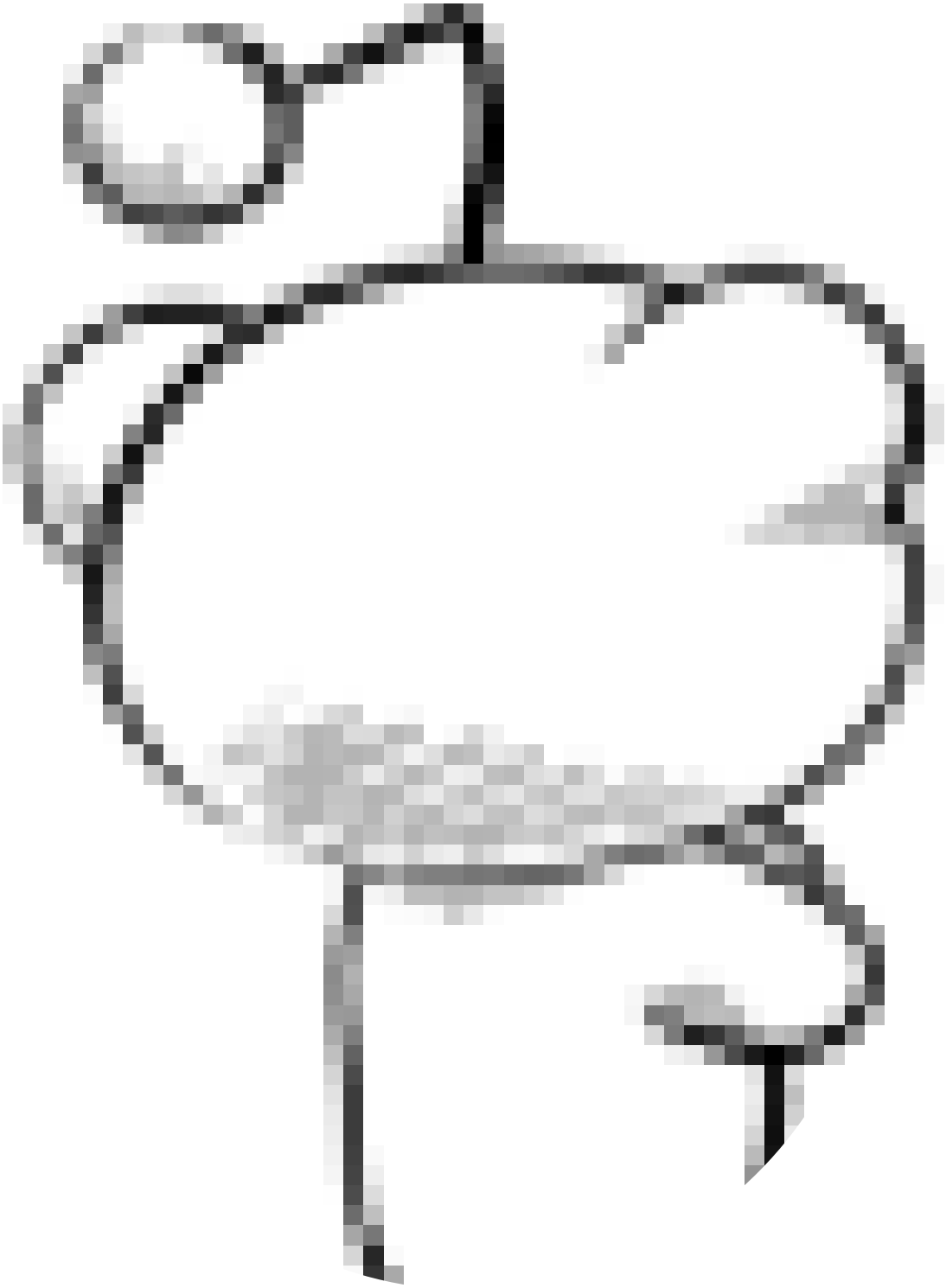

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â€¢ 15y ago

This timescale might help put into perspective you the bullet you just dodged.

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New223
â€¢ 15y ago

I started my first part time job at 16 at a place where most of my co-workers were older college people. I didn't act like an idiot 16 year old so I got to be friends with them and they would invite me to parties and such. They had just moved into a new house because the rent was half of what they were paying before. I had overheard them say they didn't like it and were looking for something else but no one had given any specific reasons as to why. I just figured it was because the house was in semi rough shape and was located in a rundown older part of town. One evening Dave invites me to hang out for a pizza/beer movie night.

I get over there and Dave has already got the refreshments ready, we then pick a movie. I go to sit down on a couch that was against the back wall, but he motions for me to take the one on the other side of the room which faced into the open kitchen and the hallway which led to the other bedrooms. A little while into the movie I begin to see the lights being turned on and off from under the cracks of the back bedroom doors. I kind of wonder why his roommates don't come out and get some pizza or watch the movie. I then hear one of the bedroom doors open and close few times. Dave turns the TV up a little. A few minutes later I hear people walking around in the back of the house. Dave turns the TV up some more. A short while after that I hear someone talking loud enough to be heard over the TV, but not enough to understand what was being said. I look at Dave and he has a weird look on his face, and turns the TV up even louder. Then a door slams shut. TV gets turned up some more. Finally, I see movement out of the corner of my eye and turn to look thinking one of the roommates has come out of the back bedrooms into the kitchen. No one is there but the kitchen cabinets are now open, when moments before they had been closed. All the hairs stand up on my arms and neck and I jump up. I look over at Dave and I could tell by his face he knew why I had jumped up. I ask him what the hell is going on.

Dave proceeds to tell me that they had been experiencing stuff like that since they moved in. The reason I was invited over that evening was because his other roommates had gone out of town and Dave did not want to be in the house alone. This was also the reason why he took the couch that did not have the view of the kitchen and hallway leading to the back bedrooms. Needless to say I left immediately, and was extremely pissed about being invited into a freaking haunted house without a heads up. About two months later they suddenly moved out of the house with such speed that they left some stuff behind. It took a little prying, but Dave said he woke up and an old woman was leaning over his bed and looking down at him. He said he screamed and raised his hands to defend himself and she just disappeared. Happened a few years ago and it still creeps me out.

TLDR: Coworker invited me to hang out in his haunted rent house without telling me and weird shit happened.

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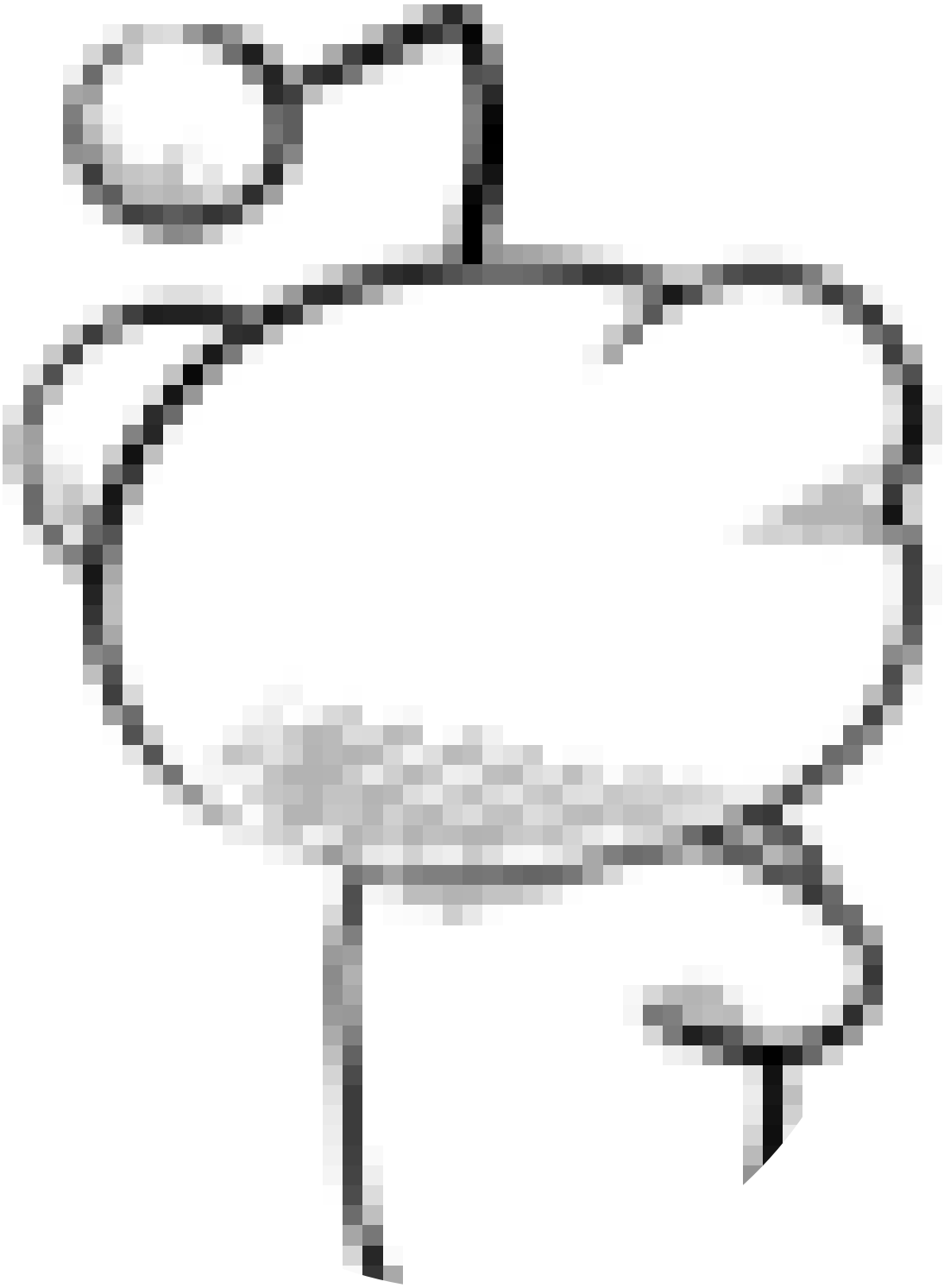

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â€¢ 15y ago

When I was about 6 years old, very early in the morning I was sitting on my mom's bed while she was reading.

I remember she looked up and said "Do you see that too?" and I looked up and saw a shadow of a person walking through the room, but the room was small and well lit, and there was no way there was anyone else in the room. I just said very quietly, "Yes" and curled up next to her until the shadow left the room.

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Rowena734
â€¢ 15y ago

Best thread I've ever read. Anyone apologizing and saying they're late: I'm still reading these. Thanks for making me sleep with a night-light.

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weech
â€¢ 15y ago â€¢ Edited 15y ago

I'm sure this will get burried and nobody will see it, but this is the first time I'm speaking about this publicly so maybe that's a good thing.

I was around 19 years old and had gone on a hiking/camping trip with two of my buddies in central Oregon. Very remote type of place, taking hours of driving just to get to the trial head. It was a 3-day backpacking excursion, or at least that is what we had intended. We were young and inexperienced, and wound up getting lost on the 2nd day. It took us 4 days to find our way out of the dense growth (incidently we stumbled onto a deserted mining town by accident, which gave us our bearings). We rationed our provisions so we were far from a dire predicament in those regards, and it was mid August so the elements did not impact us too adversely.

So far, nothing creepy about any of it. But what happened on the 4th night of our trip is something that will not soon escape me.

By this point we were growing pretty concerned at our situation, as the entire day had been spent trying to find our way out of the woods. We had settled into camp for the night, weary and anxious. Our fire was dying out, so we threw in a few more hunks of wood and climbed into our tents in hopes of catching some much needed sleep.

I cant be sure who woke up first, but it was either me or one of my friends. I cant describe exactly what it was that woke us, but what we heard next was something that sounded like a telegraph, or perhaps an old typewriter. It was faint but with an unmistakably similar cadence of seemingly random clicks and taps.

I poked my head out of my tent to find both of my friends wide-eyed faces staring back. We were definitely all hearing it. Nobody said a word. The fire was but smoldering ashes and the sky was overcast so we couldnt see much beyond our tents. The sound was faint and hard to pinpoint, but seemed to radiate from all around us. Distant yet immersive. None of us spoke, but in my mind I kept trying to rationalize the sound as being a squirrel or a woodpecker--anything. After some time the noise faded and the 3 of us continued to stare at one aonther, flabbergasted and quite obviously distraught.

Before any of us had a chance to say anything, a new sound could be heard. This was distinctly more faint, but undeniably not a natural sound you'd hear in the middle of the woods, dozens of miles away from the closest town. What we heard--I shit you not--was a noise that sounded like the transmissions you hear between NASA flight control and astronauts in outter space, overlayed with music that sounded like an orchestra. A high pitch beeping sound, music, static, silence, unintelligible words being spoken by a male voice, more static, high pitch beep, silence, music, static....The beep had a resonating echo, the static would go on for minutes at a time, broken by bouts of short silence. We were lost in it. The air was thick and damp and I could feel the gravelly sound scraping against my senses. I recall my hand was trembling as I looked down and realized I had not yet even released my tent door zipper.

The whole ordeal lasted maybe 30 minutes, but in a court of law I'd swear it was hours. None of us slept the rest of the night. We wandered aimlessly around the next day, tired and dazed, growing increasingly terrified as darkness approached and we faced another night alone in the woods. Mercifully, this night proved uneventful, but I hardly slept a wink. The following day, fortune smiled upon us and we stumbled onto the deserted mining town, allowing us to find our way out to civilization.

Neither of us spoke of the incident after the trip (we never made any "pacts" or anything corny like that). We just ignored it. Oh, and before anybody asks, we werent high or tripping or anything like that--hell we hadnt even packed any alochol. We didnt have any radios or electronics save our watches and flashlights. We were completely isolated.

I'm 28 now and have lost touch with my 2 buddies from that trip, though I found out recently that one of them was KIA in Iraq last year. I still have dreams about that night (I'm reluctant to call them "nightmares" because they arent necessairly as horrifying as they are incredibly eerie) and it has been something that I've pushed into the depths of my subconcious as merely unexplainable. I am a normal person.

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Manfromporlock
â€¢ 15y ago

I warn you now, this is anticlimactic. Still creeped the fuck out of me though.

My estranged uncle--a right nasty man--had died and my mother and I were going through his house, staying there at night. Then my sister arrived to help out, and she and my mother decided to sleep at a hotel because the cigarette smell, weeks after he'd died, was too overpowering (he'd died of chronic obstructive pulmonary disease, or at least he'd had it when he died).

I decided to stay at the house that night so I wouldn't have to wake up as early.

I filled the bath in order to get some of that cigarette tang off myself, undressed, and turned off the water. As I was about to get in I heard a noise.

It was very much like labored breathing. In, out, in, out.

I went through all of the obvious explanations--the water was still on (it wasn't), the AC was making the noise (it wasn't), the noise was coming from outside (it wasn't). In fact, as I stood there listening, it became very clear that this sound was coming from the bedroom. In, out, in, out.

I was now freaked out of my skull. My uncle had serious COPD, his breathing probably rattled just like that. Heck, he'd probably died trying to get enough air into his obstructed lungs, breathing in, out, in, out.

I know enough people who've had ghost experiences to know that whether ghosts are real or not, the experience is real and you don't want to have it. I was finding out that you really don't want to have one when you're naked.

I stood in the bathroom, trying to find some other explanation of that sound, for quite a while. But no, it was definitely coming from the bedroom. In, out, in, out.

My relatives who've had ghost experiences have confronted the ghost (or their own hallucinations or whatever) and the ghost has gone away. I knew I should do that, but I was too damn paralyzed.

Finally it occurred to me to wonder why my uncle hadn't manifested the first couple of days we'd been down there, when my mother had been staying in that bedroom. The only reason I could think of was that he was still intimidated by his older sister, and not by his younger nephew.

The thought that he **could** be intimidated helped a lot--I managed to man up and charge into the bedroom, yelling WHAT THE **FUCK** IS GOING ON HERE?

But the sound didn't go away. Now the labored breathing was really loud. In, out, in, out.

And it was coming from the fucking bed. In, out, in, out.

Somehow I forced myself to approach the bed. In, out, in, out.

And now, the anticlimax I warned you about--

It wasn't coming from the bed--it was coming from the clock radio. Which had an option for white noise. It was playing the sound of the surf, coming in and out.

My mother and sister insist that they didn't set the clock radio to go off to freak me out. I believe them (they would totally have taken credit if they had).

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oneyear100movies
â€¢ 15y ago

This happened about 4 years ago. I was hanging out at a friend's house and one of the things we would always do is drive around (on aKawasaki Mule) behind his property. (We live in one of the more wooded areas of Texas). This time we went pretty far out and came upon this new trail. (New to me, my friend had been back there before) He keeps telling me there is this awesome lake back there that I have to see. We get to the lake and it is actually decent. I check my phone (while sitting on the Mule) and my friend tries to climb a tree. Then, we hear singing. Not good singing, just some old voice singing. We look for the singing and this creepy old dude (long beard, fishing hat, and suspenders) is sitting on this skiff (on-the-lake) singing. Scared the crap out me. My friend, not as scared as I, walks up to the edge of the lake and shouts, "How you doin". (His logic was singing old people are usually nice) The old man stops singing and looks at us, shouting, "I'm doing fine but, I reckon ya'll should start running." I am about to piss myself, this dude is creepy. My friend makes his back to the Mule, while asking "Why?" The old man says nothing and just throws some hook thing and mounts it to a tree branch near us. He just starts violently pulling himself towards us. My friend jumps, in the mule starts and floors it out of the clearing. About 2 minutes later, He accidently gets the Mule caught on some root. We jump out and run (1 mile) back to his house. As soon as we get the house in sight we start shouting. His mom sees her son running like crazy and freaks out. We get to the back area of his house and I instantly throw up. My friend's mom calls the cops. They show up and we tell them what happened. They take my friend's dad, back to the lake. They find nothing but some rope and a make-shift oar (floating in the water). The cops talk to us some more and say we should probably go somewhere to take our minds of it. I head home later that day and can't sleep at all. One week later, I go back to my friends house to work on a history project. He tells me he found a rusty hatchet(ish) thing. I will post a photo of it next time I go to see him. Scariest thing ever

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ksmith247
â€¢ 15y ago

Pretty late to the game here and this didn't happen to me but to my wife. About 3 Christmases ago out daughter got a new doll. This wasn't any ordinary doll though, it was programmable. I was working all Christmas morning to program my daughters birthday, the date, the time, when bedtime was, when it was time to wake up, etc. So fast forward about a week and my wife gets up for work. It's 5:00AM and she is alone in the dark drinking coffee and hears a sigh... ahhhhh. Curiosity piqued her ears perk up and there it is again... ahhhhh. So she gets up and walks to the playroom and flips on the light. There in the floor lays the doll in a mangled position (the kind of position from a child just dropping the doll on the floor). The doll then opens her eyes and says, 'good morning Mommy'. HOLY SHIT! You would have thought the house was on fire the way that woman freaked the hell out. I should also mention that Chucky from the Child's Play movies scares the hell out of her so... you know.

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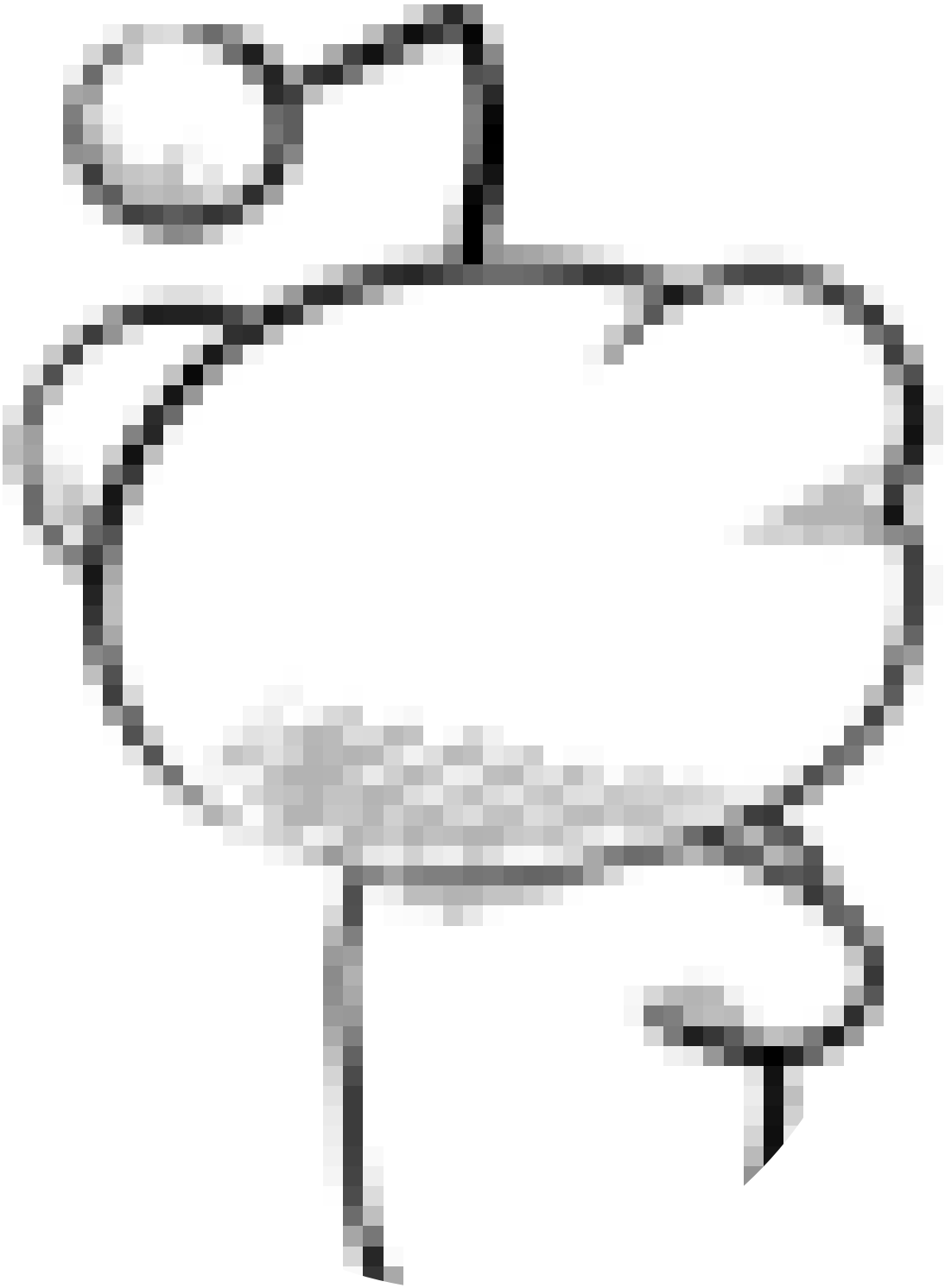

with_the_quickness
â€¢ 15y ago

i worked at a call center as a customer service rep for a medicare-based HMO. all patients were on medicare, meaning probably 90% were elderly, and the other 10% were disabled. shitty job, as you can imagine, trying to explain complicated concepts to old people when money is involved, or having to tell someone that a cold, emotionless corporation won't make their lives easier.

well, one night i was one of only a handful of people working out of a usual 20-30. (since old people go to bed EARLY you never got calls late. this was about 10pm central time, when the customers were all on the west coast.) i answer, and a woman is on the other end sobbing. she sounds fairly young, early middle aged or something, and just kept saying "i don't want to do it. i don't want to do it." i'm thinking "holy shit, my first suicide call, what the fuck do i do? what the fuck! i'm not the one to talk to!"

then i hear the kid. a little girl in the background, also crying, "please mommy, don't hurt me. don't hurt me mommy." and the mom is still crying, saying "i don't want to do it, please don't make me do it. i don't want to do it. please don't make me do it."

all i took was that she was about to kill the kid or something. it was INTENSE. the supervisor was basically my age, and we were pretty similar. i jumped up, hit mute on the mic, and started yelling "SUPERVISOR SUPERVISOR FUCKING QUICK 911 TRACE FUCKING QUICK" and as per rules, she came and got on the phone. (crisis calls require a supervisor, usually.) she ends up trying to talk to the woman while the top manager on duty for my department comes out of the office and gets the 911 call going.

took the cops about 11 minutes to show up to her house. i was only on the phone for about 30 seconds, maybe 60, but was sitting right there the rest of the time. the supervisor was crying. everybody was, basically.

turns out the woman had some serious mental issues and had stopped taking her medication. she called us because she had no idea who else to call for help, because if she didn't get committed to a mental ward somewhere, she was going to murder her 4 year old. she was serious.

turns out, people calling the insurance company to try to have themselves committed isn't totally uncommon.

every since, i've wanted to hit someone in the mouth with a baseball bat who doesn't think that health insurance is a basic human right and service, if the government does other shit like provide cops and fire departments. why would you keep a house from burning down, but not want to help another human being's physical state? what if she had no insurance? that kid could have died.

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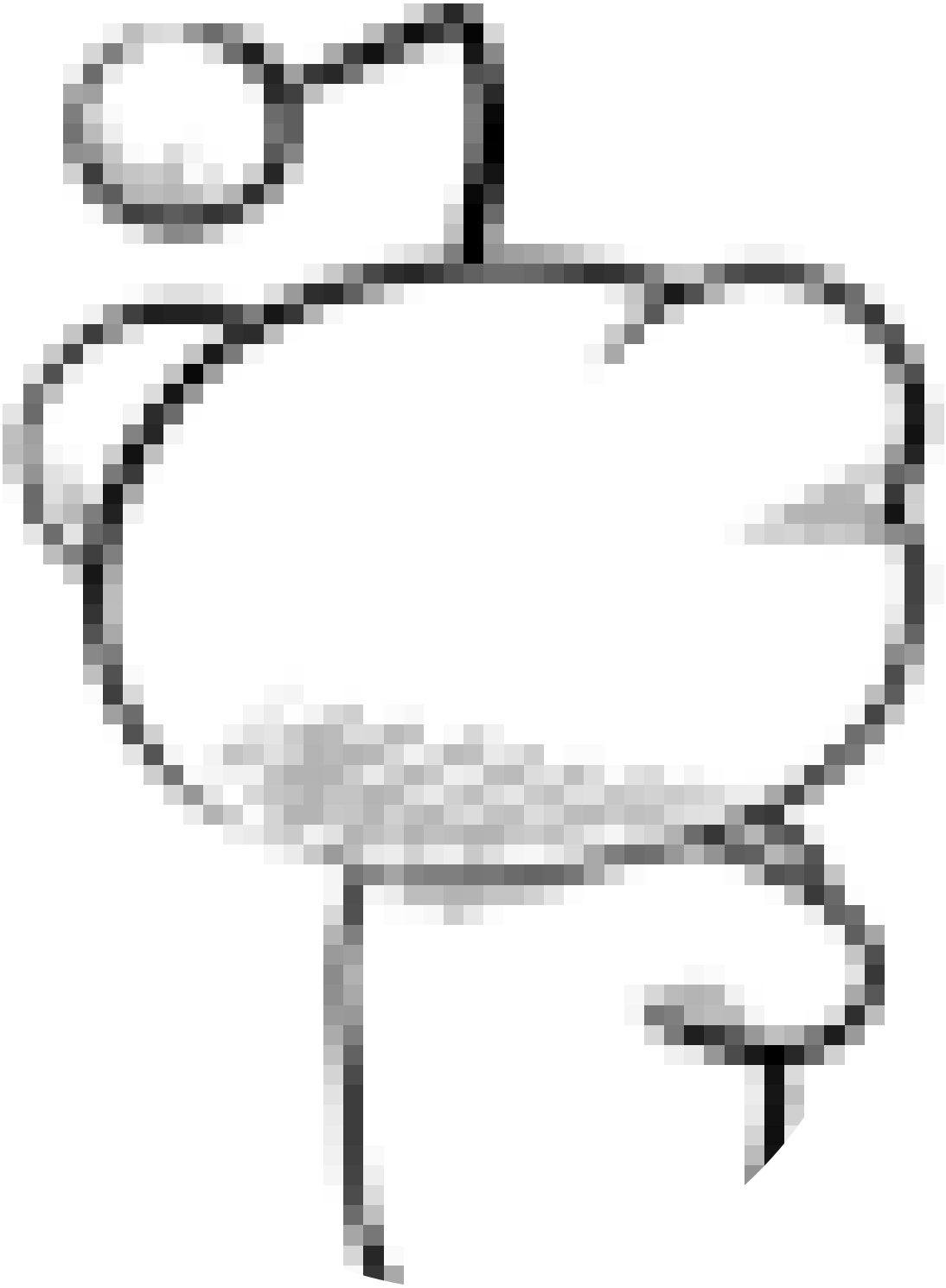

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â€¢ 15y ago

Fucking terrifying.

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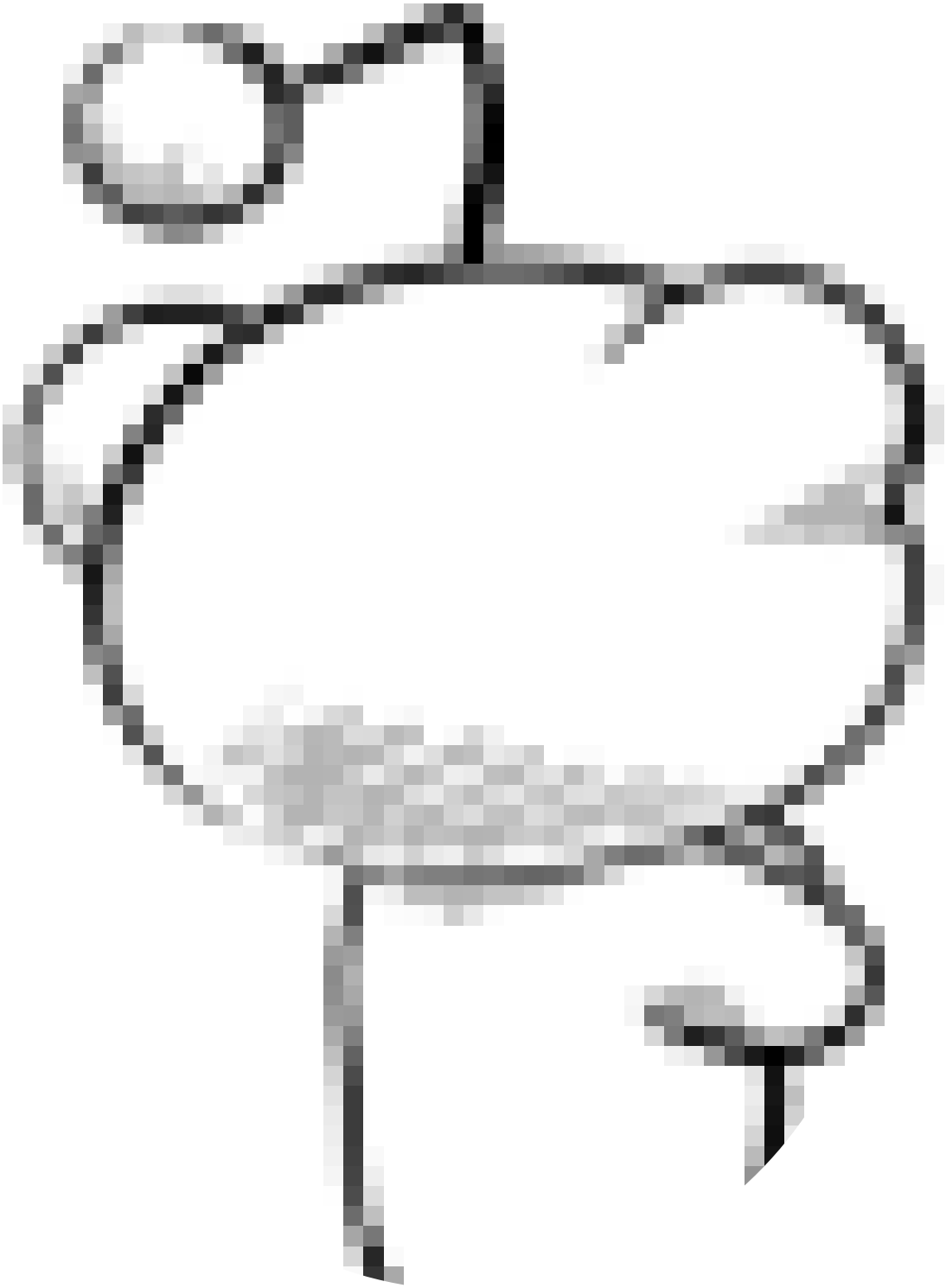

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â€¢ 15y ago

When we got married my wife and I moved into a new house. Often at night I would hear what sounded like someone walking around the carpet in our bedroom. My wife never heard anything so I just ignored it. She did start to pay attention when, twice, we had friends say they didn't want to house sit for us anymore because there was something weird about the house. After a couple years we got a cat who liked to sleep on the bed with us. One night I was woken up by a noise and the sound of someone walking around was louder than ever, even though there was no one there. I was not the only one who heard it. The cat also woke up, tracked her head in exactly the same direction as the sounds I thought I was hearing, and after a few seconds meowed at it. The sounds immediately stopped. After a few seconds of watching the cat decided all was good and went back to sleep.

I do not believe in ghosts or any of that sort of stuff, but that was enough for me. We moved several months later. We're on our fourth house now and I've never experienced the same thing in any of the others.

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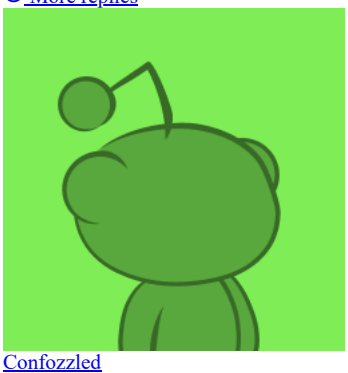

Confozzled
â€¢ 15y ago

I didn't experience this but It happened at my University. One day, all the students received this really vague e-mail through our student accounts saying basically that if we had heard anything regarding an event that had occurred on campus, we should know that the girl involved was taken to the hospital and is recovering. Also, that no criminal activity has been suspected. So after reading this, me and my roommate are thinking, wtf? Later, my roommate's Mom, who works at the hospital told him what happened. Apparently a girl was found in a janitor's closet in the music building, and she had literally sewn her mouth shut, inside her mouth in a plastic baggy she had a note that said, "Are you happy now Dr. _____?" Still have no idea on the real details of that one.

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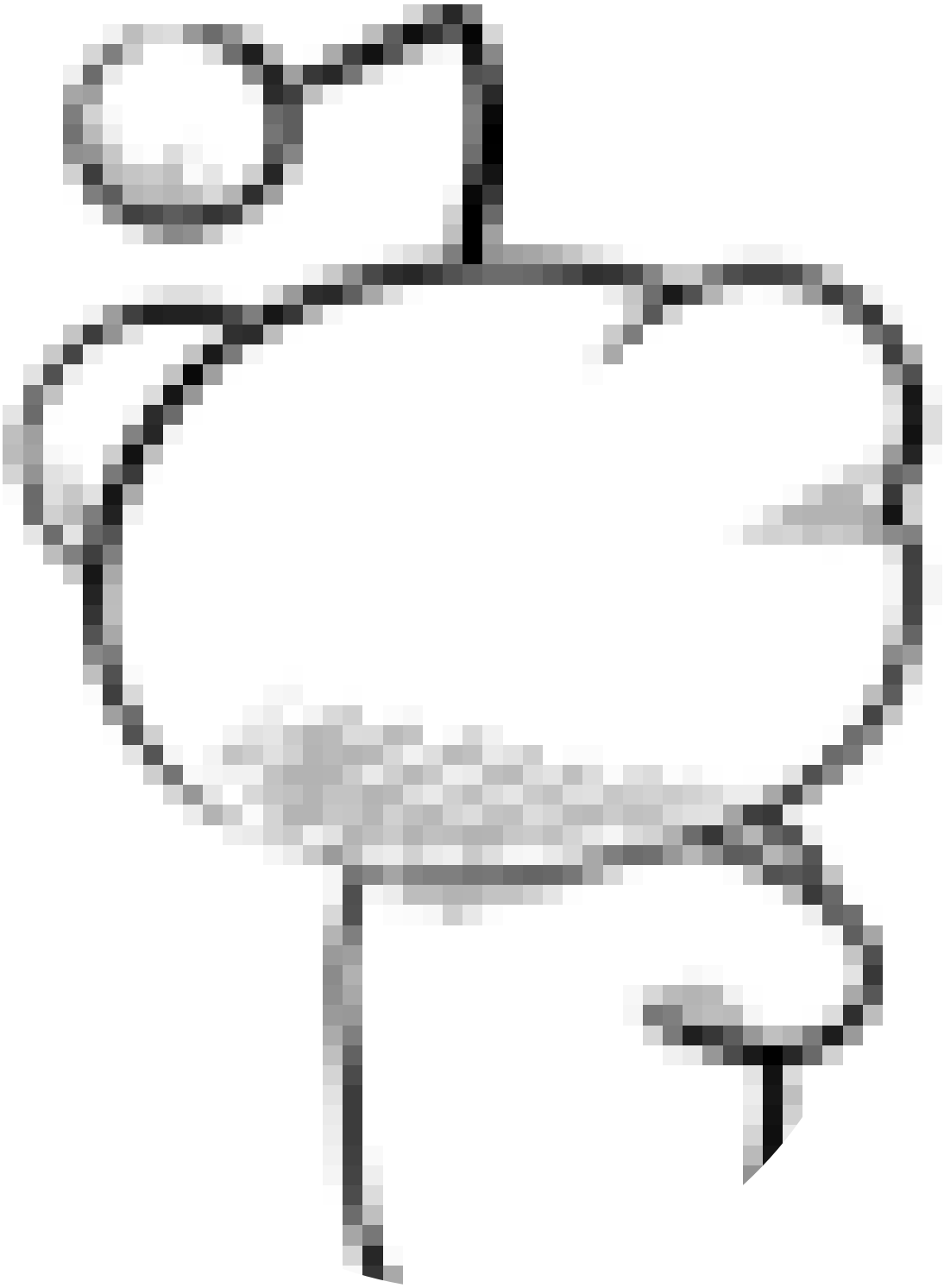

TheDemonClown
â€¢ 15y ago

From April to June 2010, I lived in a homeless shelter in Austin, TX (Salvation Army shelter @ 8th & Neches, FYI) while I was looking for work & trying to get on my feet. Just about everyone there was either (A) a drug addict, (B) an ex-con, (C) a fucking lunatic or (D) some combination of the three. Curfew was at 5 p.m. and you had to check in at a desk on the ground floor each night to get your bunk ticket to be allowed up into the dorms. Because of the nature of the people around me, I tried not to be there for any longer than it took to eat dinner, sleep & shower once every couple of days.

One night, when I came in for curfew & headed to the check-in desk, I was told that I had to take off my shoes & socks and show them my feet. This instantly tripped my spider-sense, but given that I had to take a TB test just to be allowed to stay in the shelter, I knew that they were somewhat health-conscious and complied anyway. After seeing that my feet were...well, normal feet, I was allowed to put my shoes & socks back on and was given my ticket. Curious as to why they were suddenly needing to see my feet, I asked the guy about it and he said that they were checking everyone's feet. I pressed further and he told me the reason why: "We need to make sure you have all your toes."

Earlier that day - after breakfast, when everyone's kicked out until curfew at 5 - the janitorial staff went through the single men's dorm to clean things up, as they normally do. In one of the stalls in the men's bathroom, they found a small box of some kind. In this box were SEVERED HUMAN TOES. Exactly how many toes, whether or not they were all from the same person, etc., nobody was able or willing to tell me.

No cops were ever called to investigate or even really take statements from anyone, nobody was found to be missing any toes and not a single person who was a resident there suddenly up & vanished, meaning that whoever the box belonged to was never discovered. This was about halfway into my time in the shelter and not a day went by that I wasn't very aware of the fact that I might've been sleeping one bunk above a guy who collected human toes. Also, not a day went by that I didn't sleep with a knife hidden (weapons weren't allowed, so I had to kind of smuggle it in) on me for protection.

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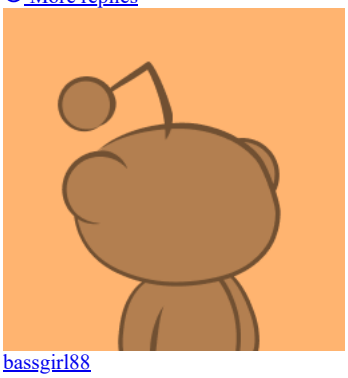

bassgirl88
â€¢ 15y ago

My second year of college, my dorm was really close to the railroad, and trains came by so often that I could zone them out and never really heard them. I was up late studying one night when a train went by and I suddenly stopped reading, like I was forcibly noticing the train go by, and was really shaken up by it for some reason. But I had to study so I checked the clock to see how long I'd been reading, and went to sleep that night without thinking about it.

When I woke up the next morning our college had sent an email to everyone saying that last night, at the exact time I had stopped reading, a student had jumped in front of the train.

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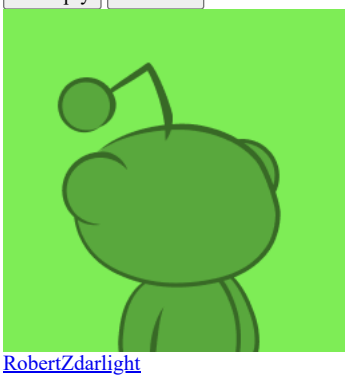

RobertZdarlight
â€¢ 15y ago

Subtle shit like this is a lot creepier to me than things like ghost sightings.

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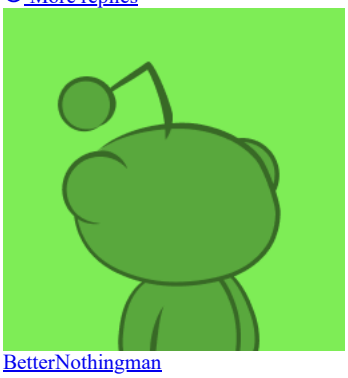

BetterNothingman
â€¢ 15y ago

The train would have immediately hit the brakes to come to a full stop (which it probably did about a mile down the tracks). The sound of all those brakes being added to the normal sounds of the passing train is probably why you noticed it that time.

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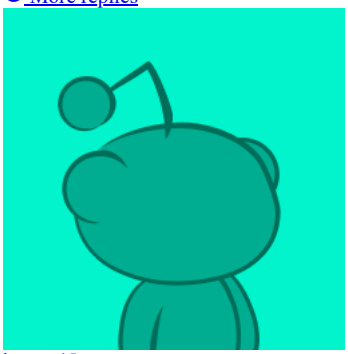

baxter45
â€¢ 15y ago

FUCK EVERYTHING ABOUT THIS THREAD. I'M NOT GOING TO SLEEP FOR A MONTH.

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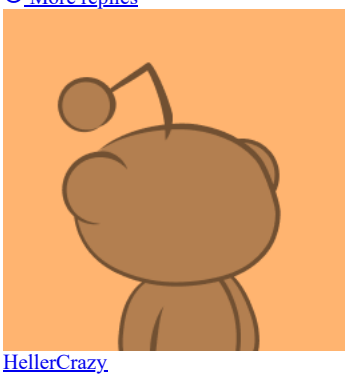

HellerCrazy
â€¢ 15y ago

A couple of years ago I was back home visiting my parents. One night my parents were out to dinner and I was home alone in their house when I received a call on my cell phone. An angry voices says "where, the fuck, is Aubrey?".
"Who is Aubrey?" I asked.
"Don't fuck with me" he replied, "tell me where she is". "I don't know any Aubrey" I said and hung up on him. He immediately calls back and I let it go to voice mail. He calls back again and picked up the phone and said "You've got the wrong number" and hung up. But he keeps calling back. Finally I pick up and he says "I'm going to fucking kill you". At this point I'm pissed, "fucking try it asshole" I said and I start describing to him all the ways I'm going to fuck his shit up. About half-way through my rant a couple of things start to click in my head: first I actually have a cousin named Aubrey whose abusive ex-husband was a coke dealer and second who ever is calling me, is calling me the same area code as my parents. The second was especially frightening since my parents are the only people I know in that area-code. I hesitated for a moment in my rant and the man on the other end laughed and said "we'll see". At that same moment my parents' dog went crazy barking at something upstairs.
I grabbed my father's 1911 from the gun safe and called 911 and my parents. Luckily the dog must of scared the guy off, but for the rest of my visit I keep that pistol nearby at all times.

The most infuriating part is that the police didn't show up for another hour. And once they did show up, they were absolutely useless. They didn't investigate or even write down the guy's phone number.

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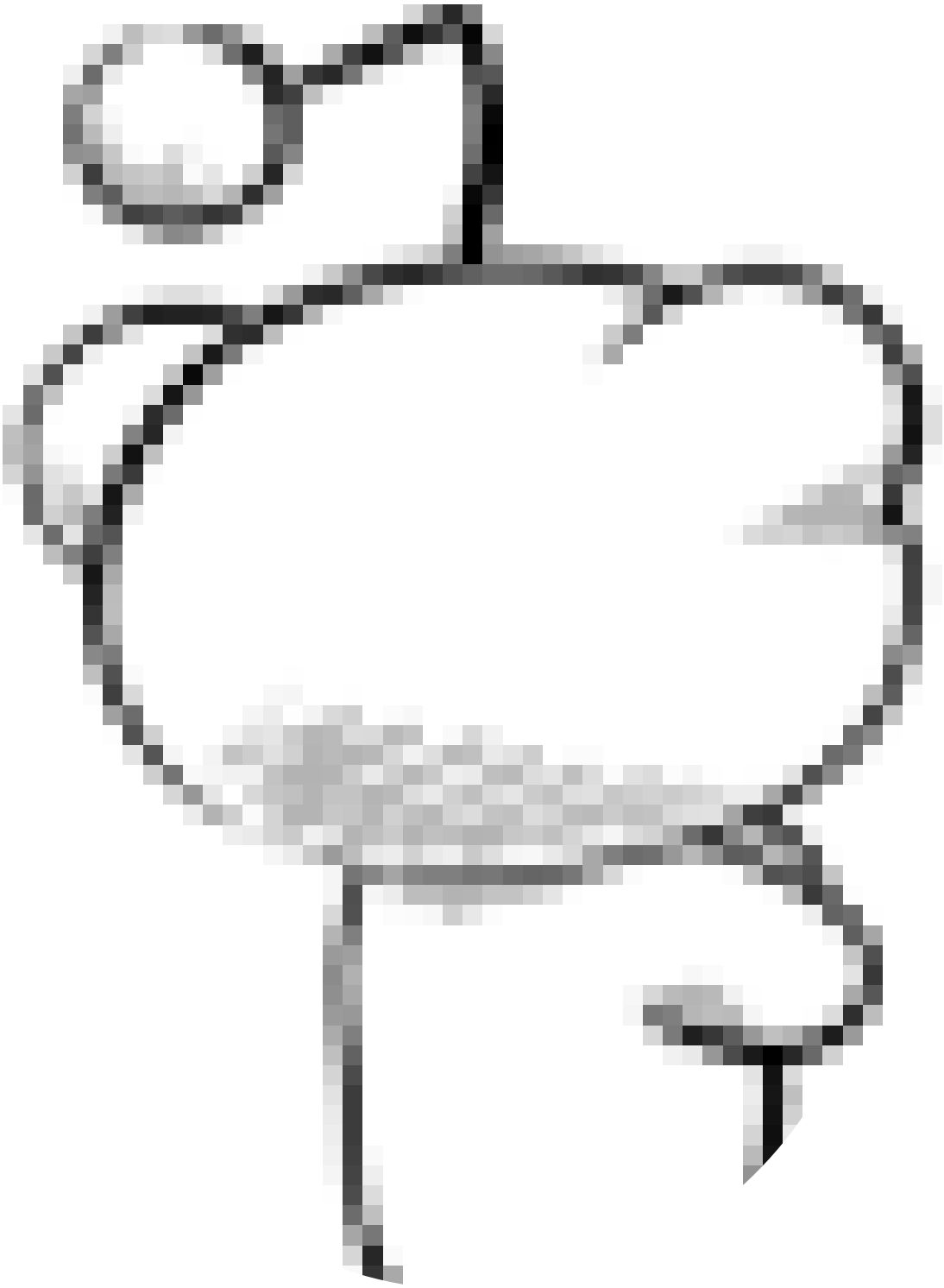

[deleted]
â€¢ 15y ago

Comment deleted by user

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Cytakines
â€¢ 15y ago

My younger brother describing seeing the slender man as we were walking home at night without even knowing who he was.

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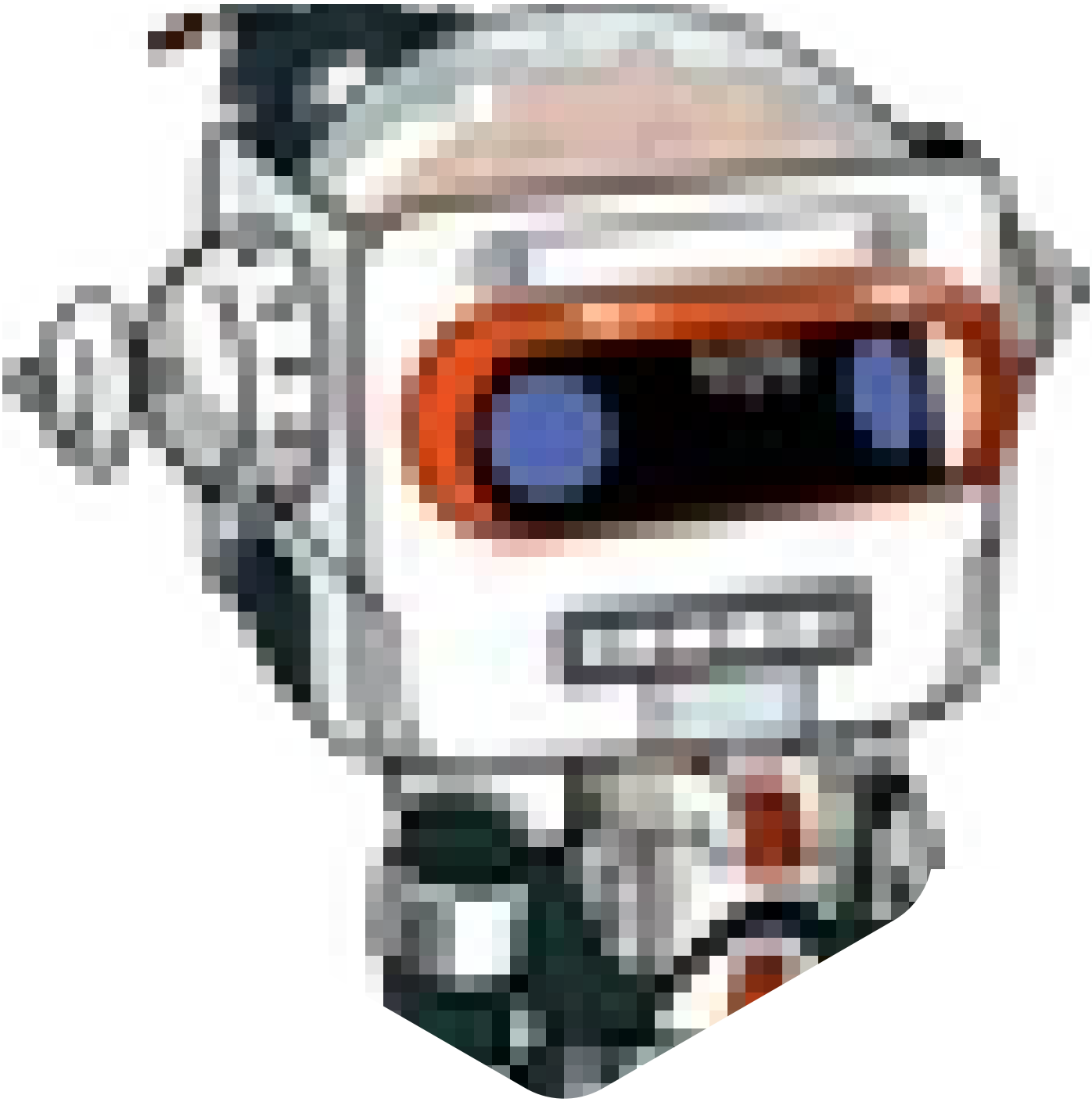

hoadlck
â€¢ 15y ago

I had never heard of the Slender Man. Creepy indeed.

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bobby_hill
â€¢ 15y ago

I fell asleep on the subway one morning and was woken up by a strong BO smell. It was coming from the popeye-looking character who was staring directly at me about 6 inches from my face.

I hate getting startled as i'm waking up.

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lurklikeaboss
â€¢ 15y ago â€¢ Edited 15y ago

My whole life my mom was single and tried hard with the best intentions to find me a suitable father figure (my own father is a homeless drug addict who was out of my life long before this). I was about 10 at the time, and we were visiting a friend of hers who had kids that I got along well with. Her friend was always trying to hook my mom up, also with good intentions.

We had been visiting all day and it was getting late and I was tired and ready to go home. I go through the house and find my mom on the patio talking with the guy she was to be hooked up with that night. As I stepped out onto the patio and set eyes on him I was immediately stricken with a deep seeded feeling of dread and wanted nothing more than to get my mom away from him as fast as possible. In fact, looking back his face almost seemed evil in a way I can't explain.

As all this hit me I tried to stay as calm as I could and asked my mom to come inside so I could talk to her. She came inside and I told her I wanted to leave as soon as possible. Sensing that I was feeling distressed for some reason, and being a great mom who always listened to me in situations like this, she said ok and soon after we left. As soon as we were on the road I told my mom exactly how I had felt and that I didn't want her to EVER see him again or talk to him.

Once again, not wanting to upset me she said ok and didn't talk to him again. Maybe six months later my moms friend calls to gossip as they frequently did, and she tells my mom that the same man from that night was now in prison. He had gotten together with a women who had two kids, and one night he ended up locking the kids in a closet in the same room he had their mother tied to a bed and repeatedly raped her.

My mom was sitting on the floor of the living room reading the newspaper as she usually did while on the phone with her friend. I was on the couch next to her watching TV, and I will never forget the look she gave me as she was told this news.

6 more replies

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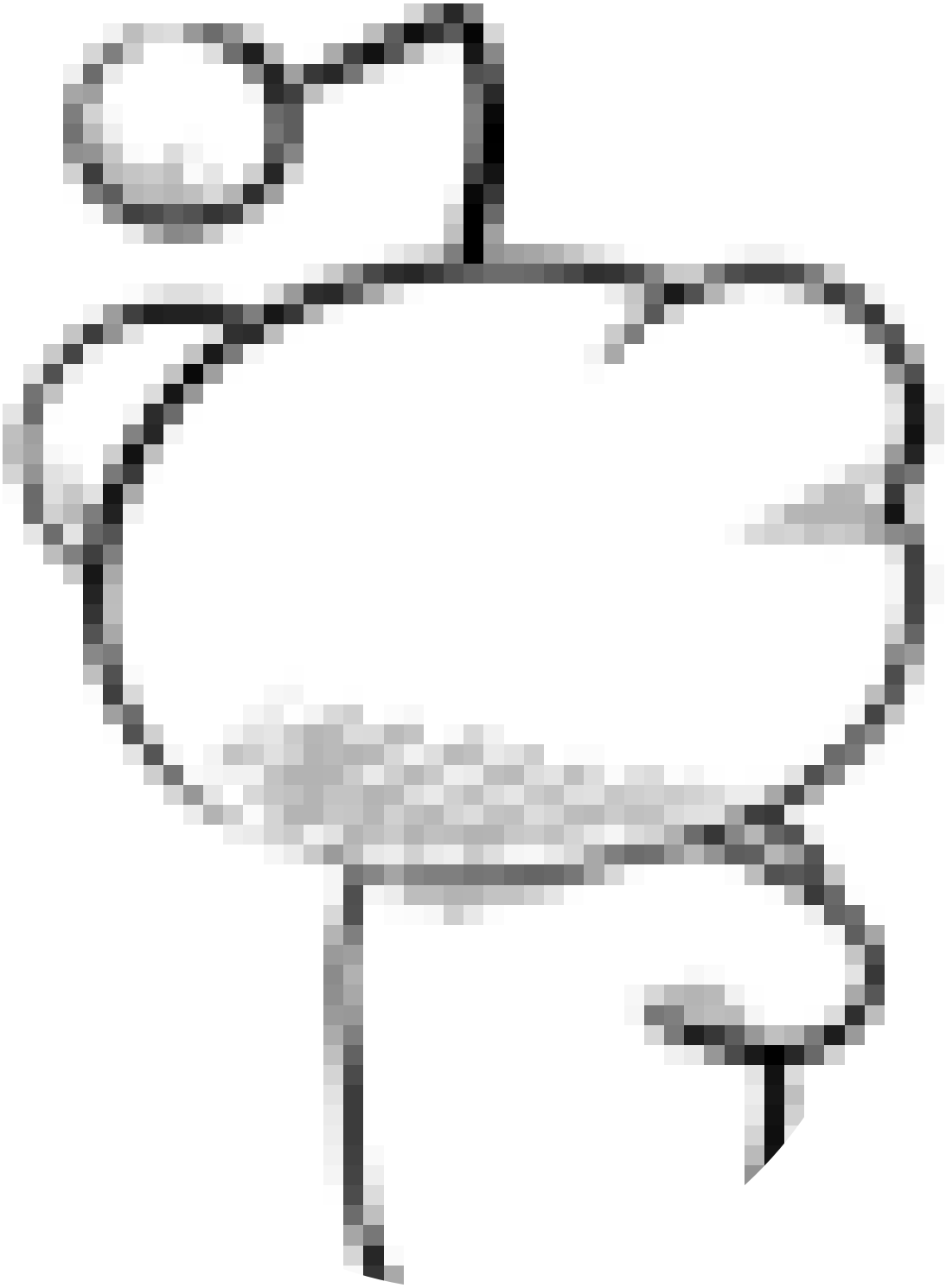

[deleted]
â€¢ 15y ago

I recently moved to a small town in Kansas, the home of Carry A. Nation actually. The town is like really old and has been here since pioneer times and mabye before. So, all of the houses are really old too. The first time I saw the house I was moving into we (My family, stepbrother and stepsister, and me) were walking around checking the place out, when we got to a closet in the hallway that was open. I was walking bye and I looked in and there is a small door on the right wall inside the closet. I opened the door and went in, it was dark so I couldn't see anything and I was trying to find a light switch. My stepbrother says,"Be careful, there is a hole". I thought he was just fucking with me because I had pretty much walked around the whole room. Then he flips on the light and I see a giant fucking gaping hole in the floor. Somehow miraculously I hadn't fallen in there, but that's not the point. I look down in the hole and I can't see anything, just darkness. I get the fuck out of there real quick because I had a near death experience. I still don't know where that hole goes. No rooms in the rest of the house have giant holes in the ceiling. Now we put up shelves in the closet that block the door so I couldn't check it out even if I wanted to. Still gives me the creeps and that closet is right across the hall from my room.

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wolfden
â€¢ 15y ago

Walking home from school early one day, going to a doctor appointment. I was walking near my flat, in a 10 storey building. I saw someone laying dead on a lawn, soon after he jumped from the 10th floor. His limbs were broken and weirdly twisted, his skull fractured, with light fluid coming out from the cracks. I remember that his eyes were open. He was someone I know, someone I had classes with and liked talking to. An ambulance was on the way and I just stood there looking at him mindlessly without really thinking anything, then, after more people gathered went to my appointment, with my mind completely empty.

I was 15 at a time, and this got me more than anyone would really suspect. For about a year, I constantly had sort of a dark, chilly feeling inside, that would occasionally get almost unbearable. I also had nightmares about broken glass stained with blood, from a window he jumped through etc. But it all faded out with time.

It might not seem creepy now, but I what I felt during that period was very strong and unlike anything I've ever known.

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sarawisdom
â€¢ 15y ago

My memory of this incident is a bit fuzzy, but when I was eleven my dad had to go to a function in a nearby city and decided to take me and my mum along to spend the weekend. The function (which was more of a party, really) was being held in a reputable hotel where we were also going to stay. We got there in the afternoon, checked in, then went out for the rest of the day. When it was time for them to go to the party, they left me behind in the room with the usual instructions not to open the door to strangers, etc.

Everything was good for maybe an hour or so. I was unhappily doing my homework (it was an essay for French, IIRC) with the TV on when the phone rang. I ignored it for a while but it wouldn't stop, so I answered it. There was some guy on the other end whose voice I didn't recognise. He had an accent but was pretty articulate, and he started off with, "Hi, you don't know me, but I saw you this afternoon. What's your name?" I am a terrible liar so I told him the truth, and he followed on with other questions - how old are you, where are you from, why are you staying here, things like that. I answered all his questions with answers of varying truths, all while trying to call my mother on my mobile. I probably should have just hung up then and there but I was afraid that he would get angry and come up to the room or something since he obviously knew which one it was. I didn't know where in the hotel my parents were and I didn't want to go down to reception and ask because he said he had seen me in the foyer earlier that day. I remember he kept saying shit like, "You're probably scared. Are you scared?" to which I lied through my teeth and said no - he asked me why and I told him "because you're hotel staff and I know you won't hurt me" and he just laughed really softly.

Anyway after a while I managed to get him off the phone. IIRC he asked me if I had a contact number he could call to keep in touch with me with and I said "no", very firmly, and hung up. My mum still hadn't picked up her mobile and I was still trying to call her, but I was feeling a bit calmer since the creeper wasn't on the phone any more, when it rang again. I left it hanging for a while once more but ended up picking it up anyway (ringing noises have always driven me insane and I guess it just hadn't occurred to me to just to leave it off the hook) and it was the same guy. He said something like, "I can't stop thinking about you". This conversation was a lot shorter because I hung up on him, and kept ringing my mum and she FINALLY picked up. I think I had left her something like 26 missed calls. I told her to just come down to the room and when she got there I explained what had happened and she rang up reception and related the story to them. I don't know what happened to the guy in the end, if he got caught or anything. I never even found out who it was. But I felt so trapped in that fucking room. I used to love staying in hotels but since then (I'm 20 now) they've always felt sinister to me.

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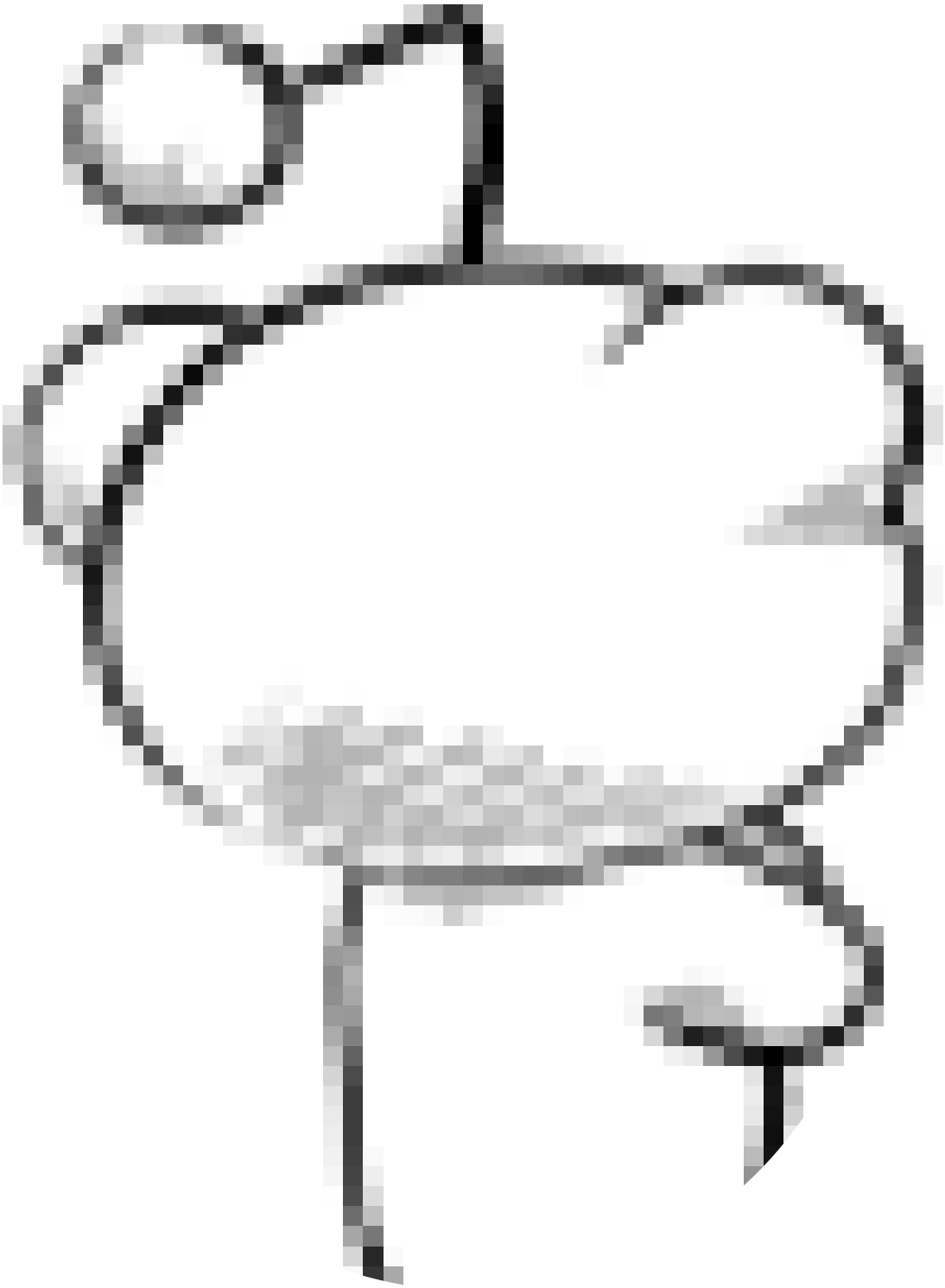

[deleted]
â€¢ 15y ago

I was 19 years old at the time. I had just finished boot camp and then infantry school. I was only in my actual unit 2 months before hitting Iraq. When we started the battle of Fallujah back in 2004 almost no one in my company had actual combat experience, and I sure as hell didn't. Well, after my first day of actual combat (obviously very hopped

up and nervous) got put on watch from midnight to 4. It was the city's rec center I believe that we had holed up in, so it had 4-6 (memory is fuzzy) glass doors. I was in a little broom closet, with a radio, all by myself watching these doors to make sure no one snuck in a killed us all while we slept. Ever single noise, distant gunshot, or anything would freak me out. Then there were a million stray cats and dogs, so I'd here this soft pit pat approaching the door and see a shadow move towards it. My adrenalin would spike and I'd just sit there aiming my rifle and waiting. Easily the creepiest time of my life.

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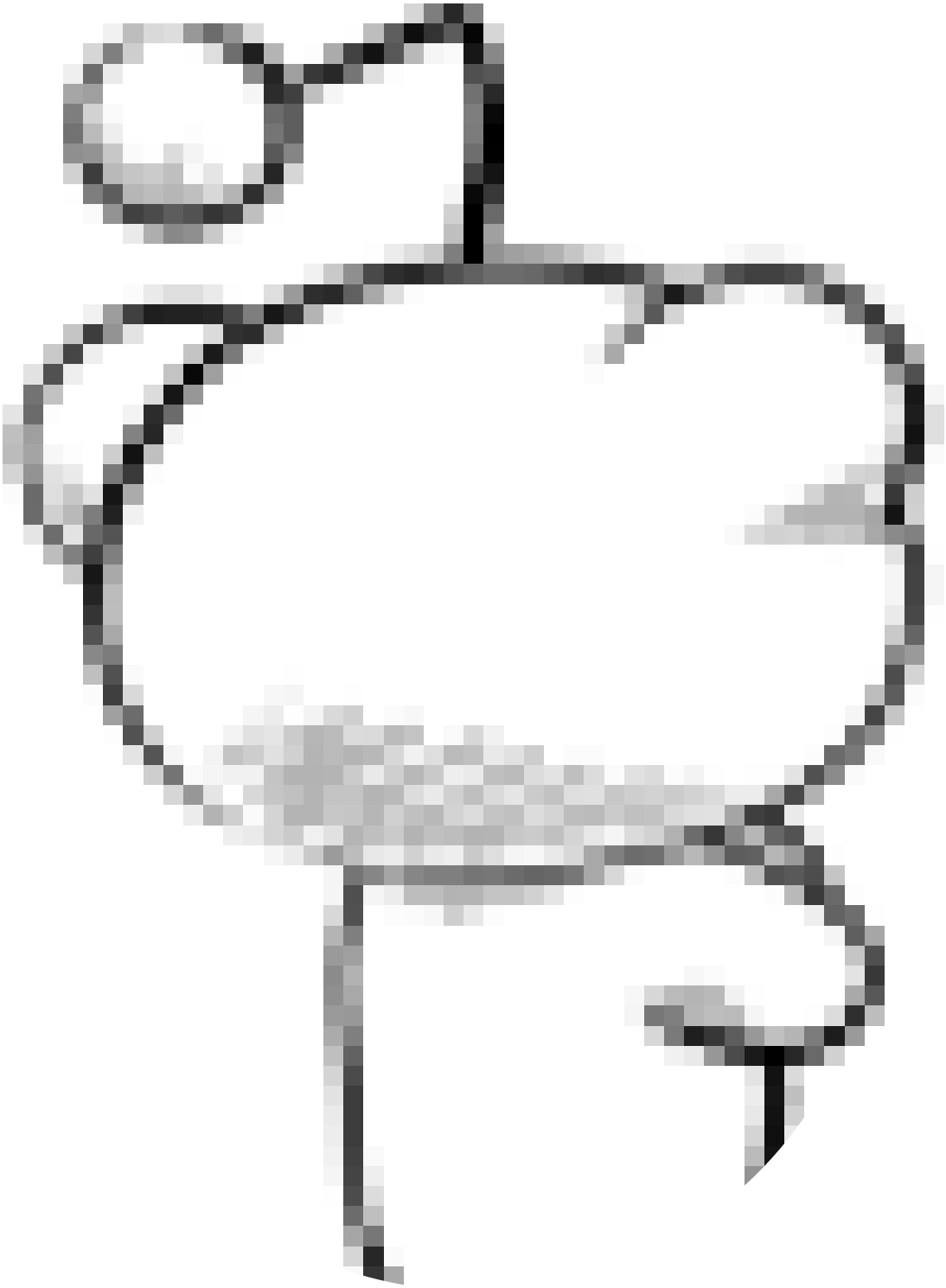

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â€¢ 15y ago

Dang, late to the party.

First, let me note that I'm a skeptic in all the paranormal stuff and I don't scare easy.

So one night in college, me and six of my buddies decide to head up to the top of the bluff just outside campus. It's a dense forest hike to the top, but once you get there the view is great. We pack up the food and booze, and head out right around sunset. Great night at the end of summer; not too humid, slightly cool and not a cloud in the sky.

We get to the top of bluff and set up in the clearing. We're hanging out for about 3 hours, when one of my buddies starts getting visibly and visibly more nervous. Eventually we're like, "What's the deal, Dave? You're being weird". He says, "I keep seeing shadows at the edge of the forest. I think there's something there."

Now, Dave is a really superstitious guy who "sees ghosts" all the time; this is not an unusual thing for him and we all laugh it off. A little while passes and another one of my buddies goes to the edge of the forest to take a piss. The dude comes back and notes that he heard rustling in the forest. Bear in mind that most of us are outdoorsy people, and hearing a deer walking in the forest at night is not an unusual thing in Western Wisconsin. Another thirty minutes passes and I swear I hear a low guttural rumble coming from the edge of the forest. At this point I make a comment and we decide to take a flashlight and take a look.

Me and two others bring our flashlights over and start sweeping the forest, looking for the coyote or whatever that's annoying everyone. I'm sweeping my light and I fucking freeze. Every hair on my body fucking stands on end. About 20 feet back from the edge I see this fucking thing. Behind this tree stands this hunched figure, standing maybe human height. It's long, skeletal face has tight, bleach white, disgusting skin and its eyes blaze green. I can't see it's entire body, but its torso is naked and emaciated, with that same tight, bleach white skin.

It looked demonic. Like, walking dead, Jersey Devil type shit.

I stop. My buddies stop. They see it too. We slowly back away and announce that we need to leave. We get a quarter way down and all the other guys want to know what the deal is. I start explaining and everyone is pretty spooked. Halfway down the trail, my buddy suddenly says "Fuck SHIT". We turn to him and he's looking back up the bluff. At that point everyone sees the creature at the the top of the trail behind us.

We panic and bolt down the trail and out of the forest. Dave is so spooked that he's vomiting violently by this point. We head to campus security and tell them what happened, and they laugh at us and tell us to drink less.

A week later, I read that a hunter shot and killed a sick, severely mangy mountain lion that approached him without fear. I contacted the hunter and he showed me a picture of it; it was absolutely our "Jersey Devil".

**TLDR: Friends and I thought we saw the Jersey Devil, turned out we probably narrowly avoided being attacked by a sick mountain lion.**

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HebrewHammer16
â€¢ 15y ago

Fuck this post. I have to read it with my back against the wall because otherwise im too freaked out about something sneaking up behind me.

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rubixlube
â€¢ 15y ago

I was at our cabin on a lake when I was about 10, and I was told to walk up to the road to meet the rest of the people coming out for the night. Normally the walk takes no more than ten minutes, and ever if you get off the path you'll hit the road in about the same time. But I walked for about 20 minutes and realized I didn't know where I was, so I decided to back track until I hit the lake and then could follow the coast back to the cabin. After about 5 minutes the trees were clearing and I started to relax, that was until I realized I was at the road, but approaching it from the opposite side. I have no recollection of crossing the road, and I also didn't recognize that section of road. So at this point I had been walking about 20 minutes I guess, so I start walking back up the road, which took me about half hour to get back. I've never been able to make any sense of what happened.

TL;DR I got lost walking in the woods after 20 minutes of walking, ended up on other side of the road and half hour away from where I was trying to get.

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byproxy
â€¢ 15y ago

Humans don't know what the fuck is going on if they don't have any points of reference.

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beer_OMG_beer
â€¢ 15y ago â€¢ Edited 15y ago

This one time on LSD my friends and I found a homeless man who had either been suffocated or had done it himself by tying a couple of grocery bags around his head. He was just sitting there slouched over against a shed with one of those motion sensor lights on it. We were the ones that set off the motion sensor.

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MFLUDER
â€¢ 15y ago â€¢ Edited 15y ago

1300 comments, so I doubt this'll get read, but here goes:

Back in summer 2001, I was an aspiring actor/filmmaker in Baltimore. I was in line at a Rite-Aid and this guy dressed like Don Draper in Mad Men approaches me. "Are you an actor?" I tell him yes I am. "I knew it. You have 'the look'. I'm a producer and represent modeling talent. Why don't you come by the studio. I'd like to see what you can do."

I was 21 years old and thought this was so amazing so I agreed. A few days later I drive to the address he gave me. At first I thought it was the wrong address because I pulled up in front of a row-house in the very slummy west side. But I knocked on the door and he answered...

...wearing a dirty white v-neck (stains on it), shorts, and flip flops. "Welcome to my house." We walk in and the place is a mess. He starts breathing really loud. I turn around and ask, "This is your studio?" He stares at me with really cold, bleak eyes. "No the studio is out back. I'll show you." He leads me out his kitchen door to basically a garage. As we enter, he hands me a photo album, "Want to see some of my work?"

We're walking up stairs, to a room above the garage. I look through the album and see pictures, amateur pictures shot on a point-and-shoot, of underage boys, in their underwear, in various poses. One boy, looking about 10, is wearing a banana hammock and is laying in the backseat of a car. My adrenaline starts racing. I look up and see "the studio".

A huge white room. Empty except for a stained mattress in the middle of the room, surrounded by 4 large mirrors, propped up by chairs. The man is currently behind me. I have a sensation that I'm about to get hit in the head. I spin around. And he's just staring at me, again with a cold, dark, even dead look.

"Sir, I'm going to leave."

Nothing. Just standing in the doorway, blocking my way.

"Please step aside, sir. I am going to leave." I drop the photo album and it makes a very loud slap on the floor. This startles him and he moves in to pick it up.

I walk by him, down the stairs, and back out to my car. I look back at the house to see him standing in the doorway, looking straight at me with that same "I will rape you while you scream for your mother" look.

I drive directly to the liquor store and buy a bottle of vodka and drink myself into oblivion.

I tell my Mormon fiance' at the time the whole ordeal. Her response? She screamed in my face about how I sinned for drinking vodka and then went to her parents' house for a week. Fuck that bitch.

But, yeah, that's the creepiest thing that ever happened to me.

EDIT: "Finance" to "fiance". Freudian slip.

NOTE: No I didn't call the cops which, in retrospect, I should have. I immediately got wasted and just generally felt overcome with David-Lynchian creepiness. I was also young and naive at the time and I just wanted to forget it ever happened.

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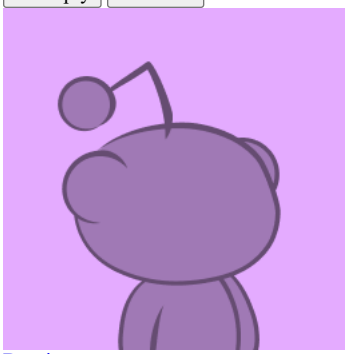

Dragir
â€¢ 15y ago

That is one hell of a fucking story. Did you inform the police? Did you ever hear from him again? And this Mormom wife? What happened there?

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herpasaurus
â€¢ 15y ago

When I was about five and playing outside our house, an older man approached me, engaged me in small talk and then gave me a dollar because, quote, "he liked children". I snatched it out of his hand and ran home in absolute victory to show it to my mom.

Probably the most disappointed pedophile ever.

Another time me and the kids from the yard found half a tube of toothpaste on the ground. We ate all of it. Not exactly creepy, but still.

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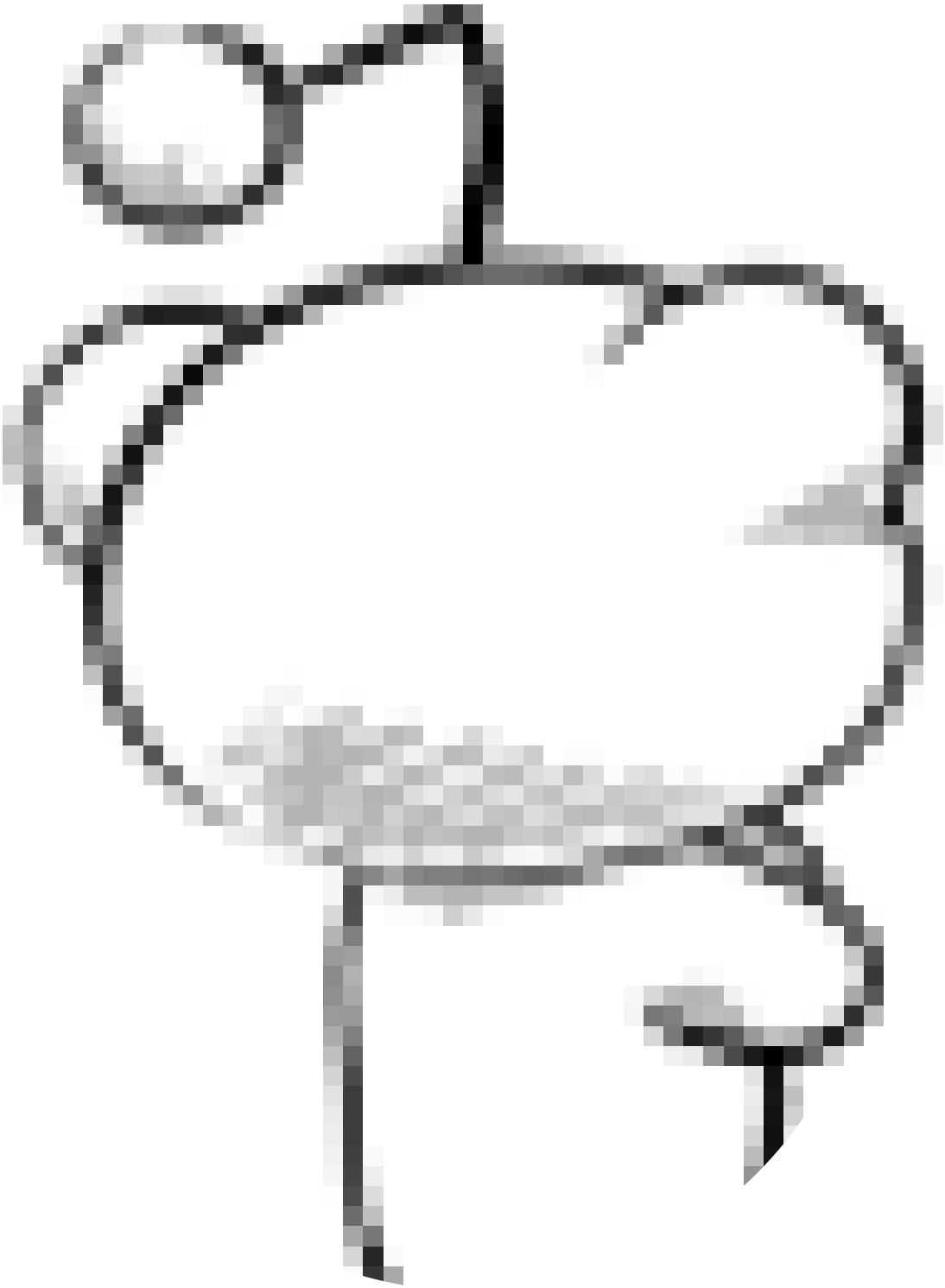

icusmiling
â€¢ 15y ago

Lots of creepy stories, but this is one of the best (see TL;DR at the end)

Anyway, Me and my best friend were dating a couple of girls (who were also best friends) in a very small mid-western town out in the middle of nowhere. My friend and I were from the city, about 40 miles away. We were all together at my girlfriend's house late at night, when she got really upset about something, don't remember what now (something minor), it was 20 years ago, and ran out of the house.

I asked her friend A. if she was coming back, she said, "don't know." I thought I should go after her, and I said, "well, were do you think she went?"

A. said, probably to the cemetery, she usually goes to her sister's grave when she gets like this. (did I mention that she was a little crazy? - OK, very crazy)

So I decide to be a good boyfriend and go walking to the cemetery at the edge of town at 3 am. I'd never been there before, and it was in the middle of nowhere, nothing but cornfields around it. That was already on the extreme side of my creepy scale.

Anyway, I spend at least a half an hour wandering around it looking for her, it was very large for such a small town, and had some really odd monuments. One that stuck out was a beheaded angel, holding it's head in it's hands. Extreme creepy +10...

After wandering around all that time and thinking I would be attacked by zombies at any moment, and not seeing any sign of my girlfriend, (I figured she had already been devoured) I see two shadows walking toward me.

Fortunately it was my friend and his girlfriend. Turned out my girlfriend had just walked around the block and came home, and I had spent all that time walking around alone. Not something I would ever do voluntarily.

Here's the kicker - When I told A. about the headless angel, she got really excited. "You saw it? Really? Not too many people have seen it! You're really lucky!"

I asked her what she meant by that. She said "It's not real. Lots of people in town have seen it, but there isn't a statue like that there."

I've always considered myself a skeptic, so the next morning I drove out there, and went through the entire grounds. She was right, it didn't exist. It was nowhere to be found. I had never heard the story before that night, and later I'd met other people in town who had also seen it. To this day I have no explanation for it.

TL;DR: Went to a cemetery in the middle of the night and saw a ghost monument.

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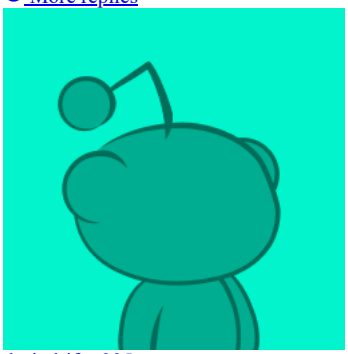

desi_drifter395
â€¢ 15y ago

When I was in 5th grade, I had a dream one night, and my dream was basically just a normal day at school. Then I woke up and realized that my day at school was just a dream.

BUT.

My day at school turned out almost EXACTLY like my dream. Right down to a minute detail like the same ball getting stuck in the same damn tree, and the same girl throwing her shoe at it to get it down.

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Kintaro08
â€¢ 15y ago

You may have superpowers. The superpower to live through days twice in a row. This will soon become the bane of your existence as soon as you get a job.

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instantrobotwar
â€¢ 15y ago

I've had deja-vu like this, when every event and even the feelings I get from events, turns out to have happened in a dream.

I've come to the conclusion that it's actually my mind confusing 'remembering' something with actually living through it, getting a short-term memory short circuit or something. Otherwise, it's just too uncanny.

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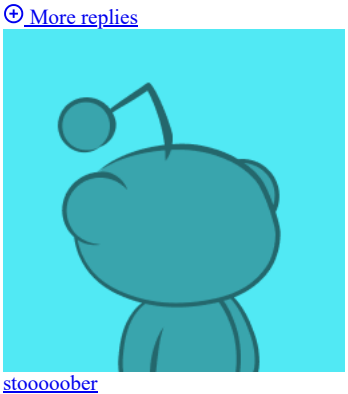

stooooober
â€¢ 15y ago â€¢ Edited 15y ago

Just north of Juneau, Alaska on Eagle Beach in the late summer, I was taking photos of dead salmon that were left on the sand at a very low tide. The beach slopes away from the land with a shallow grade, and so the water was out really far -- maybe 150 meters out from the high water line at the time. That means I was in the middle of a very flat, open expanse of sand and I could see in all directions around me for a very long ways. I had been walking along the water in one direction for maybe a half mile, stopping every minute or two to take close up pictures of this half-decayed fish or that one.
I know that sounds weird, but they looked kind of beautiful.
Anyway, at one point I spent maybe 30 seconds with one particular fish I came to, squatting down and trying to get a good picture with my camera pretty close to the ground. Then all of a sudden, I felt like something was horribly wrong but I can't tell you what I sensed -- I definitely didn't hear of see anything; maybe I felt the ground move a little bit under my feet or something. But as soon as I had the feeling, I stood up very straight and very fast and turned directly around, and there was a black bear behind me so close that it was almost touching me with its nose. I guess this counts more as startling than creepy, and I guess that going for a walk all alone in bear country when there are salmon laid out on the ground all around you is probably one of the stupidest things I have ever done. But it just felt so weird being out in the middle of so much open space and then realizing that something that weighs 3 times as much as me and has big teeth and claws was able to stalk me without me knowing long enough that it really could have killed me if it had wanted to. After I stood up and spun around, the bear jerked backwards a little bit, but without moving its feet. It really wasn't too big; probably just a juvenile. It just looked at me for a second, and for some reason I decided the best thing to do next was to just calmly say "you're a bear" at it. Just in case it didn't know what it was, I guess. It didn't react to that, so I did what I had been taught to do and clapped my hands and shouted "BEAR! BEAR! BEAR!" at it, after which it took off running. Which makes me feel pretty bad because I shouldn't have let myself get in a position where I needed to scare a bear away from a place that it belonged much more than I did since I don't live on that beach. If anyone happens to upvote this, I'll know someone cares at least a little bit and I'll post the pics when I get home tonight.

TL;DR: Bears are stealthy motherfuckers, and they'll stalk you if you're an idiot and take pictures of their food at dinner time.

Edit: I realize this doesn't prove how close the bear got to me, but here's the pic I was able to snap once I realized I had a camera around my neck.

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Btchnggasdobtchthngs
â€¢ 15y ago

A spider on my balls. Crazy shit.

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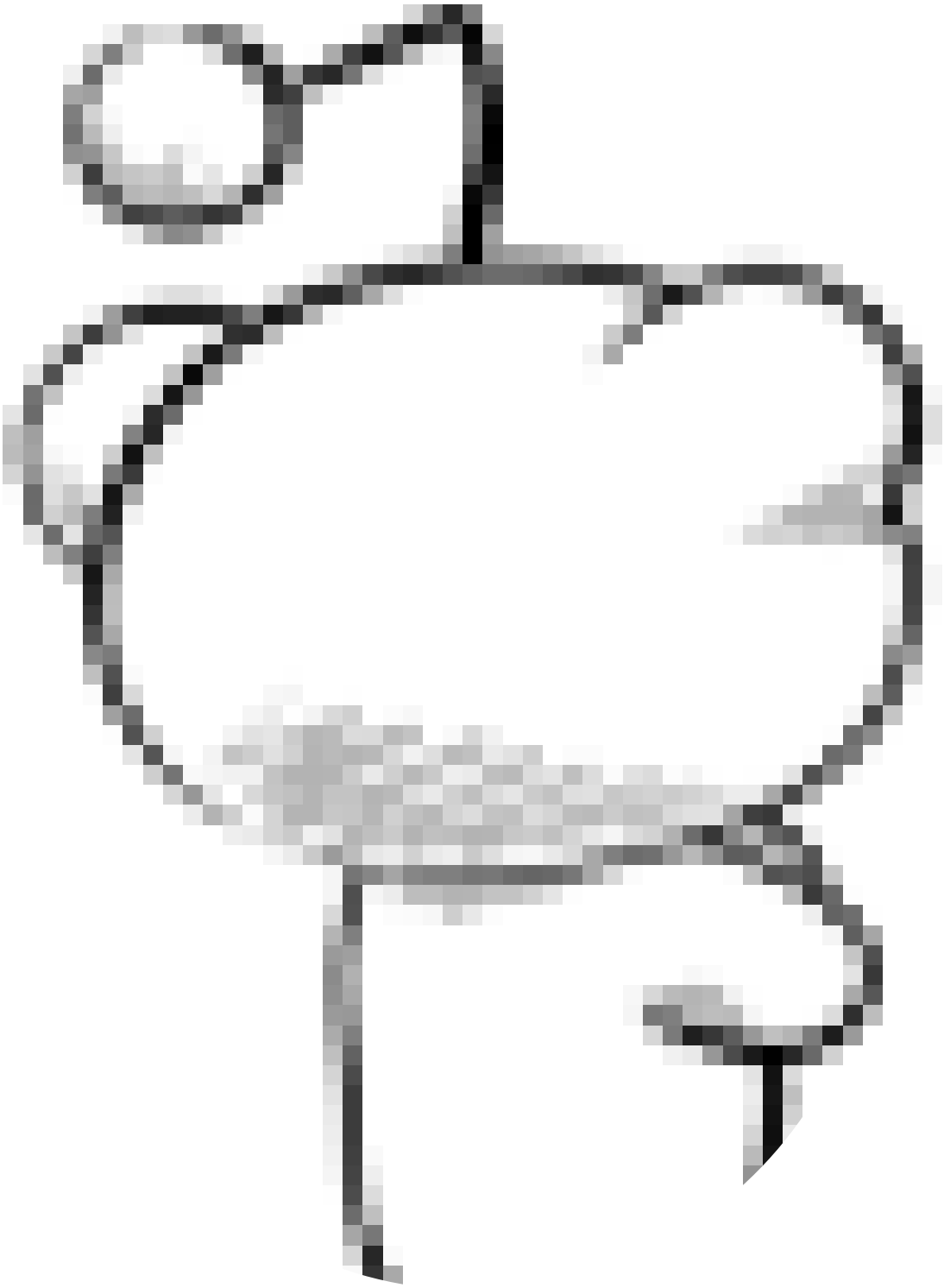

[deleted]
â€¢ 15y ago

I woke up one night to a spider chilling out on the inside of my thigh. I was wearing super loose pajama shorts at the time with no underwear and just as I was trying to figure out what to do I felt it make a run straight for my vag. Rage overtook my fear at that point and I literally snatched it off my leg and smushed it so furiously in my bare hands that by the time I turned the light to look at it there was virtually nothing left but a dark stain and a leg or two.

No fuckin spiders gonna crawl up my vagina, no sir.

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lambo13
â€¢ 15y ago

Not me, but my wife.

She used to live in Manila, grandma stayed with her family (not unusual). Grandma died quite suddenly on a Friday and services were scheduled the following Monday.

Because my wife's older brother didn't show up for class (due to the funeral) a classmate went to his house that afternoon to give him his school work.

The next day they stayed home from school and his classmate came by again. He asked who the older lady was who was staying with them. Said she was really kind and let him in to put the assignments in their kitchen.

My wife's dad said there was no one else living with them and asked the kid who had let him in.

The kid pointed to a photo on the wall of my wife's grandmother who had just passed and said, "She did."

That story still gives me chills.

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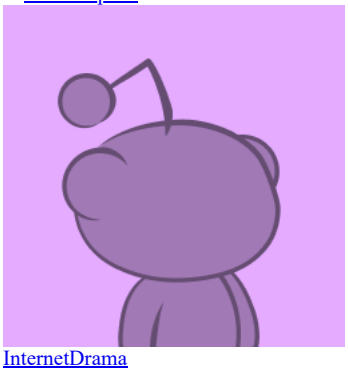

InternetDrama
â€¢ 15y ago

When I was younger I went to Sunday School at one of the churches in town. Even as a young kid I didn't believe in god but my parents insisted I needed to find him and that they had cookies...the cookies sealed the deal.

I believe I was around 10 at the time. My mom dropped me off one Sunday and I went and did the "school" shit (aka crafts and cookies) and when it was time to leave, I waited on the bench by the back door where the vans and parents pick us up to take us home.

There was an old lady with white hair and she waved me over. I started waking toward her and she asked me if I was <my name>. I said yes and then she told me that my mother couldn't make it because she had to go pick up one of her friends so she sent this woman to pick me up and take me home. As a child it seemed legit enough so I told her I had to go get whatever craft we made that day and as soon as I started heading back one of the church women asked where I was going. I said I was going home and she told me my mother has been waiting in the other room for me for the past 10 minutes. She escorted me in to meet my mother and I told her about the old lady. My mom said she didn't send anyone to pick me up. When we went back to confront the lady she was gone.

Never found out who she was or how she knew my full name.

It's not that creepy of a story, but I often wonder how different my life would have been if I had gotten in her van. Would she have killed me or raised me as her own? Maybe she was rich and could have gave me the life I always wanted as a child. I'll never know.

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hischadness
â€¢ 15y ago

I worked at Blockbuster Video circa 2001. I was working with my store manager the Wednesday before Star Wars EP II was to be in theaters and saw that I was scheduled to work the night of the Midnight screening. I asked if I could be off to go since I wouldn't be able to since we didn't close until midnight. So she changed my schedule.

The day of the screening around 4pm I get a phone call from my room mate telling me that there are fire trucks, cops etc. In front of the store. I tried to call to find out what was going on and did nit get answer. Me and another friend decide to drive down to see what was going on. Just before we arrived I was able to reach one if my co-workers who answered crying telling me that the store had been robbed and the two employees had been murdered along with two customers.

Tl;dr. I asked off work to watch star wars and therefore did not get murdered.

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jstills
â€¢ 15y ago â€¢ Edited 15y ago

there are a ridiculous number of awesome stories here, so I doubt this will get seen... but here is to the spirit of sharing!

3 stories:

1 - Going to bed one night... about 5 years old, and as I go to step into the bed, I feel this hand grabbing my ankle and not letting go. I freak the fuck out screaming and kicking, the hand lets go. I jump up on the bed, and run from one end to the other, jumping off the edge, out my bedroom door, and into my moms across the hall. A few moments later, my moms BF come into the room laughing.. Fucking bullshit scarred me for YEARS.

**TLDR;** Mom's douche BF grabs my foot from under the bed when I'm 4.

2 - Same time-frame, I'm laying in bed and wake up one night to a strange sound. (Getting creeped thinking about it now). It sounds like footsteps... I look around the room, see nothing, scream, start crying, pull the same sprint/jump trick into my mom's room and tell her the story. Rinse/repeat for several nights in a row, until one night I'm woken up by a tapping sound... look around the room and see a body/face hanging down from the roof, looking into my bedroom window. She pays it no mind, as we live on the second floor of a two story house. A year later, I'm adopted away and move in with the new family.. life goes on with me remembering this as a scary story of childhood imagination. I start talking to my birth mom again when I'm in my early 20's and while reminiscing about some childhood stories... She brings this one up. She gets all

serious and tells me how she thought I was crazy, but that later on she found a ladder against the back of the house (we never had any reason to go back there). To top it off, there was a ~~goodwill'esque type~~ Sav-A-Lot store in front of our house~~, and they found a bunch of bodies in the ceiling~~... turns out the guy who owned it was a serial killer.

**TLDR;** Heard footsteps and saw a face hanging down in my 2nd floor window. Years later, Mom tells me she found a ladder and the guy across the street turned out to be a seriel killer.

3 - Starting in my early 20's and am suffering from, what I later discover to be, a form of sleep paralysis. I wake up and am able to open my eyes and control my breathing, but I can't move. The only way out is to hyperventilate myself awake or hyperventilate until my girlfriend wakes up and *sh*akes me up (she knew the deal). Creepy in and of itself, as I was always afraid that I would get stuck or wake up in a fire, etc. The last time this happened to me was about a year ago... except this time I'm alone and wakened by a creepy sensation that there is someone in the room with me. I'm laying on my side with my back to the door and I'm freaking out inside my head, occasionally feeling a breath on my neck. I can't move, I'm afraid to start hyperventilating lest I draw attention to my situation, and I see a weird shadow on the wall that I do not recognize and its slightly moving. I feel so fucked. Finally, I jerk to attention, jump straight from laying on my side to standing at the foot of the bed (still not sure how I did this, as I've tried repeatedly to recreate it), and slam my door shut. Upon inspecting the room, I discover the breath was a breeze coming through the window and the shadow was the breeze moving the curtain. I hadn't felt so scared since my mom's BF grabbed my ankle 20 years prior.

**TLDR;** Trolled by the wind during a bout of sleep paralysis

*EDIT - silly typos, grammar, and shit (still not perfect but who really cares?)

*EDIT 2 - Striking out lies, the bones were just scattered in dudes yard (see comment below)

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nakedmolequeen
â€¢ 15y ago

Woken 30 min early, at 5 am, by a sound. Thought I'd been dreaming, but 30 seconds later, there it is again. BLAM. The house shudders. I woke my husband and whispered what was that.... BLAM, again. Now we're both on our feet. BLAM. We come to realize that someone is throwing themselves bodily against our back door, over and over. Husband starts screaming random threats, I get out a phone to dial 911, and start assessing our weaponry. We don't have a gun; I hand him a sword and grab my mace (medeival, not chemical).

After what seems like an eternity of repeated BLAMs, the cops arrive. After a few minutes, they bring dude around to the front of the house, and it's this nice looking blond guy wearing nothing but his boxers, speaking nothing but russian. He had propped open our screen door with a brick and was trying to get in, and we'll never know why.

TL;DR -- Russian guy tried to break our door down at 5am.

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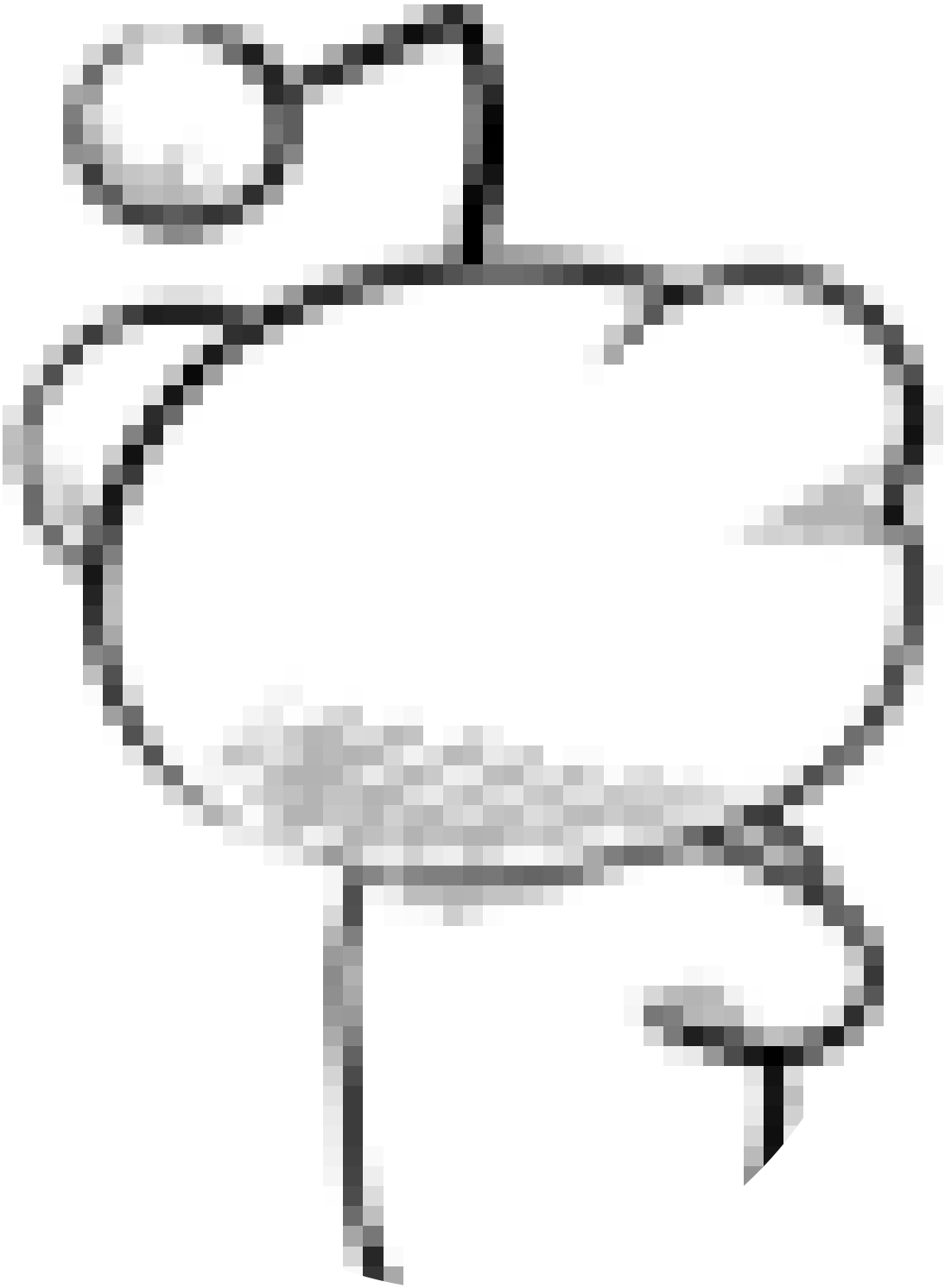

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â€¢ 15y ago

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Hello-Ginge
â€¢ 15y ago â€¢ Edited 15y ago

It might be pointless to post this now, but still.

A few years ago when I still lived at home, my mum had gone away for the weekend so my sister and I had the house to ourselves (I think I was about 17, so my sister would have been 15). On the Saturday, she couldn't find her keys and I'd been planning on staying in the pub til late whereas she said she would be home about 3pm so I gave her my keys.

However, I knew she didn't like being home alone so I felt bad and left after only a few drinks and got home about 6pm. Of course she wasn't in, and when I rang her she told me she was in her friends and would be home in about 15 minutes. This being during Winter it had gotten dark by then and the empty streets were a bit creepy, so I tried to get through the gate leading into the back garden, which were usually always open. As luck would have it, they were locked (I actually found out later they weren't locked, they were just jammed and if I'd pushed hard enough I could have got through).

So I just sort of sat on the front step for about 20 minutes, then I noticed my cat running about. I walked to the path (about 4 meters away from the front door) to pick her up, when I happened to look up and noticed someone stood on a corner where my street meets another, staring at me. I'm pretty certain it was a man, he was in all black and I couldn't see his face - he was facing me though, just stood perfectly still. I don't know how long he'd been there since he was obscured from view by a neighbours hedge when I was close to the house.

Well I just about shit myself, and decided to sit behind the next door neighbours car so I was at least slightly hidden and not so obviously locked out. I wanted to leave straight away and go to my friends house a few minutes away, but I hated the idea of my sister walking down the road alone so I stayed - I'd been waiting about 45 minutes at this point so I figured she couldn't be long. Just to clarify, he was stood on a street which was to the right of my house, she would be walking down the road from the left.

I kept my eyes on the street but I was too scared to go and check if he was still there, and about 30 minutes later I saw an old(ish) couple walking along the road away from where the man was stood, and they kept looking over their shoulders. They then walked back, and the woman saw me (I must have been sat on my driveway again) and asked if she could stand by me while her husband went on. She told me they hand been walking along when the man stepped out in front of her, facing her, and wouldn't move. Her husband had gone back to make sure the house was locked. I told her I was locked out and she urged me to leave, but I was too worried for my sister.

Now I'd been waiting for her about 3 hours when I rang her (again, I'd rang her several times and always got a 'I'll be there in 5 minutes' reply) and she told me she was on the bus and planning on getting off at a bunch of shops 15 minutes away from the house, that it was only a few stops away - and that she was with her 2 friends. So I bailed, and walked away as quickly as possible to meet her at the bus stop. I was then waiting at the bus stop for another 20 minutes, still crapping myself about being alone. She finally turned up, and when we got home he wasn't there anymore.

It still scares me to this day. I have no idea who he was and what he wanted, but I can't believe I sat outside my house for 3 hours without anything happening.

EDIT: Realised something which might be related: the house is a 10 minute walk from a fairly well-known mental asylum, with a few notorious murderers. If that's not enough, the two people living opposite us (who were actually family friends) worked in the same place. Never linked that before, but...fuck.

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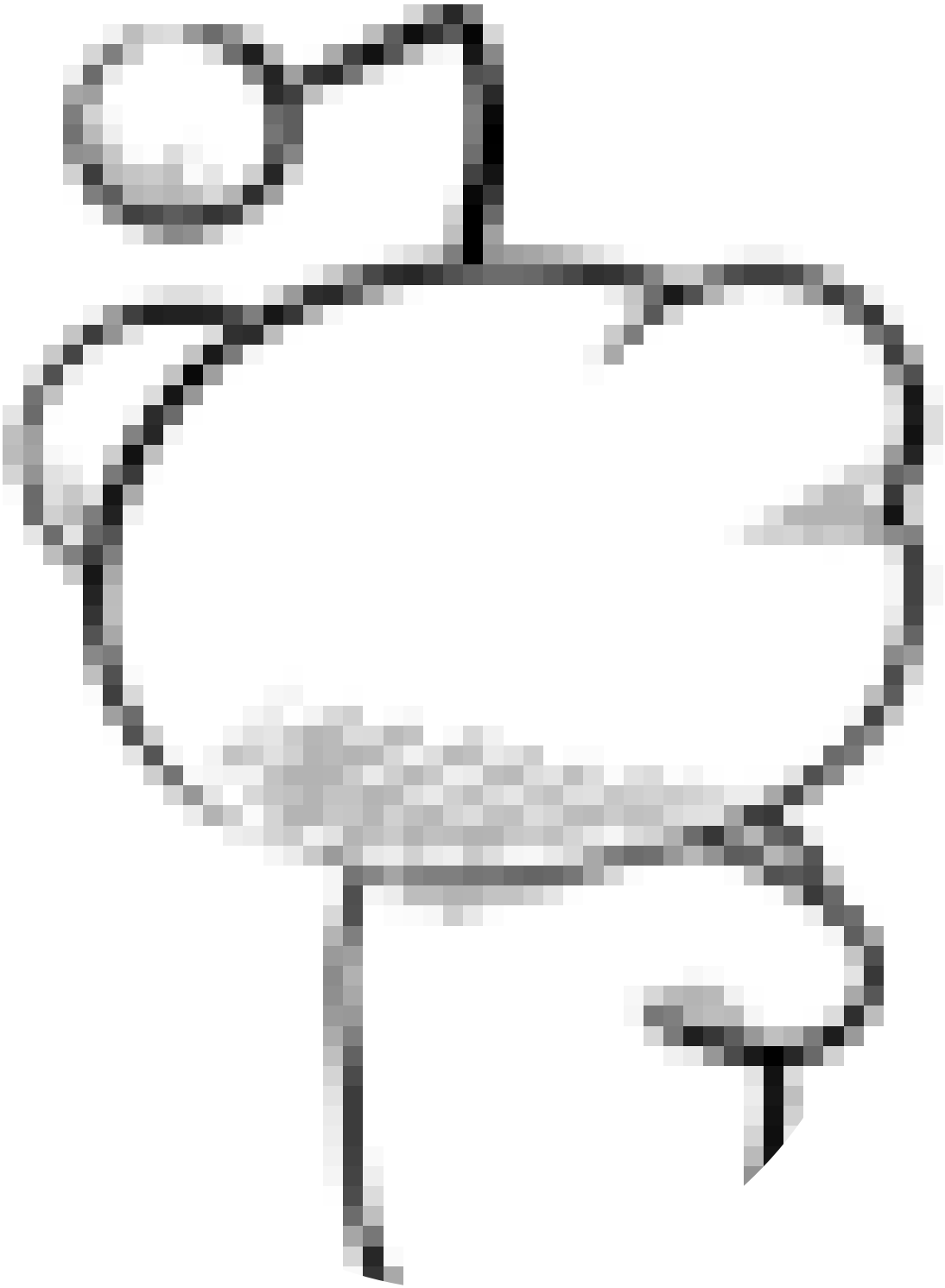

heliomega1
â€¢ 15y ago

Created an account just so I could recount this, regardless of how buried it will certainly be.

I grew up in a town near Cleveland, in a town called Garfield Heights (honestly I'm interested to know if anyone has been to this weird ass place I'm about to describe). Normal city, touches cleveland so there's still that "we're still Cleveland" culture. Well, anyway..

Background: My younger brother, a friend from down the street, and her younger sister (a friend, too, ya know?) were pretty tight since each sibling set was the same age and in the same class. We used to bike to Garfield park constantly over the summer. We were partial to forest paths for some reason. It was pretty quiet, and the metroparks are HUGE so sometimes it's dead quiet. There's this path that leads down to a small creek, with an obvious beaten-down path across it. We discovered what I've come to think was some sort of old, torn down bridge probably half a century or more old. What with the beaten path and blaring graffiti, it was obvious this place was at least somewhat well known.

Anyway, the creepy thing. We all bike down to this place: we more or less added it to our "Things to see while out in the forest" list so we stopped and looked around. There's a small area under some old support platforms like a cave that leads upward into what we called The Throne: random chance during demolition ended with two large slabs of concrete placed side by side with a "back" at the front of the wreckage. It literally looks like a throne. We get in front of it and what do we see?

A mutilated dog. Like, not torn apart by animals. It looked like it was stabbed. There were some dark red marks around it and to my horror I realized there was blood along the right side of the Throne and led down. It wasn't until much later in my life that I realized the blood wasn't dripped or blotched like the dog was shuffling in agony along the concrete somehow. There were obvious and nauseating drag marks. Even worse, there were drag marks VERTICALLY along the Throne. It was like someone picked up the carcass and used it like a motherfucking paintbrush.

I wish I was making this up but as we left (Shaken, of course) I noticed that from the angle we rode away, either deliberate or my addled brain making some sense of it, it looked like "EN" was written on the side of the Throne. Regardless of how much I later distrusted that last part of my memory, I still feel weary whenever I witness EN in caps anywhere, especially when it's red.

Ugh. Feels good. To talk about it. Kinda. Edit: hurr bad grammar at the start.

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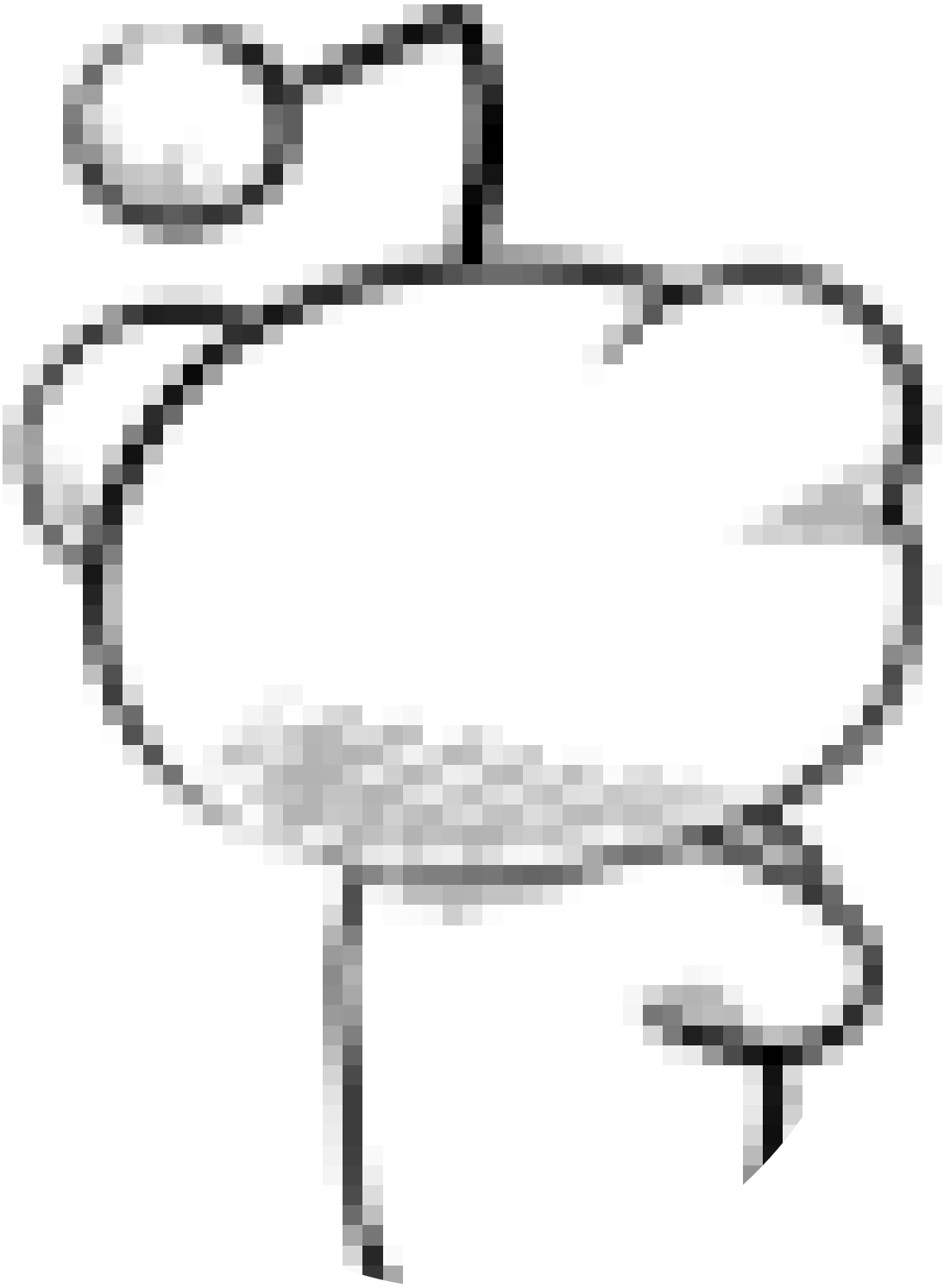

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â€¢ 15y ago

My brother and I used to sleep in the same room when we were kids. One night as we were going to sleep we both heard a menacing laugh from a third party in our room. Horrified, we ran to our parents room and told them. Dad came in and checked the room and the attic above and couldn't find anything out of the ordinary. I don't believe in

ghosts or any other supernatural nonsense, but to this day I still wonder what the fuck produced that laugh.

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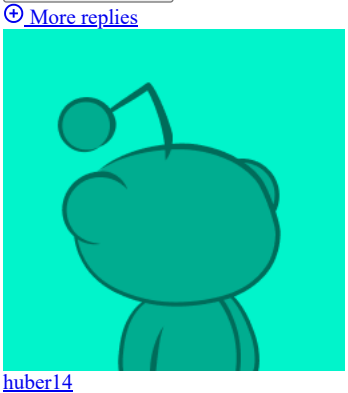

huber14

â€¢ 15y ago â€¢ Edited 15y ago

When I was younger me and my parents came home to find out our house was broken into. They only thing we noticed that was stolen was some of my moms jewerly, cash and some other stuff that could fit into a pocket. We call the cops, they take all the information and what not and leave...As I am falling asleep, already scared from what happend, my closet door opens and a man slowly walks out with his finger to his mouth saying sssshhhhh. He slowly walks out of my room and out of the house (my room is on the bottom floor and my parents was upstairs). They never did catch the man....

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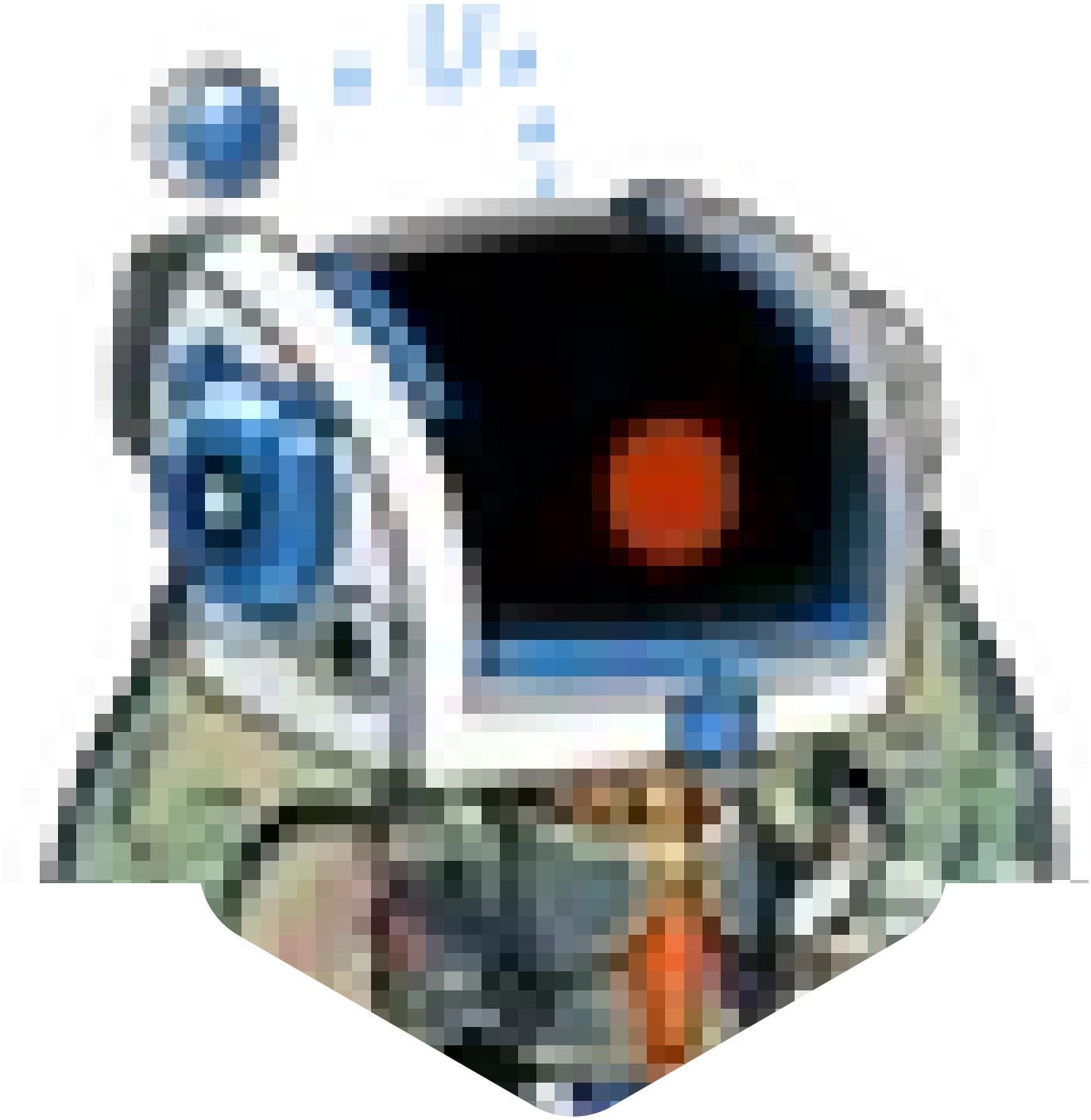


MicMcKee
â€¢ 15y ago

When I was in grade school I woke up because my cat was meowing, I hunched over to the foot of the bed looking for him. He finally came around the end of the bed and I bent over to pick him up, and he just disappeared. Just before I would have touched him, it was like he wasn't there to begin with.

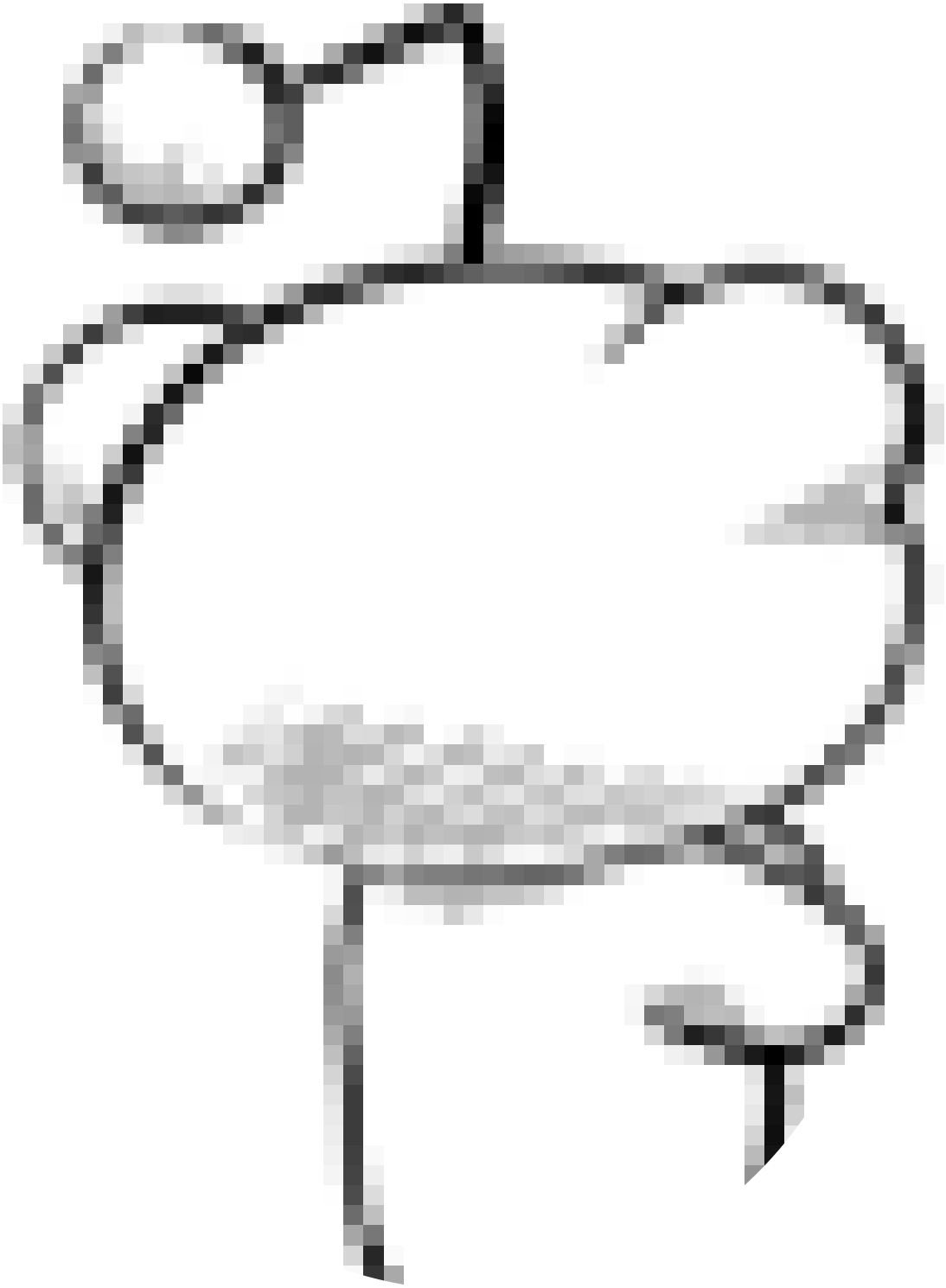
My logic decided he went under the bed, so I went to get him. As I climbed out of bed I noticed something out of the corner of my eye and looked in time to see a man walk in front of my door way.

The man was wearing blue-jeans and nothing else, and he came from the direction of my brothers room, across the landing, and towards our bathroom.

Thoroughly freaked out, I did what every reasonable 3rd grader does, I jumped back into bed and threw my covers over my head.

When morning came, I thought it was all a bizarre dream until my older brother asked me if I came into his room last night.

I've never slept with my door open again haha.



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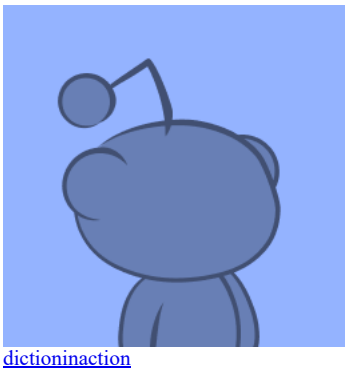
â€¢ 15y ago

At around the age of 7 or 8 I woke up in the night and saw a horrible grinning face from the across the other side of the room, features lit up. It was terrifying. I ran upstairs to my parents telling them there was someone bad in the room, and my dad went to investigate.

Turns out it was a bum bag (fanny pack for my US friends) which had glow-in-the-dark marking on it, and at the angle from my bed it looked just an evil smile.

TR;DR: There was a rational explanation.



dictioninaction
â€¢ 15y ago

I doubt this will be seen but it is way too creepy to not share: You've heard of BTK right? Well he lived in the same suburb as me, less than 2 blocks away. He also shopped at the grocery store where I worked when I was 15. I carried his groceries to his car every Sunday for 2 years. His wife worked at the gas station on the same lot. The day that they caught him and showed his face my jaw dropped. I couldn't help but think of what could have happened to me one of those mornings if he really wanted it to.

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LaserBeamsCattleProd
â€¢ 15y ago

When I was a kid I wanted to turn my tv off, but I didn't have the remote. So, I sat up and pointed at the tv and it turned off. I went back to sleep thinking I just mastered telekinesis.

Then I noticed the remote was under my foot, and I must have pressed it with my heel when I sat up.

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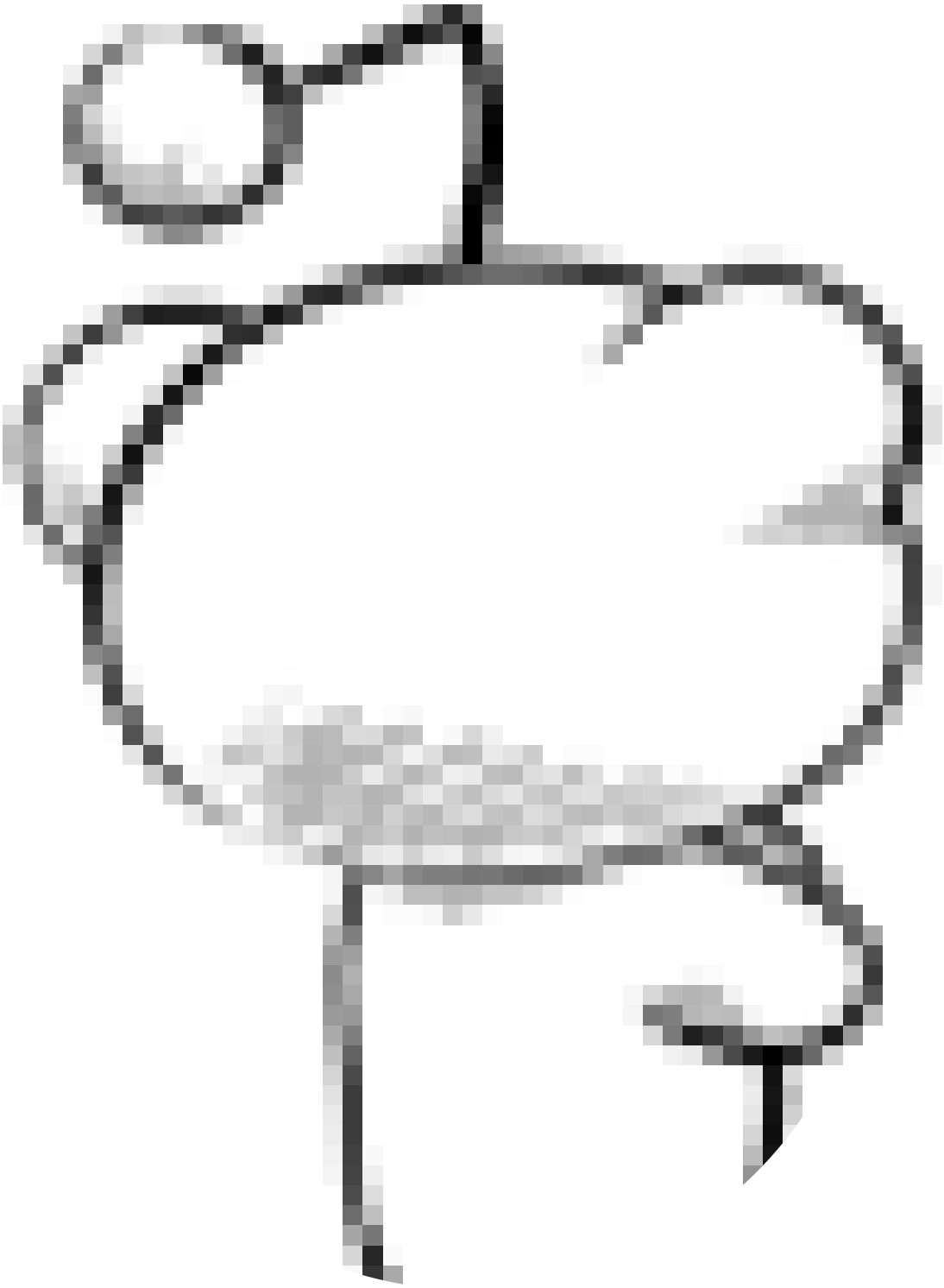

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â€¢ 15y ago

I love the mind of a child:
*I guess I mastered telekinesis. Sweet. Time to go to sleep.*

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trillian_andtheghost
â€¢ 15y ago â€¢ Edited 15y ago

I was sitting at my computer really late one night, and had a mirror sitting next to me because I'm paranoid, and there is a door & a pillar right behind me. So I glance at the mirror, and see a hand waving through the little window, next to the door. I blinked, turned around and saw the guys hand trying to reach the lock on the door. I called the cops as quietly as I could, while he tried- for the entire twenty minutes it took for me to get too scared and break his hand, only to have the police show a few minutes later- to open my door. I was standing to the side of the window, holding a baseball bat.

EDIT; Edit'd for accuracy.

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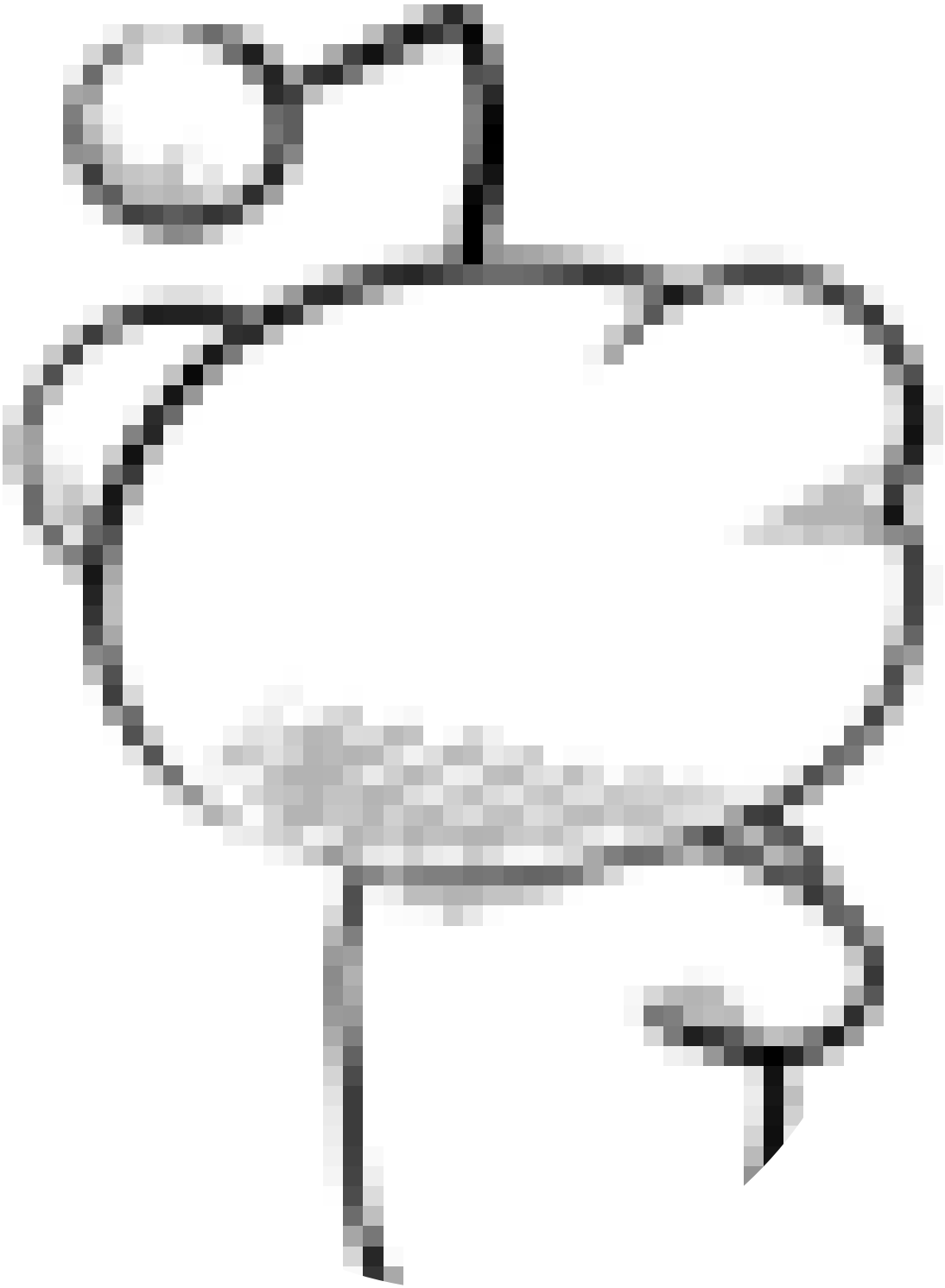

[deleted]
â€¢ 15y ago

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MagicSPA
â€¢ 15y ago

When I was 14 I was laying in bed one night. Me and my brother shared a room, but he was asleep when this happened. I'd have known if he'd gotten out of bed, as the springs on our beds at the time made a very noticeable, prolonged creaking noise as you got in or out of bed.

Anyway - I was trying to nod off when I became aware that I felt there was someone else in the room. Just being a kid I didn't turn to see who this sudden presence was, I was just scared and baffled.

As I lay there, laying on my left side, within a few minutes there came from behind me in the room a very quiet 'dragging' sound, like the hem of a long dress moving over the carpet. By this point I was drenched in sweat but too scared to move or pull back the covers. Nobody had come into the room, and it wasn't my brother doing this. I was almost totally paralysed with fear.

Shortly after that I heard a "thud, thud" noise from the bookshelves. Just like that - like the sound a rubber ball would make if it were bounced on the shelves twice, and then stopped.

I just lay there, scared shitless, and eventually forced myself to go to sleep.

The experience never repeated itself. And I haven't had any similar experiences since. It's a pity, as now as a grown man I'd be startled by the same experience, but brave enough to at least look to find out what the Hell was going on.

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Kintaro08
â€¢ 15y ago

You know, when this does happen again and you're a more courageous adult, as you peek over your covers to see the figure across the room it's face is going to be 2 inches from yours.

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SHUNTHENONBELIEVERS
â€¢ 15y ago

eff this. I used to scare myself like this when I was a little kid. Just lay in bed sweating thinking there was something out there. It was badddd.

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stevostevo
â€¢ 15y ago

3 years ago I was working at my job (small machining shop), and I felt a loud thud that shook the ground. Immediately, everyone knew it wasn't a normal fork-lift-dropping a part-thud, so we all ran to the front door of the shop to see what it was and before we could get there this 300 lb. dude who worked in the shop adjacent to us came running in yelling "THERE'S A FIRE! GET OUT!" He was running in our shop to turn off the gas lines. Sure enough, as we all made our way to the street outside, there was a fire whose flames must've reached 20 ft. in the air. I only knew 2 out of the 4 guys that worked in that shop, (It was my 2nd week on the job), but when I heard screaming from beyond the flames, I knew who it was. The single most creepiest thing that I've ever experienced was when that kid came out of the shop with the skin on both of his arms literally dangling from his elbow, and him laughing at it. It was a really maniacal laugh, reminded me of the joker from batman.

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kenjimeadu
â€¢ 15y ago â€¢ Edited 15y ago

Back in college, I was driving home from class and had just gotten a green light at an intersection. It was completely clear in every direction, so I pulled through. I drove for a few more seconds, and after giving every direction a check again, I leaned over to the passenger side to pick my sunglasses off the floor. They slid while moving, so I re-adjusted to take a second grab for them. When I did, a guy's voice came over my car speakers and said "Yeah man, look out!". I popped my head up just in time to see an SUV cut sideways across four lanes. The drive was female, drunk (she'd crash three blocks later), and there was no one else in the car. I slammed on the breaks to avoid her. Afterwards, I looked around. No one was - or could have been - there. I rewound the CD, and there was no speaking on that track. I still have no idea where the voice came from, and why it spoke like The Dude from "The Big Lebowski".

Edit: Grammar

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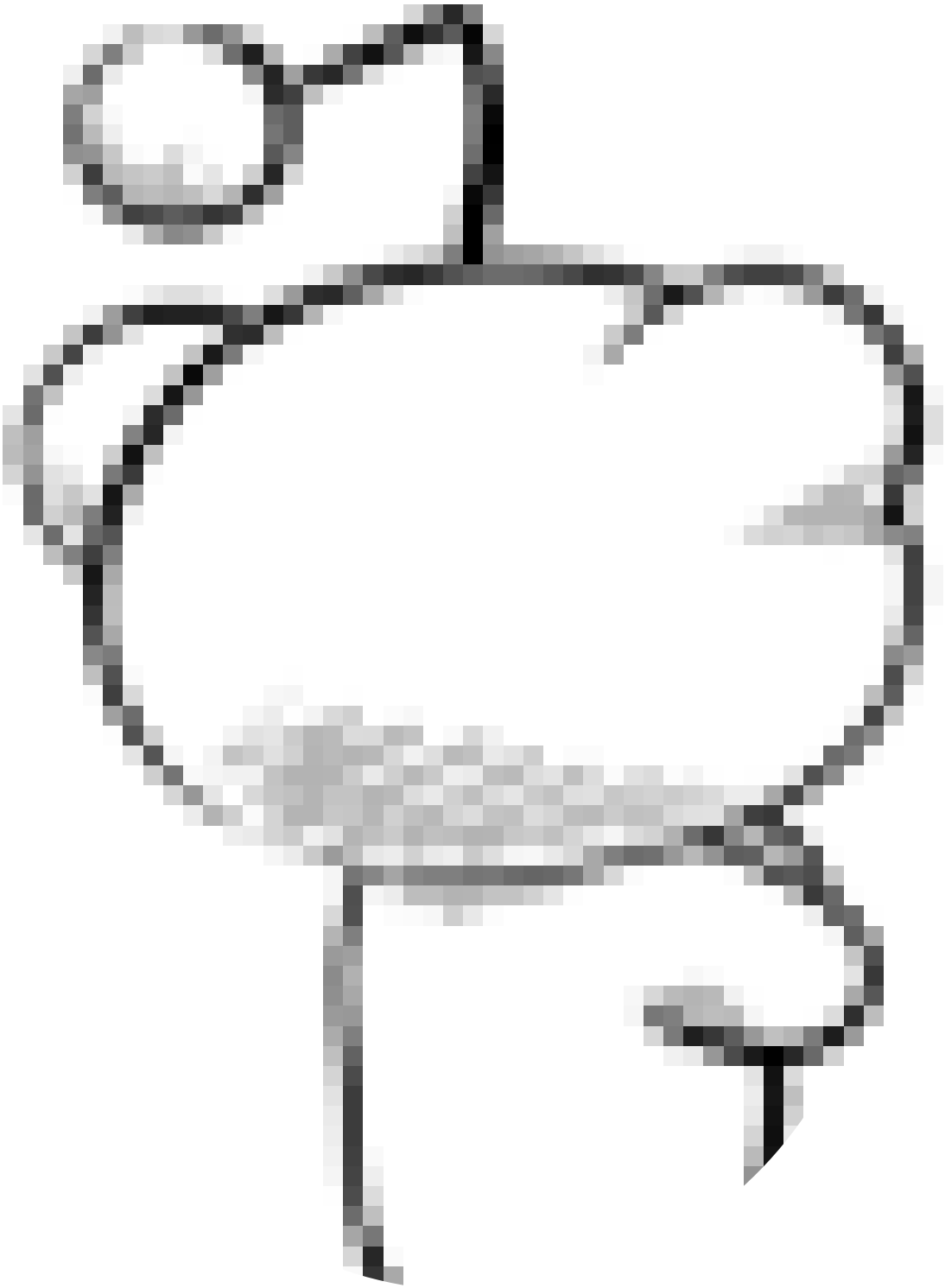

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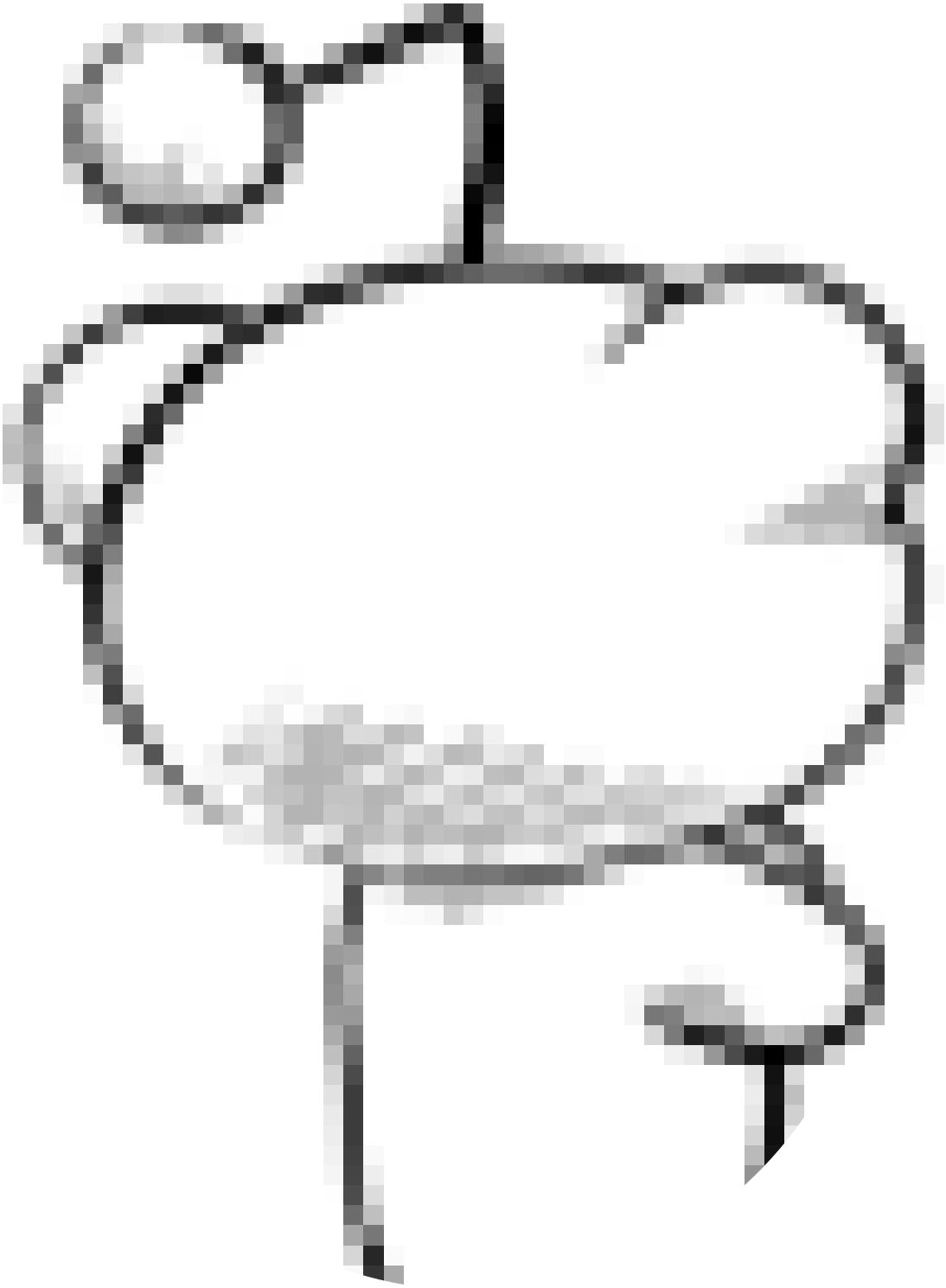
â€¢ 15y ago â€¢ Edited 15y ago

When I was about 11 or 12 I lived in a house that had a basketball half-court attached to it on the side of the garage, facing the street. I was out there shootin' some hoops, pretending I was Magic Johnson or whatever, and a car pulls up, parks in front of the house next to mine, and just sits there for a while. I keep shooting hoops and every once in a while out the corner of my eye I could see a camera flash coming from the interior of the car. After the third one I turned around and just kinda stared at the car trying to figure out what they were doing, and the car sped off.

I didn't think much of it then but a few years afterward I thought back to it and had an "a ha" moment.



Blacula
â€¢ 15y ago

Obviously the NBA scouts recruit very early.

keytothecity
â€¢ 15y ago

A similar thing happened to me. I fell off my bike when I was about 11 and was on the other side of my neighborhood. A car pulls up and the guy told me he knew my dad and started asking how he was. He then offered to put my bike in his car and drive me back to my house. Luckily my neighbor was walking down the road and called my name. I told him I would just go back with her. When I got back to my house my dad told me he had no idea who that guy was. Kinda scary to realize how close to being kidnapped I could've been.

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beavertailyumyum
â€¢ 15y ago

Every once in a while, there's a person that shows up in my dreams. It's gender is unspecified but it's always the same person. They have shoulder-length, shaggy, jet black hair. They have a face but it's only clear to me within the dream - when I try to picture it right now it's a blur. They are usually wearing a long white shirt (I don't know if it's a dress or a hospital gown type of garment or if they are actually wearing pants underneath).

Usually, I can tell when this person is about to appear in my dream because the atmosphere of the dream changes drastically. What usually happens is my dream gets "interrupted" sort of like a breaking-news bulletin on TV. I'm fully aware that my regular dream hasn't finished, but it's being interrupted by this new "dream". Anyways, what makes this creepy is that it's happened to me more than once, and the earliest recollection I have of this person in my dreams is when I was about 4.

The worst part is waking up from this "dream". Once, I was laying on my back as I woke up (something I never do). I felt as if a body was laying on top of me (a pretty heavy one, too - I could feel the pressure) and it was as if I could physically feel the body lifting from on top of me, starting at my head. Another time, I woke up because my name was being whispered in my ear, and I could feel someone's breath as if they were actually crouched down next to me and whispering in my ear. There was no one there.

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joe86s
â€¢ 15y ago

I was 15 at the time when this happened. My mom and I were watching a movie downstairs, and my 3 year old sister was sleeping upstairs (dad was away on a business trip). I hear a sound which I couldn't identify, and it sounds like it came from upstairs. I look at my mom, but she's still watching the movie, so I assume I must have heard something from the film. A minute or so later, I hear the sound again, and it sounds like somebody running across the room above us. I look at my mom, and this time she's looking back, and she says "did you hear that?"

So the both of us grab some weapons (I got a bat, she got a knife), and we go upstairs, and my sister is coming down the stairs. This is really abnormal, because she's a heavy sleeper and is afraid of the dark, so she normally would never get out of bed and would call to us instead. But this night, something makes her get out of bed and as soon as she sees us, she whispers "Joe? Mom? I'm really scared". We searched the entire house, but there was nobody else there. My sister says she just felt something was wrong, and came straight down the stairs. She said she wasn't running around or anything, and I believe her.

At the same house, we would also occasionally hear a big crash come from the basemen, as if something heavy had fallen down. When my dad and I would go investigate, everything would be in place.

I don't believe in ghosts, so I never made a paranormal leap and kind of just explained everything away in my mind (sister sleepwalking, an animal outside making something fall over, etc). But after we moved out of that house, I was talking to my grandmother one night, and she says "I'm really glad you guys moved out". I ask her why, and she seems really embarrassed and reluctant to talk about it, but I eventually convince her to tell me. Apparently, when she used to visit, she would wake up in the middle of the night, feeling as if somebody had entered the guest room where she was staying. Sometimes she would feel somebody sit on the side of the bed. One morning, she heard somebody moving around downstairs, and assumed it was my getting ready for school. So she gets up, starts making breakfast, and then notices it's only 5AM. Everybody was still asleep.

Damn, it gave me the chills just writing that out. I guess there's a way of explaining away everything that happened, but it feels like grasping for straws. After we moved away, nothing like this happened again, so it makes me think it was that house.

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The_Panda_Bear
â€¢ 15y ago

One night at 4 a.m. I woke up to a sound that was similar to a horse galloping outside my window. I laid still trying to figure out what was the noise I just heard. It was nothing but silence. About 15 minutes later I began to hear a bunch of leaves and bushes moving around outside my window. I begin to freak out thinking of the possibility that someone may be trying to break into my room or into my neighbors house. After a few minutes of trying to figure out what to do I decide the best thing is to look out through the blinds. I slowly push up one of the slats of the blinds trying not to make any noise. Not having my glasses on I'm squinting my eyes trying to my best to see anything. As my eyes adjust to looking out the window I see this shadowy figure standing outside my window. I stare at it for over a minute and the shadowy figure doesn't move a foot. After staring for about two minutes the figure moves and I can finally make out what it is. It was a huge black bear staring right back at me as I stared at him. Freaked me the fuck out.

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KILLALLEXTREMISTS
â€¢ 15y ago

I've told this story before a few months ago but it fits the topic so I will share it again. This happened about 15 years ago. I called my friend up and he wasn't home so I left a message on his answering machine. I said, "Hey, it's me KILLALLEXTREMISTS. Sorry I missed you, call you later. Bye." And then I hung up and left the house. I made no other calls. Later that day he called back and he says, "Wow, that was quite a message you left. Who was that girl you were talking to?" I was like, "What are you talking about? I wasn't talking to any girl!" Well, as it turns out the message didn't end after I said "Bye". I had to go over to his house and listen to this message a few times. After my initial message that I did leave (as quoted above) there was a slight pause and it continues on for another 30-40 seconds or so with me talking to some girl. It was my voice, but a conversation I never had with a girl whose voice I didn't recognize. You could compare it to the message I know I did leave and the two voices were indistinguishable. Not just the voice but, you know, talking mannerisms. It was my voice. Also, references to my occupation and activities were the same. Basically, in this conversation I was talking to this girl about going skiing but I had to go down to my shop and work on a car first, which totally correlated to me. Then the message just stopped. It was recorded on one of those digital answering machines that recorded the message to a chip so there was no tape I could have taken and had analyzed, unfortunately. Also, neither I nor my friend had party lines so that's not an explanation. It was very freaky, I can't explain it.

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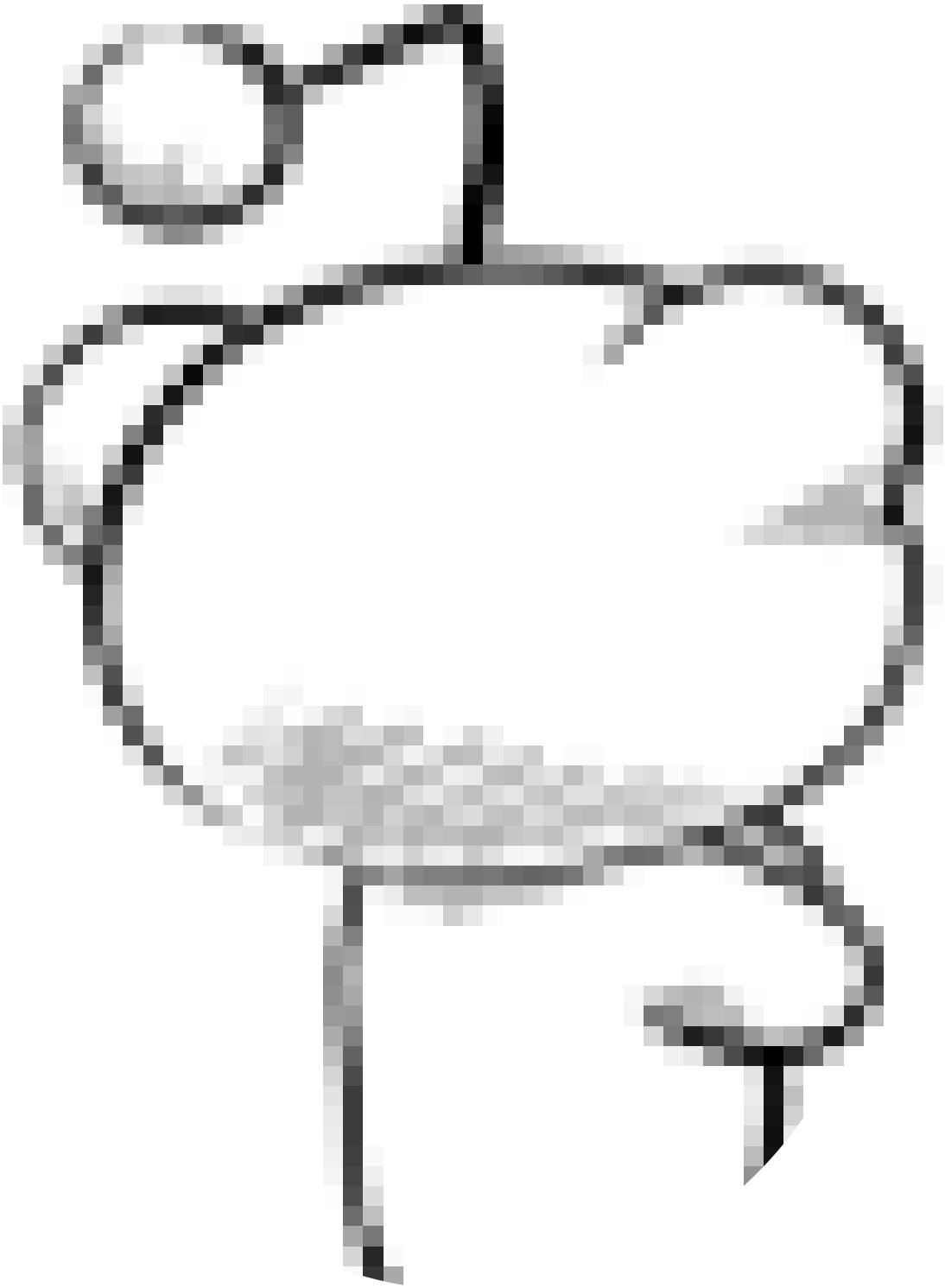

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â€¢ 15y ago

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raicarter
â€¢ 15y ago

At work, only 2 of us in a small office, on Halloween. We're busy and then we hear some light tapping on the door so say "come in." Nothing. Little bit later again light tapping, "come in." Nothing, so I get up and go to the door, open it, look down and see 3 ravens pecking at the bottom of the door. I slammed it shut walked back to my chair and just sat there staring at the wall for a moment.

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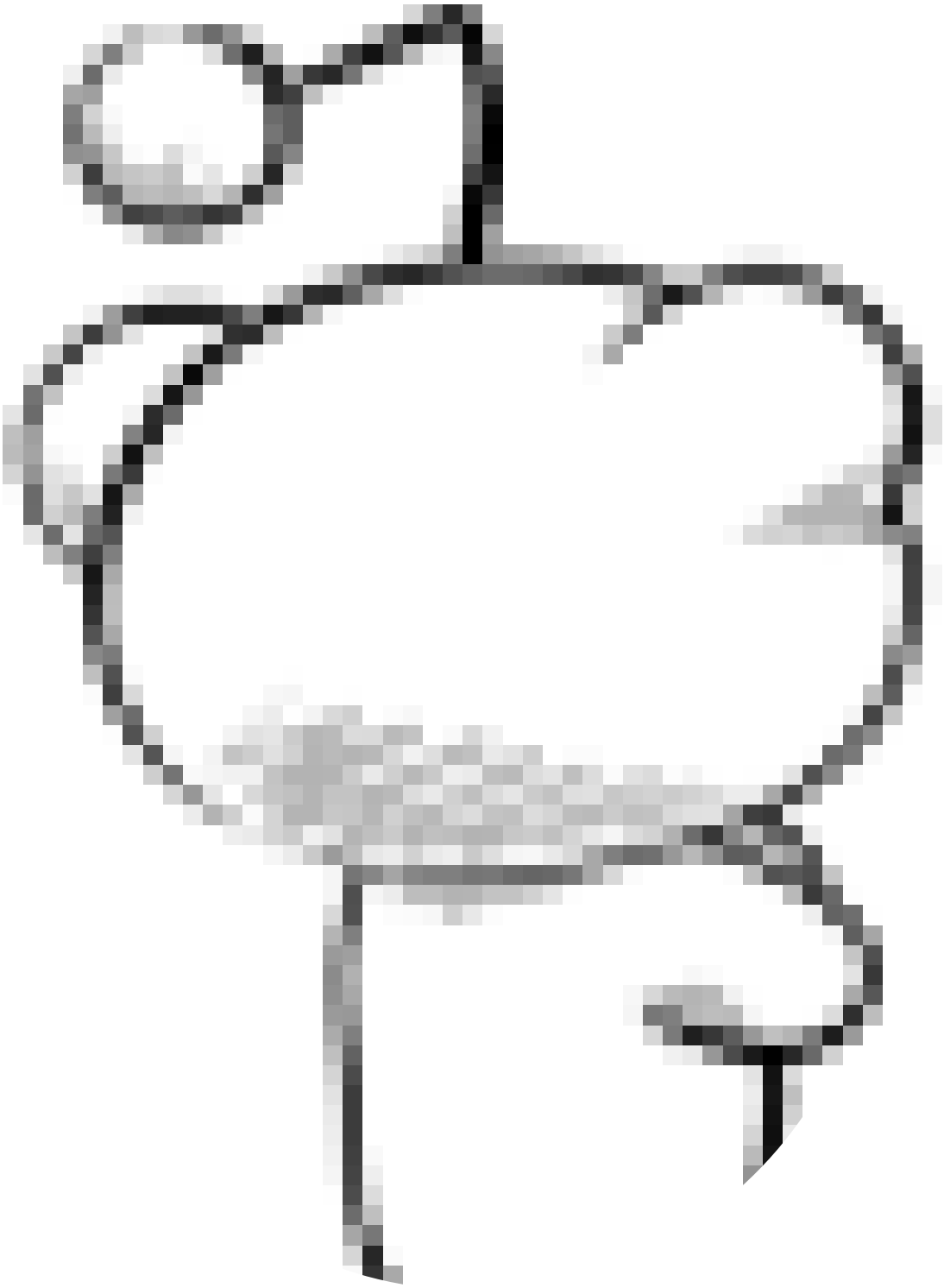

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â€¢ 15y ago

....as of someone gently rapping, rapping at your chamber door.

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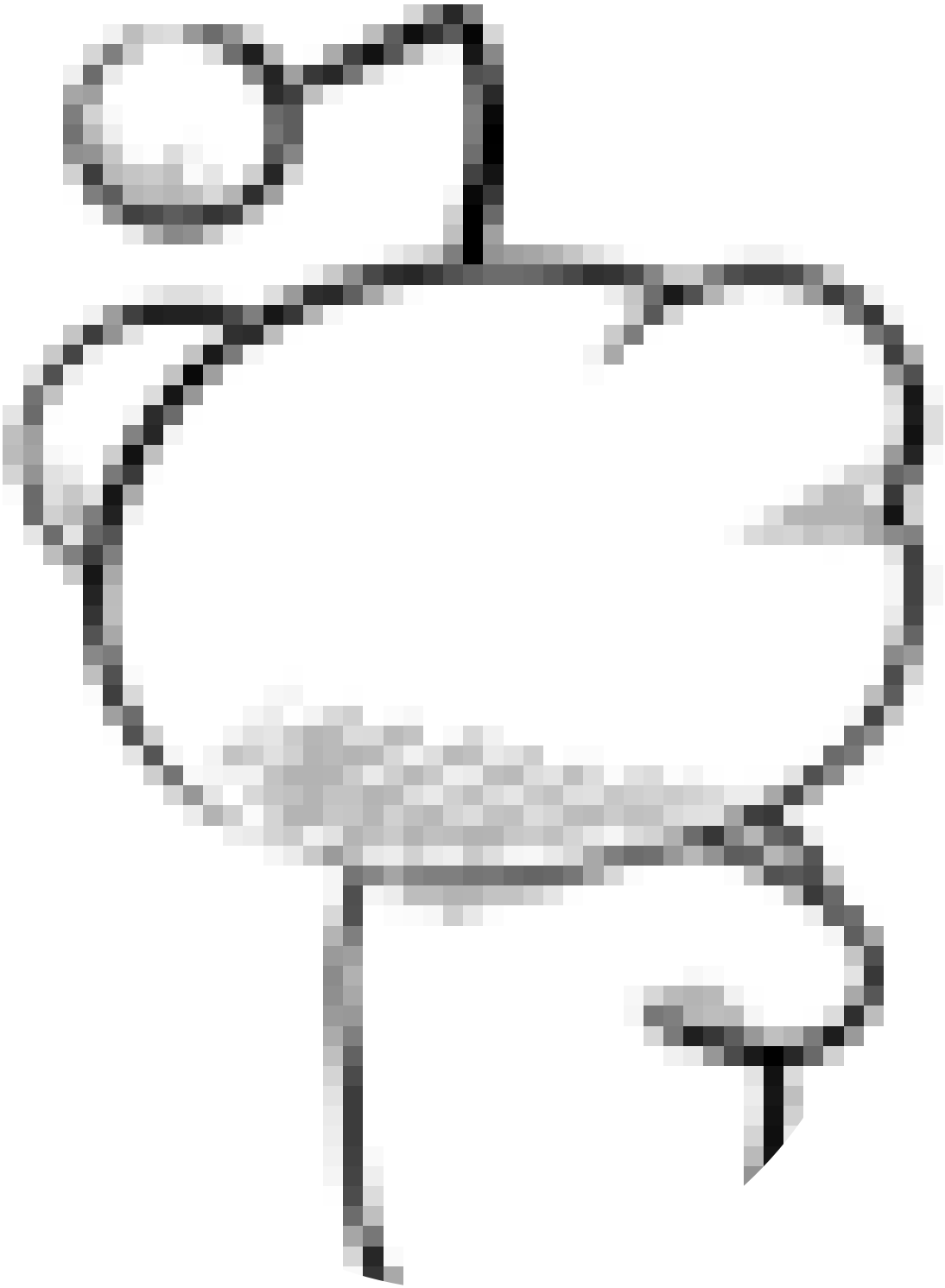

raduannassar
â€¢ 15y ago

Something like that happened to me years ago, but, since then, NEVERMORE.

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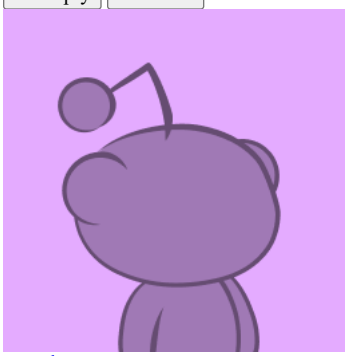

patook
â€¢ 15y ago

Man, you should have let them in. They would have taken you on an adventure through shady Neil Gaiman land.

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acts541
â€¢ 15y ago

This didn't happen to me, but it was a news story I covered for work... A 7 year old girl would always talk about the dark man who would come into her room at night. The parents discounted the story because she would always add, "and then he baked us into waffles," or something else non-sensical. So, this goes on for a few months. Then one night the mother senses her daughter sleeping on the floor next to her bed, probably due to a bad dream. She lets her be for awhile then taps her shoulder her to send her back to bed. Turns out, she pats the shoulder of a full grown man who runs out the back door and was never caught or seen again. He had been sneaking into their home and just watching them for months.

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ZeiferRei
â€¢ 15y ago

Must have been about 3 years back now. I was coming back from a night out in town. I was the designated driver, so I'd had nothing to drink at all.

Must have been about halfway home, I was driving down a long stretch of road, about 11pm. A woman jumps over the barrier on the left hand side of the road. Looks left, right, and charges out into the lane I was driving 60mph down.

I couldn't stop in time and watching horrifyingly as I ploughed into her at 40mph. Her face smashed into my windscreen. I can't really describe her face.. Kind of like someone had just snuck up on her and yelled in her ear. Except with more blood around her mouth.

I heard her rolling over my roof and the crack as she hit the floor.

Skidded to a stop, bolted out of the car and went to go help. She wasn't there. I even checked my car.. Nothing at all. No blood, no dints, no cracked windscreen.

Turns out I was the only one who saw it, 'cause my friends were all "What the fuck are you doing? Why have you stopped on the motorway, it's illegal! Get in the car, another car might come!"

Didn't sleep a wink for 3 days straight. :(

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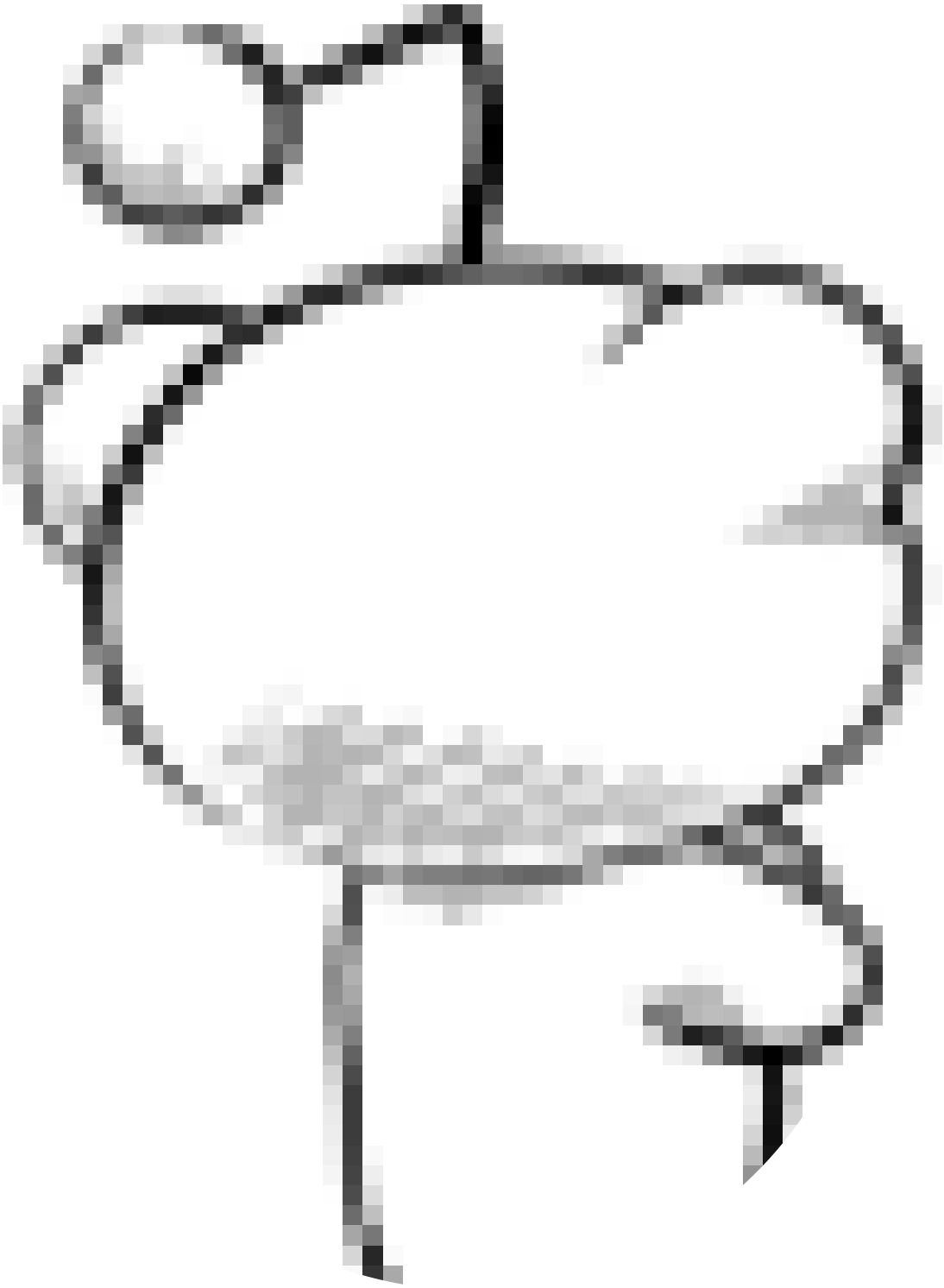

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â€¢ 15y ago

This will probably never see the light of day but its a deserving story for this thread.

I was in high school, maybe 16-17. I live with my parents in a rather large house. My dad is out of town on business, which was a common occurrence, and my mother always placed bells on all the door handles as part of her ritual when my father was gone. It was silly but set her mind at ease. We had a dog, no more than 25-30 lbs, great dog, terribly protective which turned out to be good for times my dad was gone. Not much of a barker, so when she barked, you knew she meant business. I was awoken at exactly 3 am, my mother screamed and the dog started going ape shit. I ran out of my room, not sure what i was gonna do but i was sure there must be an intruder, was running towards her room her bedroom door was open (typical, she wouldn't close it so she could hear the bells on the doors) between me and her doorway was the stairs leading downstairs, she screamed at me to stop. I did, i didn't see anyone but the dog was obviously after something that we couldn't see, she was chasing whatever she saw around my mom's bed, she was growling and barking the way a dog would if it was fighting something, teeth bared, snarling, spitting and snapping at something she saw. It was terrifying, i'd never seen her act like that before. I stood there frozen when all in a split second i felt all the hair on my body stand on end, i could almost taste an electricity in the air and it literally felt like someone had opened a freezer door right in front of me, a slight breeze went past me and my dog flew down the stairs, my mother and i followed, flipping on lights as we went. The dog, still snarling and snapping at something, appeared to chase it all over the house, cornering it, up onto couches, behind couches, under tables it was terrifying. All the lights were on at this point and we could not see what the dog was chasing. Finally the dog chased it down another hallway, bells on doors were jingling (the doors were all shut, hence the setting of the bells in the first place, you'd hear it when the door handle would move). At this point i'm almost pissing my pants, my mom runs to the front door, opens it up and out the dog comes running, snapping at the heels of this invisible thing all the way out to the driveway,

where she stops barking, paces back and forth a couple of times and casually trots back inside. My mom later tells me she had a dream just before this happened, she was in the house and was greeted by a cat (we have never owned a cat), when she reached out to pet it, its face contorted and turned into a "demon face" (my mother was/still is rather religious often attributes strange things happening as demons). It was at that point she woke up to the feeling of an animal on the bed, the dog had started growling at this point (from the foot of the bed, the dog was never allowed on the bed). My mom said she turned her light on to see the bedspread move as if something was in the process of jumping off, and that would be the time when the dog saw whatever we couldn't and started chasing it.

Several odd occurrences happened like that, but that one stands out as the most prolonged experience and freakiest. Downright terrifying.

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darkbarf
â€¢ 15y ago

Back in the late 80's when I was 12 or so, my brother and I watched Firestarter on TV.

As the credits rolled, I was sitting on the floor and he on the couch. I turned around and looked at him and pressed my hands to my head like the father in the movie and stared him down.

Blood began to pour out of my nose.

We were very, very freaked out.

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Gatecrasher3
â€¢ 15y ago

I was sitting at a intersection waiting for the red light to change so I can turn left. As it changes I hear 'accident' 'stop' 'no' whispered into my ear. It distracted me for about two seconds, just enough time to watch a GMC van blast through the red light. I would have been killed.

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trillian_andtheghost
â€¢ 15y ago

Called up my mum, mentioned this, and got yet another one- This time, it's from her.

When I was very young (3-4) we lived in a rather dilapidated house in Prince Rupert. The house was supposed to be very haunted, but my parents had never seen anything odd before- Until this night. My mum had just gotten home from her shift at the an, says goodbye to my dad, and tucks me and my brother into bed.

Then she goes up to her room, gets changed, has a shower- And when she steps out of the en-suite, she notices that the huge, heavy bedside lamp has been taken apart and laid out on her bed, neat and tidy, sort of like an odd diagram of "This goes here" and such. She flips out, thinking that it was me or my brother (impossible, the lamp was heavier than both of us put together.) She goes downstairs to check on us.

We're asleep, snoring contentedly. She starts to get worried that a bloke had come in the house and was fucking it up, so she gets a baseball bat, and wanders around the house, locking the doors and windows and checking everywhere.

Nothing.

So she puts the lamp back together, sticks it back on the table, and tries to go to sleep. Eventually she drifted away, only to snap awake in the middle of the night, the lamp disassembled and laid out on top of her.

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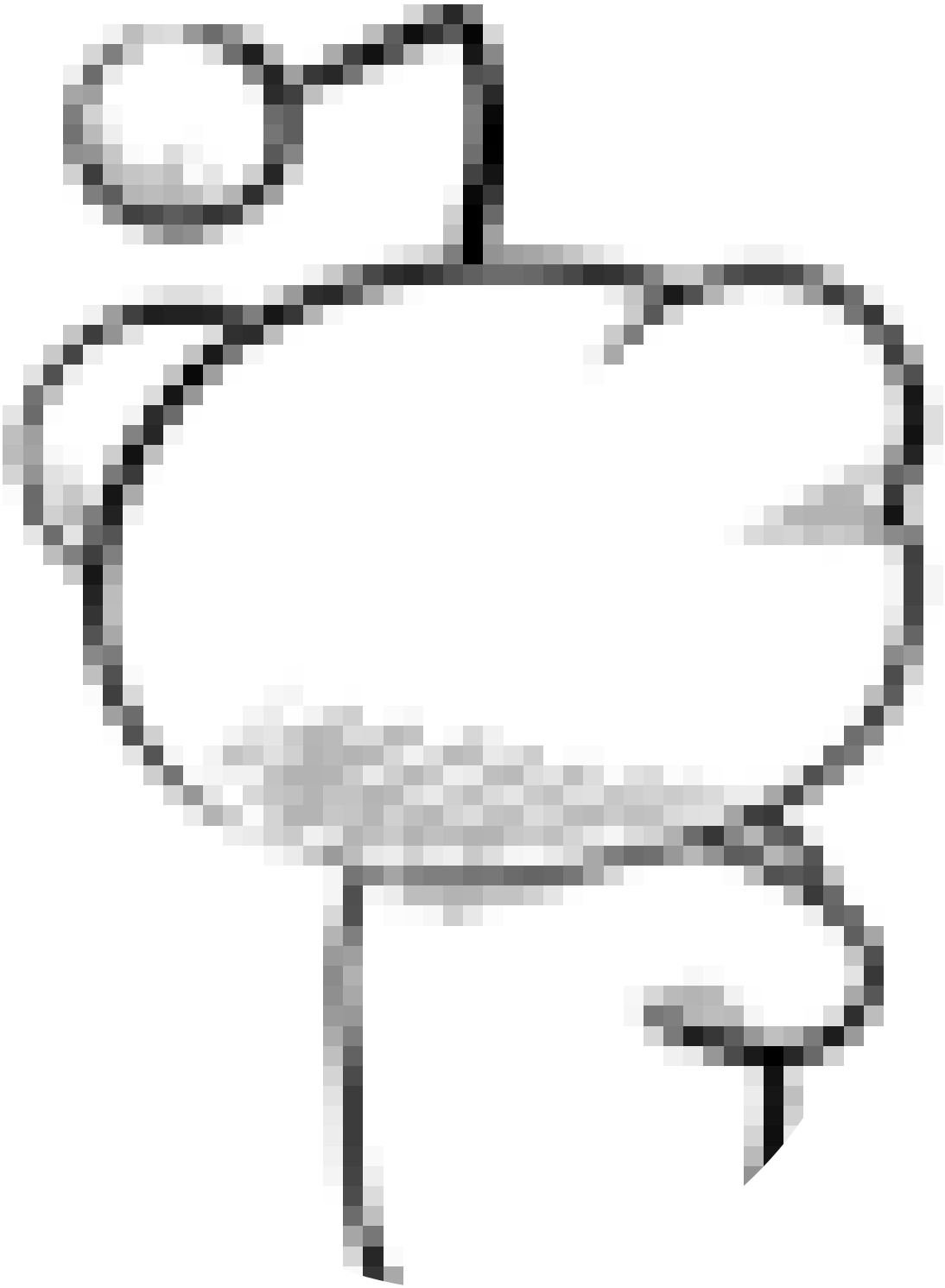

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â€¢ 15y ago

I doubt this'll be seen, but what the heck.

When I was in high school I went to a baseball game with a few female friends of mine. So we didn't have to pay for parking at the stadium, we parked in the garage of one of the girls' father's workplace. This garage could only be accessed by an elaborate keypad.

We went to the baseball game and had a great time, especially considering I was a lone dude in the middle of a bunch of good-looking chicks. The game ended after dark and we had to trek several blocks to get back to the garage, the entrance of which was imbedded in the middle of a long and unlit alleyway. On our walk back, the girls got hollered at by several dudes, but it was fairly innocent, until I noticed a huge silhouette following about 60 feet behind the group taking the same turns as us and adjusting his speed to match ours. If I looked back he would stop and lean against a wall or turn around and walk the other way. This continued for a good 15 minutes.

We approached the alleyway and I alerted the girls to the stranger following us. But the ever rape-frightened girls panicked and started sprinting towards the door. All of a sudden the strangers begins to run toward us waiting for the code to be entered into the keypad. But the girls were too scared and kept messing up and he got closer and closer.

Finally, with the man 15 feet away and closing fast, the door pops open and all the girls run in. I quickly scoot inside, about face, and try to close the door, but the man had reached his arm in and grabbed my collar. I bent down and slithered out of my shirt, kicked my foot through the door pushing him back, and slammed the now unobstructed door shut. The man fervently banged on the door the entire time we walked to the car and drove from the garage.

Weird thing is I never saw his face or any discernible features. Even up close the stranger remained a silhouette.

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palpebral
â€¢ 15y ago

HOLY FUCK THATS A LOT OF RESPONSES

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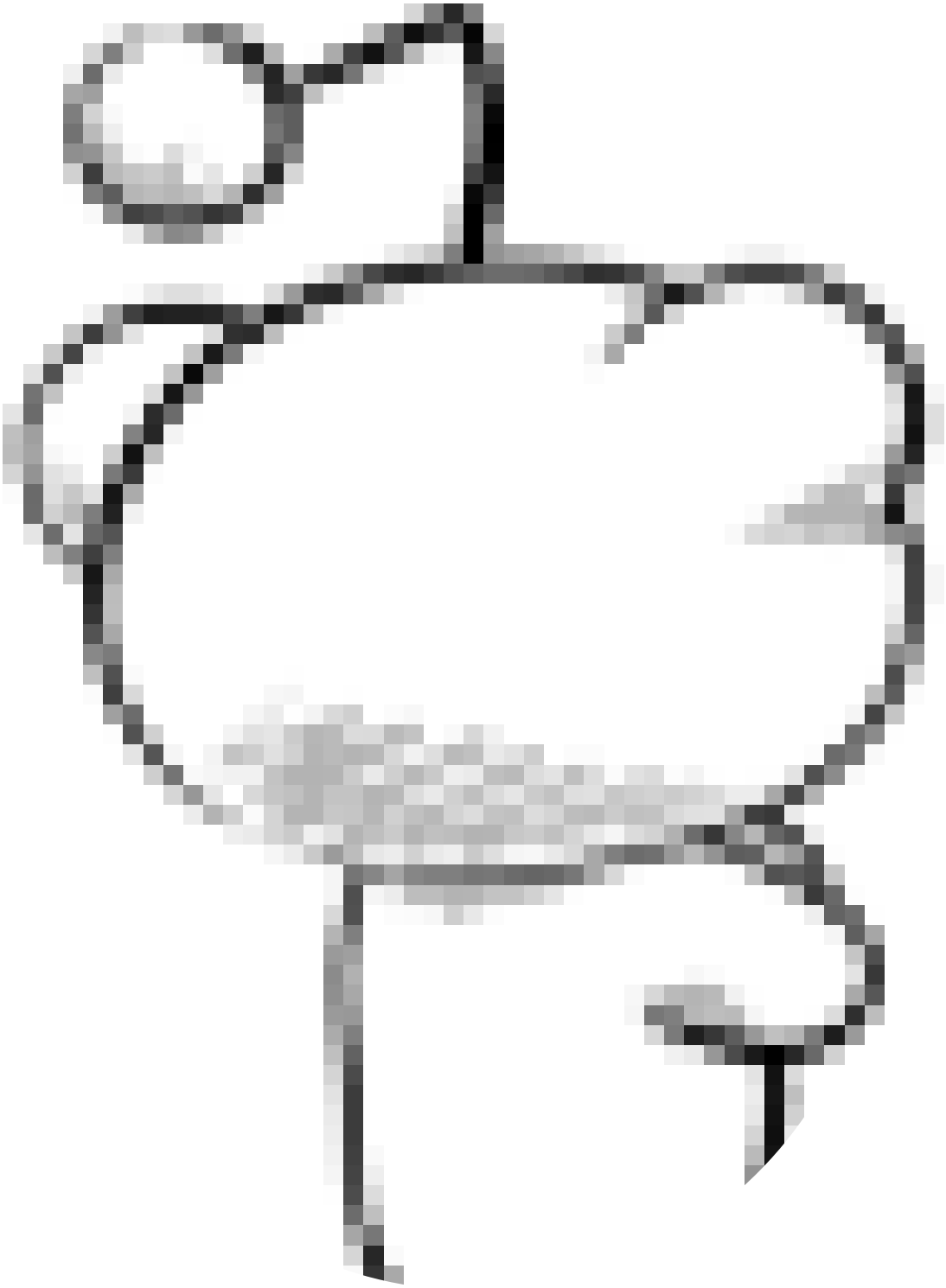

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â€¢ 15y ago

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SomeSortaMaroon
â€¢ 15y ago

Which one?

Actually, doesn't matter. Does she like fat, hairy guys from the internet?

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Suno
â€¢ 15y ago

When I was a kid I used to sleep with dolls, one night I woke up and heard a sneeze and my face got all wet. I didn't sneeze, and the only thing next to me was my doll.

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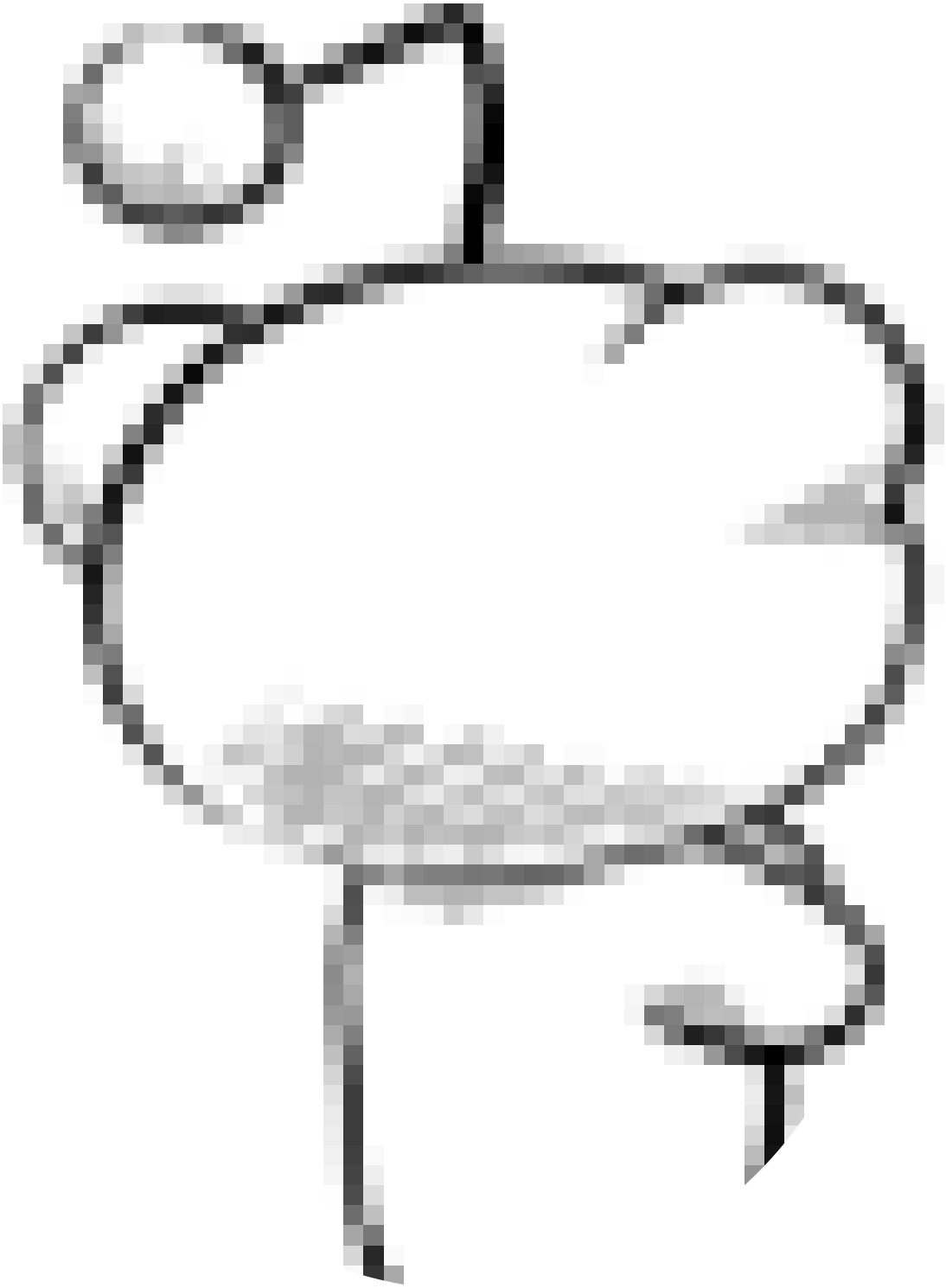

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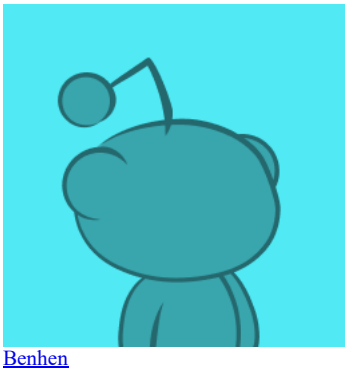

Benhen
â€¢ 15y ago

A big "fuck you" is in order. Keep that shit to yourself.

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Totalchaos02
â€¢ 15y ago

Not something that I remember but my mom told me it was of the weirdest things that has ever happened to her. I started speaking at a very early age but I still didn't comprehend a lot of concepts because I was so young. My mom was trying to explain something I didn't understand to me and I said "Oh I remember that from when I was big before."

As an aside story, I am 21 and I have 6 year old twin cousins. One of them is exactly like me when I was his age. Both in looks and personality. I was watching them when they were about 3 or 4 and the one that is very much like me told me he "remembers that from when he was big before." The exact same words I used.

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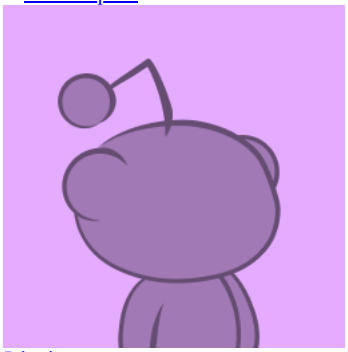

Jakaris
â€¢ 15y ago

When I was about 6 or so I lived with my grandma in a small apartment, don't know how old it was. Every night that I would take a shower I would hear the toilet seat SLAM shut. Naturally, I thought my grandma or someone else was fucking with me, so the next time i went to take a shower I locked the door, and made sure the toilet seat was down, and I watched the door through the side of the shower curtain. That fucking toilet seat slammed so hard that time that I thought it was gonna fly off. And lucky me, I had shampoo in my hair so I had to wait until I got it out before I could GTFO.

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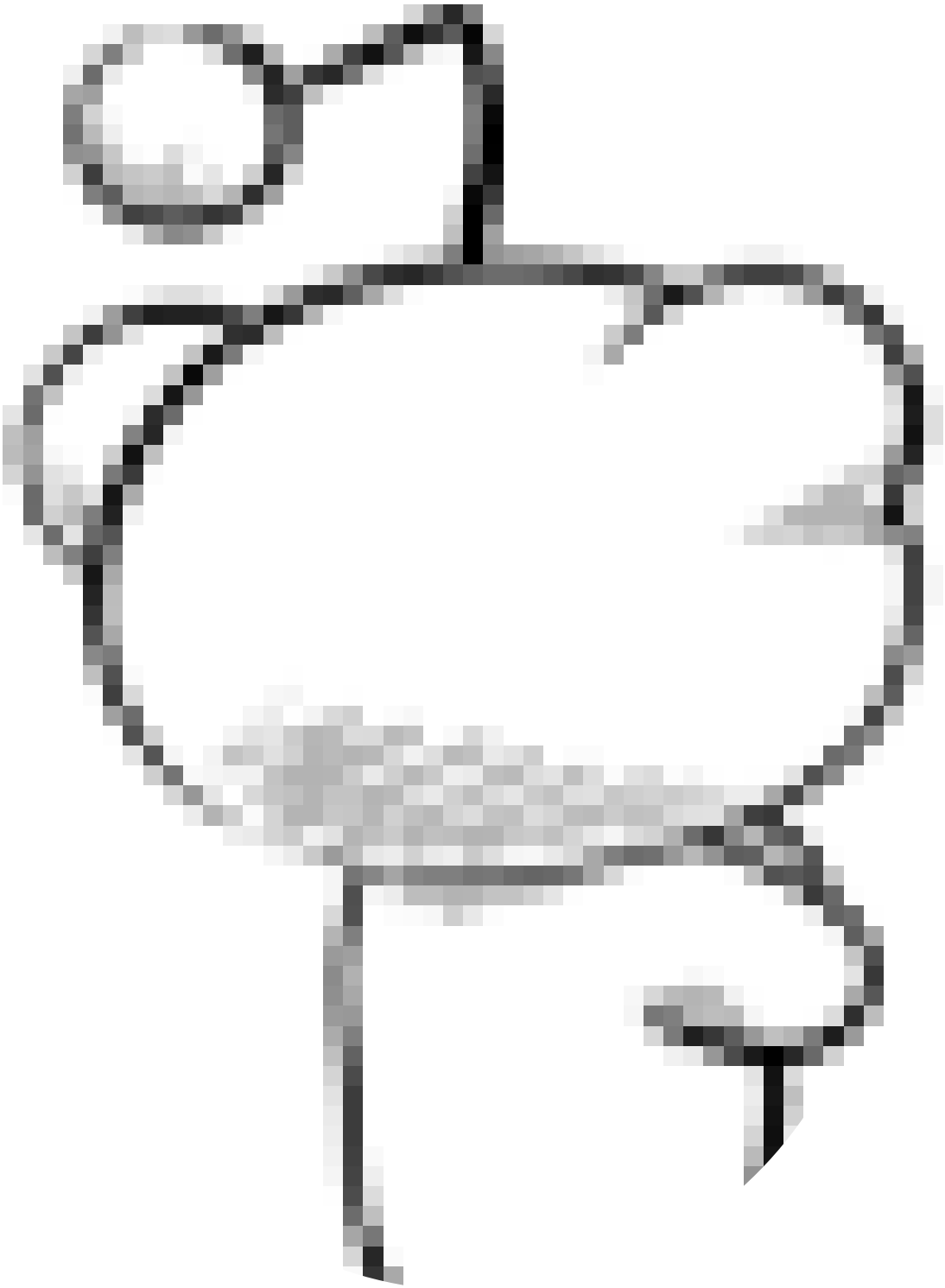

[deleted]
â€¢ 15y ago

Driving home from some late night high school hi-jinks in rural PA, we stumbled across an elderly man wearing only a wifebeater and tighty-whities walking in tight circles, barefoot, in the middle of the road. When we got out of the car and approached him, he was completely out of it. It was super creepy at first, since the guy had no idea who he was or where he was.

One of my buddies ran to a gas station up the road and the clerk there knew of the guy. Apparently he had Alzheimer's and lived in a house nearby. Somehow, he had woken up in the middle of the night and not recognized where he was and just started walking. That's when we stumbled upon him. We, along with another car that stopped, got him home and got in touch with family members.

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byproxy
â€¢ 15y ago

You have to wonder how many old people with Alzheimer's in this thread haven't been helped because others assumed they were a ghost and ran away.

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killerjr
â€¢ 15y ago â€¢ Edited 15y ago

When I was about 5, my family was visiting my grandparents, who lived in a duplex at that time. There were two doorbells and i ran up to the house and rang one of them. A creepy old lady (at that age, old people are creepy) answered the door the the downstairs (wrong apartment). I remember getting scared and running back to the car.
--20 years passes-- At thanksgiving dinner, I'm telling my family how I was always scared to ring the doorbells in the my grandparents old apartment because I couldn't remember which one was the right one and how I was always scared of the creepy old lady. Everybody got quiet, and then my mom explained that for the entire time I was alive, nobody had lived in that apartment.... But the last tenant, who died there, looked just like I was describing. We were all creeped out and i still can't explain it. Tl,dr: even though i don't believe in ghosts, i think i might have seen a ghost.

EDIT: A few things-- so, I agree that most of these explanations are more likely that it really being a ghost (extraordinary conclusions require extraordinary proof, and all that). But a few things to add to the creepiness: --Everybody was freaked out (not just my mom trolling-- though I like that explanation!) --I didn't really know about the person that used to live downstairs, and described her build and hair. --After I mentioned this, my mother, my grandmother and my aunt all started telling stories about creepy things about while in that apartment -- which they had never shared with each other: my grandma thought she was pushed down the stairs (my grandparents owned the apartment, but kept it vacant), my mom always felt creeped out, my aunt felt someone holding a door from the other side when she tried to close the apartment door, etc.

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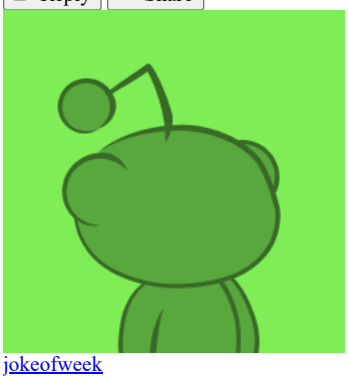

jokeofweek
â€¢ 15y ago

I'm crossing my fingers for a trollmom.

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tatersprecious
â€¢ 15y ago

A few years ago before a music festival, my friends and I went out to lunch at a Hard Rock Cafe. We had just smoked weed. It was a Sunday in the late morning there were very few people there. A middle-aged asian man was sitting alone at a table near us. About half way through our meal my friend realized that he had a video camera on his table, hidden under his napkin, and appeared to be video recording us. Then we realized that he was rubbing his crotch through his pants. We were thoroughly disgusted, but as we were at the tender age of 17 and pretty fucking stupid as well as really fucking stoned, we decided it best to not tell anyone and just leave promptly. It was really, truly creepy though.

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purebeingballthing
â€¢ 15y ago

There is this abandoned hot springs resort from the mid-1800's near my hometown called Vishnu Springs. It has some creepy history like the owner's wife died in childbirth in the old hotel, the owner eventually committed suicide, and the creepiest, which is that the hotel back in the day had a live carousel and the guy operating it was pulled by one of the horses into the gears and was crushed to death.

When I was in high school there were lots of rumors about it but no one ever knew exactly where it was. After some asking around, the most detailed directions we got was to drive about 15 miles outside of town on this one road, turn left, look for a old busted down gate, hop the gate and walk for fifteen minutes straight back into the woods. You could only go at night because the land was privately owned. So my sister, my best friend, the random guy we got to show us where it was, and I tried to find it---we got to the gate and walked straight back into the woods.

We walked longer than 15 minutes and were about to give up when suddenly the hotel was right in front of us--and this was creepy in itself because there had been no warning signs of anything ahead, nothing through the trees, etc. The way the hotel--which was this strangely tall building--rose out of the woods was eery. We stood staring at it, all feeling like we should not be there, and feeling like suddenly we were being watched. The random guy said, "Let's try to go inside" and right after he said that something flew through the air and hit the trunk of the tree right next to where we were standing. We all turned and ran immediately, all the way back through the woods.

Another time we found the courage to try it again. We drove there and parked, sitting in the car in front of the gate to gather courage. It was silent. Suddenly, a loud racket came from under the car, as though someone was taking a wrench and banging the hell out of it. I screamed at my sister to start the car and get out of there and we did. Her car had never made that sound before then and never did after.

After I went to college, my sister and best friend tried to go again, this time with their boyfriends. They got to the part where they were walking through the woods. She said they all had a creepy feeling and then one of them noticed a tick on his arm. The rest of them checked themselves and they all realized they were crawling with ticks. The two guys had them crawling through their leg hair and begged my sis and friend to help them pick them out.

None of us have ever been back.

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rashionale
â€¢ 15y ago

Was living in China. Left a bar and caught a cab one Friday. The driver was really creepy and kept making explicit suggestive remarks, but that wasn't completely abnormal I guess. He kept saying "Just 5 minutes" and asking for sex, which I tried to pretend I didn't understand. It's late at night and in a deserted area and he starts to slow the car. I'm wondering if I should run but where would I go? He gets out and comes around next to my window and takes a piss, staring at me the whole time (I kept my eye on him but was avoiding eye contact). Eventually get back to my apartment. I have to get a guitar out of the trunk so I have to wait for him. As I take the guitar he reaches out and grabs my breast, so I turn and run into the building.

But the creepiest part was when I went to that same bar the next week and was getting another cab to head home. I just jumped into one and said my destination. I had an immediate bad feeling though and looked at the driver's mirror, where I could just see a cheek and ear. I was like "No...it can't be him." Then, pulling away from the curb, he turns fully around and says with a huge grin "And how are you this week?" I freaked the fuck out and started yelling at him to "Stop here, stop here" bc we were still in the busy district. He let me out and I caught a bus home.

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mkultraman
â€¢ 15y ago

When I was 18 and in the Army stationed in Germany, one night I was awoken to yelling outside coming from a open window. I look out and see the MPs with a guy on the ground three stories below. It was dark and cold so I dismissed it as just another drunk asshole closing the window. The next morning a buddy walks up to tell me what really happened. Apparently the night before a guy from another company downstairs was arrested for killing a German national. This guy was downtown and the story was that he was sitting in a park in the shadows and a old man walks by. He gets up, pulls out a Gurkha knife and proceeds to hack this old guy down. A woman hears they old man yelling, looks down from her window and starts screaming. He continues despite the ruckus and then slits the old guys throat. Wiping off the blade he calmly walks away. He then makes it back to the barracks only to get stopped when he offers his ID for entry onto the Kassern. The gate guard sees this guy has blood all over him but isnt hurt. Meanwhile the SGT of the guard watching over all this hears a call come over the radio that the Politzi and MPs are looking for someone fitting his description and are headed to the Kaserne. The SGT. tells him to sit on the curb and this guy starts running back to his barracks, just to get tackled by the MPs who were already on-route. When they go through his wall locker, they find seven passports of random people from North African countries, Sudan, Egypt, Morocco. When questioned, he admits to killing the people in the passports, going back to America and then joining the Army to hide out. Im thinking just how f**king crazy this guy is when my buddy then tells me his name and I freak out because just two weeks earlier out in the field at a gunnery range, this guy and I got into a fight and he pulled out a knife, but one of my buddies hit it out of

his hands with a folding chair, we tackle him, calmed him down and then kicked him out of our building, dropping the matter. I just sat there stunned thinking about the possibilities. That was my first run in with a serial killer.

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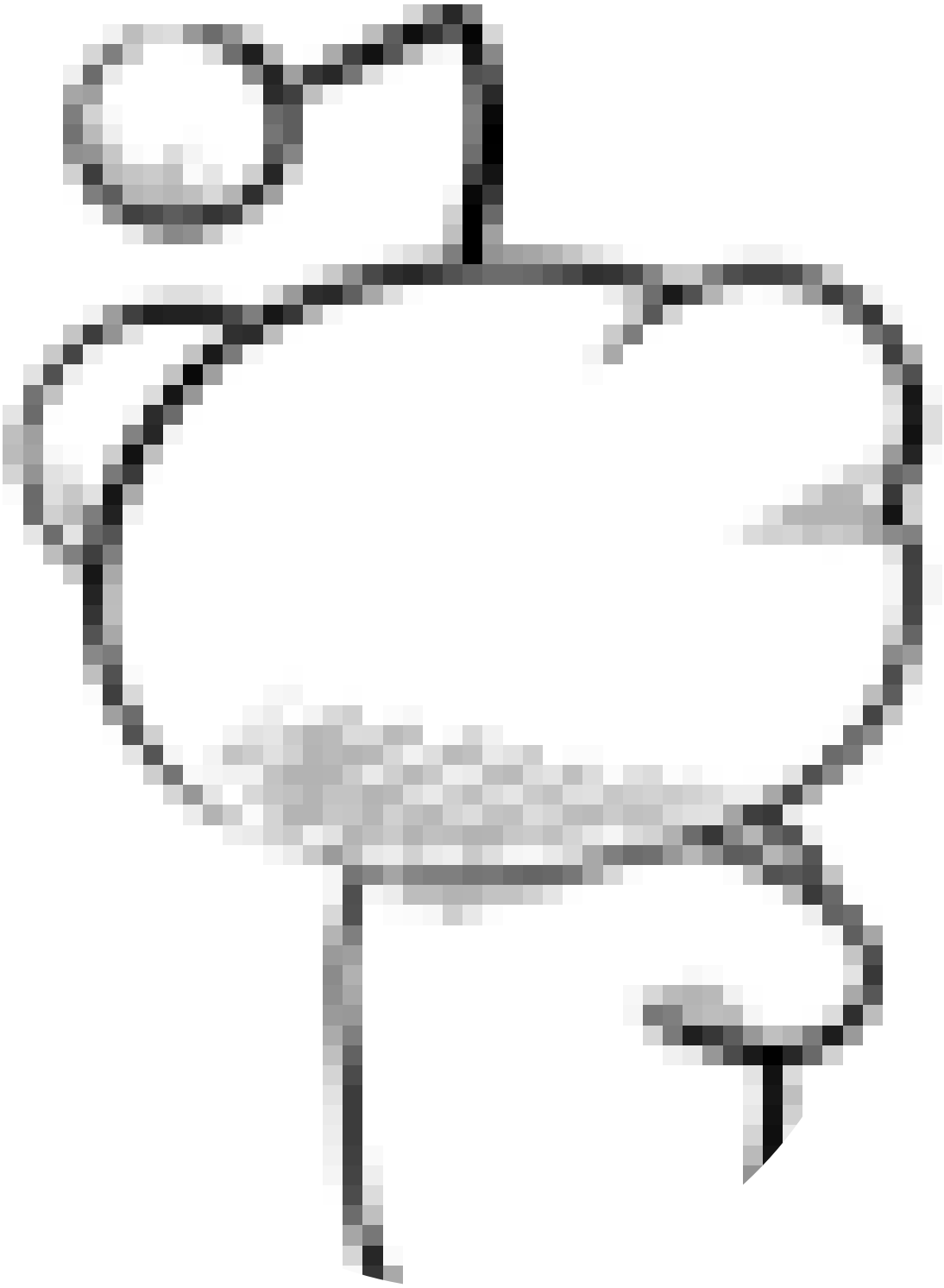

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â€¢ 15y ago

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trogdor1234
â€¢ 15y ago

I have a developmentally delayed nephew that was really young 4-5 and started talking about a man in the sleeping bag with a beard one night. Completely out of the blue. Why it is creepy.. We had an Uncle that was murdered in a sleeping bag (shot) years before my nephew was born. He had a big "mountain man" beard. There aren't any pictures in the house and obviously nobody would tell my nephew about somebody being murdered. He never mentioned it again.

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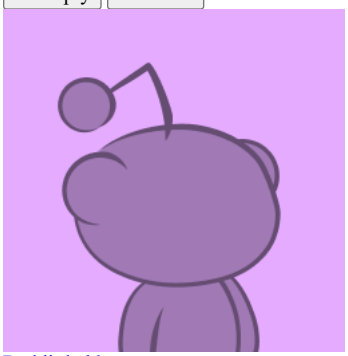

Redditdad6
â€¢ 15y ago â€¢ Edited 15y ago

I endured a pretty terrifying night that I still cannot explain. This all occurred on one fourth of July evening, when I was around the age of six. It was very humid out and I was already creeped out because I was home alone(dad died when I was young, mom worked nights, siblings did their own thing). For whatever reason, I decided to cocoon inside of a comforter on the living room sofa. I was getting close to falling asleep when I heard a loud thud hit the living room window, which was two stories high on our house. I got up, looked out the window, and saw nothing. I started attributing the sound to a bird flying into the window, which wasn't uncommon. At the same time, I began hearing the sound of the chairs in the kitchen moving across the floor. It was a very distinct wood scratching across tile sound. I called out for my older brother, thinking that it was him, and received no answer. I grabbed the nearest weapon (my shoe.. because shoes make great weapons for six year olds) and began walking towards the kitchen, despite being completely scarred shitless. I examined the kitchen and found nothing. Just as I had turned away to walk out of the kitchen, one of the chairs was pushed across the floor towards me and stopped just enough to nudge my posterior. At this point, I totally flipped shit. I ran across the house and locked myself in a closet. I think I stayed in there for five hours until my mom came home from work.

I have been told that it was a poltergeist but I'm not a believer of ghosts, spirits, and etcetera. I still have zero explanation about what happened.

Other than that, I've experienced sleep paralysis a few time, I witnessed a object thrown several feet with no apparent cause, and I watched a guy on acid have a bad trip while listening to "Hamburger Lady" by Throbbing Gristle. He was one-hundred percent sure that he was being sucked into the speakers. That was terrifying.

EDIT: **Hamburger Lady is probably NSFW!** I wouldn't listen to it at work or in public. More on that later.

Wow, guys! I didn't expect any responses so I'm overwhelmed. First, regarding me being so young and alone. Mom did the best she could with the cards that she was dealt in life. Dad and her ran their own business and were very successful at it. When dad died, mom continued the business and left my sisters in charge while she worked. Unfortunately, with the sisters being girls, they weren't always there for me. However, mom always gave me a lot of love, food was always in the house, and with the exception of this one time, I always felt safe. Not to go on the defensive or anything, but mom and my sisters raised me to be who I am today and I can't complain. :)

I was young and my imagination was pretty active at the time. Still, I remember it very clearly and I have never been able to figure out any legit explanation. If there was any logical explanation, it was my brother, who was and still is a huge ass hat, BUT he was out of town at the time. Plus, I would have heard him or whoever running away from the kitchen after the chairs were pulled. Trust me, I thought about this scenario a lot and it doesn't add up.

I was very, very scared. I contemplated calling the police but for some reason I felt that my shoe would suffice as a good weapon.

About the bad acid trip. It was pretty surreal. I was the only sober person in a room of five people who were tripping. The kid experiencing the bad trip was white knuckle, holding onto the carpet, kicking and screaming for his life. I tried to get involved but everyone in the room was a monster to him. Some of the other guys the room started having bad trips as well, but nothing compared to the kid.

Yes, Hamburger Lady is a f'd up song and IMO the anthem of industrial music. If I recall correctly, I think that the song was a distorted duck whistle with Genesis P. Orridge reading a medical report of a burn victim. I used to love stuff by Throbbing Gristle and similar bands like Skinny Puppy and etcetera but my interest has faded away with my teens and early twenties. I remember that "I Hate You Little Girls" was another TG song that is a lot like Hamburger. Also, very NSFW and probably a good idea to never listen to it. TG were amazing artists but life is too short for so much negativity.

Also, I think that this is my first major experience sharing post here. I love you, Reddit.

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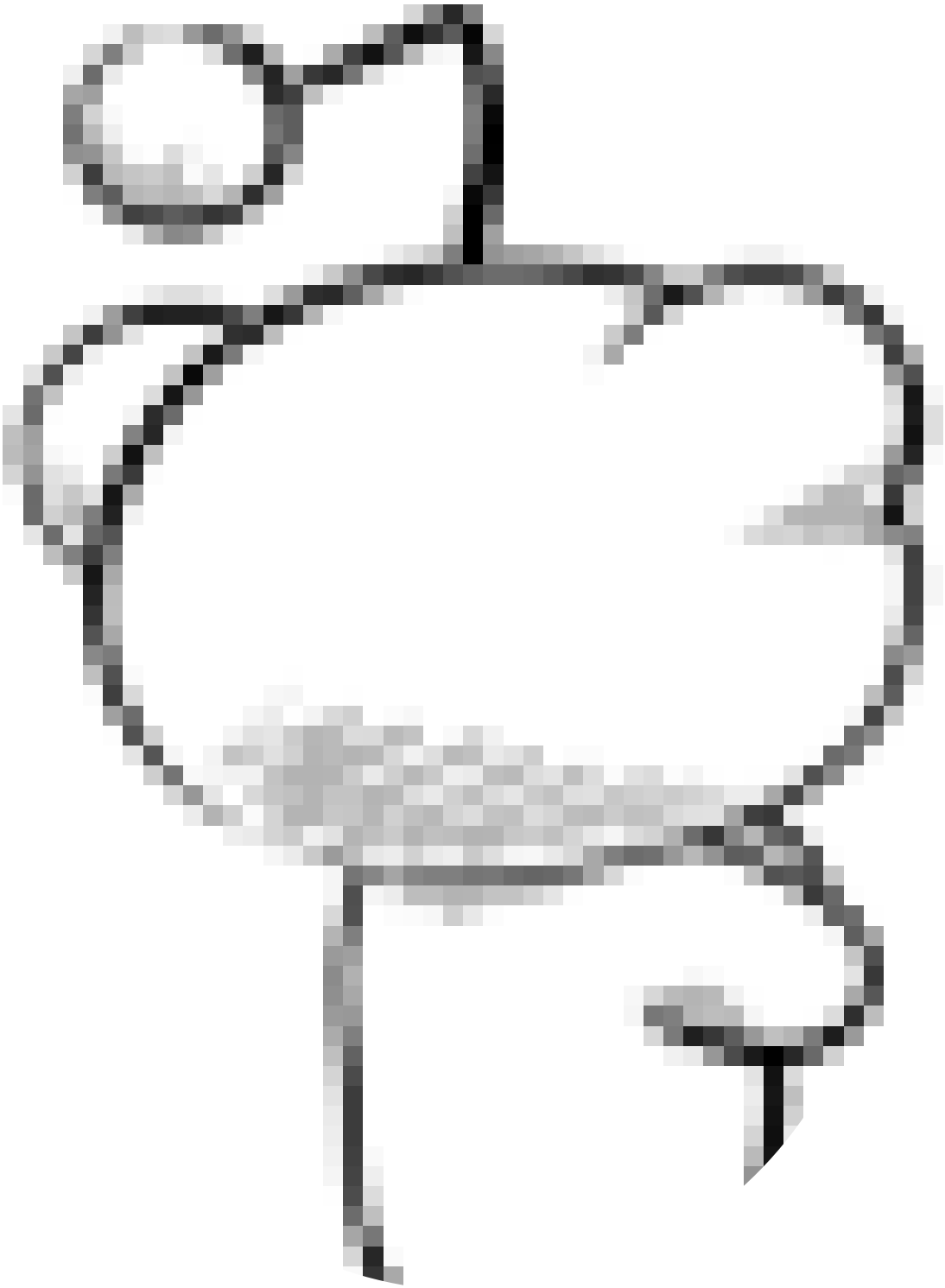

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â€¢ 15y ago

Working in an ER, there was a gentleman who came in having an abscess on his scrotum. A large abscess, about the size of a baseball... going to cut it open, it exploded and there was blood and pus all over the doctor and the room.

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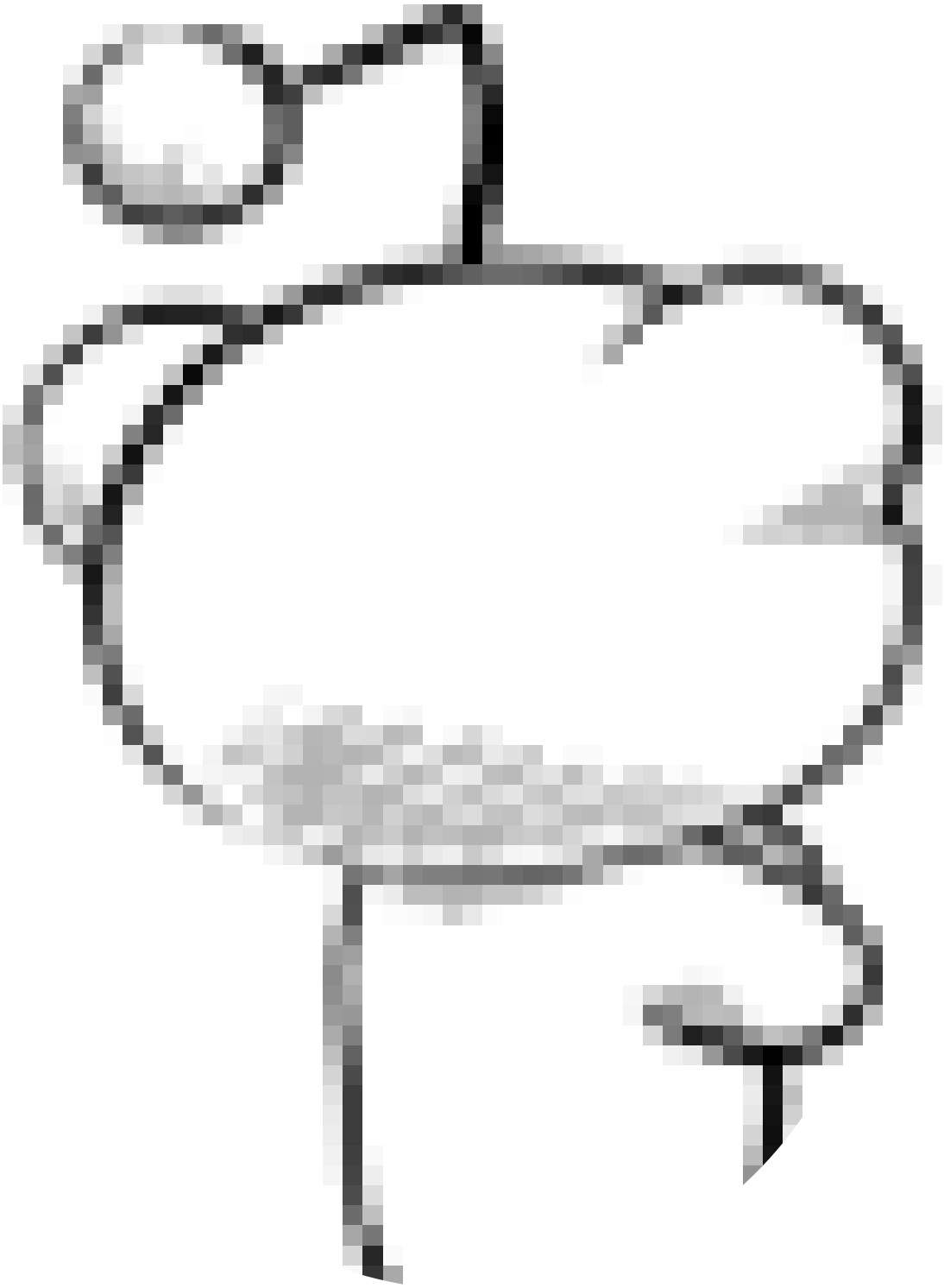

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â€¢ 15y ago

i had the exact same experience, but it was a rotten tomato, and it exploded against the back of my throat. maybe not the exact same experience.

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dingle_hopper1981
â€¢ 15y ago â€¢ Edited 15y ago

I'm Irish, and was still living in Tyrone in Ireland (in UK now) when this happened. About 4 years ago, was lying in my bed in my parents house (my bed was right as the window) when I was woken up b a horrible screaming wailing noise in our back garden at 3AM. It was like the noise a terribly-injured cat would make, but crossed with the noise of a screaming baby. I opened the window and looked out, and heard the noise again, but coming from the back garden of the house next door, then one more time from the 3rd house, then it stopped. Something about it completely terrified me, and I knew something wasn't right about it, but tried to convince myself it was a cat that had been hit by a car and had crawled off into the many hedges and bushes behind our houses to die. i went downstairs to go outside and see if I could find it, and my own cat was lying fast asleep. If he had heard it too, he would have been at the window looking out. It was then I realised only I had heard it. Freaked out, I went back to bed. The next morning I was talking to my mum at breakfast and asked if she's heard the noise. She said, 'No, but did you heard the terrible news? The man who lives in the house two doors down dropped dead at 3am last night. You must have heard the Banshee.' FUUUUUUUUUUUUUUU that was some scary shit. http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Banshee I know a lot of people think the whole 'fairies' thing in Ireland is just made up for tourists, but actually pretty much everyone here had seen/heard shit like this or knows other people who have. Most families have a story about hearing the Banshee before someone dies. It was the most horrible noise I ever heard, and I sincerely hope I never hear it again. <shudder> [EDIT] it wasn't a fox, or a cat. Our house has load of foxes around it, they screech pretty much constantly, and this sounded TOTALLY different. Lots of wailing cats too. Yet my own cat didn't hear the noise. [EDIT 2] Also, there was no way it could have been an animal moving from garden to garden- as well as the high hedges, each garden is also securely-fenced between each hedge. But the sound moved from one garden into the next, and there was no noise of any movement that would have been pretty loud and rustly, had it been a cat or fox climbing or pushing through the hedge.

misterandon
â€¢ 15y ago

My Scottish great aunt was known in the family for knowing when someone had died because she would see a monkey at the foot of her bed the night before. For years and years, every so often she'd come down in the morning and announce that someone had died because she'd seen the monkey again, and she was actually right. Not just family lore-- it scared the shit out of everyone.

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sirjimihendrix
â€¢ 15y ago

I used to work at a movie theater in downtown Oklahoma City. My first day was the day that the Hannah-Montana 3-d movie came out. There were a bunch of kids everywhere, in this massive line that wrapped around the lobby and towards the theater.

There was this old dude who was just standing across the hallway from the long line of kids, just staring at them. He was wearing this long trenchcoat and he had his hands inside of it. Yea, he was pretty fucking creepy.

We threw him out.

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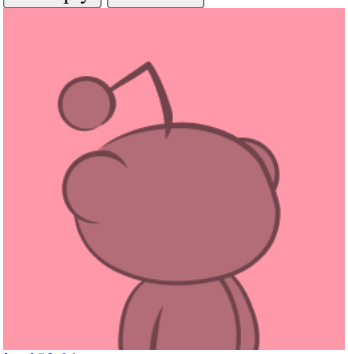

inej5364
â€¢ 15y ago

When I was in college, I had several really creepy things happen to me. I'll put them in order of creepiness for you. Just note that #3 and #4 are pretty damn close in creepy factor.

1. The "eww, creepy" moment:

My first night in the apartment I shared with my roomie in 2006-2007 (alone, as the roomie was not there yet), I was walking across the front room floor when I heard footsteps that seemed to be coming from behind me. I had a chill run up my spine: I knew I was alone, and I was moving AWAY from the only entrance/exit. I stopped and listened. The footsteps continued... I was not making them up. I turned and found nothing there. To my surprise, they continued to my side, then behind me, then to my other side. The noise of the footsteps had walked a circle around me. They then stopped. I stood for a few more moments before I was able to make my limbs move again, and then I hid on the bed in my room, feeling genuinely creeped.

2) The slightly creepier moment:

In late September of that year, I'd had a terrible nightmare where a man had come into my bedroom and methodically taken away my sheets and blankets, folding them and stacking them in the front room. He also rolled up my small area rug and leaned it into the corner of the room. When I woke up, my blankets, sheets, pillows, and area rug were in the front room. In the corner. Still not sure if maybe I'm a sleepwalker or... I don't know. Just so creepy.

3) A similarly creepy moment:

The year prior to this (05-06), I'd lived alone in a tiny apartment that had windows leading out to a flat roof. Sometimes, my friends and I would sneak onto that flat roof to smoke or have a beer and watch the clouds. I was always nervous about the proximity of the roof, however, as it butted up against an alleyway that was not visible from the street. I wouldn't have signed the lease there if I'd known of it ahead of time. Anyway, one night, it was very warm and I'd left my windows open with a box fan pushing in cool air. I had a terrible dream that there was a man standing in my bedroom door, talking to me. It was very realistic. He was unarmed but hunched over, whisper-talking. I remember that he said I was very pretty and that he liked pretty things, but that "the prettiest dolls don't get to leave". It was then that he came towards me and I felt his smothering weight. It was then that I screamed (blood-curdling, as my neighbor told me later). I am positive I was awake at that point, and still felt like I was being smothered. I couldn't see anything but darkness, but then I managed to see the lit alarm clock. It was something like 4:23 am. After that, the next several minutes were lost. I don't remember anything until 4:30 am, which is when I was suddenly at my front door, heaving my weight against it and repeatedly locking the latch (not unlocking it, just making sure it was locked repeatedly). I was shaking, half-dressed, and terrified. I called the cops, who came and did a full report. Now, all of this can easily be explained by a one-time night terror except for the fact that the cops found a ladder in the alley. A ladder that was up to my roof. Also, the tiny pebbles that lined the alley were found on the roof, as if they'd been stuck to someone's shoes and fallen off when the person stepped onto the roof. I never slept well in that apartment again, even though I stopped sleeping with the windows open and put long wooden slats into the sliding windows' grooves to keep them from opening at all. Still makes me shake just to think of it. I can only hope that the ladder was a coincidence and it was all a terrible dream.

4) The creepiest moment of all:

Towards the end of that year, I returned home from a final to see that the front door was unlocked. Not broken into -- just unlocked. Sometimes, my roommate would forget to lock it when she returned home. It was a safe area on a busy street, so although I playfully teased her about being airheaded I never really got too worried. Her bedroom door was closed and I could hear movement in it. I knew she'd been focusing on a final of her own, so I didn't knock on her door. I instead went to my own room and played some music on my laptop, zoning out and taking a break from finals. After half an hour or so, I got a txt msg from her: "hey, coming home from Espresso Royale -- want anything?". That was when my red flags went up. She wasn't home! I freaked out, grabbed my mag light, and stupidly started searching the apartment. I searched everywhere, including closets and under the bed. I was ready to brain the shit out of an intruder (I was too stupid/proud/naive to just get the fuck out and call the cops!) Her bedroom door was open by then, I remember, and the front door was locked. I couldn't remember if I had locked it or not when I got home. I started searching to see if anything was missing -- nothing was, but other things were moved. There were forks shoved into our toaster and silverware items hidden in our bathroom. All of our spoons were straight up gone. I found a mug in our microwave and something in the oven (can't remember what, now... it was bread or bagels or something). The cat's litter box had been turned around so he couldn't access it. *No one but us had a key.* I called the cops, made a report, and was generally very shaken-up for several weeks. The cops made the landlord change the locks.

Ugh. Well, damn. Didn't think that recalling all of that 5 years later would still have an affect on me. I was wrong. Gonna go get a hug from the bf and try to chill.

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capsize2012
â€¢ 15y ago

I was trying to think of my creepiest experience and realized it happened with the OP. hope this isn't so late it'll be totally buried. We're sitting watching a movie in my parents living room a couple years ago at about 2 am, all of the sudden we hear this high pitched scream, just screaming bloody mary. It goes on for about two seconds and then cuts off. I freak out, run upstairs (my sister sleeps up there, I wanted to make sure it either wasn't her or make sure she was okay if it was), bust into my sisters room and say "what's wrong?" at the time she was in bed apparently having just turned out the light and didn't hear a thing. i apologized and walked out, closing the door. as i began to walk back down the hall, from behind me in the guest bedroom (where no one was and our pets aren't allowed upstairs) comes what sounds like two footsteps and then a loud thump right by the door. i booked it downstairs. i've heard a lot of creepy things living in a big house in the middle of nowhere but nothing like that...

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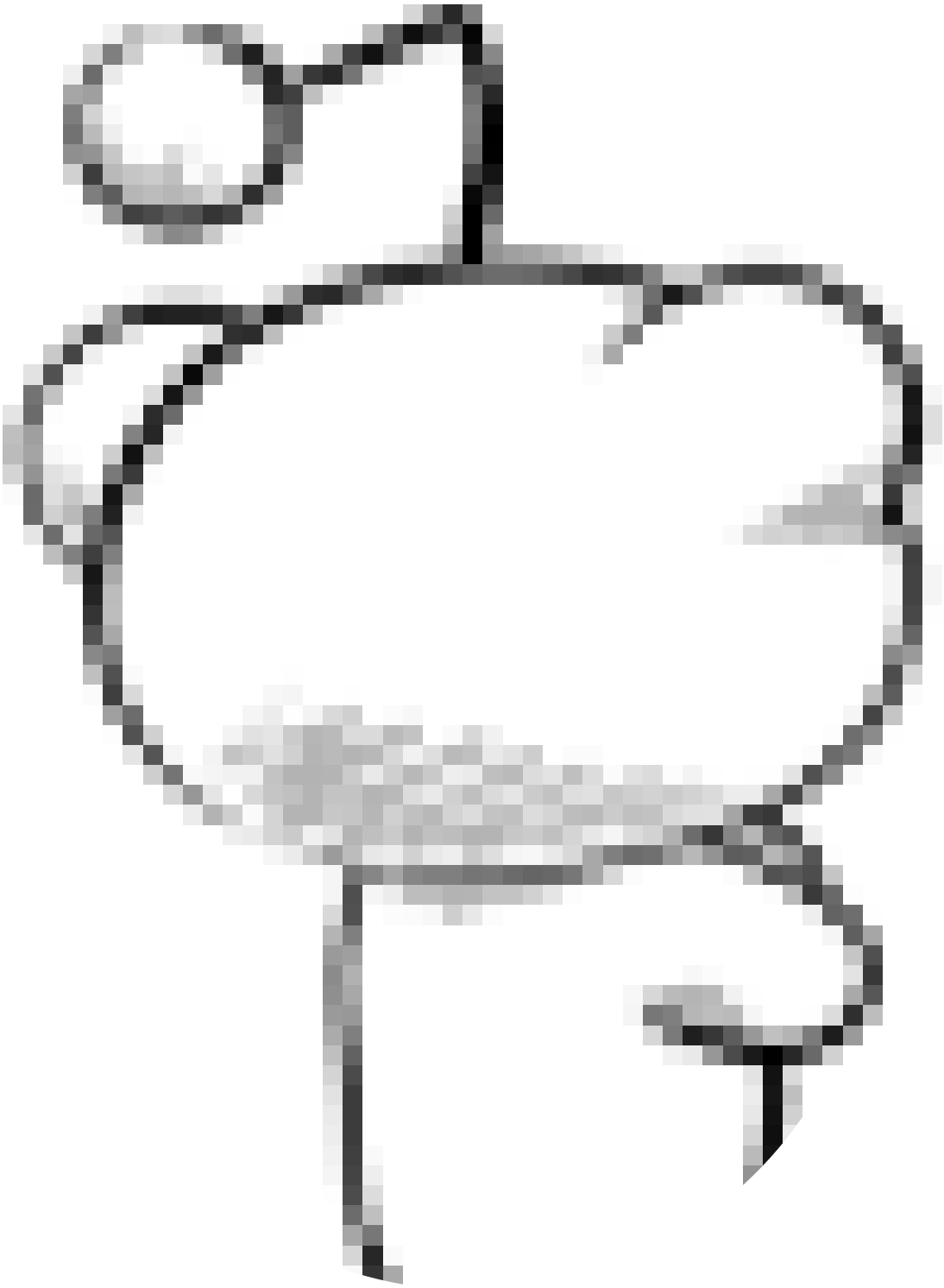

[deleted]
â€¢ 15y ago

I guess for me the incident that resonates is one that passed my mind at the time (when I was around 11yo) and didn't piece itself together until I was a bit more conscious of the underbelly of society. Fresh to the internet I'd trolled a couple of those Yahoo chat rooms for the first time, much to my mothers disapproval.

I'd grown particularly bored with it until another young guy in my city started to talk to me about Pokemon. Being an avid fan, I lapped it up, and we got to innocently talking about our progress in the games and our collection of other merch. Eventually, another user joined the conversation and said that it'd be awesome to catch up to battle each other. This signalled some suspicion with me and I was not responsive, but the other guy was quick to jump on the idea. To which I said I wasn't sure and I'd have to talk to my mother about it. I quickly logged off, and hae not since returned.

Within a number of minutes, my home telephone rang. I answered to an unfamiliar voice, "Are you going to meet us or not? Come on! Don't waste my time!" I got somewhat defensive, chuckled nervously and retorted with a solid "no". The voice then threw some expletives, enough to make me hang up the phone. I'd never revealed my true name, my phone number, my address, etc.

As I said, this did not come to me that I'd had my first run in with an online predator until I'd reached high school in around 2003. I'd figured that I'd been duped by a pair of predators who worked cooperatively to lure either kids in. To this day, I'm thankful of my defensive intuition, and never condone nor log into chat rooms. Also, listen to your mother kids.

tl;dr pair of online predators attempted to organise a meet up with them, although anonymous, found my details including telephone number.

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strangeanatomy
â€¢ 15y ago

Just happened the other day. My SO and I were driving at night, trying to find the house of a guy we know who was looking to rent us a room. We had never been there before, and greatly overshot his driveway. While fairly nice in the front half, the road got skeevier and skeevier the further into the woods it went. We eventually decided that we must have passed it, and made a u-turn. Just then, our car battery died.

We coasted to a stop on the right hand side of the road, and got out our phone to call a friend to come with jumper cables. A little ways off the street there was a small mobile-type house with cracked windows and what looked like burn-marks. The door opened, and a scruffy "tweaker" looking guy comes out with a mag-light and one arm held stiffly behind his back.

He asked us what we were doing, and we said our car had stopped and we were calling for help. He told us we had better just push it. We were confused, but said we could roll it along a little further if we were in the way at all. Then he brandished his pistol and told us that "bad things happen in this neighborhood".

We pushed that fucking car for two miles.

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Namocol
â€¢ 15y ago

Not really creepy but weird-sad. My cousin was going to divorce his wife and was going out with another girl several years ago (not going to use names to protect their privacy). They had two kids, a baby and a little boy (about 3 or 4 at the time) and his wife was extremely jealous and the kind of woman to scratch, bite and punch whoever she though was going out with him (and knowing him, she had reasons to be jealous too).

One day the new girl was visiting my cousin's mother when the wife arrived looking for something she had left there. Everyone froze thinking that the big fight was about to begin, but the wife just said something like "I know everyone thinks I'm going to go all crazy, but relax... (to the new girl).. look, I know he's deceiving both of us, he tells you that he left me already, and tells me that he's not with you. All I'm going to ask you is something... please take care of my kids" and left.

Everyone was confused since it was something completely out of character for her but left it at that.

The next day the wife died on a car accident, both kids were in the car as well but were ok with nothing more than a couple mild bruises.

Since then the new girl and my cousin have been together, he stopped being unfaithful (he's a great guy but cheated a lot on his wife) and both kids call the new girl "mom". They've been happily together since then, and she has always said that no matter what happens between her and my cousin in the future, she'll never leave those kids, since their mother put them in her care before dying.

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Prisoner072385
â€¢ 15y ago

This happened to me when I was around 16 and still living at home with mom and dad. My grandmother lived with us and she was good friends with my great uncle and his wife. Eventually, as often happens, my great uncle took ill and passed away. I remember dreaming about random things when sleep took me. Suddenly there was this large pulse of red that encompassed my field of vision within my minds eye while dreaming. There stood my great uncle. I remember him calling my name and saying goodbye - but it was distorted and terrifying. Everything faded to black and up I sat in bed, hearing footsteps. Being around people for a while you come to recognize their footsteps; these didn't match any that I knew. They were too... slow. labored. random, even. It took me a while to stop shitting bricks and go back to sleep, but I did.

The morning that followed came quickly. I was up earlier than usual. I got my shit together and went downstairs to the kitchen. I remember having this eerie feeling wash over my when my mom asked me what I wanted for breakfast. I stared her right in the eyes and asked "Bill's dead, isn't he." That's one of the few times I've ever seen her visibly shaken. It turns out that she had been on the phone earlier that morning with my great uncle's family. What followed was me recounting my story from earlier that night. She told me I should go tell my grandmother about it. So I did. It turns out she had the exact same dream and heard the exact same things.

I'll be the first to admit that I spook easily - but I don't usually draw quick conclusions until I have some kind of scientific basis for them. But I'll finish with the point that this drove home for me: It's hubris to think that we can explain away or rationalize everything. The universe is vast and there's shit you can't explain with current technology; maybe we'll get there eventually. I may not believe in some idealized version of heaven and hell - but you'll never convince me that all of what you are just rots in the ground after physical death.

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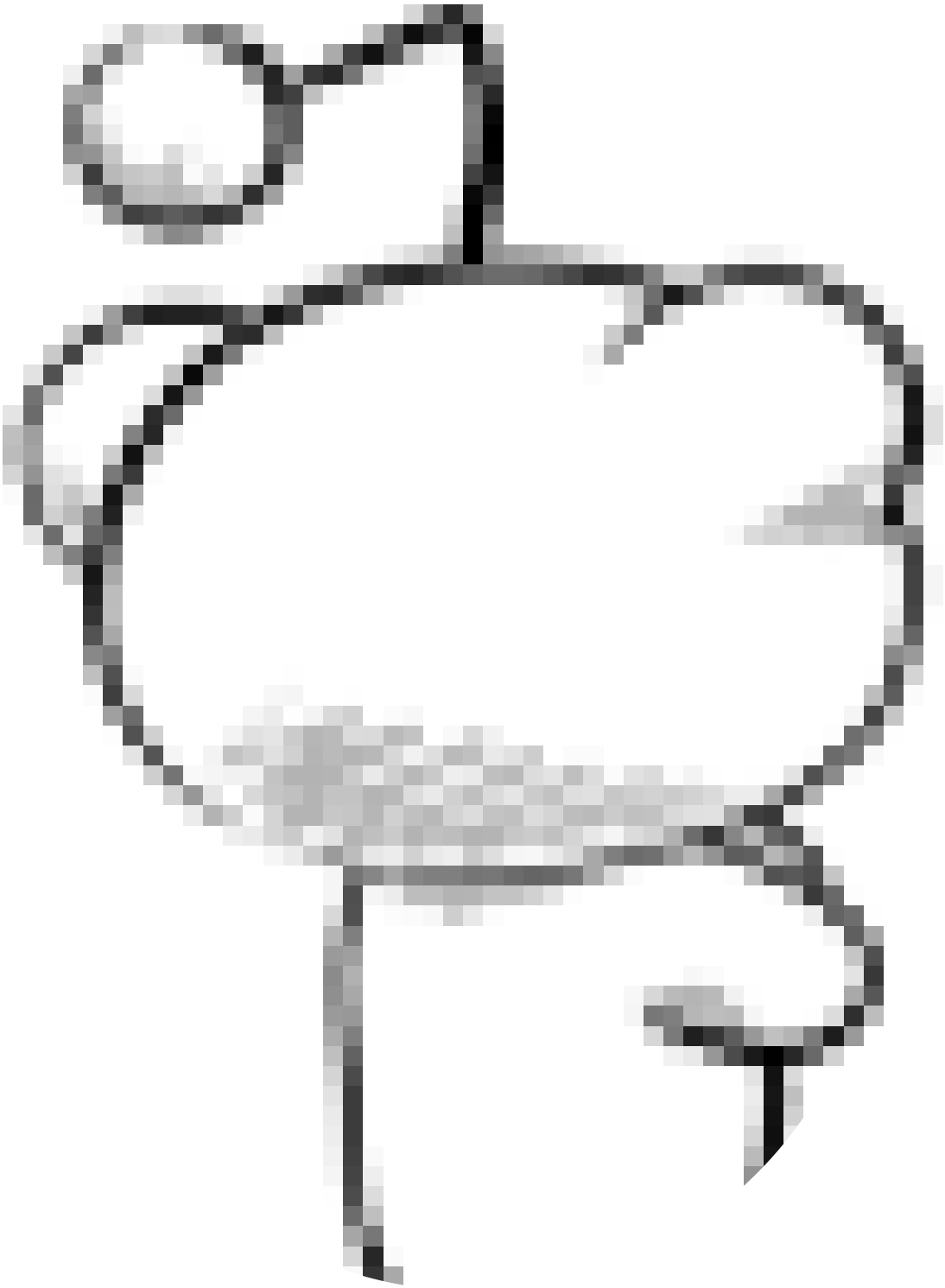

[deleted]
â€¢ 15y ago

This happened about 4 years ago. Me, my wife, and two children were going from point A to point B and spent the night in between at a friend's house. We got there really late so they left the door unlocked and had gone to bed. I locked the front door and we went to their guest room, locked the bedroom door, settled down, and fell asleep.

Let me describe the room. Small, maybe 11x11, bed in the corner, and a heavy drapery over the window. I turned off the light and it was absolutely pitch black, which is how we liked it. We made my girl a pallet to sleep on against the far wall; my infant boy slept with us in the bed.

Not long after falling asleep I wake up to my wife's blood-curdling scream. As my eyes open I see something move from her side of the bed (the side not against the wall) toward the door. Keep in mind it was pitch black, but I saw something. I roll over the top of her, start moving toward the movement, and start swinging. I feel something in front of me bear hug me and I can't swing.

By this time the kids are screaming, I'm yelling at something to get out, and I hear my wife scream to turn on the light. Immediately I'm released and I start fumbling toward the light and turn it on. When I finally get the light on the room is a wreck. My wife has scratches all over her face, chest, and shoulders, a bloody nose and lip. My 4 yr old daughter is in the corner far from where she was supposed to be at, hiding under her blanket. My son was on the floor next to the bed with scratches on his body. There was a small sewing table that had been knocked over just inches from his head. Me? I had scratches from head to toe, bruises all over my chest, and what looked like a golf ball-sized raspberry on the top of my foot.

There was no one else in the room and the bedroom door was still locked. I run to the front door and it's still locked. Looked outside and there's nothing to be seen (they lived in the middle of flat, open land with no trees). I'm really freaked at this point and run back to the room thinking that someone is still in the house. I then called my friend's cell phone and they walk down to the guest room not knowing what had just happened. Their response was something close to, "Did y'all get in a fight?" They had heard the commotion, but thought it was us just being loud when we got there.

My wife explained that she felt something crawl up on the bed at her feet. When she sat up she was knocked back flat by a big black cat (like a panther). It was nose to nose with her, smothering her, and using its claws to rip at her clothes.

Our friends made fun of us for sleep-fighting, but that's not what this was, at least to us. It took us a few years to sleep in anything other than a dimly lit room. We also sleep with the door open. I guess because we don't feel trapped.

The scratches on her body healed at a normal rate, but the scratches that I received did not. It took a solid month for those to go away. The "raspberry" on the top of my foot started to fester, grow larger (no matter what we did to medicate) and took 3 months to heal. I have a nice sized scar today.

A lot of people that we've told this to think we fought each other in our sleep, which would make sense. But there are just as many that say they experienced something similar, if not exactly what we did (as far as the fight details are concerned). I don't think we fought each other. I know I saw something, felt something, fought something, etc...

**TLDR:** Bump in the night. Saw shadow. It kicked my butt.

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InferiousX
â€¢ 15y ago

When I was about 20 years old, I lived in Boston.

I was home for the holidays and after a night of semi-heavy drinking, came back to my parents house and passed out on the loveseat. I vaguely remember my father waking me up and telling me to go sleep in the bedroom "Now! Right now!".

I was a bit confused by his tone, because my father had really been pretty easy on me for several years. So for him to be ordering me around like that was odd. Being half awake and still drunk didn't help.

The next day, he apologizes to me for being so insistent, but he said I was "sleeping weird". When I asked him what he meant, he said that I was asleep on my side but with my feet suspended in the air. I tried to recreate the position, but was physically unable to hold it on my own for more than a few seconds. He said it was like someone was holding my feet up. He didn't know WTF was going on, so he kind of freaked me out, woke me up and told me to sleep in another room.

I didn't think much of it, and never told the story to anyone for a couple of years.

Fast forward to that two years later, and I'm asleep on the loveseat of the house that I lived in. It was light when I went to sleep, but twilight when I woke up, so there was barely any light in the house.

When I come too, I can feel my feet being held up. Thinking it's my roommate messing with me, I talk some shit to him with my eyes still closed. When I opened them, I saw someone, but it wasn't my roommate.

Clear as I can see this monitor in front of my face, I saw an old man in a dark robe holding my feet up in the air. As I starred at him, he turned a bit more towards me, slowly smiled and then GRAAADUALLLY disappeared into thin air. And by gradually, I mean it took a full 3 or 4 minutes before this figure was gone. The entire time I could see him, my feet were up in the air and I was completely unable to move them. Could move my arms and hands, but not my legs. I've had sleep paralysis before, and this was nothing like it.

Soon as the guy was gone, the room got insanely cold. I very slowly got up from the love seat, then turned on every single light in the house and drank beer in the kitchen until my roommate came home.

TL;DR A ghost was following me around for a couple of years and grabbing my feet in my sleep.

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kennardo
â€¢ 15y ago

Were you wearing shoes? Maybe he doesn't like shoes on the loveseat.

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Pizzaman99
â€¢ 15y ago

I looked at my self in the mirror while tripping on 6 hits of high-quality LSD.

It wasn't me who looked back.

It was some kind of weird insectoid creature covered in thick, ropey black hair and hundreds of human eyes.

It mocked me.

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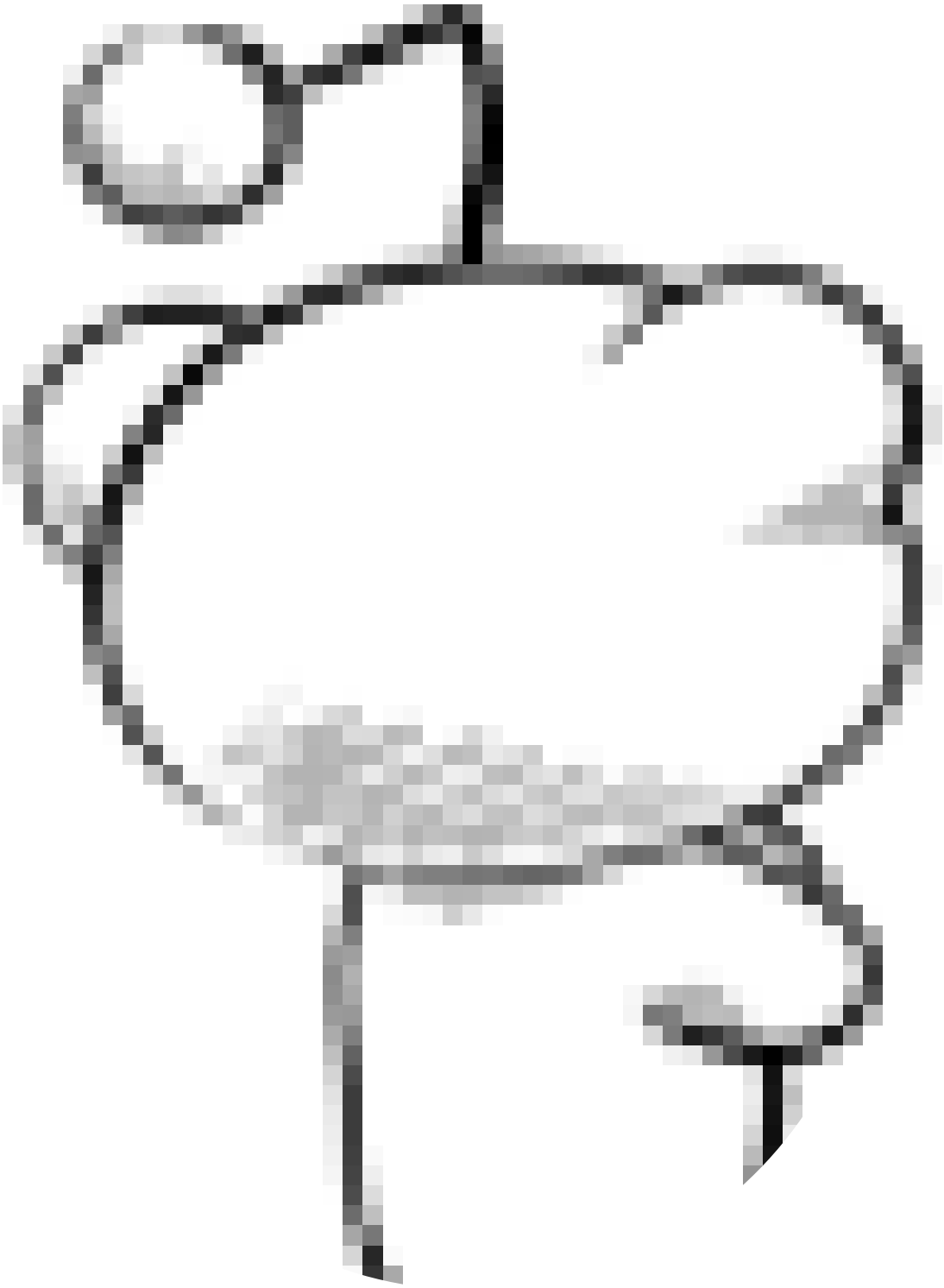

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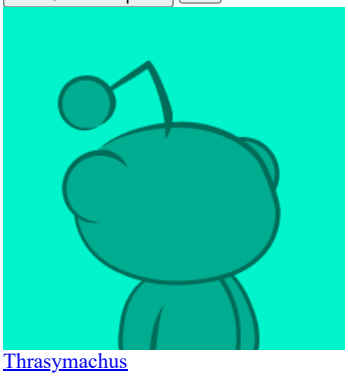

Thrasymachus
â€¢ 15y ago

The first two lines, by themselves, are really fuckin creepy.

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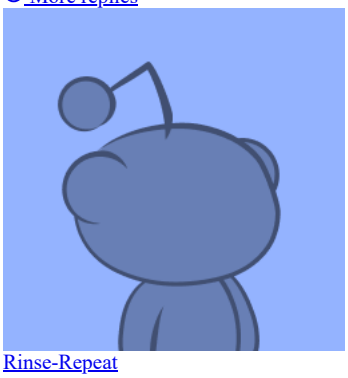

Rinse-Repeat
â€¢ 15y ago

Similar experience in that I was also looking in a mirror, sitting on the floor of our college dorm. My body disappeared entirely, only the cinder block wall remained. Loved that experience though.

The creepy one was the time I forgot to put in my contact lenses until I was peaking.....went to the mirror to put it in...my eyeball shrivelled up and sucked back into my head leaving only the empty eye socket in its place.

Still got the lens in though....score one for persistence!

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TheFecalJesus
â€¢ 15y ago â€¢ Edited 15y ago

I once made a new friend named Pierre on 10 hits of acid. Pierre is a ping pong ball that told me to do things.

Edit: I Still have him! 10 years later and he still hasnt spoken to me since that day...

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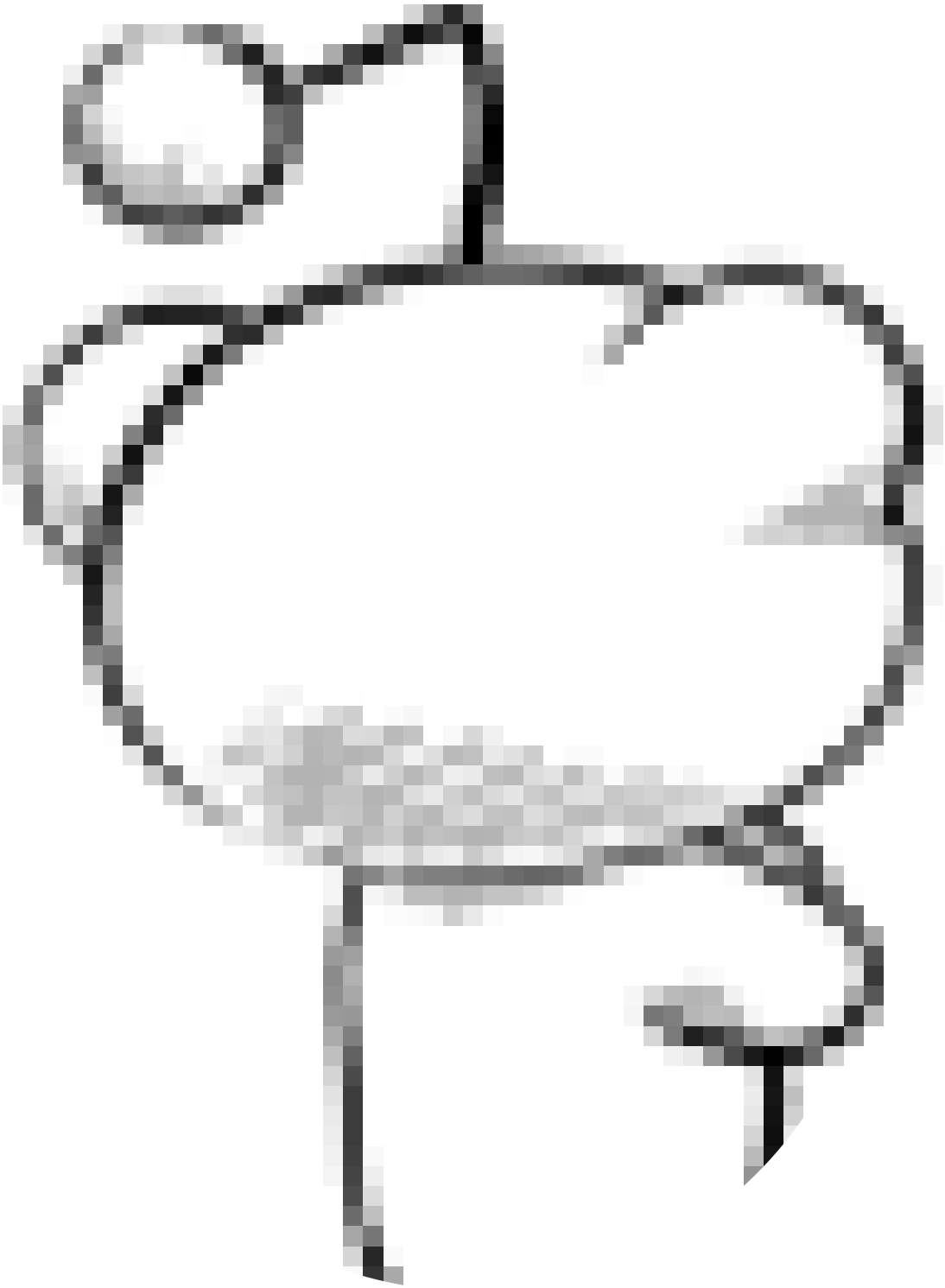

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â€¢ 15y ago

When I was 17 I tripped on a 10 strip. I was staring in the mirror for an undetermined amount of time. After some time had passed, I could not tell which side of the mirror I was on. The image had no idea which one was me, and started to get choked up because I thought it was beautiful. I distinctly remember reaching out to touch my own finger and felt as though I had communion with some part of my soul that I had never found and that I was going to live forever with myself to converse with. I also felt for some reason that any idea I came up with at that moment would have been complete brilliance because both of my selves would be able to sort of error handle any fallacy in logic, sort of as a way to keep thoughts that a negative in check or something. A friend of mine walked in the bathroom and turned off the light on me and left the door open. He had turned a series of black lights on. Immediately I felt swept into some sort of place of limbo and that I had been lied to by the person in the mirror, and that I had merged into that person on the other side and that I was stuck in some sort of purgatory. I heard a voice LOUDLY state that, "this happened because of your intentions", and immediately felt guilty for things that I had never done, things that I neglected to do to help others less fortunate then me. I walked away screaming at my friends, begging them to tell me what I had done to deserve this, and asking if they were, "part of this plan". After about 15 minutes of wigging out, another friend turned on the lights, and instantly I thought he had given me some sort of break to take time to realize what I needed to do to make this stop. I then walked outside. I knew then that I needed to make a change for once in my life and feel good. I wanted to make a difference, make something right. I turned up the collar on the coat I was wearing, stepped out into the wind, and it was blowing straight through my mind. I saw kids on the street who appeared hungry and felt blind to their needs and that I had always gone out of my way to not to see this need. I then turned and saw a broken bottle top on the ground and felt that it contained the soul of some man that would follow me every where I went, just so long as I followed the wind. No message could have been any clearer. I said to myself, "If you want to make the world a better place, take a look at yourself, and make... that... change."

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toopureforyou
â€¢ 15y ago

this reminds me of kafka's metamorphosis

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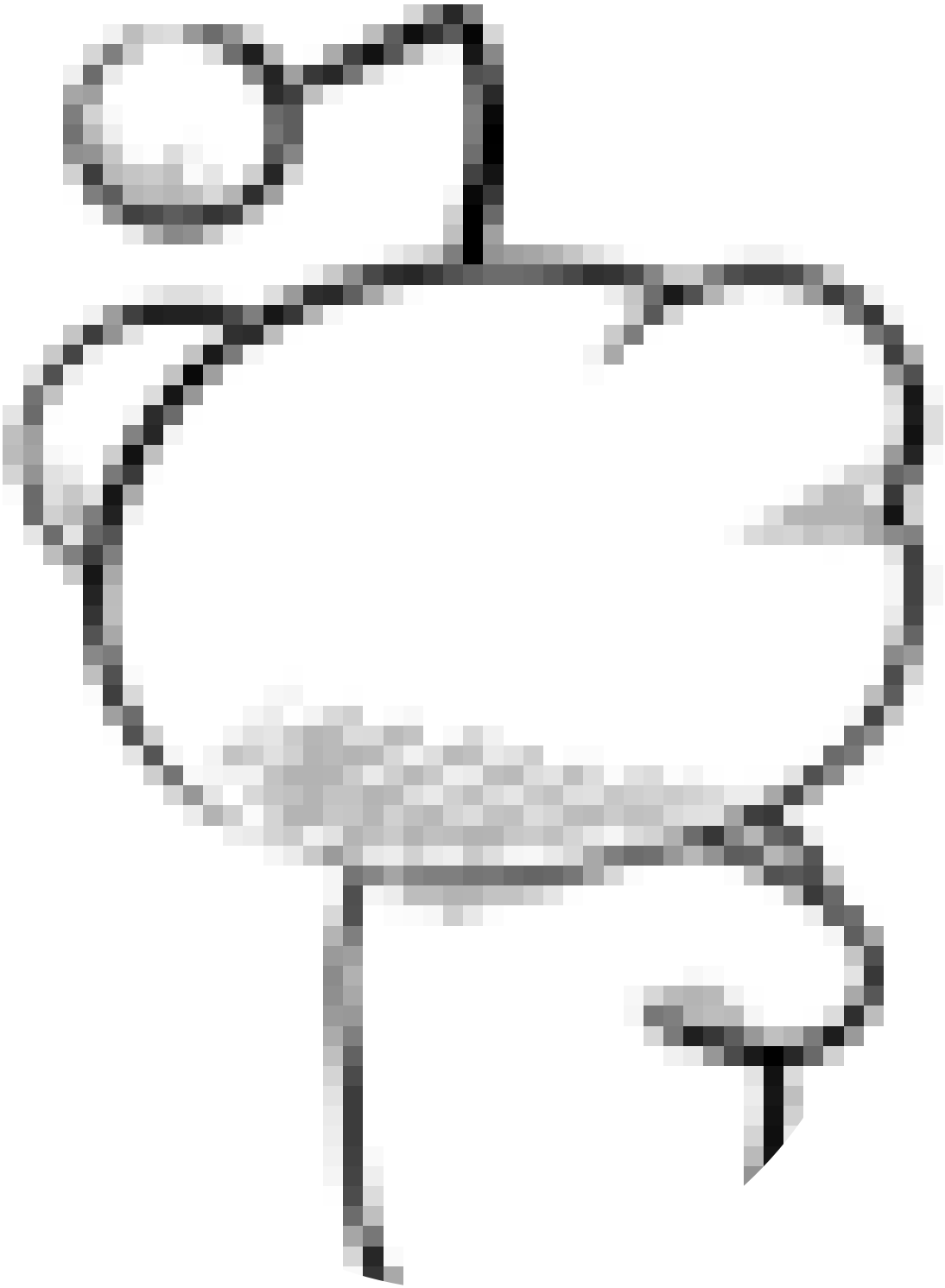

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â€¢ 15y ago

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reallytruelyhappened
â€¢ 15y ago

When I was 15, we lived about an hour outside Toronto in the country. It was summer, and late at night when the phone rang. I had woken up when the phone rang, but jumped out of bed when i heard my father talking hurriedly to my mother. I walked into the kitchen to find the sliding door open and my father standing out on the deck. As he turned to see me, I could see from the light in the kitchen that he was afraid...like deathly afraid. He didn't say a word but pointed out over the back fields. There it was, hovering a few hundred feet in the sky and moving slowly, a massive light. I was maybe half a mile off in the distance but was big. I was moving, but far slower than any plane could to be able to keep in the air, and again...it was big. I asked my Dad if this was real, and he said yes. My mother..always the level headed skeptic, had now woken my younger brother up to see this. The phone rang again, the first time it was our neighbors to the north wanting confirmation that they weren't crazy. This time it was the neighbors on the other side. Within the next 10 mins, everyone up and done our sideroad had confirmed that this was real...and it was hovering out back beyond the fields. This was prior to videocameras, and we hadn't even thought of taking any pictures yet as this thing had just kept slowly hovering across the horizon.

All four of us stood there speachless, I truley thought the world was about to come to an end, when the phone rang one more time. I was another of our neighbors. He'd taken some pictures. When he zoomed in, he saw something he never in a million years thought he'd see. A blimp advertising mcdonalds pizza flying through rural southern ontario at 1am.

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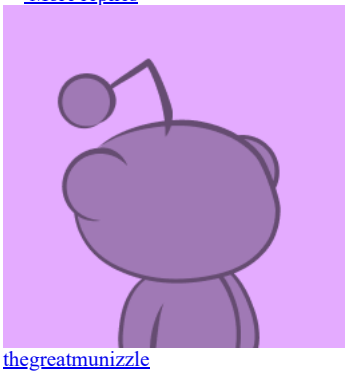

thegreatmunizzle
â€¢ 15y ago

One time I was laying in bed about to go to sleep and my door opened. Figuring it was the dog I called his name and did the double pat on the bed and told him to come up. The bed sunk and moved much like a 100lb lab would who just jumped on the bed. After he jumped up and laid down I went to pet him, but he wasn't there.

The second freaky happening I was eating dinner alone (duh) and it was night time. I was sitting there munching away at the dinner table and could see the shadow of my head on the opposing wall. All of a sudden my head just started walking away, the shadow going down the wall.

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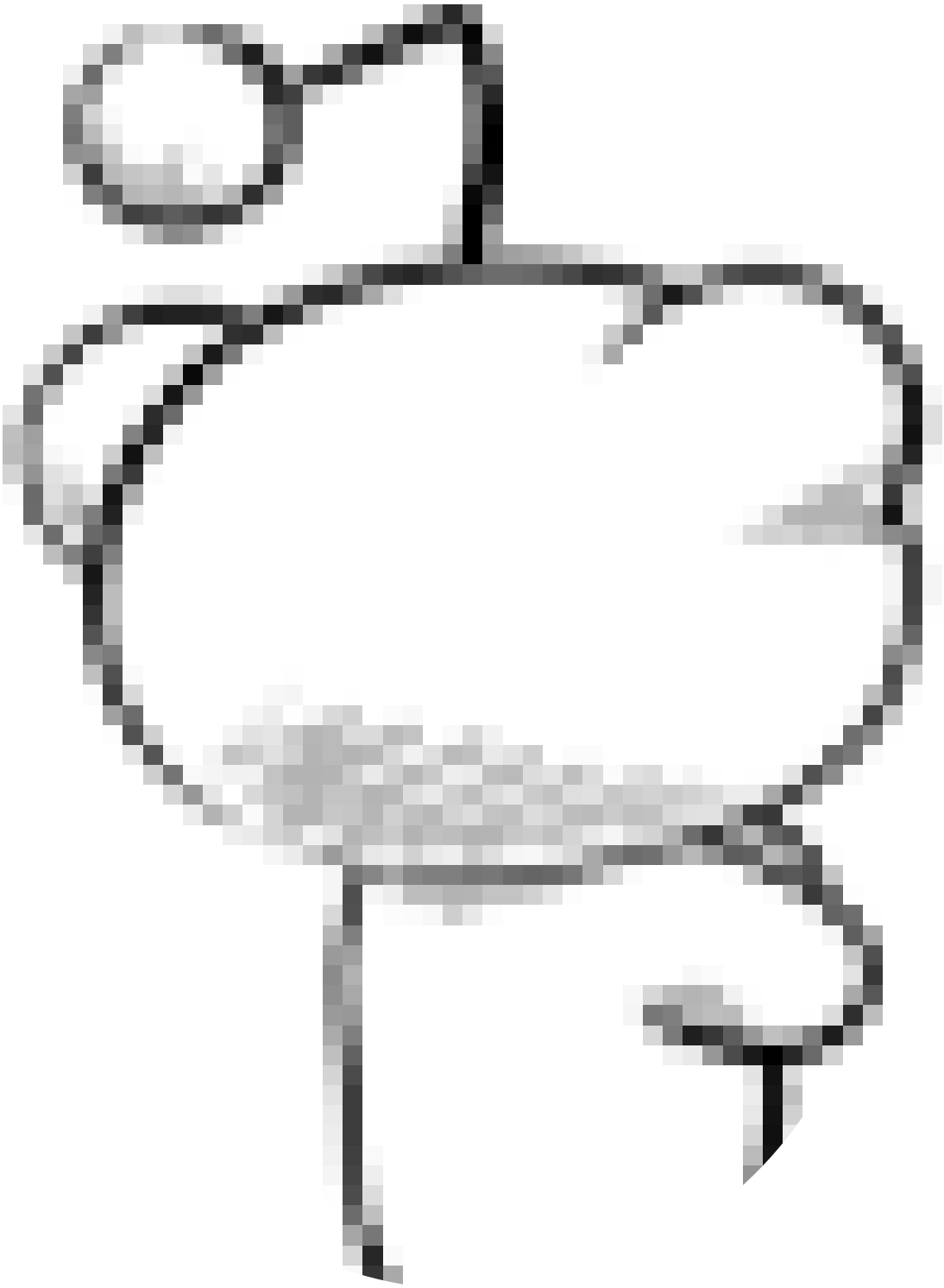

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â€¢ 15y ago

All of a sudden my head just started walking away, the shadow going down the wall.

Oh, that's nothing to worry about; the man behind you moved and his flashlight cast the shadow at a different angle.

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openoceans
â€¢ 15y ago

This is quite embarrassing, but I will share.

I should mention that I live in a ridiculously small town that can be really creepy at night.

One night I rode with my friend to go hang out with a bunch of people. On the way back home our other friend was following us in her car. As we were driving we saw this oddly shaped object on the side of the road that looked like something wrapped in a tarp. We started joking about how it was a dead baby wrapped up inside it. Then the friend following us called, crying hysterically saying that she thinks she saw a dead baby on the side of the road..... we automatically start freaking out. She said she pulled up really close at it and shined her headlights on it and swore she saw what looked like a foot sticking out. So like any freaked out 16 year old, I called my mom crying. We ended up driving to a closed gas station a couple miles down the road and waited for my mom. While we waited we noticed that there was someone parked in a car on a side road, no headlights on. We started freaking out again thinking that was whoever killed the baby. When my mom arrived she said that she saw the object and was worried about what it could be too, so she called 9-1-1. The police showed up and we told them the story and they went to go check it out. About 5 minutes pass and they come back and tell us to come look in the trunk to see what they found...

.....It was an inflatable raft.

Needless to say, we had never felt so stupid in our lives.

tl;dr: We thought we found a dead baby covered in a tarp, called 9-1-1, it was just an inflatable raft.

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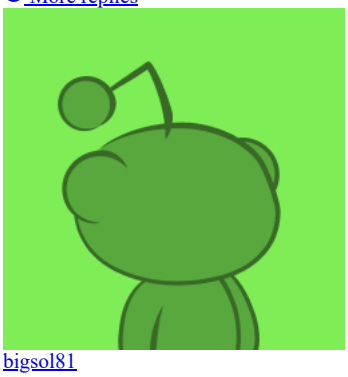

bigsol81
â€¢ 15y ago

When I was about 8 or 9, this girl in her late teens (16-17 or so) lived down the street was hired to babysit me when my grandparents were out of town. She was kind of cute, a little chubby, but not obese.

One night, I was in bed and woke up and saw her standing in the corner of the room in the dim light of my night light. At the time, I pretended to be asleep because I first thought that she was checking on me, but then I noticed her hand in her pants, moving around under them. I didn't make the connection at that age, but later when I thought back on it I realized that she was masturbating while watching me sleep. Even though she was sort of cute, the idea of a girl in her late teens masturbating to a preteen kid sleeping is extremely creepy and (to me at least) not at all a turn on...

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wehaventlocatedusyet
â€¢ 15y ago

This is a story that echos through my friend circle constantly.

A friend of mine was away from her apartment in inner Sydney earlier last year leaving her female house mate by herself for the week. Early sunday morning her house mate was returning from a night out somewhere, got into the house, sat down and began to hear noises coming from the bathroom. Knowing there was supposed to be no one there that weekend she freaked out and locked the door to the bathroom from the outside, called the police and.. i'm guessing chilled out with a knife somewhere until the police arrived. They eventually burst into the bathroom and found a man collapsed and dead in the bathtub. From the damage in the bathroom and other things the police inferred (some combination of 'zoom', 'enhance') she was told the man, heavily intoxicated on ice, broke into the apartment, made it into the bathroom and punched his way into the ceiling where he grabbed at an electrical cable and was killed from the shock.

ep0k
â€¢ 15y ago

My platoon found a severed head once, stuck on the end of a bridge, in a little town in Iraq.

Some background: We kept close tabs on our AO. We had good SIGINT and reasonably reliable HUMINT, and generally knew who the bad guys were looking for. A "Sharia Court" was operating in our area and they liked to kidnap high-profile public figures, execute them, and leave their bodies by the river with a list of that person's transgressions against the court's somewhat "liberal" interpretation of the Koran.

The creepy part is that this particular head belonged to an absolute nobody. He wasn't on our radar at all, and it didn't fit the profile of any of the Sharia Court killings in terms of motive or the way the body was presented.

So, in addition to an extremist jihadi group, I'm fairly certain we also had a serial killer in our AO. Murder tends to get lost in the noise of war.

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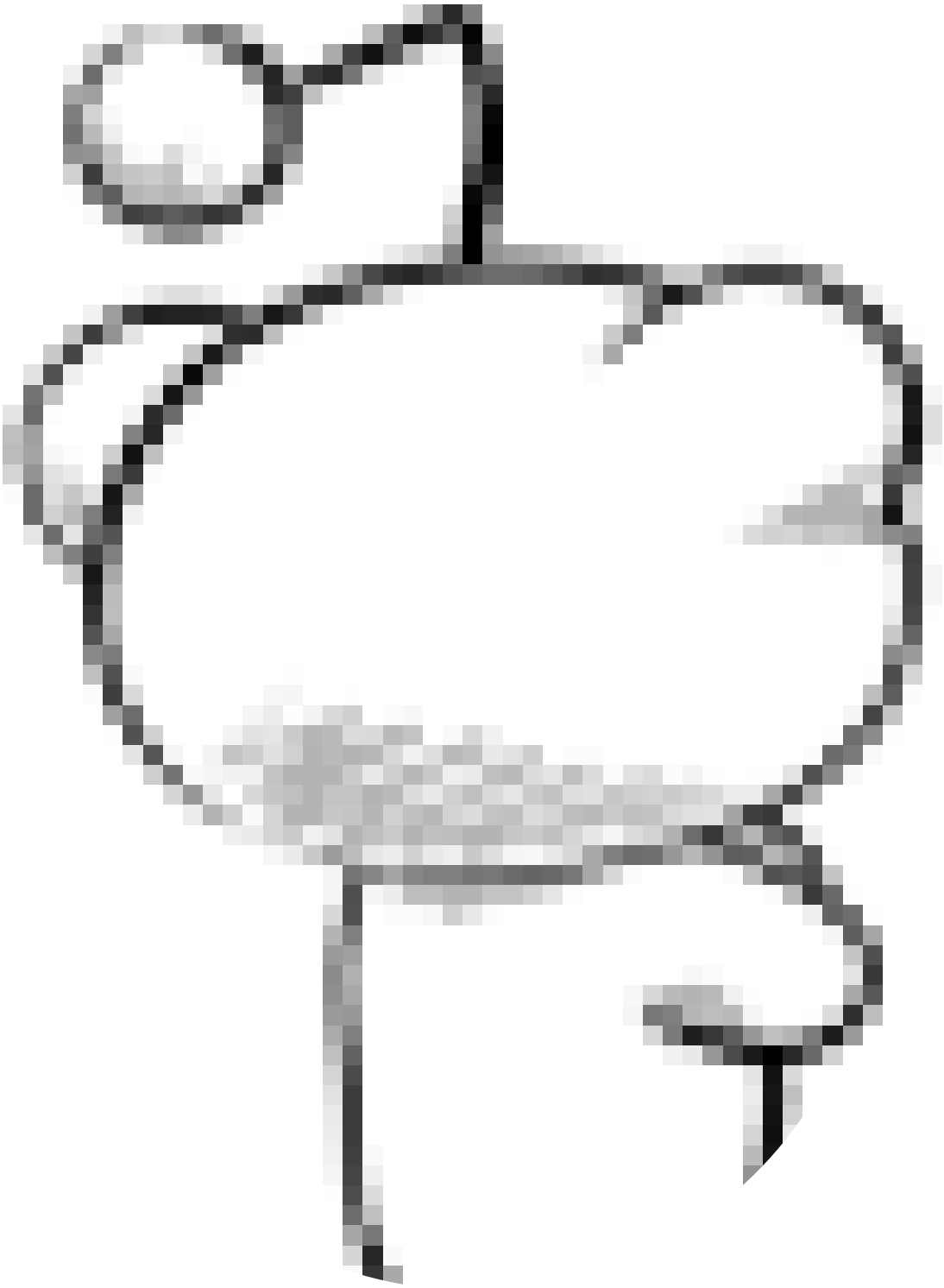

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â€¢ 15y ago

Back when I was little we went on a vacation to Croatia. First time at sea, yay! Things got weird when I just couldn't stop having this "I've been here before" feeling. They got even weirder when as we were walking through the town I kept correctly predicting upcoming street names (in a language I never even heard of before), building details (balconies, arcs, pillars, roofs, ...) and other miscellaneous details.

We were staying in an apartment in this lovely two-story villa. Across the hall from us an old man lived. He would sit on his balcony (about 15 ft away from our) reading newspapers all day, but from our viewpoint it looked like he was watching us. I kept having this feeling like I know him. I kept seeing this mental image of this large, white, hairy dog somehow associated with him. About a week later, when we were leaving, I was asked by my parents to go tell him something (go invite him to a goodbye party probably, can't remember). I knocked on the door, the man opened, and the first thing I noticed was a large, framed, grayscale picture of a young boy with the exact same dog. The feeling of familiarity was overwhelming.

4 more replies
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RazorEddie
â€¢ 15y ago

The only thing better than these threads are the people frantically trying to debunk them.

One fine December day, I was out doing some Christmas shopping in the Riverwalk shopping mall. I was in the middle of looking at one thing or another and I got the feeling. I don't know what it was, but I had to get out then. Drop everything. Get out. I've never been that panicked or that scared and I just fled, leaving everything I'd bought. Got a call on my way home that a ship slammed into the mall/complex and hundreds of people were missing/injured. It hit right about where I'd been standing when the panic kicked in.

This one is from when I was a kid. One night, my mom opened the door to find my grandmother standing there in her pajamas. My grandmother lived about an hour and a half away, so this definitely wasn't routine. My grandmother said she was sorry to wake everybody up, but she'd had a dream that I was in bed with a really bad fever and I told her I was really sick and probably gonna die. Nobody was answering the phone and she couldn't shake the feeling that she had to do something, so she drove all the way over to our house in her pajamas (feeling ridiculous, of course) and there she was. My mom laughed because I'd been fine, and brought her back to my room to show her I was fine. Only I wasn't fine. I was covered in sweat and had an awful fever and wound up in the hospital for several days.

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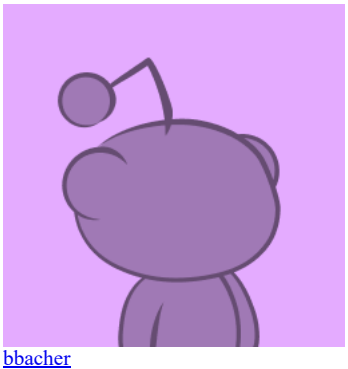
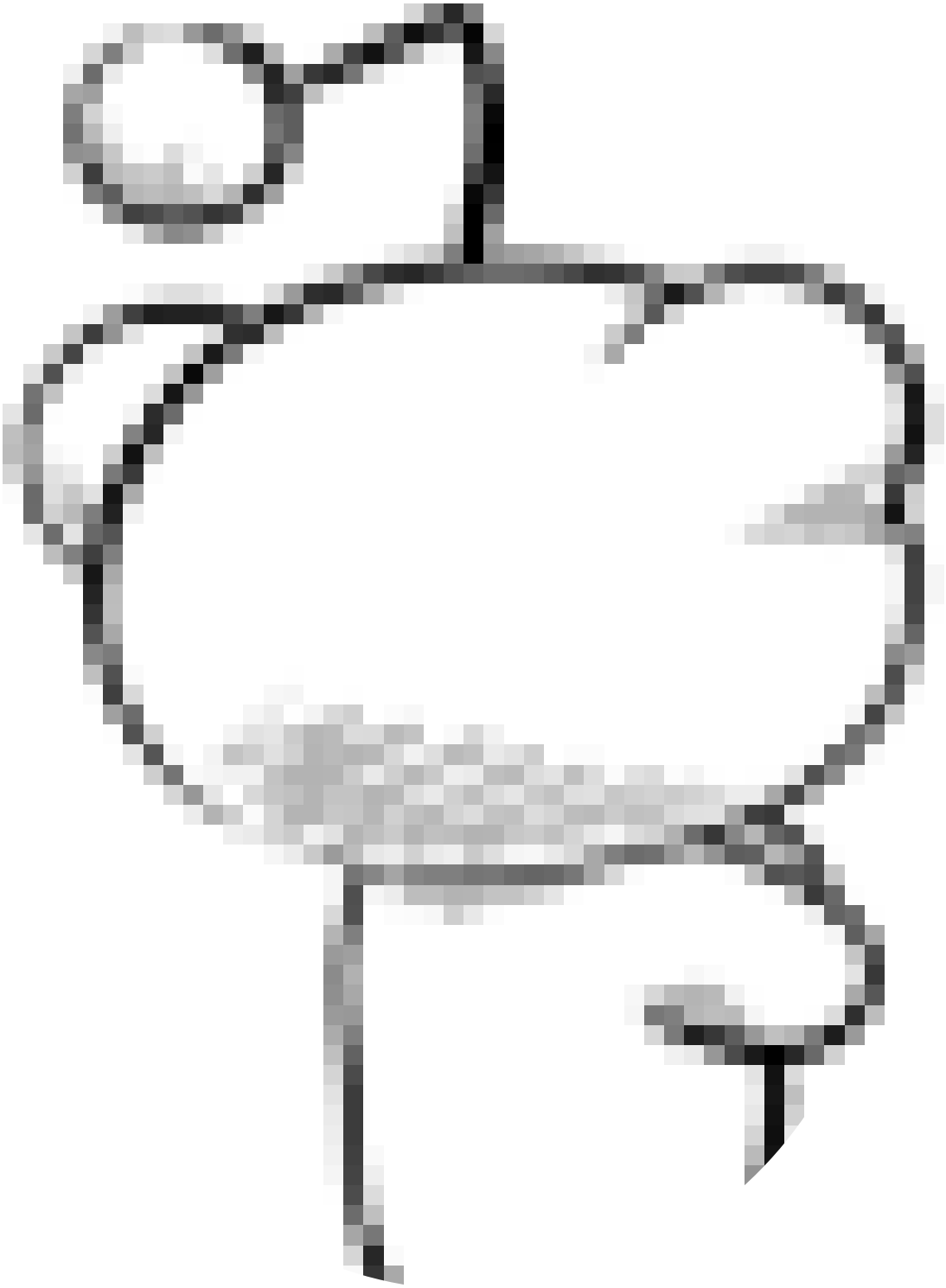


bbacher
â€¢ 15y ago

I had a dream where I put a gun to my head and pulled the trigger. I flopped to the ground laying on my side, and watched the blood pooling. Consciousness faded to black and the dream ended.



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â€¢ 15y ago

I have had two dreams that creep me out:

1. My wife and I are seated together on the back of an airplane, which crashes. We're holding hands as the metal crumples around us getting tighter and tighter. All I can feel is crushing pressure and her hand... until it gets too intense and everything INSTANTLY relaxes. i.e. i'm dead. super creepy.

2. I am riding a motorcycle with no helmet. I crash and the sensation of my head hitting the ground is very real. I'm not dead but I must be pretty fucked up. A group of kids walk up and I can see them, and hear them in an echo-y fashion. They basically say "fuck.. he is a fucking goner..." and they walk away...

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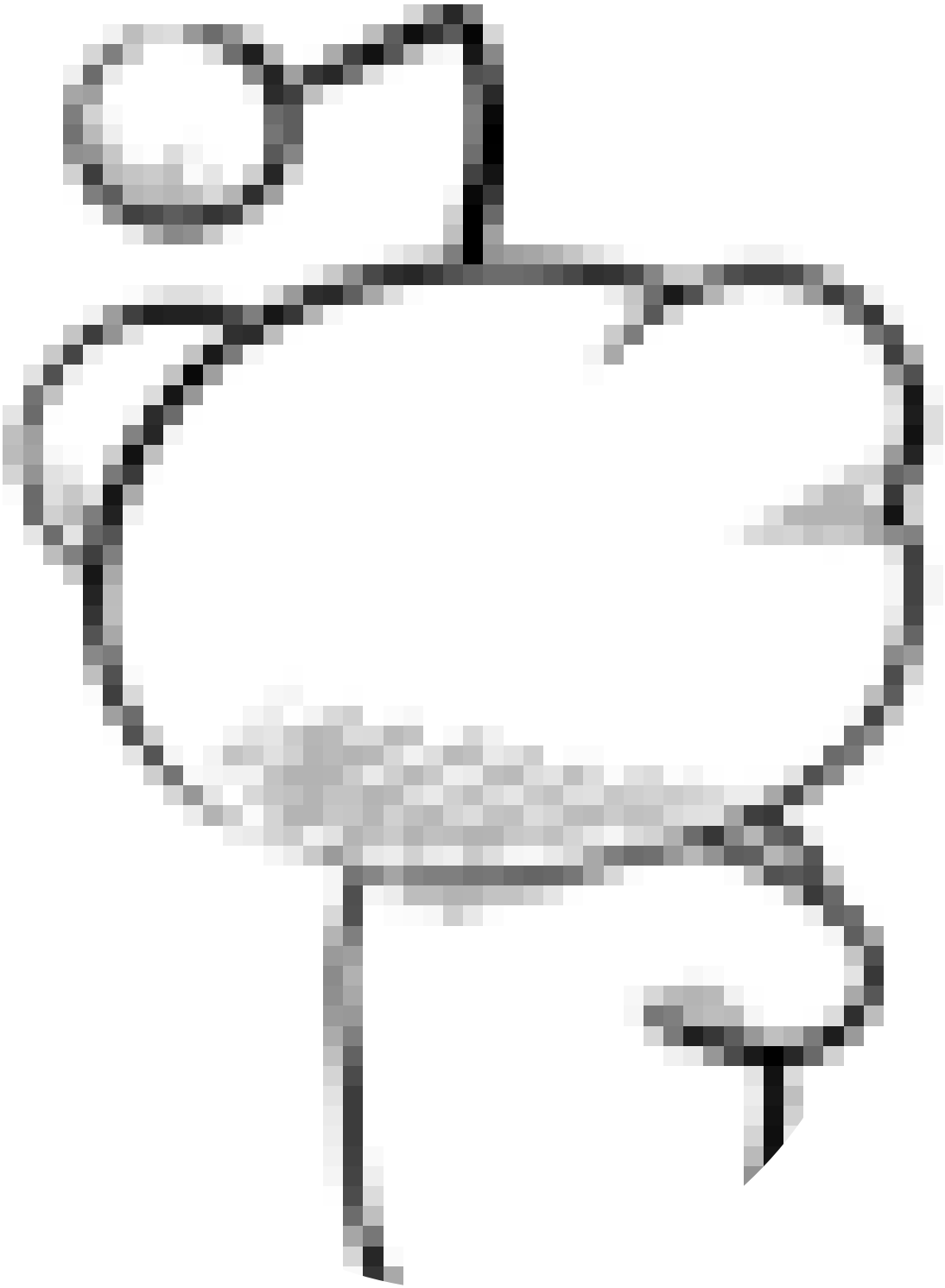

[deleted]
â€¢ 15y ago

I had a dream where an undercover prostitute cop shot me in the head. I then became a detached camera floating around seeing cool shit.

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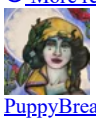

PuppyBreath
â€¢ 15y ago

It was 3 AM and my dogs were going insane. One of them does not bark, so she's my indicator whether something is really wrong.

I got up, grabbed a baseball bat and went to the kitchen. I saw the boy dog with a defensive stance in front of the sliding glass door, and the other was shivering in fear. The curtains moved and my hair stood on end as it dawned on me that there is *something or someone in my house.*

It was an intense 15 seconds while I stared at the curtain trying to figure out what the hell to do. My boy dog strikes the moving part of the curtain and out comes an enormous cat. Said cat jumped on the futon, and fought with him before finally using the dog door which it used to enter the house with.

I have miniature dachshunds that have never seen a cat before. Let alone an enormous one.

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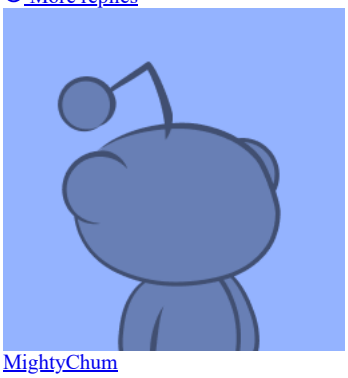

MightyChum
â€¢ 15y ago

I remember this time, I was 16, mid-summer in the south of england, no it's not the hottest country in the world but damn it's hot enough for us and hot enough to crack the windows wide open. So I'm upstairs, my mums fallen asleep on the sofa downstairs yet again (later found out she had sleep apnia but that's another story), I didn't know but she's left the window open. Now this window is about 14 foot off the ground as our house, only 2 storeys high, has a riser under it because we live on a steep hill, we have basically a 3ft wide extra shelf sticking out from the front, anyhoo.

I hear this scream, blood curdling because my old girl is the manliest person I have ever known, she didnt scream for nothing, never. But there it goes, loudest scream I ever heard from her, not a rage shout, not a warning cry, a fear filled scream.

So I fly off my bed, grabbing my hockey stick (we're talking grass hockey style here not Ice Hockey) fly down my stairs 3 at a time arriving in the front room, she's shaken, fear on her face. "I woke up and there was an arm halfway through the window reaching towards my face", without even thinking I charge out into the street wearing nothing but my boxer shorts, see nothing, no one, so I charge up to the street above my house to see if someones fleeing, charge to the street below my house and there they are, about 200m down the road running about to take a turn. My bloods up and I start to run after him, screaming words to the effect of, "Why good sir I do believe you have attempted an unlawful entry upon my house and I would enjoy a moment to engage you with a physical warning" or pretty much "Get here you filthy cunt Im gunna bash you good" until I hear my mum scream to come back and not to leave her.

I return to the house raged up, once Ive calmed her down and gone back upstairs to finish off my joint I realise something. I left my mum alone in a house with the front door wide open directly after someone tried to force entry, I ran out without checking or anything and I ran off too. What would have happened if he was working a team, would I still be here to type this, would I still have my mum who, as gay as it sounds, is probably the most important person in my life? Truly that was the moment I realised I needed to get my rage in check.

Not all bad though, my neighbours saw me the next day and said I looked fearsome in my little boxer shorts screaming at the top of my lungs brandishing a hockey stick like a spear.

TL:DR- Guy tried to grab my mum through an open window late one night and I chased after him wearing very little but my boxer shorts n my hockey stick, morale of the story, think before you act.

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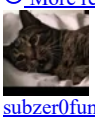

subzer0fun
â€¢ 15y ago

I woke up in the middle of the night (age 12/13) to go to the bathroom, bleary eyed and half conscious. I saw the reflection of someone in the bathroom on the tile. I ran downstairs to my parents and they wouldn't believe me. My dad came up and looked in the bathroom, living room, kitchen etc. and saw nothing. He let me sleep on the couch but a few hours later (having come to the conclusion that I would never sleep again) I heard foot steps and the front door open and shut. Next morning, we noticed that some food from the cabinets and fridge was missing. I think the guy had hid in my sisters room, which was attached to the bathroom. Good thing she wasn't home that night.

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sunny_2
â€¢ 15y ago â€¢ Edited 15y ago

I was driving down the highway and hit something late at night. It was a weeknight at about 1:30am, and I was 20 or so, on summer break from university, and driving home from seeing my boyfriend about an hour away.

I hit something in the road that made my car jump. I didn't see what it was, but it was a busy, four-lane road and my car felt like it was dragging. I pulled off to the side of the road with my hazards on, checked my car quickly as traffic sped by, and decided that nothing was visibly awry. I jumped back in my car and started, but it felt like it was dragging still. Crying and upset about how mad my father would be at me, I called home to let my dad know that my car was out of commission. He cursed, told me to pull to the nearest exit, call my boyfriend to stay with me, and wait for him.

I pulled off from the side of the highway, and drove 35 mph to the nearest exit - Scaggsville (35B). I hate Scaggsville - this is my only experience with Scaggsville and it was the worst experience ever. I assume that nothing good has ever happened in a place called Scaggsville.

So I pull off on the road in Scaggsville, and there's nothing in either direction. The road ahead of me swerved to the right, and behind to the left. I was pulled over with my flashers on, waiting anxiously. Not one car passed me for the 20 minutes or so that I waited for my boyfriend.

When the car pulled up behind me, I knew it was him and got out of the car. He ran up to me, asked me if I was ok, and started charging his flashlight (the kind you have to turn the rotor to make it work). We walk to the front of my car, bend over to check out the tires, and are interrupted by the sound of screaming. Terrified, we look up. Along the deserted, shadowy, windy road, we saw someone running towards us at full speed.

I started backing to my car but my boyfriend walked to the person. Terrified, I saw the shape reach him, and it turned out to be a young girl. She fell to the ground in front of him, sobbing.

I immediately ran to her, got on my knees, starting rubbing her back, which was covered in gravel. I thoughtlessly wondered if she had been pushed out of a car, or somehow forced onto the ground. She looked up at me, and I estimated that she was about 15 years old. Her blonde hair was falling from a messy ponytail, and her makeup ran down her face. When she spoke, her breath smelled of some sort of bourbon or whisky.

She sat up to look at me, and I could see she was wearing a white tank top, pink panties, and nothing else. No shoes, no pants, nothing.

She started talking, while sobbing: "Can you take me to the nearest store? I just need to get to the nearest store." I tried to convince her that she needed the police to come. I asked if she was ok, and if I should call for help.

"No, just get me to the nearest store."

There was no way that I could take this girl anywhere. Obviously, something horrible had happened to her and she was fucked up, and I didn't know what or how to help her. I said, "Sweetheart, the reason why I'm here is because my car is broken. I can't take you anywhere but I can call for help." I didn't know what to do, my phone was almost dead, and I was desperate to get her to stay while we called for someone.

She stopped sobbing and looked up at me. In the most serious voice, she said: "You are not the chosen one." She slowly stood up until she was standing, looking like it hurt her limbs to move. She repeated at me, staring the whole time, "You are not the chosen one."

Then, she turned around, and ran down the road that she had just come from, barefoot and pantsless. I immediately called 911. When my dad came, fixed my car, and left, there were two police cars driving down the road, flashlights peering into the woods, trying to find the young girl.

I received a phone call later from the police that explained parts of this but I don't feel like writing anymore.

**TLDR: this crazy child ran up to me in the middle of the night and told me that I was not the chosen one.**

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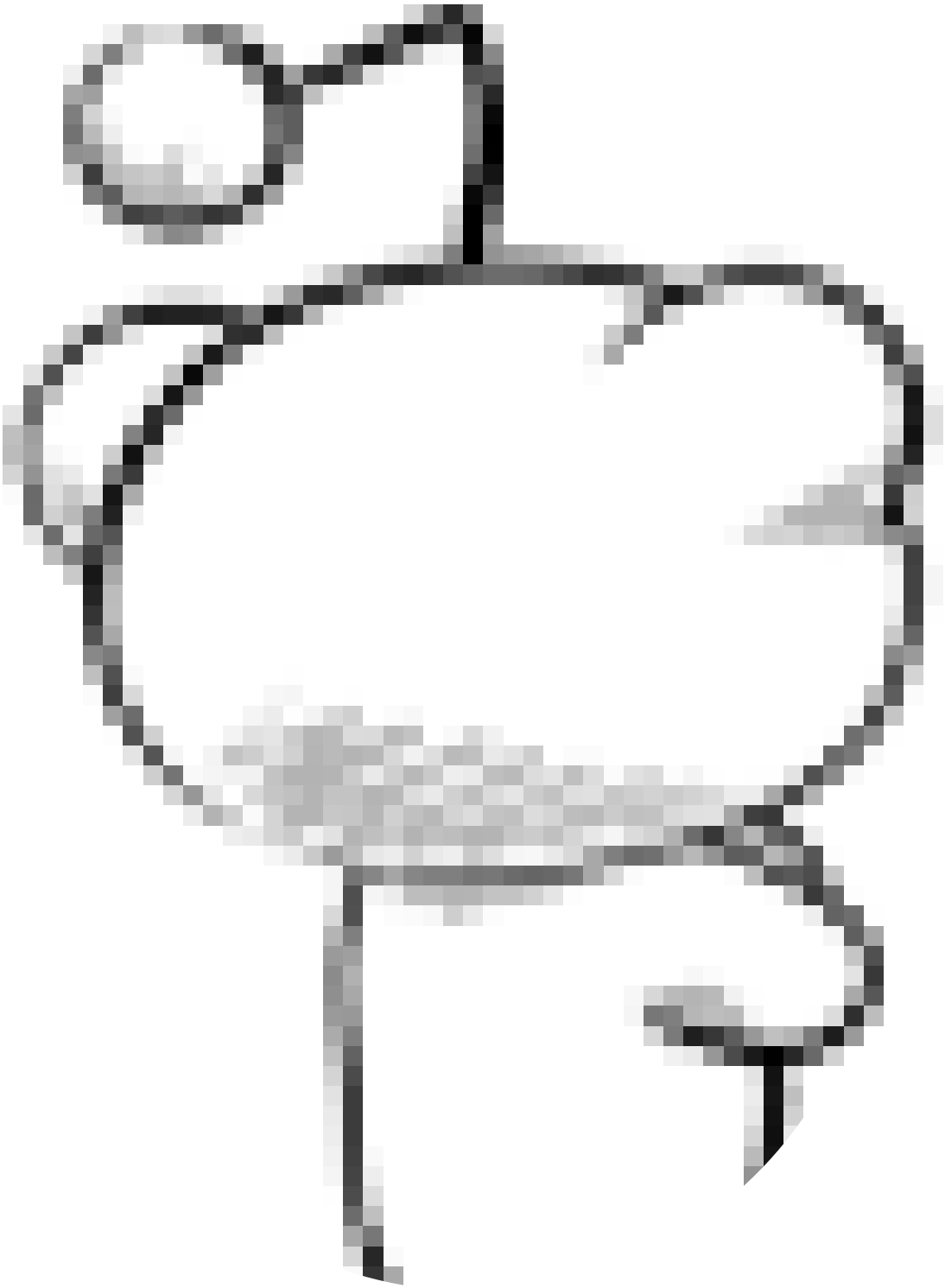

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â€¢ 15y ago

Over the summer I was sitting in my parents' living room watching TV around three in the morning. I went into the kitchen to get something to drink and noticed that the light out back was on, so I stepped outside to see what had set it off (it's a motion sensor light). When I step out the door from my kitchen, I'm on my back porch; the driveway where my mom parks her car is right there.

I noticed that the light in my mom's car was on and the door was open, so I called out to see if it was my mom in the car getting something or what. Soon enough, it became apparent that it was a man crouched over the driver's seat. My dad has a history of sleepwalking so I walked up behind him (I wasn't exactly sneaking, but apparently he didn't hear me) and put my hand on his shoulder.

The guy turned around and it wasn't my dad.

I was completely taken by surprise. He had been going through the glove compartment, looking for money I guess. As soon as I touched him, he whipped around and made this terrible hissing sound through his teeth. He stood up and I started to back away; I was scared as fuck at this point. He pulls up his shirt and has a gun tucked into the front of his pants. He just looked at me and said "You should go back inside."

I ran back inside, locked the doors and called the police. They told me they were already looking for someone who was breaking into cars in my neighborhood, asked if anything was missing (we checked the next day and he hadn't taken anything), etc.

I told my mom about it, obviously, but to this day I never told her that he had a gun. I played it off like someone had just tried to break into her car and I scared him away.

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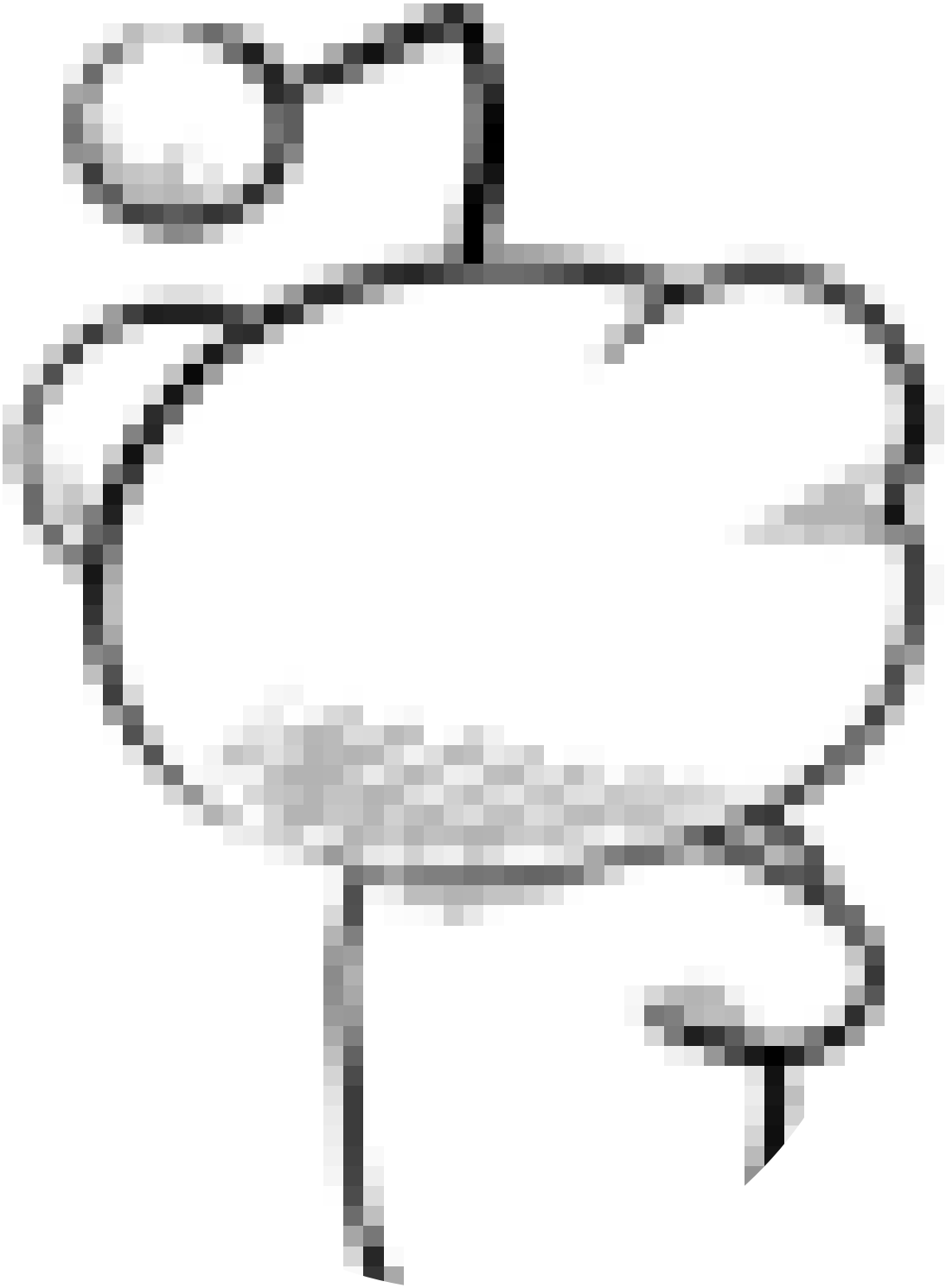

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â€¢ 15y ago

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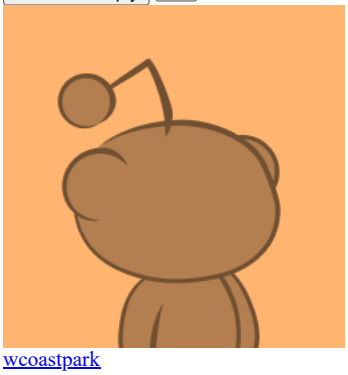
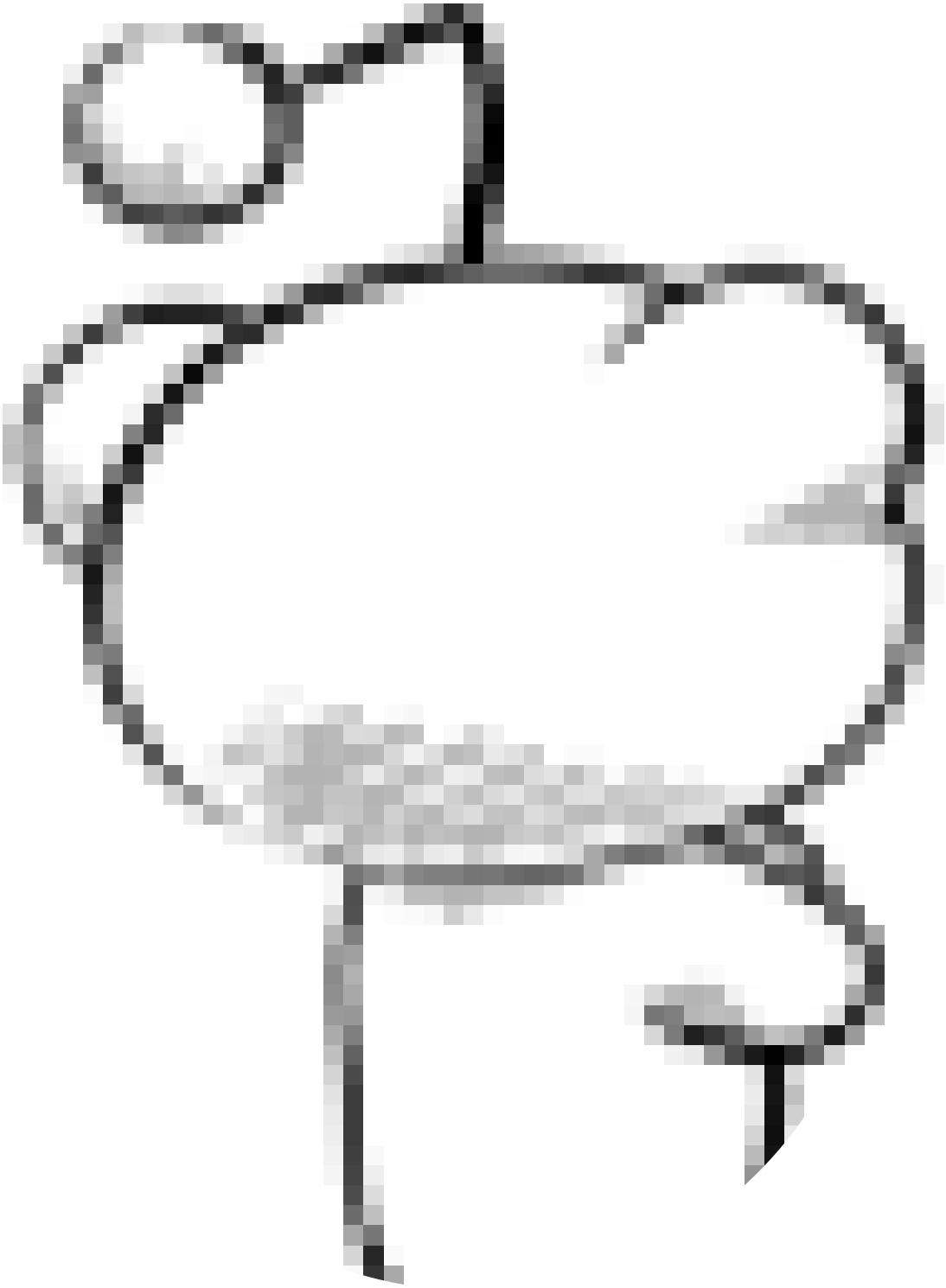


wcoastpark
â€¢ 15y ago

I grew up in rural Oregon where it was both extremely dark (no street lights) and quiet at night. Because it was so dark and we had no neighbors to speak of, I always had a bit of phobia of looking out my window before I went to bed. Fortunately, I knew if something was out there, I'd hear it first: My bedroom looked out onto our front yard which was made up of a large rock garden made of crushed volcanic rock. It was impossible to walk across the rock without making a distinctive crunching noise.

One summer after everyone else was asleep, I was in bed reading when I heard the noise. My windows were wide open to cool off the house, so the sound was extremely vivid. **crunch. crunch.** The pattern was such that I knew immediately it was human footsteps. I froze, turned off my light and waited until they stopped for a moment. I snuck out of bed and loudly awoke my parents. I had never done something like this before so my dad took me seriously and grabbed a big flashlight and flipped on the outside lights, yelling out the door that he was coming outside. Getting no response, he had everyone wait inside while he went out to investigate.

It didn't take long before he called us all out into the front yard. There lying in the rock was a massive toad about the size of a brick. My dad nudged it with his foot and it hopped twice in the gravel making a distinctive **crunch. crunch.** I got trolled by a toad.



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â€¢ 15y ago

When I was 12 years old, I got to be off school one year because of medical problems. Like that, I had lots of free time, so I used to go to the cinema alone quite frequently. You know, from monday to thursday there is very little amount of people going to the 16:00 o clock movie, so... there am I, in the middle of a movie, maybe just 30 minutes left to the end. Few people in the room, not many. Suddenly, I notice that a man enters the room and goes to sit besides myself. Kind of, 200 free seats in the room, and he picks the one just right besides me... Well, I don't mind. I keep watching the movie. Suddenly, I notice his fingers (hidden under the jacket on his lap) are rubbing my leg. I freeze and I enter in shock mode (the movie wasn't helping, it was the crappy "Assassins" Stallone and Antonio Banderas...) Few minutes after touching my leg a couple of times, he get up and leaves the room. I am shocked but I decide that is just not that important... A couple of weeks after, in a totally different schedule on a different movie room, the same happens again. The creepy guy comes in the middle of the movie, out of 200 free seats he picks the one esides me, and touches my leg. Now my shock is more fear than surprise. The first time was surprise but now is the fear that somebody is following me. The feeling of him touching my leg is more creepy than disturbing. He is barely rubbing me with a fingertip, but it creeps me out the fact of how the hell he ended up in the same movie room as I am. True that it's the same cinema, but I usually went to different rooms in different schedules... The third time was the creepiest. I was in a TOTALLY DIFFERENT CITY, kind of 40km far away from home... I was "safe" from him, and suddenly, he fucking enters the room. I recognize his distinctive smell of vintage cologne, his middle age belly, bald head with a bit of longer hair on the sides... That cannot be. As soon as he sits besides me, I cannot take that anymore, so I get up, not shocked, not frozen anymore, and go to sit a couple of rows far away. As soon as I get up, he gets up. For a moment I start sweating thinking that he is going to follow me and sit again besides me, but no, he goes away and he never ever came back...

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autowrecker
â€¢ 15y ago

Downtown Seattle, about 10 years ago. I'm drinking in Pioneer Square with one of my friends when we meet a some people from Canada. Two girls and a guy. They ask us where the after hours places are, and invite us to come along. We hit a couple clubs and had a decent time.

At the end of the night, the Canadians get in a fight, and the guy left the two girls, who are now trying to figure out what to do. The girls are fairly drunk, and no longer are being terribly friendly. It's about 3:30am, the girls aren't interested in coming back to my house, and I'm not driving them to Canada so, I'm about to leave.

Then I notice that this particular car that has driven past us a couple times has now parked. At this point, my friend and I are just letting the girls work out their problems and we're just standing a half block away from them.

I said to my friend, "Dude, watch that guy." He says "Old red Corolla on the corner; I know, he's been around at least twice, he doesn't realize we know those girls or doesn't care; he's watching them."

Then, maybe five minutes later, some random guy drives up next to us and says "Hey guys, see that guy in that car over there? I don't know what he's doing, but he's *really* sketchy. He's watching those girls." We let him know that we saw it too, and that we'd make sure things turned out OK.

tl;dr: This guy was so creepy that you could tell from a block away.

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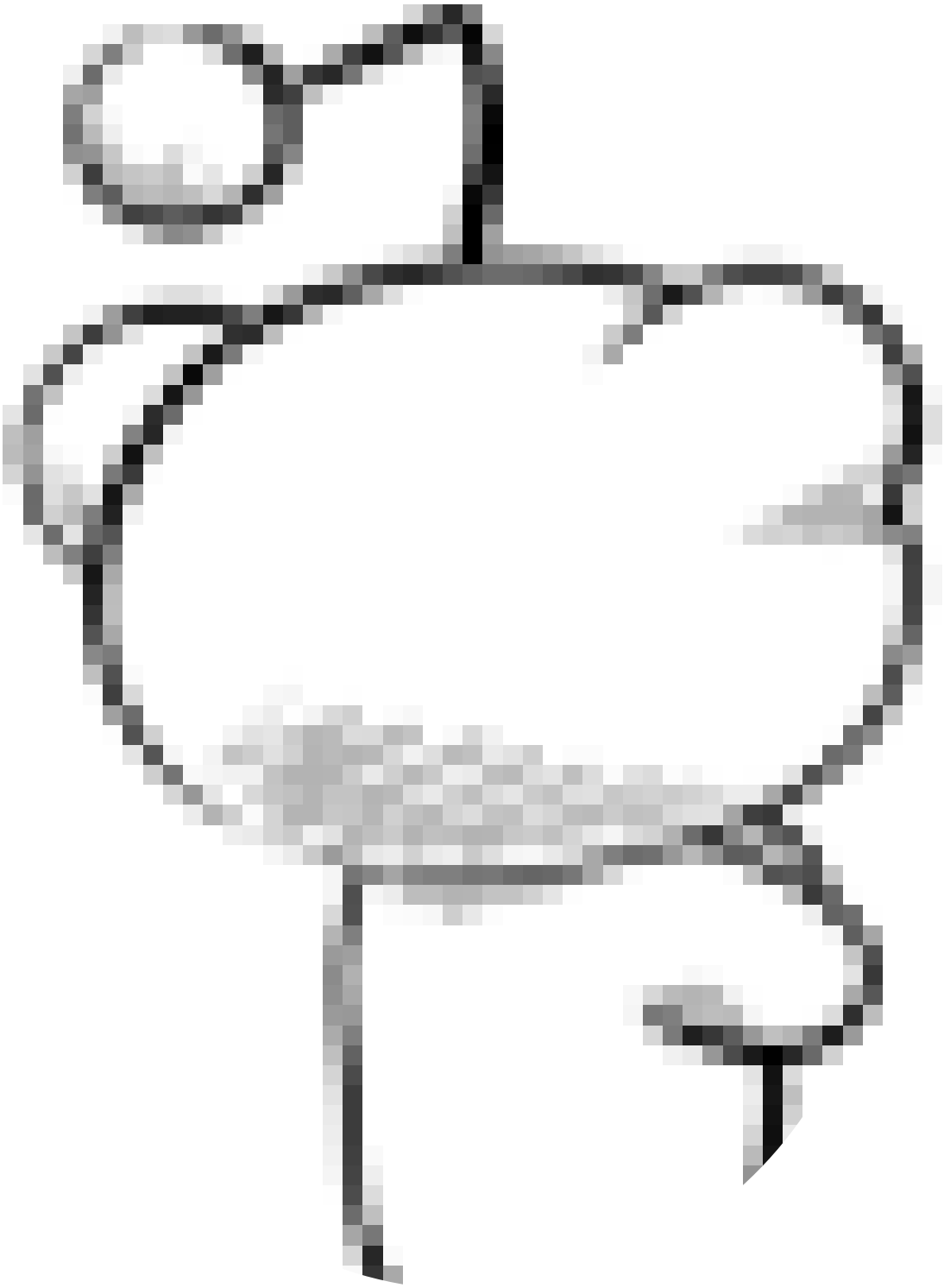

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â€¢ 15y ago

When my parents bought the land for their house about 20 years ago they were told that decades ago a stillborn baby was buried somewhere on the property (babies that died before baptism weren't allowed to be buried in a cemetery). I have always been creeped out in the house, but in recent years I've come to accept that whatever it is isn't going to hurt me. But once, a few years back, I was home from school for lunch and as I was walking down the stairs I heard the wail of a baby coming from my bedroom. It was definitely the sound of a baby and not an animal and I have no explanation for where it came from.

Reply Share

Kintaro08
â€¢ 15y ago

If it manifests itself, don't worry. It has the strength of a baby.

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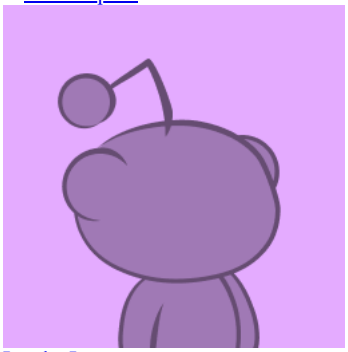

LondonLass
â€¢ 15y ago

I think this entire thread has to be one of the most memorable, interesting and amusing that I've come across on Reddit, in quite a while.

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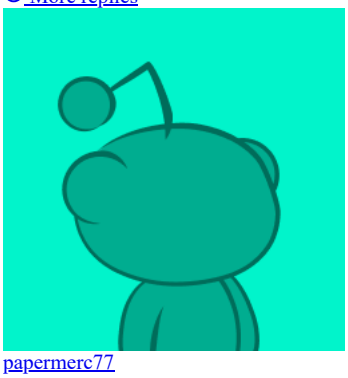

papermerc77
â€¢ 15y ago

When I was in the 3rd Grade and my brother was in the 1st Grade, our family went to visit the Philippines. It was the very first time for my brother and I. I'll name him John for the story. Our family comes from this barrio in Ilocos Sur called Santa Cruz; it's very countrified. It's an 8-hours drive west from Manila.

Anywho, it's the middle of July so it's humid as hell. My brother and I can't go through the day without changing at least three times. My aunt Isabel felt very bad for us and offered to let us sleep at her place, which was a bamboo hut on stilts off the ground with large windows, very breezey. John, being a mama's boy didn't want to sleep anywhere she wasn't so I said yes.

That night I couldn't sleep no matter how hard I tried. It must have been the jet lag. I watched the Marlboro clock on the wall as the hands crept upon midnight. Everyone had fallen asleep hours before. Frustrated I kept tossing and turning trying to find a comfortable position to no avail. Then I hear this high-pitched laughter.

My eyes go wide and my heart beat starts thumping in my little chest as I hear this freaky-assed laughter. It sounded so evil and malevolent. It came from directly under the hut. I looked toward the family members and they weren't stirring. They were on the floor fast asleep. They had let me take up the bed by the window. I don't know for how long that thing laughed but everything went quiet again and I felt confident enough to bring my covers up and hide my face.

Then I heard footsteps of someone walking under the hut going towards my wall. My wall where bed is right next to the window. The window is wide open to let the breeze in. Within a few seconds I hear scratches against the bamboo like it's trying to climb up to my window and I hear it breathing there. It is there breathing right next to my head. I close my eyes as tightly as I could facing away from the window, fighting the urge to scream my little heart out. And it speaks. Its voice is deep, obviously a man's. But I don't understand a word he says. It is in Tagalog, which I don't speak. He sounded like he was mocking me, laughing at my fear and helplessness. I was crying by this point. Then all of the sudden he was gone. I didn't hear any breathing. I felt no malevolent presence. After 10 minutes of silence I slipped off the bed and went between my aunt and cousins before falling asleep.

TL;DR: First time visiting family's motherland turns into an encounter with the supernatural.

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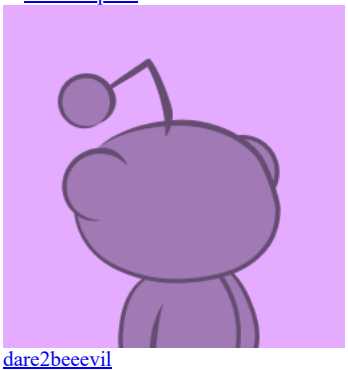

dare2beeevil
â€¢ 15y ago

When I was 13 there was this little home schooled girl 7 or 8 years who'd follow my friends and I around the neighborhood. What was weird is that there were times where we wouldn't see for for weeks on end, then she'd just show up standing in the street in front of her house. One day we were all playing tag in the street and we see her open her front door and call out to us. Her parents had just bought her a kitten pretty recently and we saw it standing at her feet. She waited for the kitten to curiously creep for the doorway and she slammed the door on the kitten!!! She continued slamming the door 5 or 6 times then we saw her mom grab her and slam the door shut. Keep in mind that the kitten by this time had been "halved" by the door. We didn't see the girl come out for the next few months and soon after her family moved away. I've never been able to forget about that day. poor kitty

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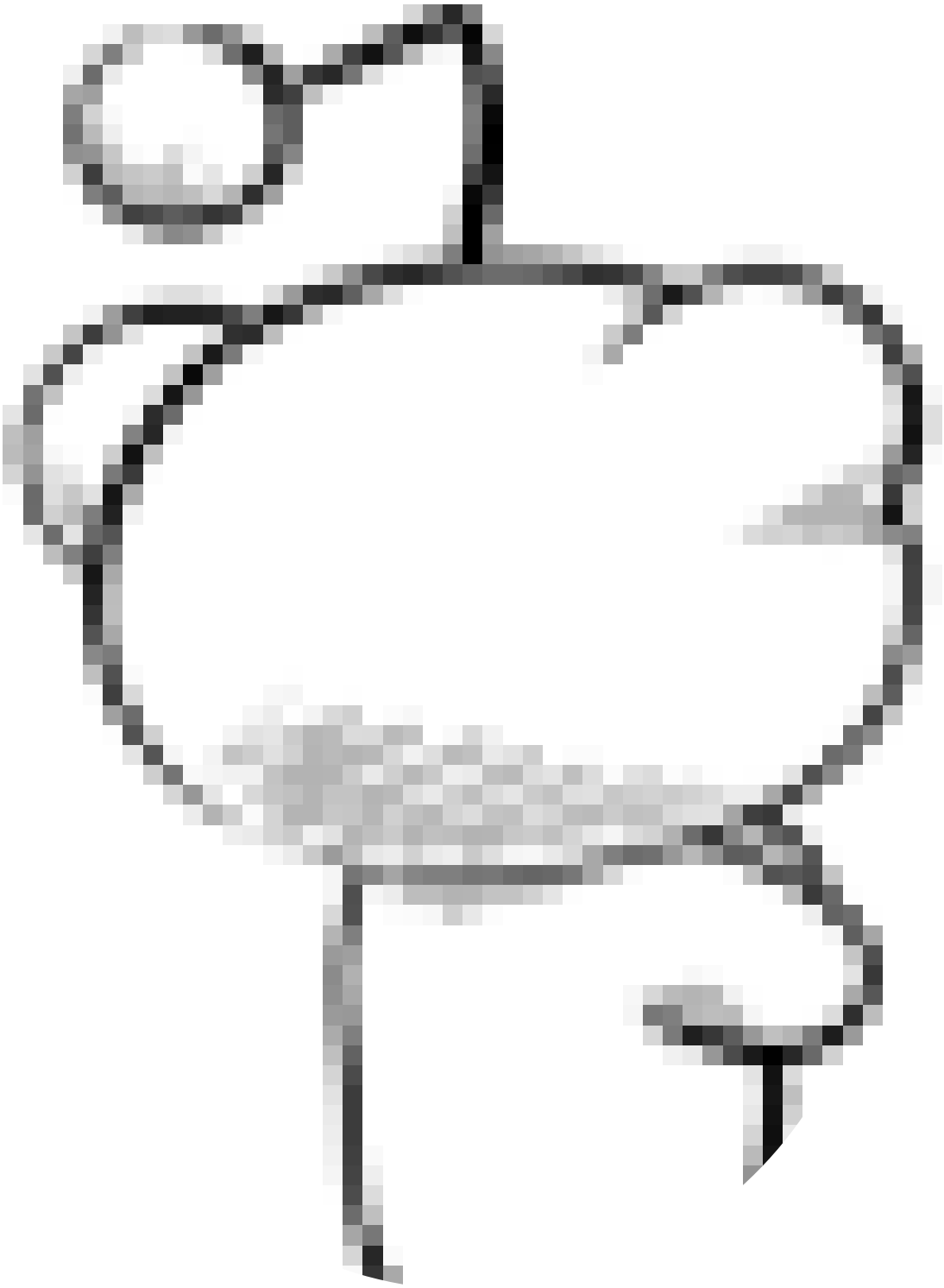

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â€¢ 15y ago

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pariah1165
â€¢ 15y ago

This was when I was about 4 or 5 years old.

My mom was self-employed as a house keeper (cleaned houses for people too busy to do it themselves) and was always willing to take along anyone who wanted to help out and she would split the day's pay with them.

One of her favorite assistants was Ruth, an older woman that lived next door. Nicest person you could meet. So she and my mom worked together for a few months until the day that Ruth died in a car accident.

My mom heard about her death from my grandmother and didn't tell me about it because, well, I was four years old and death wasn't something you usually want to talk about at that age.

On the same day that she learned about Ruth's death, she went into the bathroom and the phone rang. I was pretty good with picking up the phone and asking the basic questions (who was it, what did they want) so she asked me to answer it.

When she came back out from the bathroom she asked me, "Who was it?"

My answer? "It was Ruth. She said she can't go to work today."

Creeped my Mom the FUCK out!

2 more replies

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themicahmachine
â€¢ 15y ago

Through college I developed a love of ultralight backpacking. My friends and I were too poor to afford a proper vacation, but we were in school in the Appalachian mountains so we just took what we needed and went for a hike several times a year. Later, when I was trying to impress my fiancÃ©e's family, I agreed to go prospecting with her father. He was seriously into this shit... Dredges, high-bankers, slept in a tent in the woods and sucked gold out of creek beds. This is is hobby, and since it involved camping, I figured it would be fun. So we're camping in the middle of no-effing-where NC. They were in their tent and I was in my hammock with a rain fly over my head. No fire, just me and the bugs, the way I usually like it. They had left their dog out though, and every once in a while he would wake me up rummaging around camp. He was even sniffing at my head through the hammock... basically annoying the shit out of me.

The next morning I told them what a pain in the ass Pootie* had been. Their reply? "Pootie was in the tent with us all night. You sure it was a dog?" Sure enough, there are bear tracks ALL over camp. And they've seen a black bear with two cubs around there, and didn't bother to warn me about it. I spent the next two nights in the motherfucking tent, with a motherfucking gun.

TL;DR: manbearpig

*Yes, their dog's name is Pootie.

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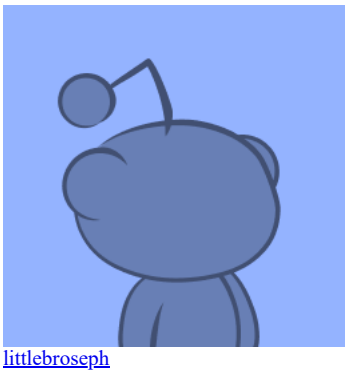


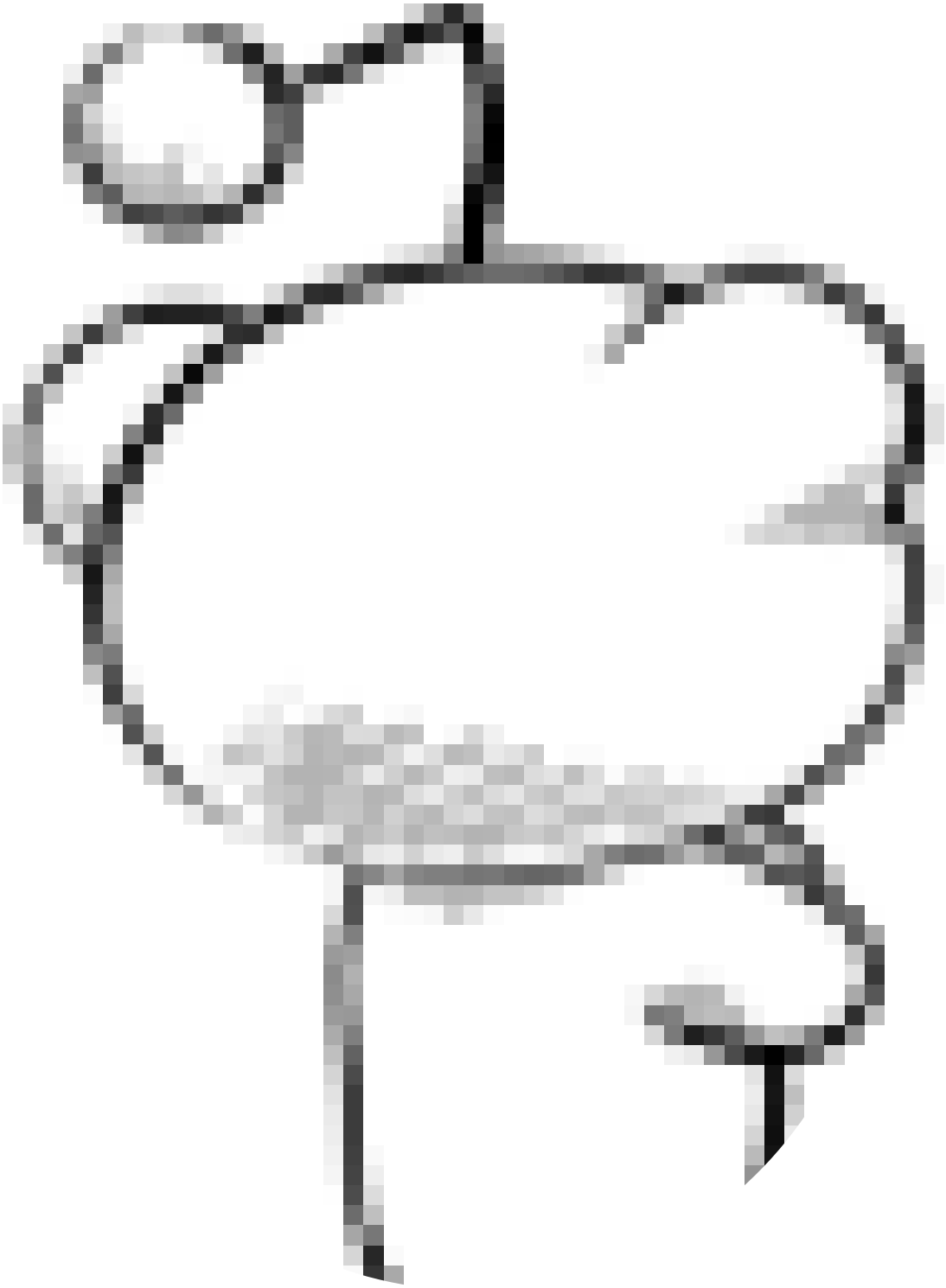
littlebroseph
â€¢ 15y ago

To start off I'm a guy. When I was about 10 or 11 (over 12 or 13 years ago) I accidentally walked into my grandfathers room when he was changing. I had called for him a couple times and there was no response, so I walked into his room only to find him completely in the buff facing me as I walked in calling his name yet again. It was a weird shock because 1) I just saw my grandfather nude and nobody wants to see that and 2) he didn't say anything and just looked at me. The weirdest thing is that when I was running away (mainly because I was confused), he started calling for me several times. I ignored it and went away.

Within a year after this incident, my grandfather moved out of our house and into an apartment and I didn't see him too often.

I literally never thought about this incident again until this past year when I found out why: That he had been sexually abusing one of my sisters, so my parents threw him out. It also came out that one of my cousins (with whom's family he had been staying with several years before he lived with us) had also been abused by him.

I literally never knew any of this ever went on and never suspected anything until my sisters told me about what had happened. Their stories immediately reminded me of that weird time I walked in on him, and how little sense it made for him to be calling me at that time when both he and I knew he was naked. It creeps me out to think about what he wanted from me, but knowing what he had done to my sister and cousin makes it so much worse.



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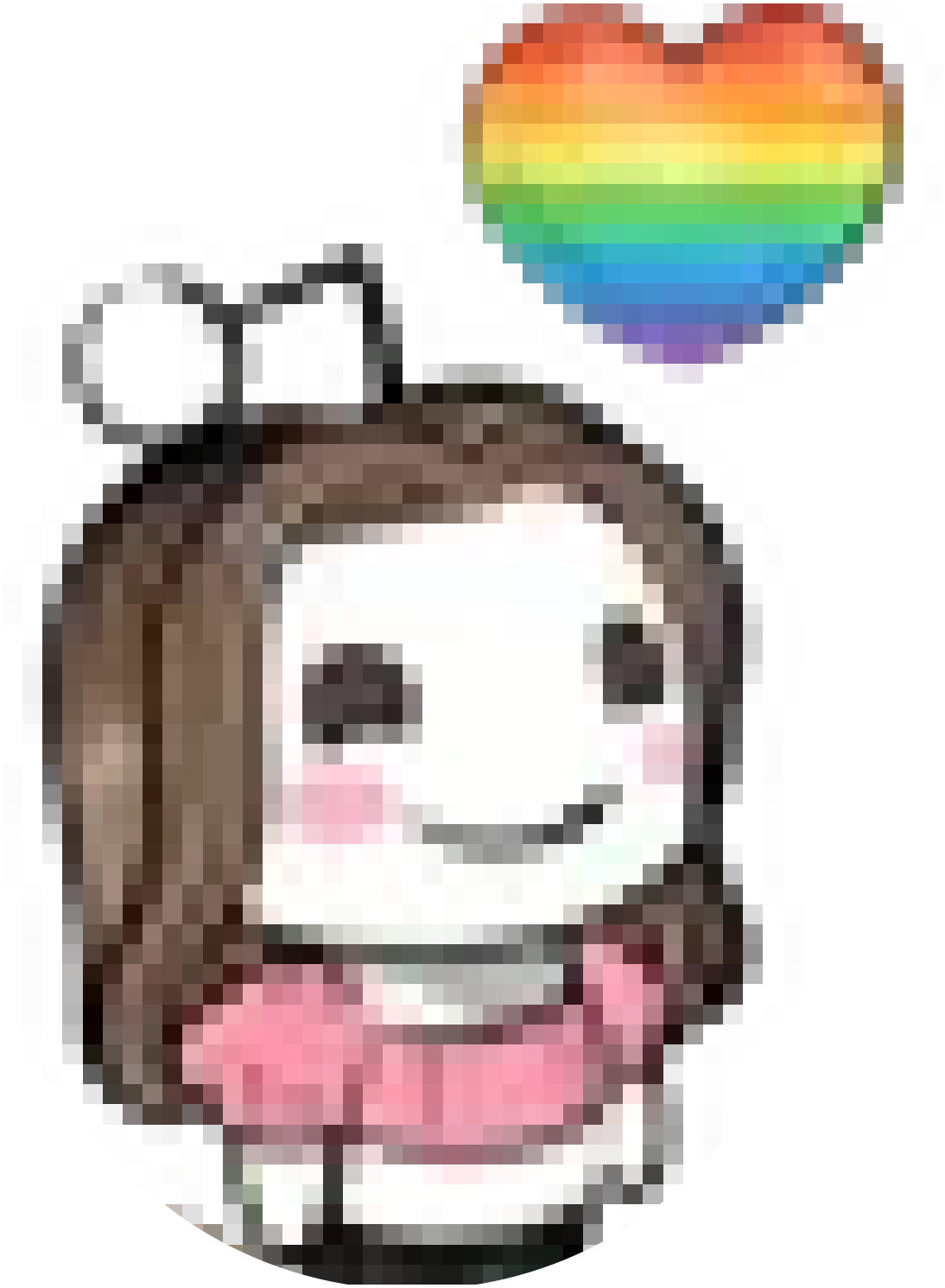

crystalbluecurrents
â€¢ 15y ago

I have two experiences...one happened to me, one was a story that my roommmate told me. Mine is no where near as creepy as hers. Anyway, so my story is that when I was younger (elementary school age), I swallowed a few pennies. I don't remember if it was on purpose or not. Now to this day, I remember being laid down on a white table on my back, it was really bright in the room, and then a huge, white, flat panel slowly came down and pressed really hard on my stomach. I always thought that was to get the pennies out, but when I told my mom what I remembered from that, she said that never happened. I mean, thinking about this logically, it was most likely just a nightmare (90% of the dream I have now are nightmares) but it was just SO real I honestly still think it really happened.

Now for my roommate's story. (I don't want to use her real name so I'll call her Katie.) Her grandmother lived in a really old house, and she spent a lot of her time there. She had an imaginary friend named Emma, who she described as being a little girl wearing a white dress. One day when she was around 5 years old, she was in the bathroom, and Emma came in and said you need to leave the house right now. Katie said no, I don't want to. So then Emma started screaming really loudly. Katie, being 5 years old, got really scared and ran to her grandmother. When she told her grandmother what Emma said, (her grandmother was a very superstitious person), she took Katie out of the house and into the yard. When Katie tells the story now, she doesn't know the exact time frame...but she says that within a few minutes, there was an electrical fire in the house. And to make it even creepier, Katie's Dad did some research about the prior family that lived in the house, and there was apparently a little girl who used to live there...and she died in the house.

So yeah, the second story didn't happen to me directly, but it's still pretty creepy in my opinion.

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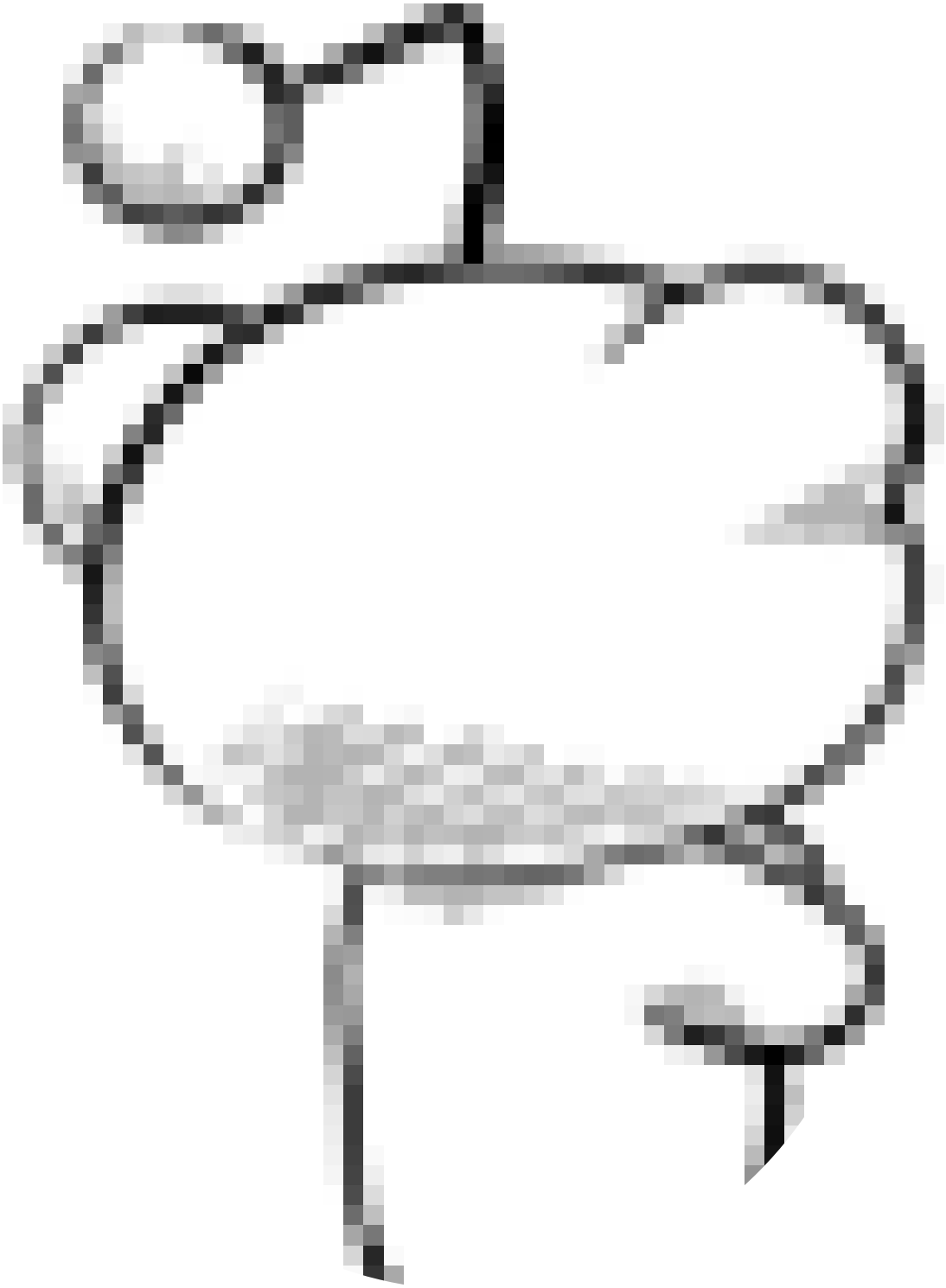

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cinemafest
â€¢ 15y ago

I was once homeless and living in Phoenix, AZ and walking down the street at about 2am.

The buses weren't running and I had decided to just roam around until 5 when they would start up again and I could go home. As I was walking down the road I realized that for some reason I was only seeing either white cars or black cars everywhere I went. I even stopped at a bus bench for over an hour and still saw nothing but white cars or black cars on the street, in the lots, at the gas stations, everywhere.

While walking down one street I notice a white car approaching from the opposite direction. I watch them closely and then suddenly they flash their headlights at me. Once, two, three flashes, then they continue past me and pull into the parking lot of a Holiday Inn I am passing.

At this point I am being constantly nagged by a feeling that I have somehow walked into a situation in which I may be somehow in over my head. Almost that I have entered into a different world or something. So when I see this car do this "signal" towards me, I decide to investigate and maybe (hopefully) get some help in all this.

So I turned around and went back to the parking lot of this Holiday Inn that they had pulled into. White cars and black cars, the *entire lot* was white cars and black cars. Now when the car had driven by it looked like there were two young black women in the front seats. When I finally approached the car however out steps a *towering* mid 50's white guy wearing sunglasses and a mid 40's white woman with a ponytail. My first thought is this a cop trap of some kind and I want no part in any of it. My heart is racing as I am calmly but briskly walking by to get out of there. I see the man, arms crossed, staring me down the whole way then I hear him say to the lady in a Texas accent:

"Looks like somebody musta bumped their head."

I go into a sort of hyper paranoid state at this point. I take this as a sign that I am almost *certainly* in over my head. So I act like I didn't hear him and as I pass I politely say "How ya doin tonight?" in the nicest most non-threatening cheerful way possible.

At this point the only thing I am thinking is "I need to get off the streets, NOW."

Its now maybe 3:30-4:00am and there is only one place I know where to go in this part of town. I have a friend of a friend who lives in a house with a makeshift farm out back. I decide I am going to walk the 3 miles to the house and spend the rest of the night in the makeshift barn.

So I start the trek. After a few blocks I am starting to notice that there are no more cars, no more people, no anything, *anywhere*. I finally get to the next major street and see two women standing by a white car in an empty parking lot. As I am passing them I can hear them say: "Looks like somebody isn't gonna make it." while staring me down until out of sight.

I am now scared for my life.

I walk the 15 blocks down the major street to the turnoff street that this persons house is at the end of. I now have a little more than 12 blocks until I am "home free".

The first thing I notice when I turn down the street is that there is a sign that says Road Closed Ahead. My first thought is: "They" know where I am trying to go and now it is too late to get there. One look at this road and it can be discerned that this road is not closed due to construction of any kind. Do I go down this "Closed Road" and risk whatever I may encounter or do I keep wandering around and possibly "Not make it" as the nice women proposed.

I take the road.

Walking down the road more paranoid now than at any point in the entire night. I am walking and I am watching for *everything*. Cars coming behind me, movement inside houses, things around corners, everything. Finally about 4 blocks in I notice someone come out of an apartment complex across the street. They are walking same pace as I am directly across from where I am but their walk is *insane*. Imagine watching someone trying to do that "thug" walk where you limp with every step but on mushrooms with no shirt on. Then I start to hear him talking out loud in a voice like a Lil Bow Wow meets the Joker: "Yo man where (giggle) yall headin off to dawg."

I say nothing. Keep walking.

"Man, yo (giggle), yo (giggle), I jus tryin ta help you out dawg. You (giggle) alright cuz?"

Help is the only thing I want right now. I slow, I think, I breathe in to say something.....and I stop. I keep walking.

"Aight den cuz, jus (giggle) jus tryin ta help you."

And with that he slows down until I can't see him in my peripheral any longer. I am to scared to look back. I keep walking. After about a block and a half I finally feel its safe to look so I turn, and he is gone.

"Thats it." I say to myself. "I'm outta here." and I start to run.

I am running down the street. I have maybe 5 blocks to go. I am consistantly looking around to see if anyone is watching or following me as I am about to take refuge in a shed with no locked door that is in the middle of an fairly vacant lot.

Running. Three blocks to go.

Running. Two blocks to go.

Running. One block to go.

I am on the home stretch now. I slow down and check around for any signs of anyone. I want none of these fuckin "people" to know where I am about to go. The coast seems clear. I can see the house from here. So close. I dash into the alley, run into the shadows and slink along the back fence. I get to a place where I can hop the fence and I wait. I am so quiet I can hear my heart racing. I look for people, cars, lights, anything. Nothing.

I hop the fence, dash across the lot and almost dive into a shed filled with straw. I am so paranoid by this point I am in complete disbelief that I am where I am. I sit silently for a while and just listen, wait, watch and try to calm myself.

Then I hear someone yelling. Yelling down the street:

"Uncle Cody! Unnnnncle Cody!"

I go flat against the floor and peer out the doorway of the shed towards the street maybe fifty yards away. I finally see a white male in a white t-shirt and jeans jogging down the street yelling "Uncle Cody" loud enough that it might be waking people up in their houses.

"Where the fuck did he come from?!" I say to myself and as I do I see two lights, like police lights, red and blue strobing above all this. Too high to be a helicopter but hovering so that it obviously wasn't a plane. "Jesus christ" I whisper. "What the fuck is going on."

Then after a minute, it was gone. And the yelling was gone. And everything was quiet. "'They' didn't find me", I think to myself. I am exhausted by this point. I fish in my pockets for a cigarette, light one up, sit, and wait. Nothing. Nothing happens. All clear. All normal.

I let out a huge sigh and start looking for the most comfortable area to get some sleep. I drift off effortlessly.

I come to and it is bright. Very bright. I look at my watch and it says 7:34am. I start to think about what happened the past night before I look up and am instantly paralyzed with fear. Leaning against the outside of the shed, partially blocking the open air window, is a massive 5 foot tall diamond shaped road sign. "Road Clo" is peeking at me in big black letters through the window.

I get up, go outside, and see that this is indeed a real metal road sign. One that I cannot begin to explain why or how it arrived.

"Jesus christ" I mutter to myself as I take out my last cigarette and light it. "Im outta here" I said as a started the long trek to the nearest bus stop.

I never went back.

Tl;dr I had a horror night that ended with a "message" from a mysterious group of people that I will never understand.

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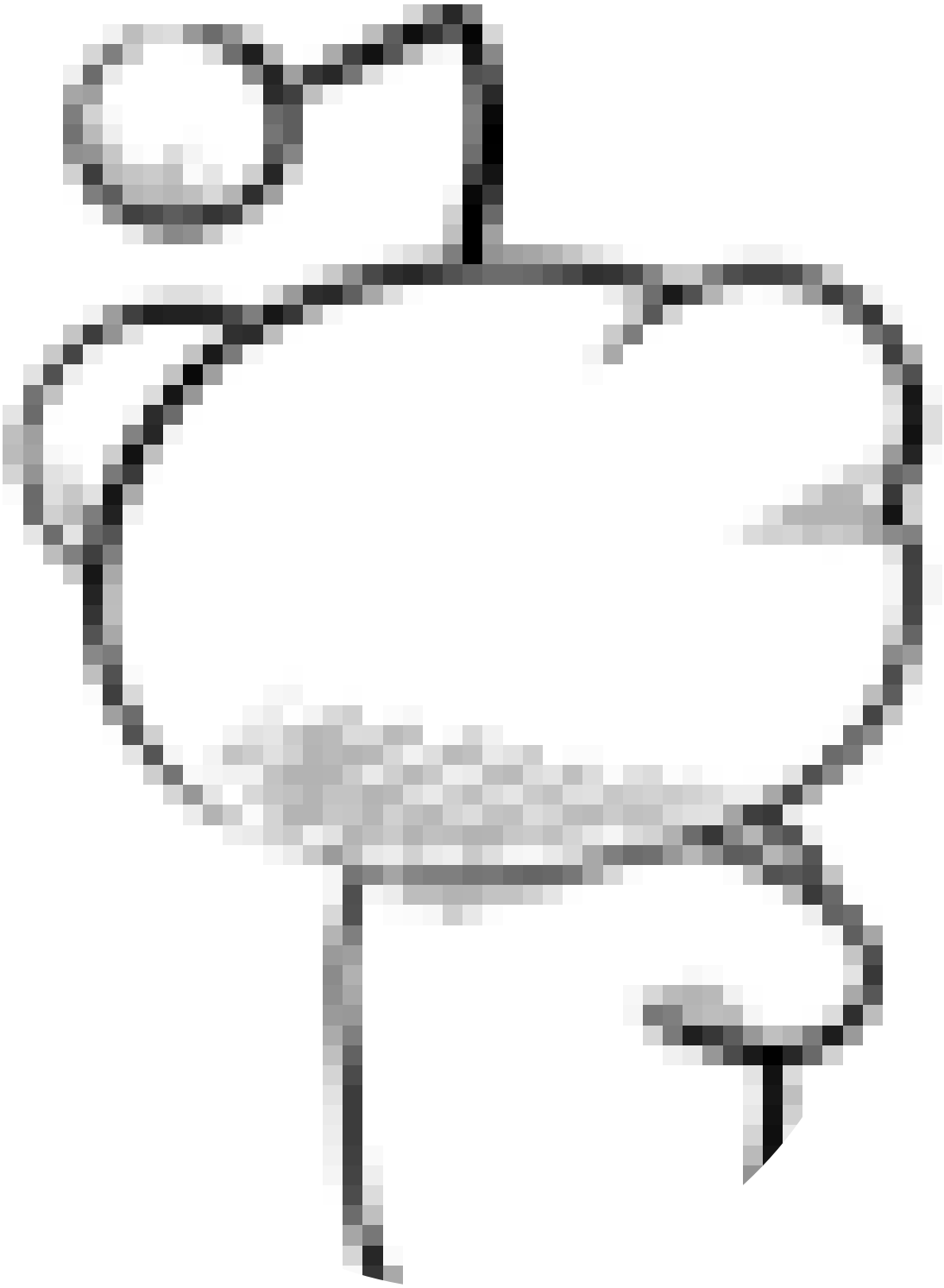

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â€¢ 15y ago

This once, some friends and I were coming home from a soccer practice in a friends car (middle of the night). At one point, this lady (neatly dressed) began to run towards us from the other side of the road shouting and flailing her hands around. She asked us to let her in because she felt she was in danger, so we did. She started telling us about "blue-lights in the horizon" and that she was being chased down by people from a cult, this continued on for at least 10 minutes. She then asked us to drop her at a bus stop and that was the end of it. That experience made us all quiet for the rest of the car ride.

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jonjuandemarco
â€¢ 15y ago

I worked at a detox clinic for a lot of years, use to a lot of alcoholic ramblings and withdrawal dis-illusionments. One night a lady was checked in by her probation officer for using meth for about 3 days. She pretty much went straight to bed when she got there, and I didn't see her until she got up in the morning and wanted to smoke a cigarette, which I had to escort her out to do. While outside she told me of this very vvid dream she had of her father telling her she'd be all alone soon and he loved her, etc. and she was very shaken by this dream. I pretty much thought it was just the meth talking and didn't think anything of it until her probation officer called an hour later and said he needed to talk with her, it was important. Her father had died of a surprise heart attack, no warning. She freaked out and just started screaming "I dreamt that. I dreamt that." There's no way she could have talked with anybody to know in advance(no phones), she was in her room and I would have noticed if she'd left.

I tend to roll my eyes when I hear these stories, but I have no explanation for how she could have known this except some power of the universe that cannot be explained.

4 more replies

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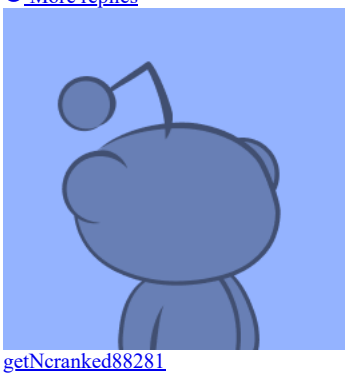

getNcranked88281
â€¢ 15y ago

Ummm... Well...

The other day, I opened my garage and lit up a cigarette, standing about a foot within the garage, around the corner, inside. I was watching the rain pour down incessantly.

Suddenly, a drenched squirrel rushes in and stops about 6 inches in front of my feet.

I screamed like a fucking woman. Scared the crap out of me, and the squirrel as well. It was humiliating. If you could have heard the scream, you would understand how creepy this was.

3 more replies

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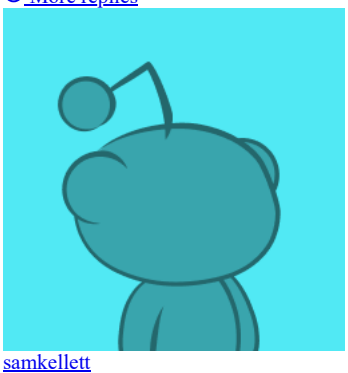

samkellett
â€¢ 15y ago â€¢ Edited 15y ago

(Edit: Words and punctuation) I'm probably posting this too late but here it goes...

I had a dream once, one of those first person shindigs. Now I should point out that I very rarely lucid dream, maybe once or twice in my life, so I'm not very aware in my dreams that something isn't real. Hell, I've dreamt about having a beer with myself and not picked up any signs that that might be a dream.

Anyway, whoever's eyes I was looking through (I like to think it was John Malkovich's eyes), he was walking up my drive and I could see my house. He approached the kitchen window and I saw that it was open, so did he. He jimmied it open a bit further and pulled himself into my house. Standing in my kitchen everything is quiet, I can faintly hear my the pipes creeking.

But he doesn't stand still for long, he sets off out the kitchen and into the hallway. Walking right past my Dad's office, ignoring any computers or phones or anything that might be worth stealing. He walks to the bottom of the stairs.

To his right is my sitting room, the room that has the most shit worth stealing after my Dad's office. But that's of no interest to him either, I'm just staring up the stairs. At a slow pace, with feet on either side of the steps to avoid making much noise he begins to walk up the stairs.

Now at the top of the stairs you have a spare bedroom to your right, a bathroom right infront of you and my bedroom to the left. About half way up the stairs I could see my bedroom door. I pang of fear ran through me as I could see that I had left my door ajar and the glow from my computer would surely attract his attention.

My eyes are fixed on my door now, he eventually reached the top of the stairs. Then, much like he did with with the previous rooms, he completely ignores the spare room and the bathroom. I don't even look at them. I see his hand reach out at he presses against my door, it swings open.

Now I'm looking at myself. I can see myself sleep, illuminated by the aforementioned computer that's whirring away in the corner. I don't look at the computer, I don't look at the GameCube (this was a while ago), I don't look at any of the countless items he could pocket and leave with. I'm just looking at myself. He approaches me and leans over my sleeping body. There he stops. And stands. And I stare.

Then I wake up. And, by that I mean I actually wake up. This is no dream within a dream shit. My eyes open, I'm scared and I'm looking at a man with a baseball cap who is leaning over my bed and peering at me.

I can't move, but thankfully neither does he. I force myself to breathe and, after what feels like an endless amount of time I find the courage to put my hand out. As my hand enters the space that he's occupying my hand travels through him and his image fades away, like dust caught on the wind, in this deadly still room.

SHUNTHENONBELIEVERS
â€¢ 15y ago

great story.. A+++. would read again!

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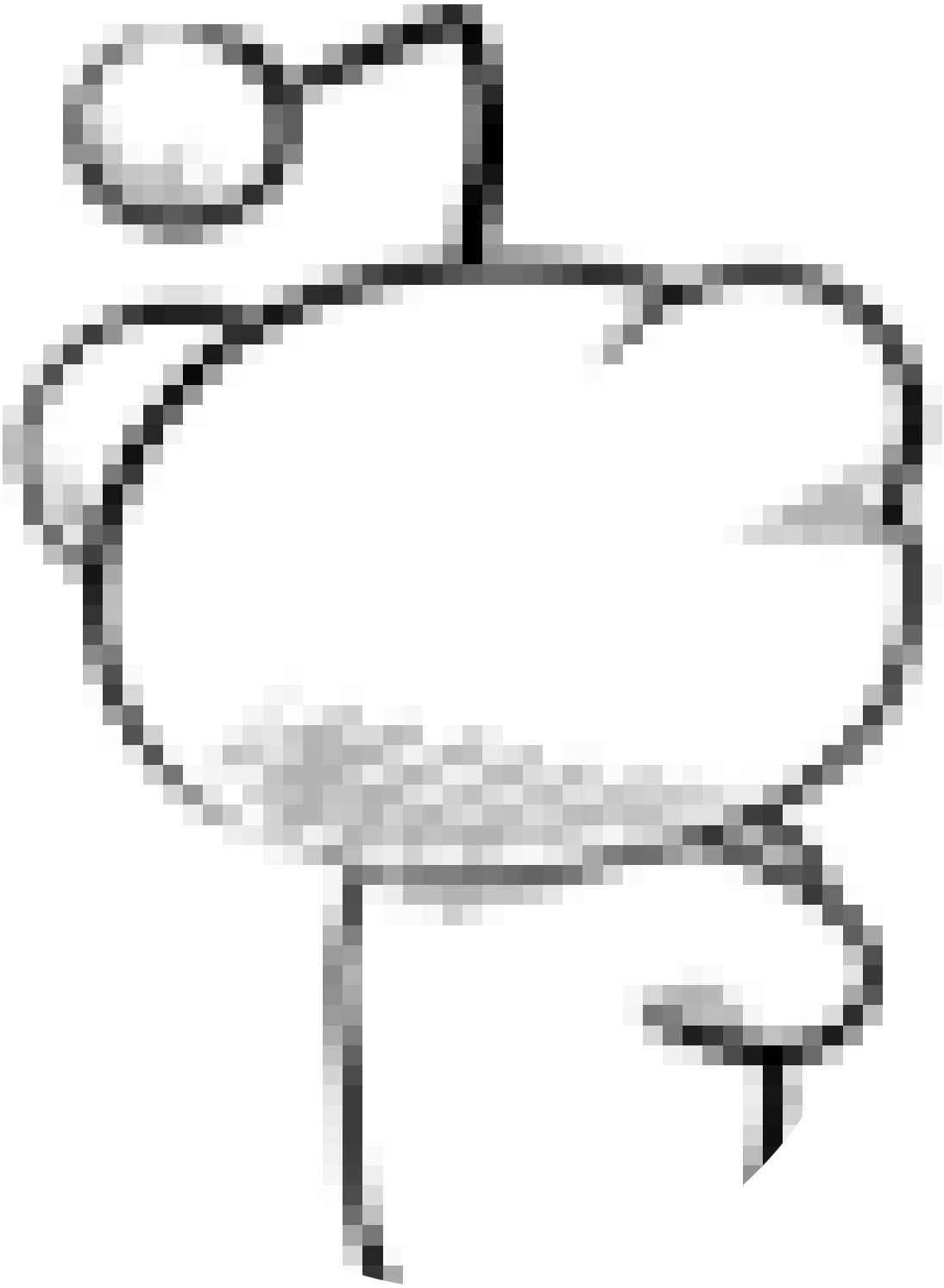

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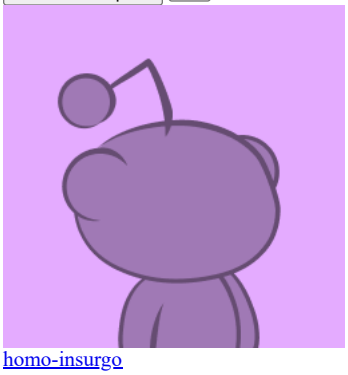

homo-insurgo
â€¢ 15y ago

Every night, before going to sleep, I close my eyes and realize that one day I won't exist anymore.

3 more replies

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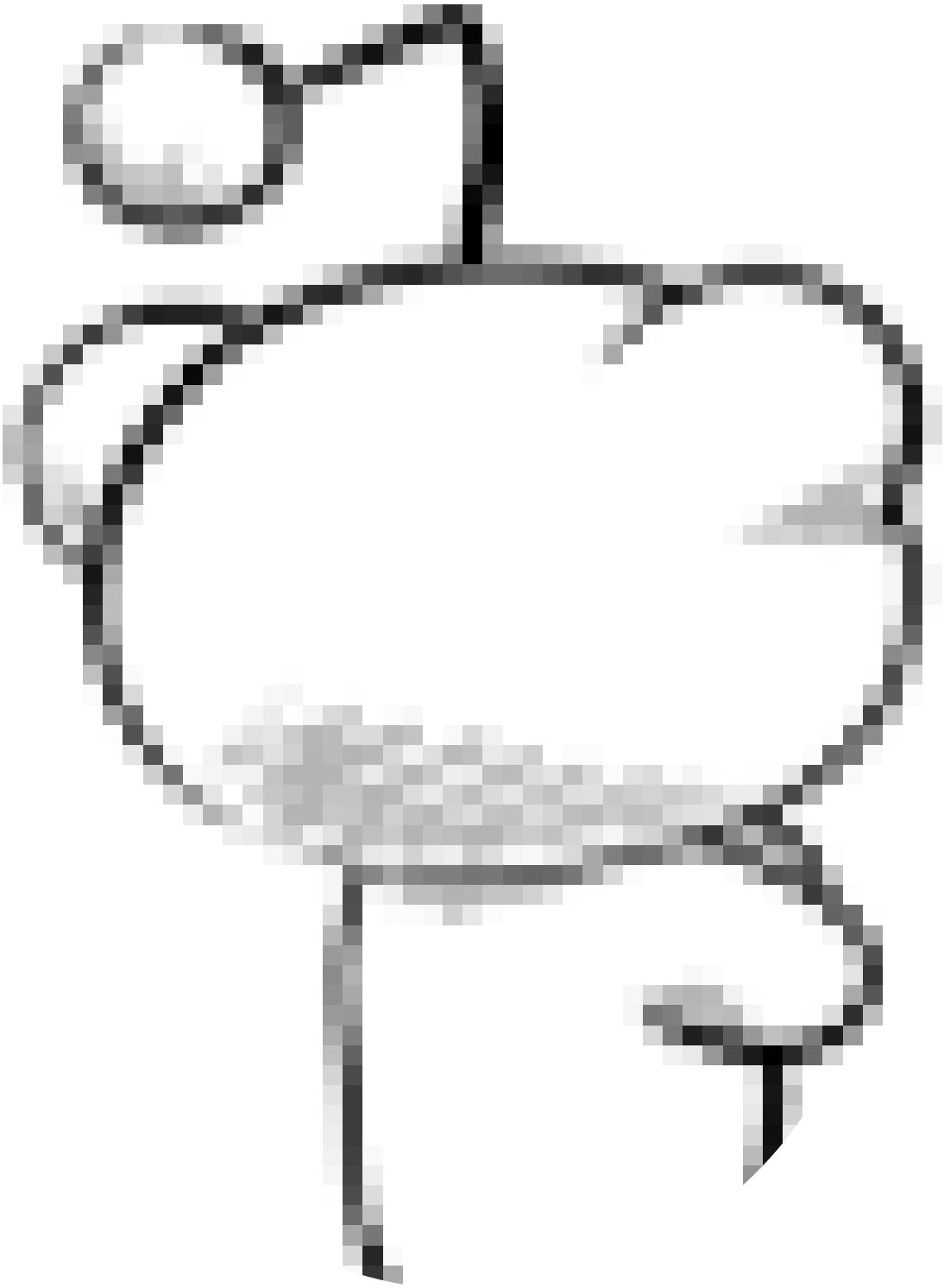

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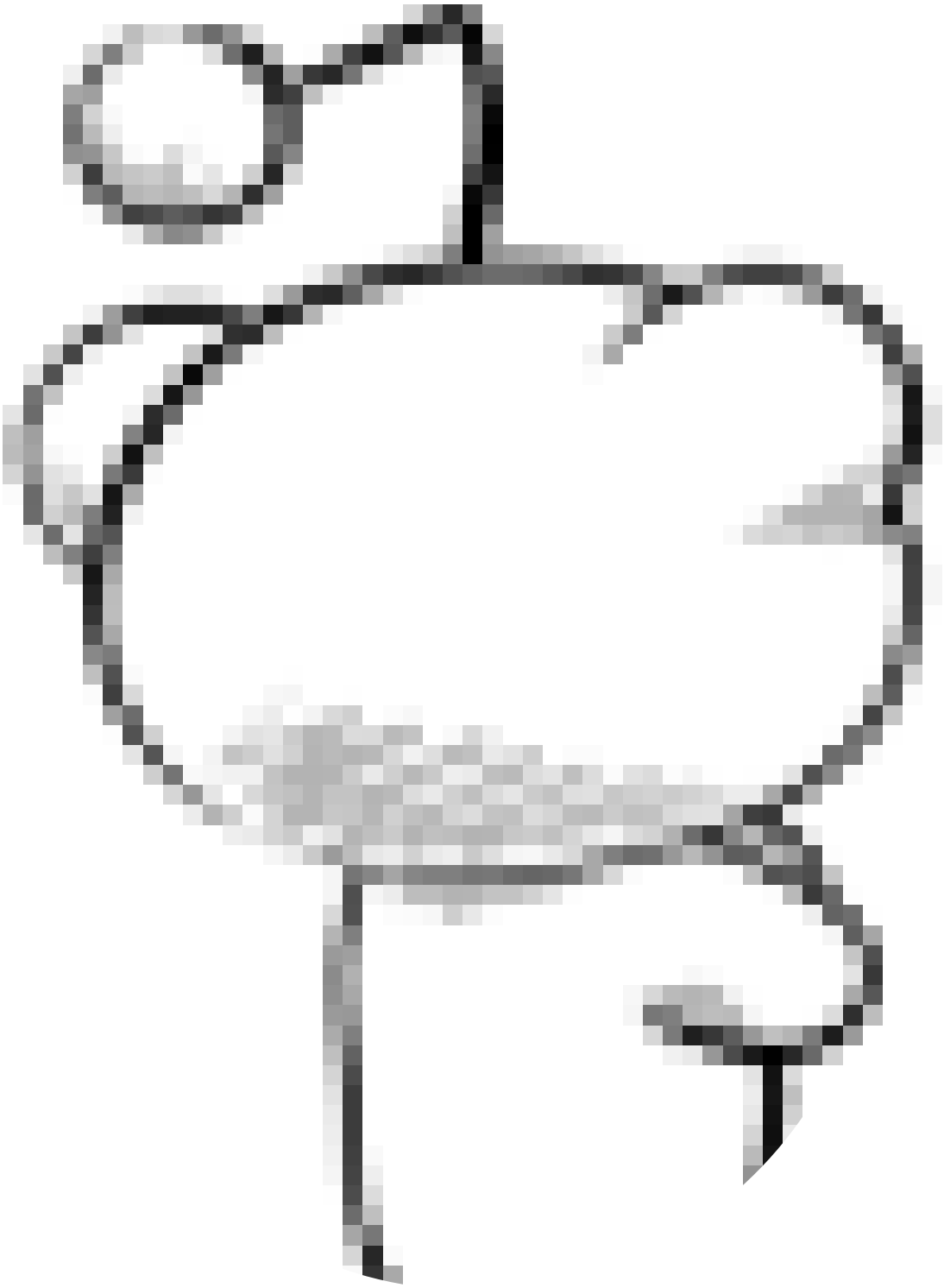

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â€¢ 15y ago

I was on an escalator in a mostly-empty department store with a few friends. Suddenly, I heard a weird, tiny voice from behind me say "Andrew!" (the name of one of my friends). I looked around, and Andrew saw my reaction. He said "You can hear them, too?" Apparently he heard squeaky, high-pitched voices saying his name regularly, but this was the first time anyone else had heard them. He thought he was going crazy.

Anyway, we made fun of him for that a lot afterwards, but I wonder about it...

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quantum_guy
â€¢ 15y ago

I was reading an account of the Manhattan project in bed and drifted off to sleep. I was with physicists at Los Alamos putting together the first test bomb, which was suspended by a small crane inside of a lab. Someone cracked a joke about hoping it didn't fall, which it suddenly did. I heard an incredible *BOOOOOM* and snapped back to consciousness, rolled off my bed, covered my head, and waited for a nuclear shockwave to hit my house. Car alarms were going off everywhere outside and about 15 seconds later I realized lightning had struck in my neighborhood at the exact time the bomb had dropped in my dream.

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noseham
â€¢ 15y ago

When my two of my friends and I were visiting another friend in Washington University in Pullman, we had been planning to explore the steam tunnels underneath the university. They connected the buildings with pipes of steam, and you could get to them by going through manholes on the streets. We waited until 2 in the morning and set out to the least exposed manhole we could find.

We pulled back the manhole, climbed down to the tunnel, and shut it behind us. There was darkness and hissing steam in both directions, and we only had one flashlight, along with whatever light our cellphones could provide. So we walked down the tunnel in one direction as it almost too narrow to pass, then another tunnel branched off to the right. We followed that until we reached what looked like a steam room in the basement of one of the buildings. I tried the door, but it was locked, so we turned back.

Even though we hadn't gone very far and there was only one path to follow, it was easy to lose track of where we were because there were nothing to identify your place. We got to the ladder where we thought we came in, but it was latched shut with a chain wrapped around a handle a number of times. From the inside.

None of us could believe that was the same place we came in. I was ready to keep walking to find another entrance, but my friend Bud said, "no guys, this is where we came in, I swear!" So he started unraveling the chain while we waited behind.

He lifted up the manhole, peaked outside, and said "yeah guys, this is it!" We all felt panic at this point. We all came down together, and all we did was shut the manhole. None of us had latched the manhole to the handle on the ladder, and we would have heard the chains if they had. I was looking up and down both directions of the tunnel with the flashlight, half expecting someone to be there, while we all got the hell out.

I know probably explanation is that one of my friends was fucking with us, except none of my friends are the pranking type. We've never pranked each other, and even if we had, none of us would ever lie about it after the fact. To this day, I still think there was someone down there with us, lurking the steam tunnels at 2:00 in the morning.

FullThrowAway
â€¢ 15y ago

This is a story my parents tell me and I have no memory of it because I was too young.

When I was just a baby my parents were very religious and were apart of a church who would regularly seek out "demon possessed" people and would cast out the demons. Cut to my birth and they say they quit doing it. A lady came up to them one Sunday and gave them a teddy bear which was a gift for me. My mom gave me the bear and said I started crying so they put it on a shelf in my room.

They were sleeping one night and said I started crying really loud. My mom woke up and said, "I don't feel right. Something in this house is not right." They walked around the house and when they came to my room she stopped. She looked up and saw the teddybear and said, "That's it, that thing has got to go." They then took the bear outside and started to burn it.

They said they could hear me crying outside, which is odd because they lived in an apartment complex and weren't near the room. They started to burn it and said as soon as the fire went out I stopped crying. They came in to see if I was okay and said I had wet the bed from corner to corner. I was around 1 and was in a fairly large crib.

They are convinced that it was a demon possessed bear. I think I just really fucking pissed the bed and was mad that no one would change me.

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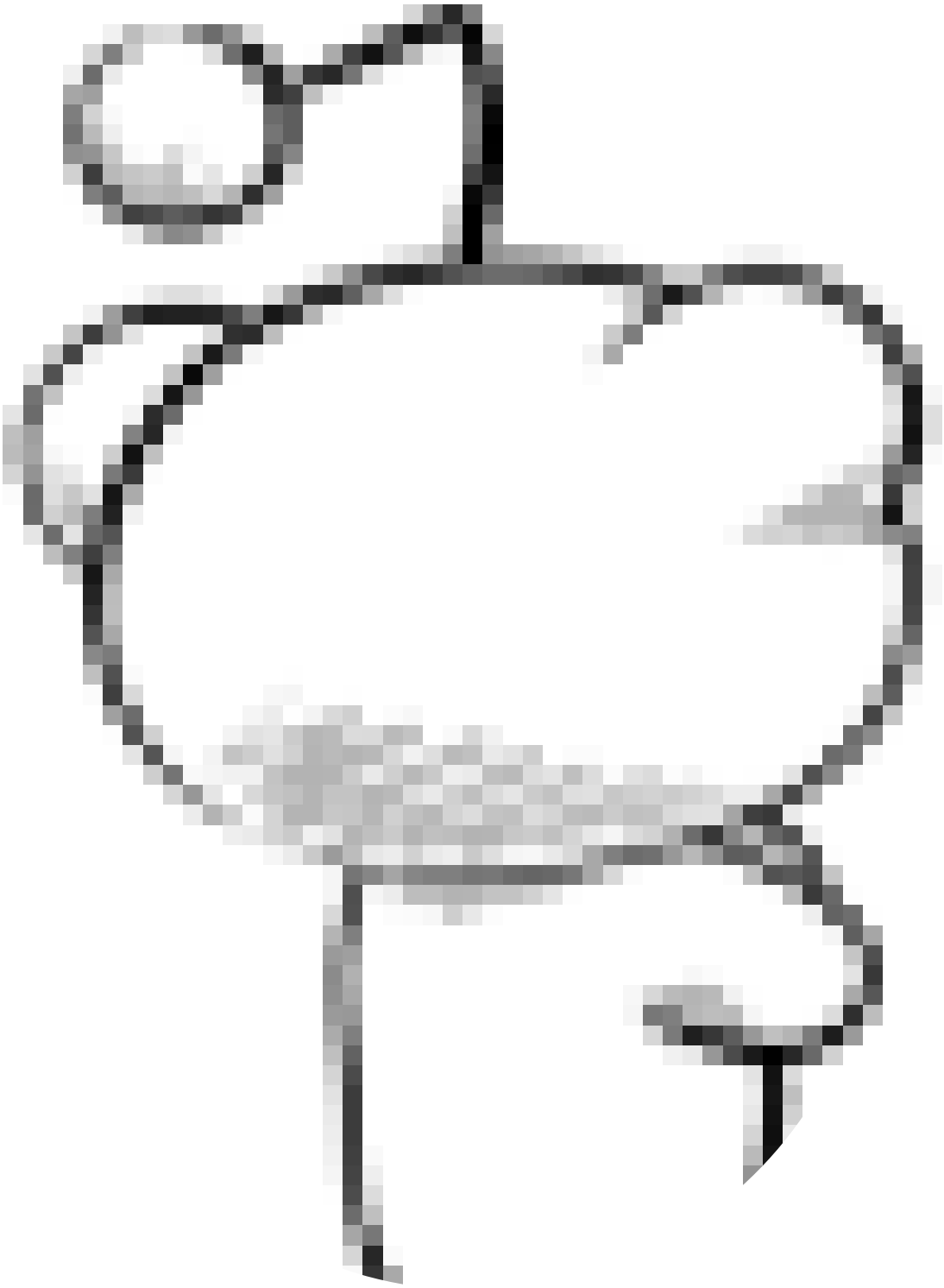

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â€¢ 15y ago

Just the other day I realized I often run on all four in my dreams. This came to me after a long run (IRL) where I wondered why I'm not running on all four. Weirdest moment of my life.

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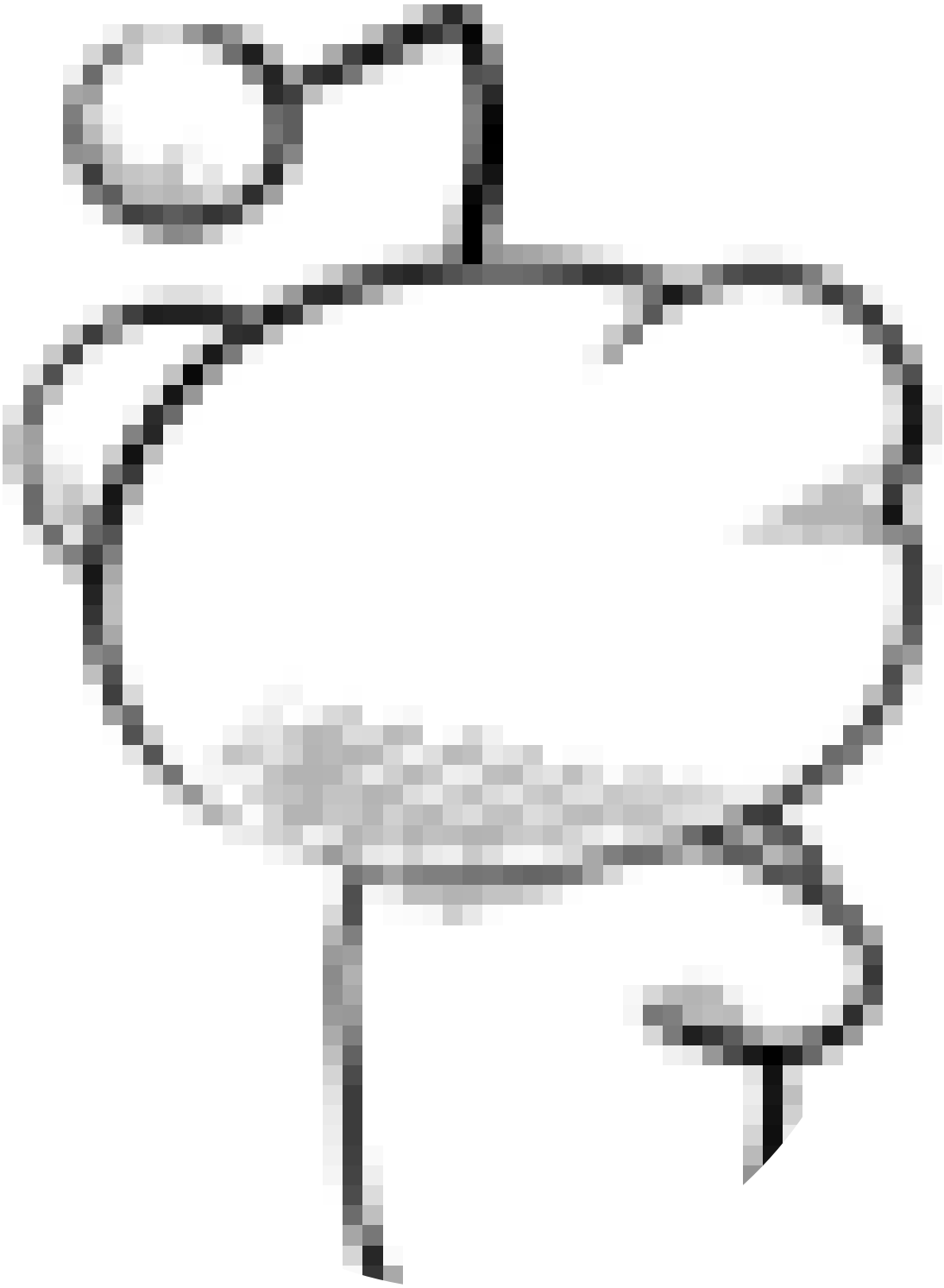

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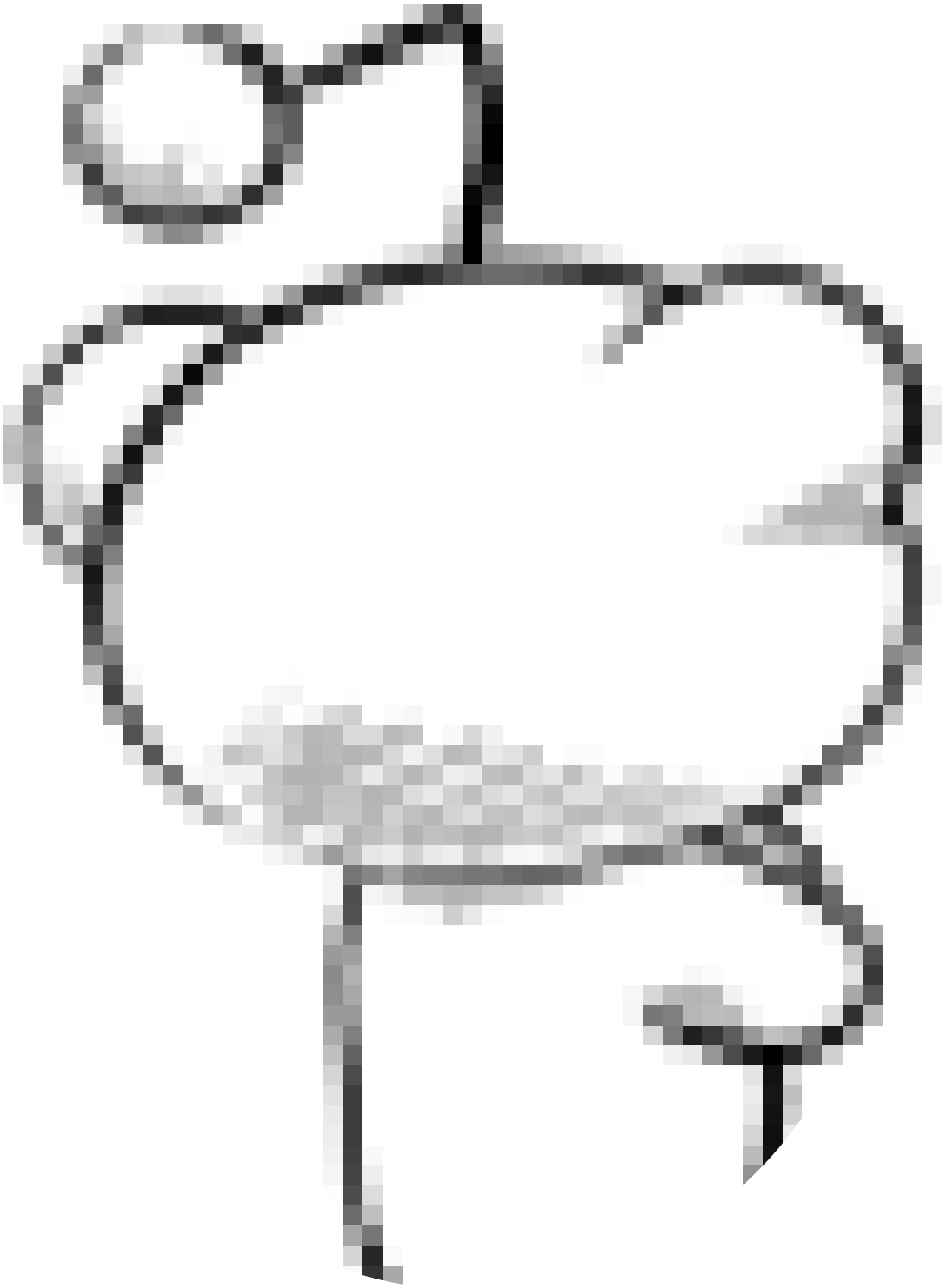

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â€¢ 15y ago

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23 more replies

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solidwhetstone
â€¢ 15y ago

Went on a date a few weeks back with this awesome circus performer girl. We had a very fun night which did end up with me sleeping over :D anyways it's like 4am and I wake up to this growling noise. I look at her and she's staring at me just doing this feral animal growl. Didn't even sound human. Freaked the ever-loving crap out of me. I tried to talk it off a little bit and then it sort of dawned on her and she apologized and said she talks in her sleep. The next morning she didn't remember anything had happened. Makes my skin crawl just thinking about it.

11 more replies

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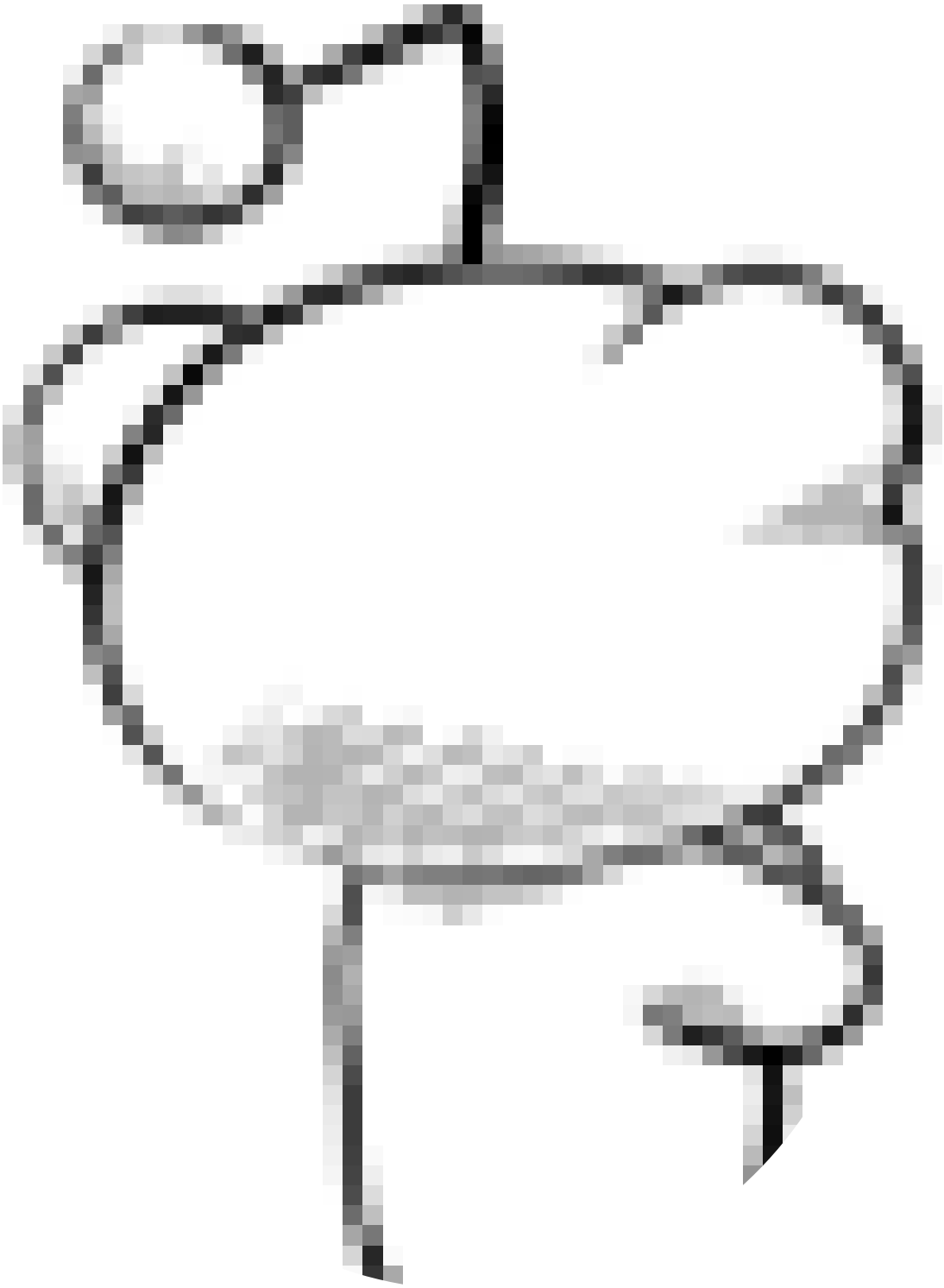

bdelgado
â€¢ 15y ago

I was going to a party dressed up as a clown and driving a hearse. I pulled up to a light and the guy in the car next to me was staring at me with a fearsome intensity. It was all I could do to keep looking straight ahead.

piecat
â€¢ 15y ago

I see what you did there

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5 more replies

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Killerzeit
â€¢ 15y ago â€¢ Edited 15y ago

My boyfriend's friend told me about something that happened to her about five years ago.

She was driving with her friend to San Francisco from LA and was on the 5 freeway, about two hours out of SF at 3am. If you've never driven this, this is the area where there is NOTHING. You feel like you are in the damn middle of nowhere, and driving there at the right time (like 3am) can put you in complete solitude since it's too early for people to be driving in/out to work, travel, etc.

They admit to being young and stupid at the time (they were both 17 when it happened) and they would drive up next to people that had hazard lights on as if they were going to help them, then they would drive away. Or they would drive through puddles (it was raining) and splash people.

They're driving pretty fast, and catch up to a car *very* quickly, which turns out to actually be stopped in the very middle lane of the freeway with it's regular lights on, but not hazard lights. So they slow down and keep driving at what she says was a steady 35 since she was looking back. Then a tall man gets out of the car and gets on the ground. So she keeps driving because all of the sudden they both feel extremely scared.

He starts running on *all fours*, like he's galloping, after them. She says they screamed and sped up, and started driving 40, then 50, and looked back and he was *catching up* with them. Her friend starts crying and starts trying to decide if she should call the police, but didn't considering how far out they were.

She fucking punches it and starts approaching 70 miles an hour, with this "galloping man" about 100 feet behind them. He gets closer, probably about half that (the friend says, as she was staring, not having to pay attention to the road). She starts crying too and thinking they are both going to get killed, so she hits about 80 miles and the "man" stopped in his tracks and stood up and stared, and she said for a split second, even from 80-100 feet away and only with the light emitting from her rear lights in the darkness, she looked in the rear-view mirror at him and they "locked eyes" and felt nothing like she has ever felt before.

As she was telling me this, the hair on her arms were standing up. She thinks he was possessed. They didn't see him again, but that freaks me the fuck out.

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craaackle
â€¢ 15y ago

I go to see my boyfriend every 4 months or so and I take a bus from Toronto to New York City. Well the first time I went I answered some questions incorrectly at the border due to being tired and thus not listening carefully. Anyways so I get to my boyfriends house and a day later we head out to visit his family. On the highway, he noticed a car with an Ontario license plate following us or moving slightly in front of us. The drive was two hours both ways and when we came back (so approximately 6 hours later)....that car was parked in his parking lot.

Whatever, maybe another Canadian was here. BUT then when I got back to Toronto, I had to work later in the night. And what did I see? A man get out of a car with a NY license plate, look at me, said something into his phone, get back in his car and drive away.

1 more reply

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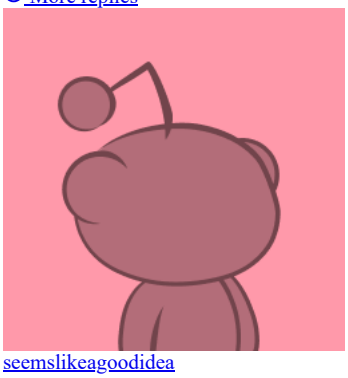

seemslikeagoodidea
â€¢ 15y ago

About 5 or 6 years ago I was going to bed one night and when i pulled the covers back i noticed a large puddle of dried blood in the middle of the bottom sheet. I'm talking family size pizza sized. I had no idea where it had come from.

Anyway it freaked me out a little and after dismissing the possibility of a practical joke (i lived alone at the time and i have the only key) i could only assume that i was ill and bleeding from my ass or dick. Either way i went to the docs to get checked out. Everything was fine. No infection, no piles, no fissures, nothing. Still no idea where it came from.

I've also had a similar instance where i've woken up with dried blood on the pillow. I have however put this down to an early night nosebleed, but oddly no dried blood on my face or hair.

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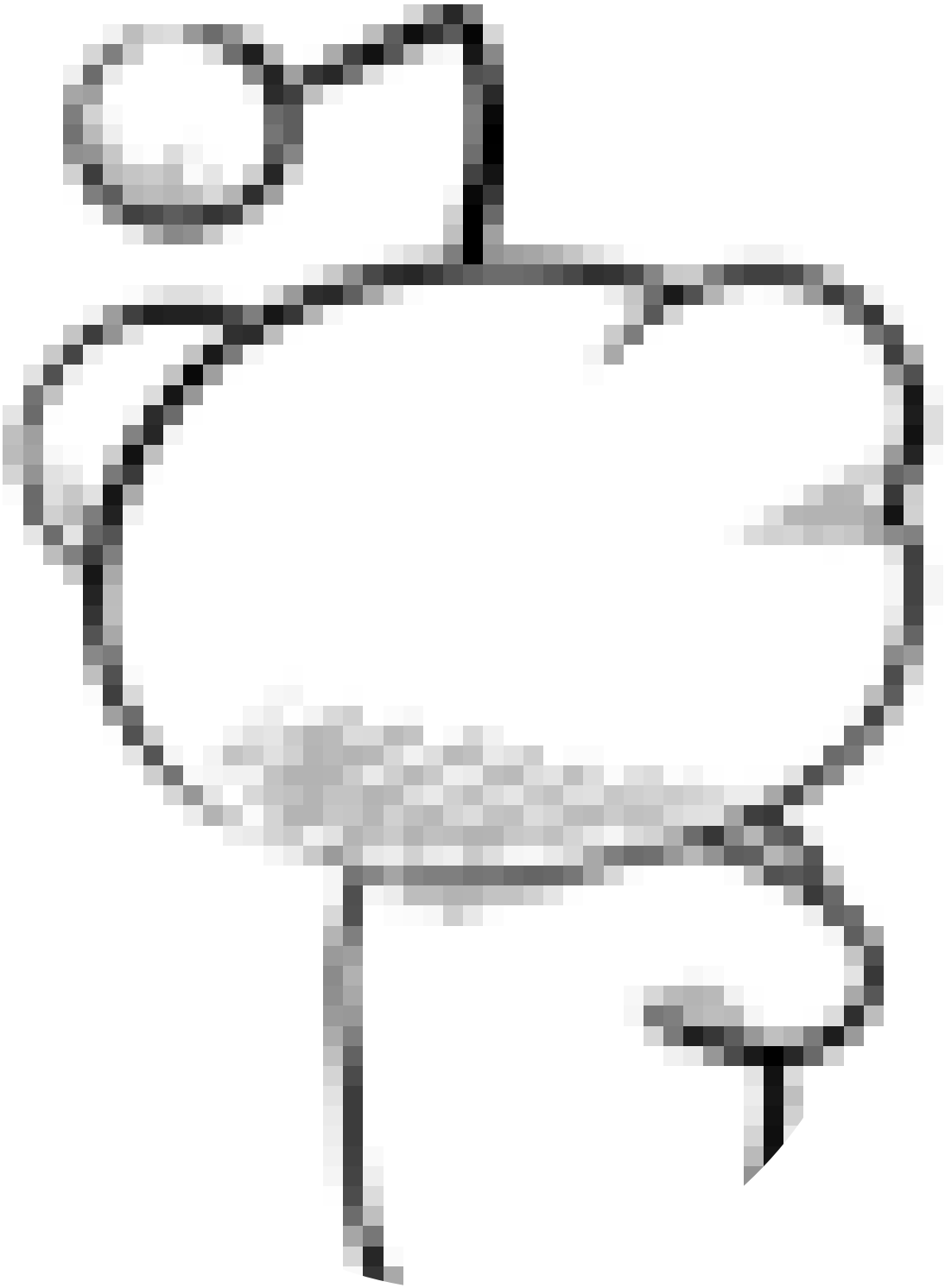

[deleted]
â€¢ 15y ago

Three years ago I was invited to stay at a really old hall in London and thought we'd have some fun in putting down a few dictaphones, locking the building up and leaving for a few hours.

We set the security cameras on the basement where we left the dictaphones, motion sensors the works (as there was quite a lot of valuable stuff in storage down there), locked all the doors and left for around 6 hours.

When we got back we went down to get them and listened to the tapes (which had been set to sound activated) and I kid you not, on the second dictaphone there was a womans voice saying 'Please help me, they've locked me in' and later on it said 'Please help me, oh god please help me"

There were only three people in the building that night, and the security cameras showed absolutely nothing. The door to the room where the recorders were was still locked when we fetched them.

I still have the tapes in the attic

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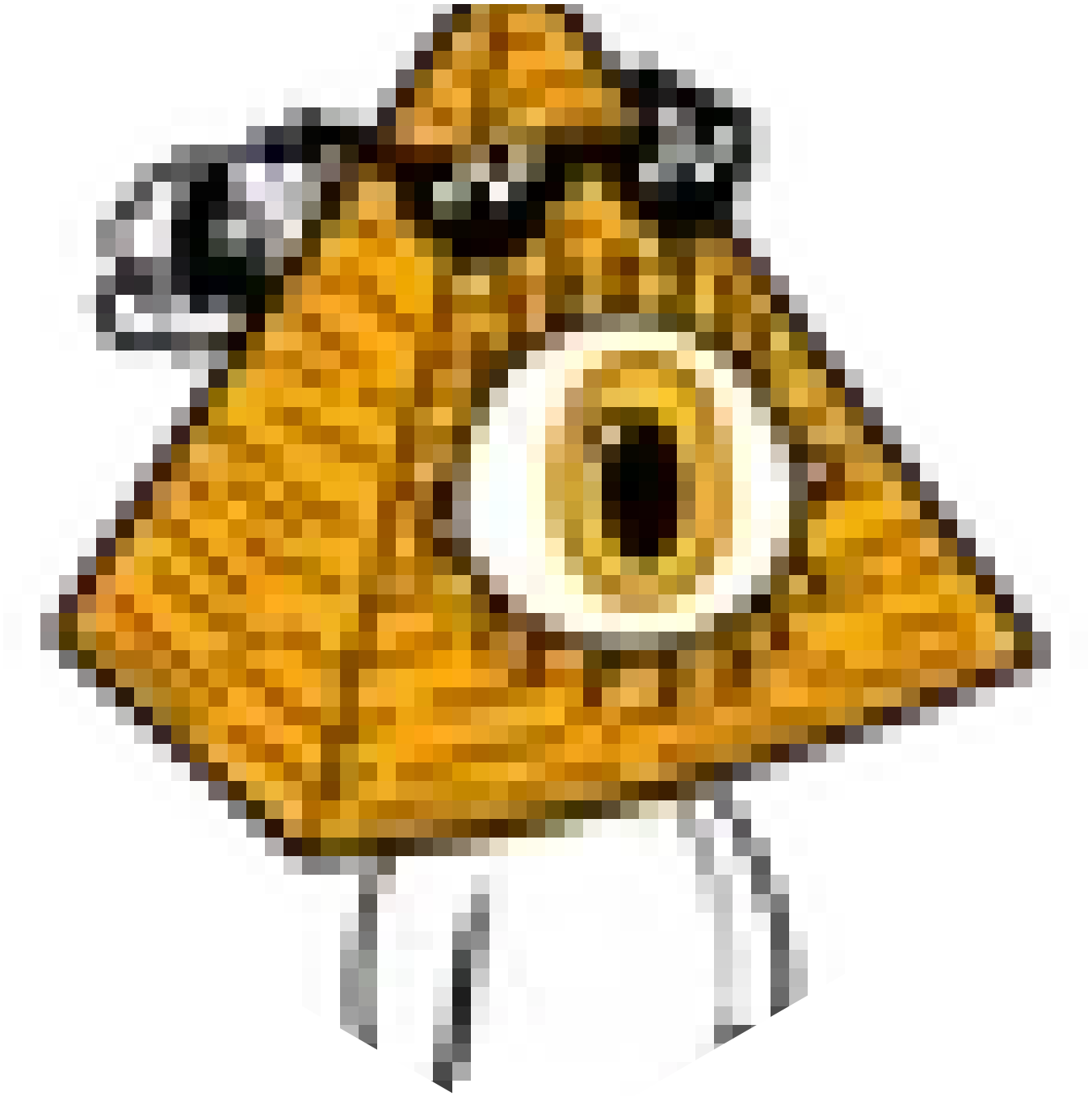

hilo
â€¢ 15y ago

I found a Handycam DVD rw in front of my house one time. it was in a jewel case and though the case was damaged somewhat the disc itself was in perfect condition. I brought it in the house and set it on my computer desk deciding to, later, investigate further. Days turned to to weeks and weeks to months and the piles of shit on my computer desk continued to accumulate. At some point during one of my manic cleaning modes I cleaned up my desk. This means that I pilled all the shit in a "computer stuff" box. Well about a full year after i had found the disc I was going through some of my comp stuff boxes mentally cataloging all the stuff in there for whenever the next computer emergency happened and i needed this particular card reader or that cable. I came across the Handycam DVD and immediately went about seeing what was on the disc. Since it was an 8 cm disc i had to use a tray so I threw it in my old G4 and iMovie launched upon reading the disc type. I was presented with a screen of previews from all of the times the camera had stopped and started filming. Scanning through the previews I saw nothing that would overtly prepare me for what was on the disc however the overwhelming sense about what i was seeing was very strange. Each preview window had shots of different rooms of a house. Not just any house but a very specifically depressing house. Very dated wallpaper and bad lighting. Cheap furniture and dinging bathroom fixtures. There was also some wood paneling. Now im not one to just jump all over wood paneling, i mean, i had some wainscot in my room growing up, but i have since found that wood paneling conjures up some fairly accurate stereotypes from the late 70's. Anyway there was nothing ironic about this house. It was hope, abandoned.

I decided to watch the first scene. This was still harder to do than you can imagine because i had a sense that this was not filmed for a realtor's website. The dankness of the house had set off some alarms in my head upon fist viewing and i was now beginning to imagine that i was soon to be witness to something vile. Let your imagination do the work here as mine did. I thought for a moment of ejecting the disc and leaving its contents a mystery. Maybe I would take the disc and throw it out my car window in front of some stranger's house as had seemingly been done to me. I would then subsequently wash my hands of any possible responsibility to the information on this disc. I pressed play. The first seen started off with the camera aimed at a queen bed. The bed spread looked like a mangers special from a Kmart circa '92. Nothing happened for a

minute but then i heard shuffling. Suddenly the camera was being adjusted. I waited with bated breath to see who was doing this. A few seconds more passed and suddenly the most enormous woman waddled into the shot and proceeded to arrange herself square in the center of the shot sans her head. Her labored movements seemed to quicken into a familiar flow as she grabbed some form of lubricant positioned beside her and proceeded to massage herself, fupa and all. She had hiked her nightgown up and was all up in her business. I was in a state of shock. This woman was BBW. Shit, she was SSBBW. I watched unable to look away at the scene that was unfolding, literally, in front of me. She then reached off camera and came back with a huge dildo. This was her best friend. It was powered. It had a blue pearl color to it as best as i can recall though the pearl might have come from her or her bottle. She lubed it up and proceeded to disappear the dildo in its entirety into the fathoms of her nether regions. Over and over again she placed the palm of her hand on the base of the dildo and shoved it in as she pushed it out. It was only topped in severity by her now incessant shrill moan that could only be compared to the complaints of patrons of Walmart when all the electric shopping carts are in use. It was burned into my mind. After coming to my senses i realized that there was a lot more on this DVD so i proceeded to jump through the other clips and found scenes all over the depressing house. The shower scene. The kitchen scene. The couch. All done solo and all done in a way to hide her identity from camera. Sometimes it was out of the frame other times it was hidden behind the mound of pasty flesh that was her body. I scanned through the rest of the scenes fairly quickly and ejected the disc. I was not sure what to do. It seemed I was randomly in possession of some amateur porn. Probably some Medicare case from North Mississippi getting her lube on the dole. I was at a loss.

I still have the disc. I haven't watched again since the initial viewing. I have only mentioned to one other person. I guess I was relieved that there wasn't a snuff scene or some kiddy porn dungeon shit on there that would have required some official action. As it is, I like to think it is the fat woman's hobby to film and toss DVDs around of her pleasuring herself. Whatever it is i can tell you it is strange to come across something of this nature.

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ACE_C0ND0R
â€¢ 15y ago â€¢ Edited 15y ago

I just moved out of my parents house after college and got myself a one bedroom apartment. Everything was unpacked and set up by this time. I was tired and decided to take a little nap. I laid down on my stomach on the bed with my head facing toward the bedroom door. After awhile, I slowly started to drift off into sleep. At some point, I kind of half woke up. My eyes were wide open. It was like dreaming while you are awake. I was looking at my actual bedroom, but I couldn't move. No matter how hard I tried, I just could not move. Then, I heard footsteps from outside my bedroom from the kitchen. They stomped all the way through the kitchen, through my bedroom door, and all I saw was a man from the waist down walk right up to the edge of my bed and stand right in front of my face! I was freaking out! I still couldn't move and was terrified! All I remember from that point on was violently trying to will myself to move and then things just went black.

I actually woke up about 2 hours later from the time I laid down. I was sweating and felt exhausted. I immediately remembered this experience in crystal clear clarity. Got up, searched the house, no one there. Grabbed my coat and left for a friends house. I didn't realize what had happened to me for many years until I stumbled upon a forum that was talking about experiences like this. Most people agreed it was some sort of sleep paralysis, along with sleep hallucinations. Looking back, that seems about right, but it freaked me the fuck out for a long time.

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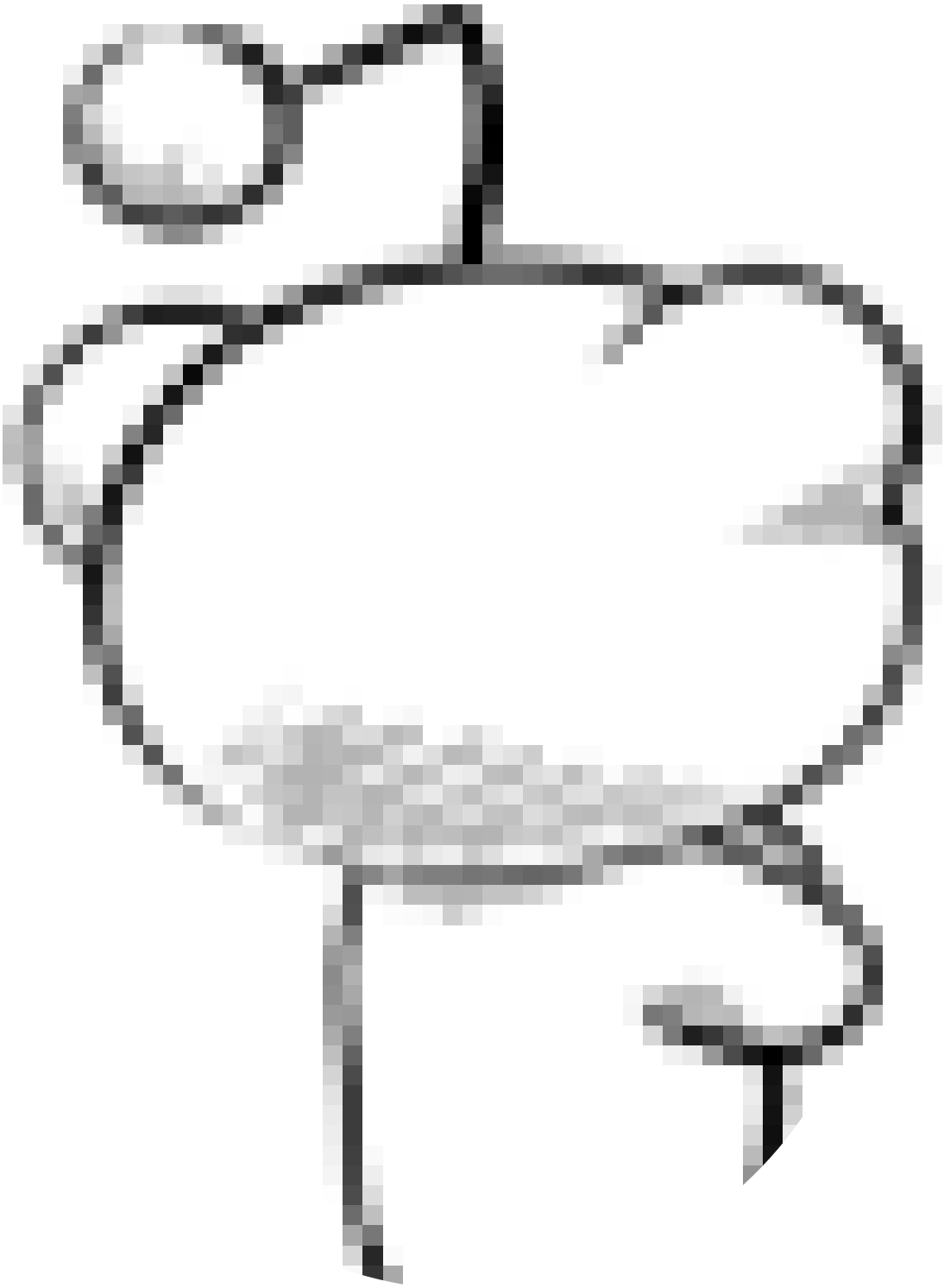

[deleted]
â€¢ 15y ago

I was crossing the street drunk once, and a pedestrian on the other side got hit by a car that sped through a red light. He bounced on the pavement and, obviously already dead because most of his head was missing, body tackled me. True story, it was on the news and everything.

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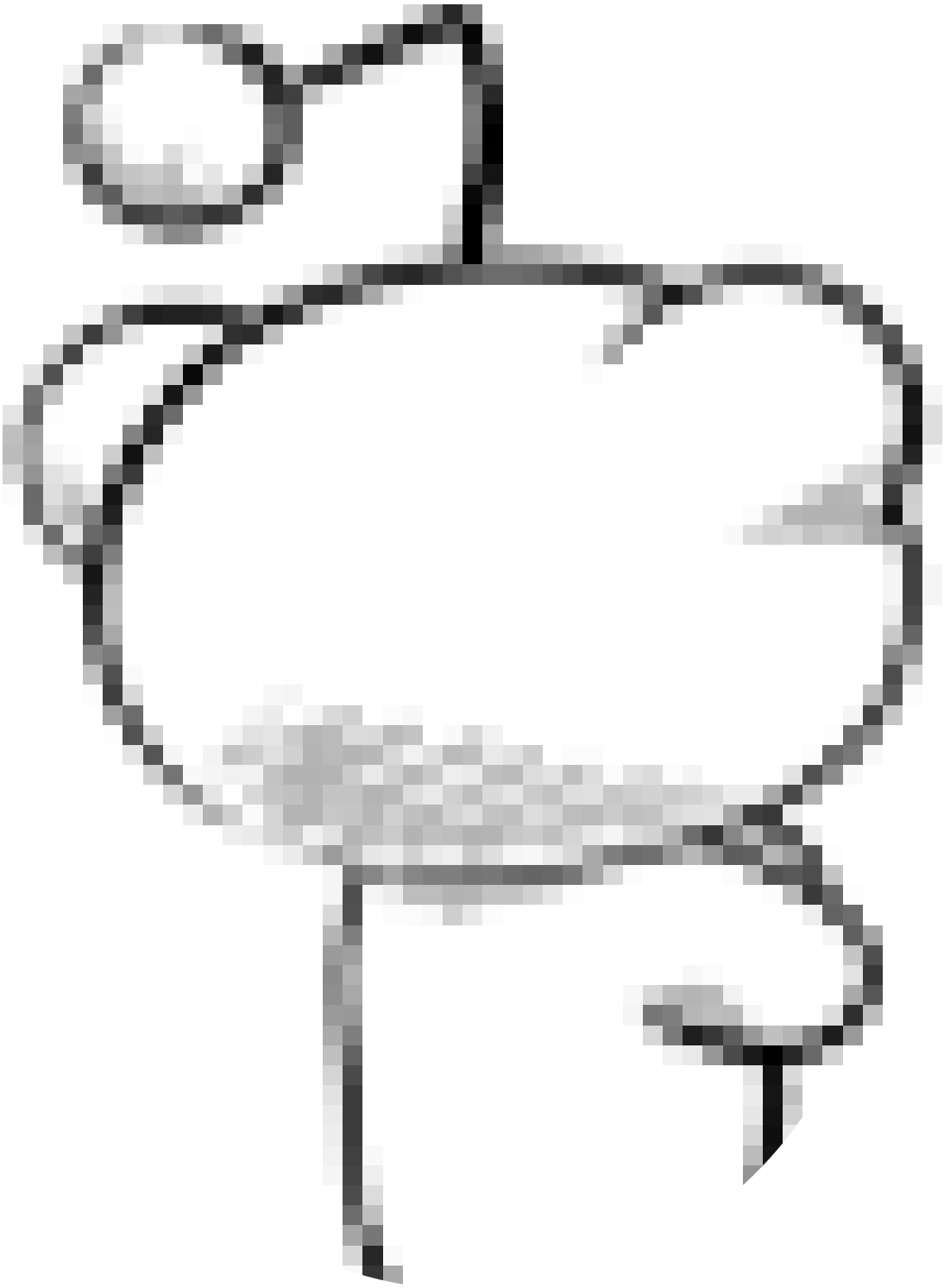

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â€¢ 15y ago

Shit like this is why I'm never more than five feet from a sharp knife. And a crucifix. Don't look at me like that.

So I used to have a below-ground room. THe floor was three feet below ground level, so I had a big window that was flush with the ground. It's the middle of winter, I'm sleeping in my bed soundly, and I hear something. It's like someone snorting, except it's too big, and too deep to be a someone. I bolt upright in my bed and start looking wildly around. Outside the window, up against the side of the house, is something huge. It's wreathed in mist, lit up by the moon. I can see it's huge, dark eyes glinting at me. I start screaming...

... Until I realize that it's a moose. It was sitting under the exhaust vent from the dryer or part of the heating system, enjoying the warm air. In the darkness, though, that 8 foot tall, 2000 pound monster was plenty scary.

And then their was the time I was riding my bike through a park in the dark and realized I was surrounded by a good twenty wolves...

Alaska. Wild place.

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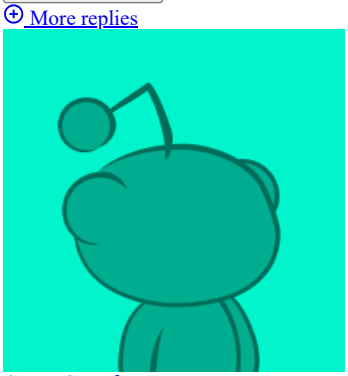

Crazy_Smurf
â€¢ 15y ago

I hate this thread, its 1 in the morning, its dark and im alone, but for some reason i can't stop.

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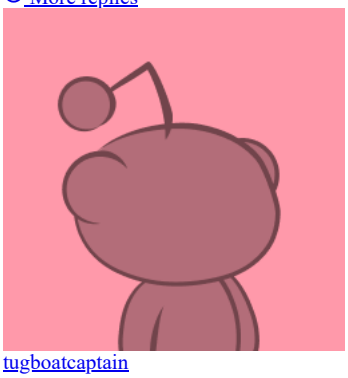

tugboatcaptain
â€¢ 15y ago

At this point, I'm sure no one will read this, but here goes. It was just any old night during my freshman year of college. My roommate and I were sitting on our respective beds, doing homework. Our dorm room was about a half a floor up from the ground and one wall was basically a giant window, along which my roommate had her bed. Suddenly, she calls out, "Hey, get over here, there's some dude outside just standing there." I run over to her bed and look out the window to see a guy about fifteen feet away, wearing all black, including a hooded sweatshirt with the strings of the hood pulled so tight that only his eyes and nose showed. At this point we screamed like little girls and hid under her blanket. We started laughing, almost hysterically, because of nerves and because of our reaction. I decided everything was over and pulled the blanket off our heads, only to find that while we were hiding, he moved so that he was standing directly next to us, almost face to face through the window. Commence louder screaming, running out of our rooms, report to campus police. A couple days later, I read about many reports of a man going around to girls' dorm rooms and masturbating outside their windows. We somehow managed to miss the whole "hands in pants" bit, though.

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SherryBobbins
â€¢ 15y ago

The fact that this question comes up frequently, and that I always read to the bottom.

Funny thing is, they're all new stories. Creepy.

This is not meant to sound snarky. I wish there was a sincerity font.

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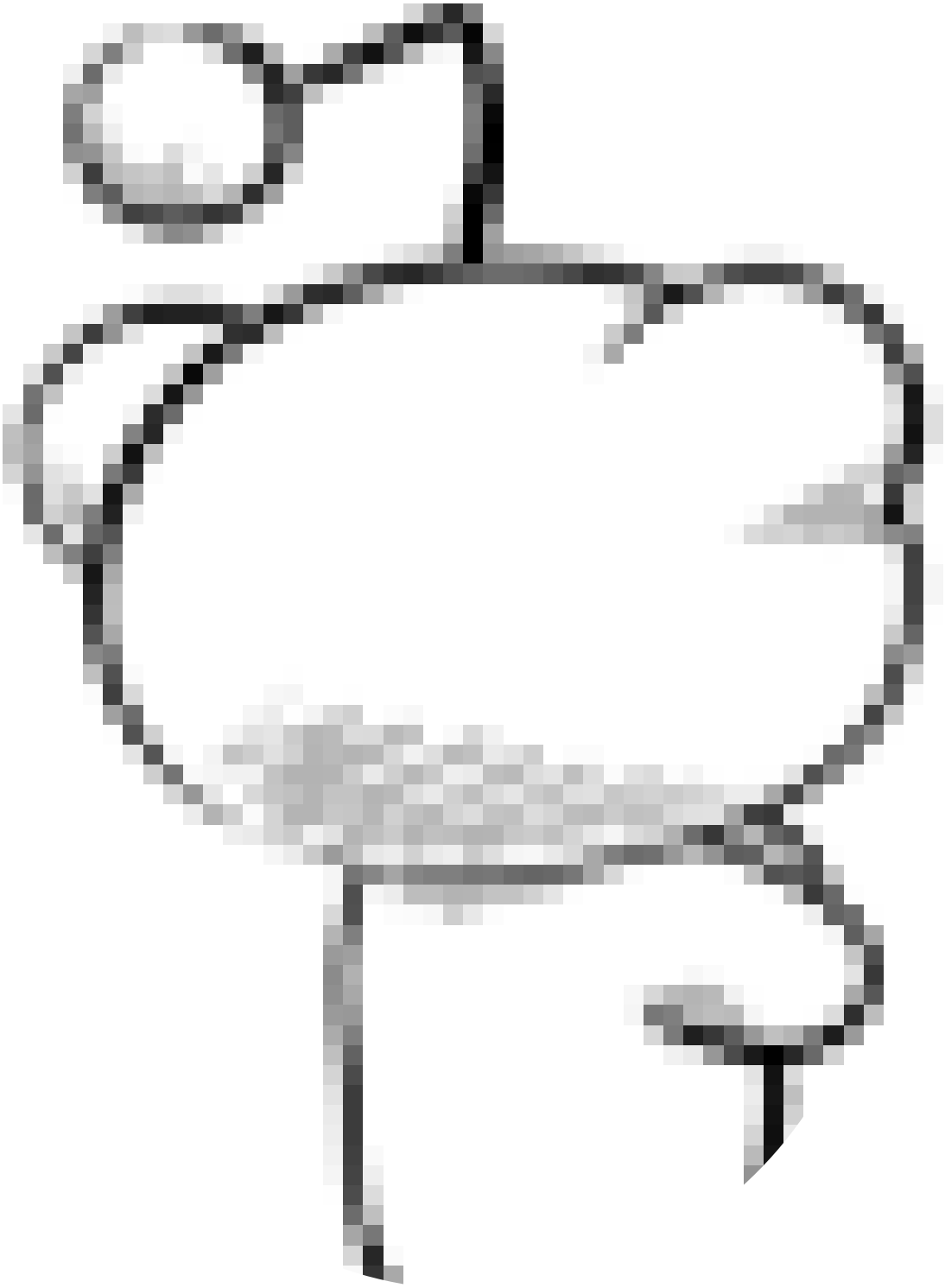

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â€¢ 15y ago

Me and my friend were driving back from somewhere and there was a hospital down the road. A guy in a hospital gown with IV hookups still in his arm and that bracelet thingy runs up to the car and asks us for a ride as far away from the hospital as possible. Needless to say we declined.

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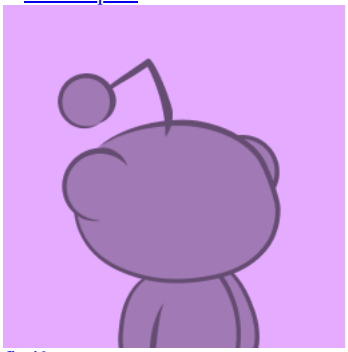

fissi0nx
â€¢ 15y ago

Finding pictures of my 15 year old little sister alternated with porn on my boyfriends computer history.

This is his account, so I'm sticking this here.

FUCK YOU YOU ASSHOLE, I HOPE YOU CRAWL BACK INTO THE HOLE YOU CAME OUT OF AND ROT!

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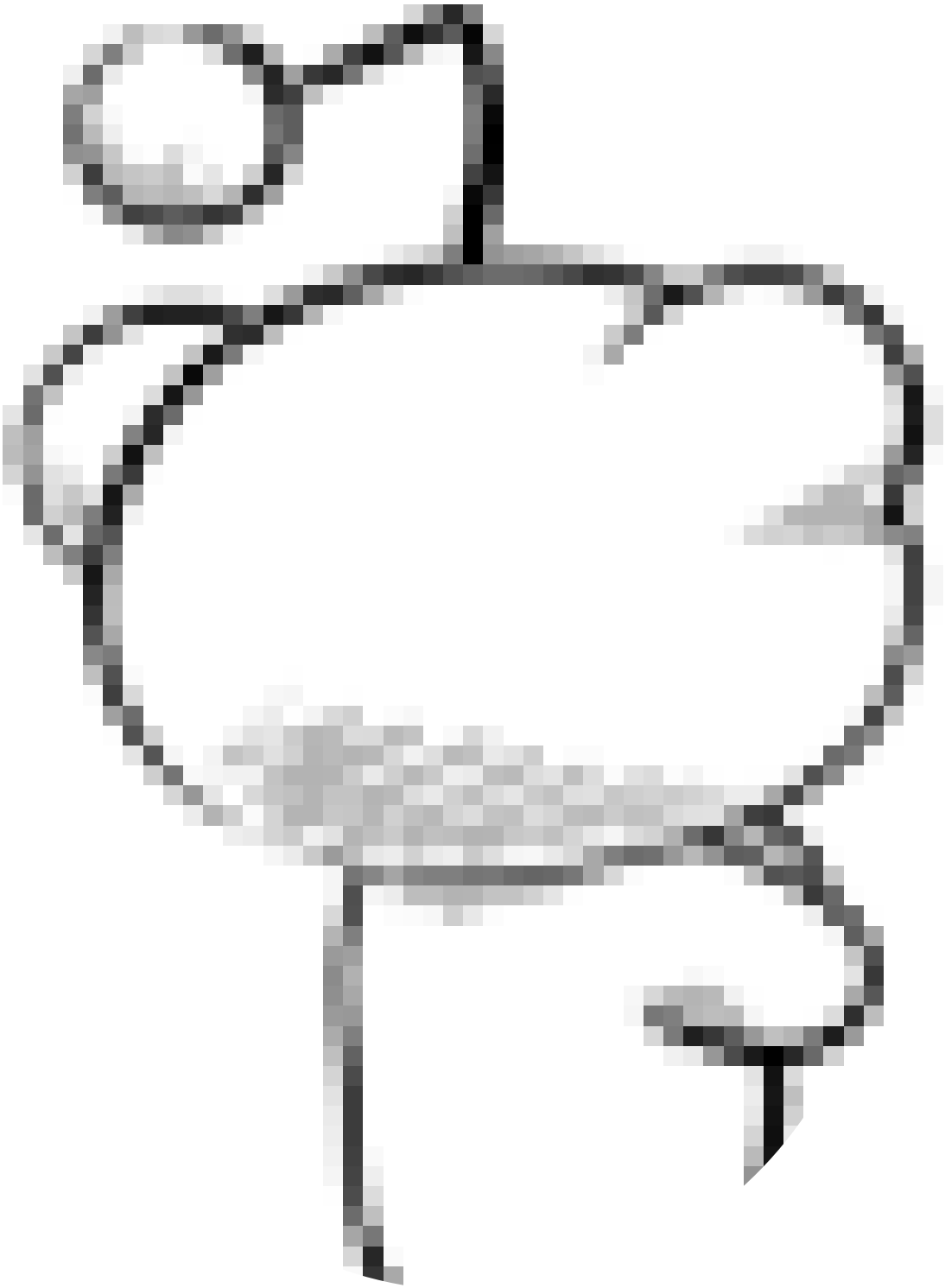

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â€¢ 15y ago

I experience sleep paralysis now and again. (http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Sleep_paralysis)

Once, I opened my "eyes" to find dark figures (not unlike the wraiths in Lord of the Rings) creeping around my room. Very very creepy. Struggled for a while to regain waking consciousness, while they were still hanging out.

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HORSE_COCK_JUGGLER
â€¢ 15y ago

I was doing my math homework and noticed my nose felt stuffed up. I scratched the side of my nose and a small white spider fell out (dead and curled up) about the size of an airsoft bb. It fell right on my math book and I examined it for a good minute or two before disposing of it, this was about 2 years ago.

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Decapitated_Saint
â€¢ 15y ago â€¢ Edited 15y ago

Too far down to be seen but.... I used to really like peaches. I would always just munch them straight from the tree, but one day I grabbed a beauty (perfectly ripe, unbroken skin), took a big bite out of it, and a massive black spider crawled out of the center. Luckily the bite I took was all fruit, but after that I refuse to eat a peach that hasn't been sliced.

But at least it wasn't a griswald :P

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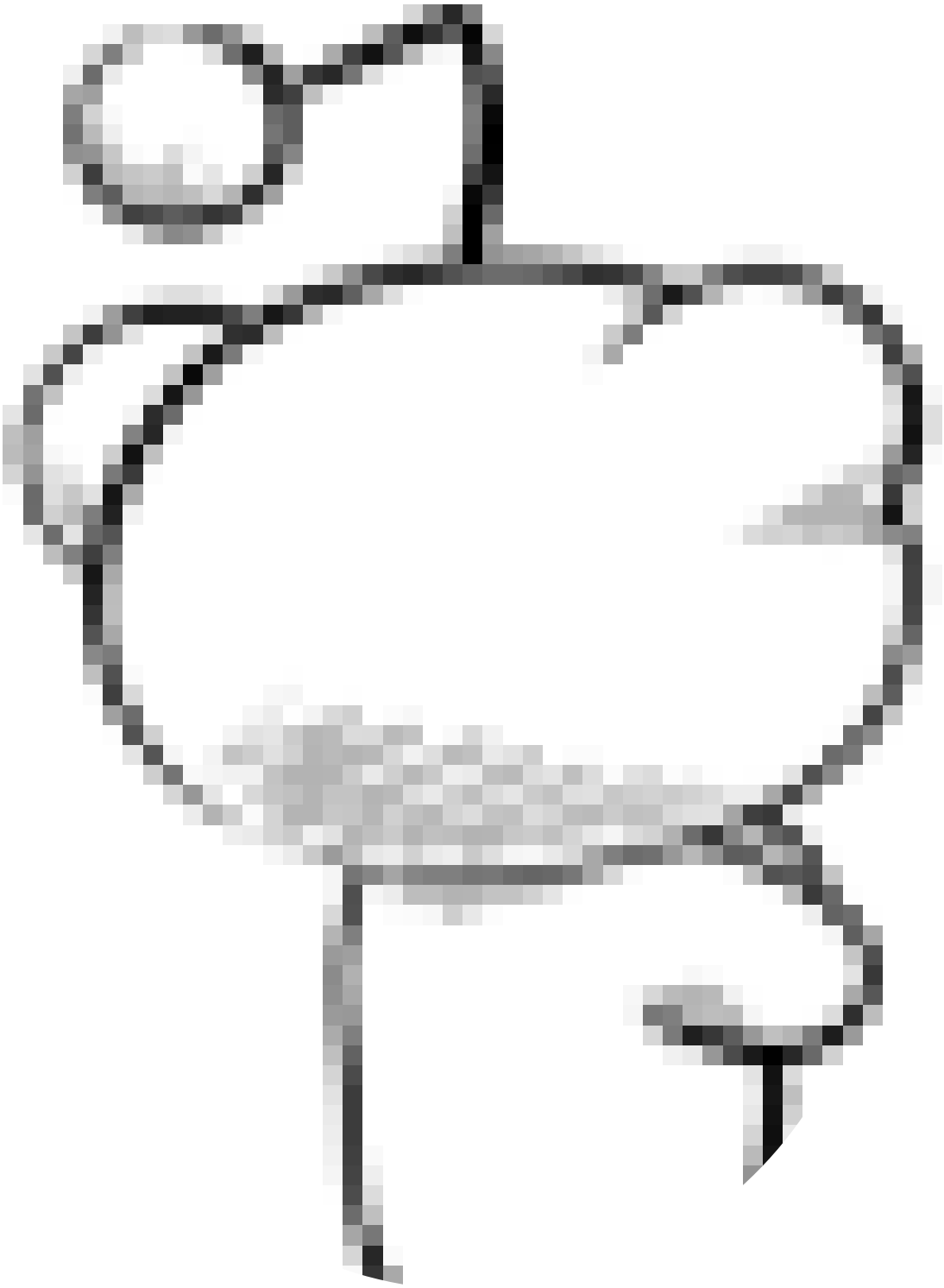

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â€¢ 15y ago

Had a classmate call me up so he could masturbate to my voice. seriously. i'm a guy. he call's me up huffing and puffing. i say "wtf? are you doing?" "sounds like you're jerking off." he's like, " i am, stay on the ph---." i hung up. never saw or heard from him again. this took place when i was in High School.

more recently(3yrs ago), one of my co-workers (also a male, age late 40's early 50's) would come over to my cubicle and talk about Battlefield 2042. sounds innocent enough right? well, he would rub is crotch on the back of my chair while he was doing it. like he was humping it. ugh. now these office chairs resemble those HUGE luxury models you see in Office Depot sometimes. you know the kind, they have lots of padding, ergo adjustments all over, wrapped in leather. i would usually be working when he would come over so i didn't pay much attention. sure enough, one day i caught him, and he didn't come over anymore. wtf is wrong with these people?

i left the company a while back because at the rate i was being paid, didn't cover my chair, or me by proxy, being molested every other day.

even more recently, my cat hugged my face. she is very friendly, but she's never pounced on me, wrapped her front paws around me, and ran off. today was grooming and vet check up day; perhaps she was excited?

life's strange sometimes.

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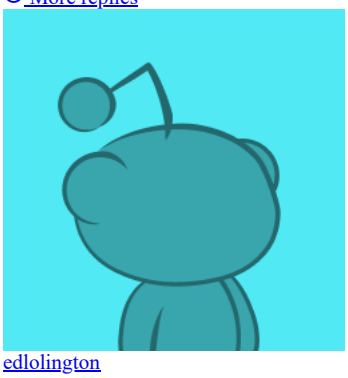

edlolington
â€¢ 15y ago

I remember this as one of the strangest, creepiest moments of my childhood. Sure there were monster and ghost-style scares when I was really little, but this I remember vividly.

I was driving through upstate New York on the way back from a weekend trip to Toronto with my family. I was only a young kid at the time. Basically, after putting the family car through a few more miles than it was ready for at one time, it conked out on us and we had to pull the side of the expressway. My dad hopped out along with my mom and they went to work trying to figure out what the problem was. After awhile, a small sedan pulled over to the side of the road behind us: some good samaritan looking to help us. Interestingly enough, out of the car hopped a man in clown makeup suit, the whole getup. I remember him walking up to the car and me watching out the window as he talked to my parents. He was quite polite, smiling and talking quite amiably. There was something very surreal about it all, though... Have any of you ever had a feeling where you saw somebody famous or saw a show in real life that you had only ever seen on the screen? Maybe you felt the strange, surreal feeling of "wow this just doesn't seem like it's happening". Well, I wasn't afraid of clowns, but something about the man seemed off, and surreal. He helped my dad work on the car for a bit, quite excitedly. After some time of boredom in the car, I was happy to learn that we would soon be up and running well enough to make it home and get to a mechanic. The clown made me kind of nervous the whole time, but one thing he said that got to me was right before he left. I remember him glancing in the window at me, then at the dash. We had a phone installed in the car at the time (this was the early nineties, before cellphones were very portable or popular). He looked at that phone and said to my parents with a smile, "Those things can be a real *life saver*."

Now, I'm not sure if there's much significance to that story or if I'm blowing it out of proportion, but I do know that it was the creepiest thing I've ever experienced.

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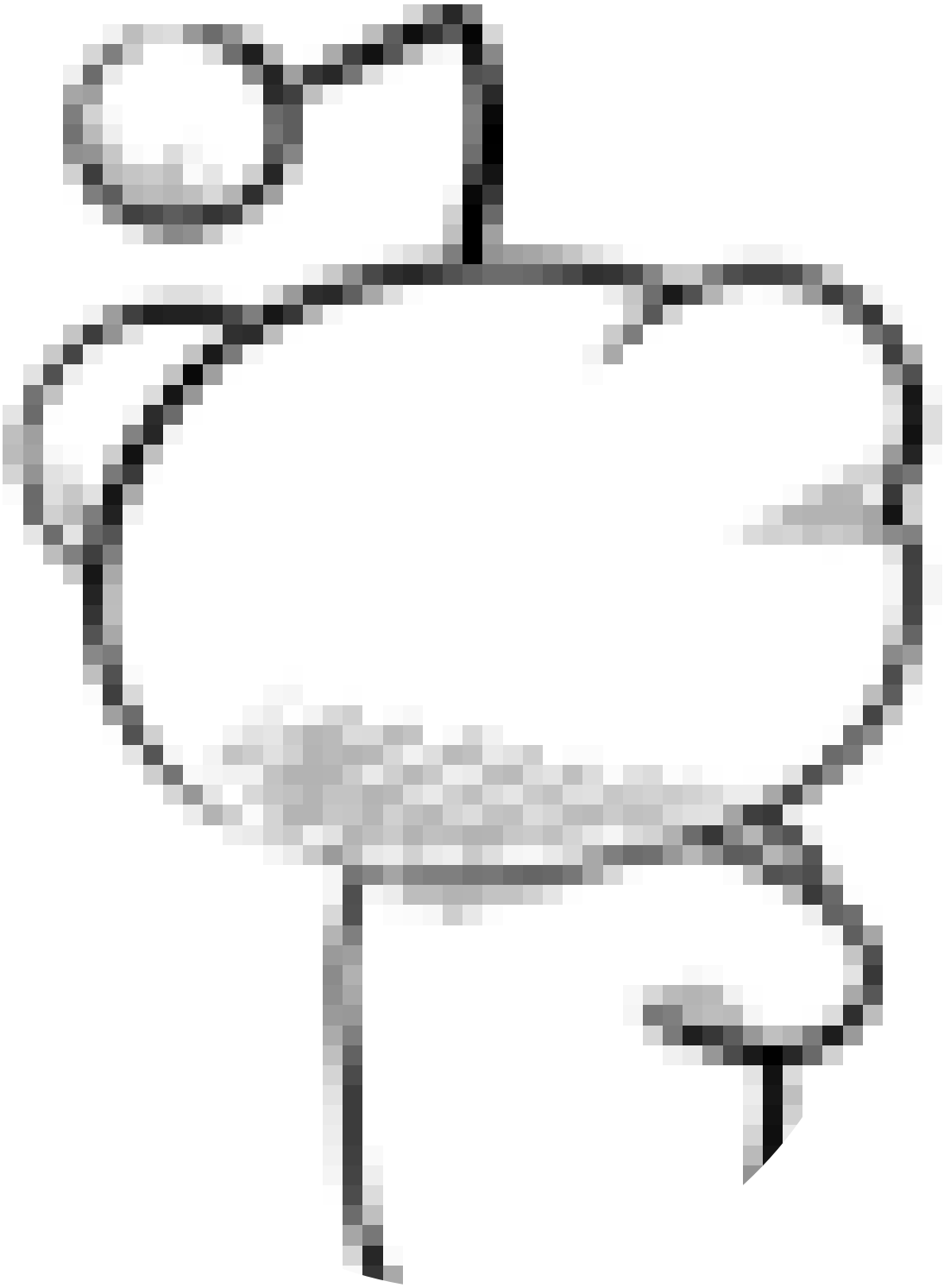

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â€¢ 15y ago

Living on the same street as this guy.

One of my friends lived directly across from him, he would tell me how houses on his street were constantly broken into and the most random items would go missing (mainly women's clothing) but no one ever suspected a high ranking military officer. Really creepy.

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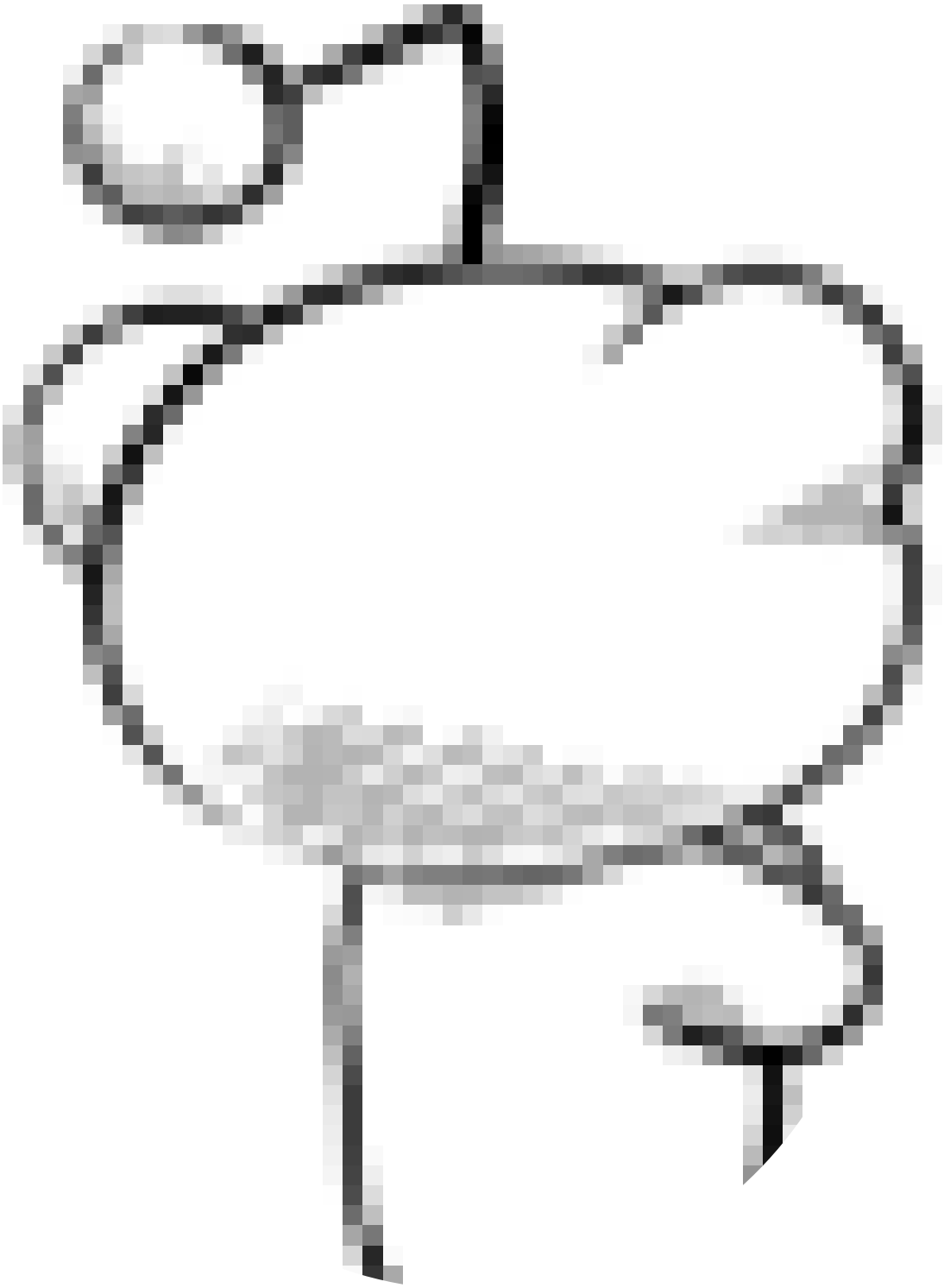

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â€¢ 15y ago

On a Saturday night in October, a group of college friends and I met up at a local bar. There were about 15-20 of us, all friends, some of us closer to certain individuals than others - your typical group of college kids. The night was nothing out of the ordinary, as there's not much to do in Rhode Island on the weekends/not during summers. We all had some drinks and started to say our goodbyes around 1AM. My friend and roommate, who was sober, was driving another roommate and I back to our place so we could crash for the evening. As we went to leave, we noticed that one of the girls in our group, I'll call her Sarah, was acting a bit tipsy. She was by no means falling down drunk, just acting kind of goofy, as many do after a few drinks. Many of the people in our group knew she had a history of drinking problems - she had just received her license back following a DUI a week prior - and approached her to make sure she was OK to drive home. She said she was, and seemed to be coherent enough for my sober roommate and others to confirm this. So we left and headed home.

On the way home, around 1:15 (I remember looking at the clock at this time) we stopped at a red-light underneath an overpass to Route 1 in our town. As we stopped, the four of us in the car began talking about Sarah and her drinking problems. We said things such as 'I hope she's OK' and 'Hope that she's never driving drunk and involved in an accident,' generally realizing the danger of the situation any drunk driving incident can pose. We shrugged it off, the light turned green and we continued home, wound down and went to sleep.

I was awoken the next morning around 10AM with both a severe hangover and a knock on the door to my room. I opened it and found one of my roommates (not the driver) standing there. 'Dude, hear what happened to Sarah last night? She wrecked her car about twenty minutes after we left the bar. She wasn't wearing a seatbelt, was ejected

from the car, went through the windshield and down an embankment. They don't know if she's going to make it.' I was shocked. I began to contact other friends who had been with us the previous night to see if I could find out any more information. Twenty minutes later one of them called us and told us Sarah was dead.

Turns out her accident occurred at 1:25 right before the overpass at which we'd stop to talk about her the morning prior. TEN minutes after we'd said things like 'Hope she doesn't get into an accident,' she died right there, right above us. Her body apparently rolled down the embankment from the overpass into the traffic circle right after the stoplight. She was essentially dead on impact.

Drunk driving deaths are unfortunately all too common in the USA, but this thread made me think of my story. It's absolutely unreal, and I still think about it every time I drive by that spot. Don't drink and drive folks.

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getshitwolfed
â€¢ 15y ago

My Dad was working at an elementary school in the summer, just cleaning and painting the place. I remember kids always talking about how it was haunted and i guess there was a fire that killed some one or that a principal had killed him self there.

A few years later we drove by the school and I asked my Dad if he had ever seen any thing there. He smiled and said "Yeah, we never knew what it was."

He told me a story about how they used to spray the windows with cleaners and the mist would land in the shape of a person. They would just tell it to go away and would see it shift a bit, either running its hand through its hair or wiping its face before it would dissipate and they would keep working like normal. He said he would hear weird clangs and bangs in the corners of rooms some times. The creepy part about all of this is when he would tell it to be quiet it would.

He said that sometimes when he would mop he would find bare footprints behind him.

He went to the library and the local news paper archives to see if he could find out something about the fire or the suicide but never did.

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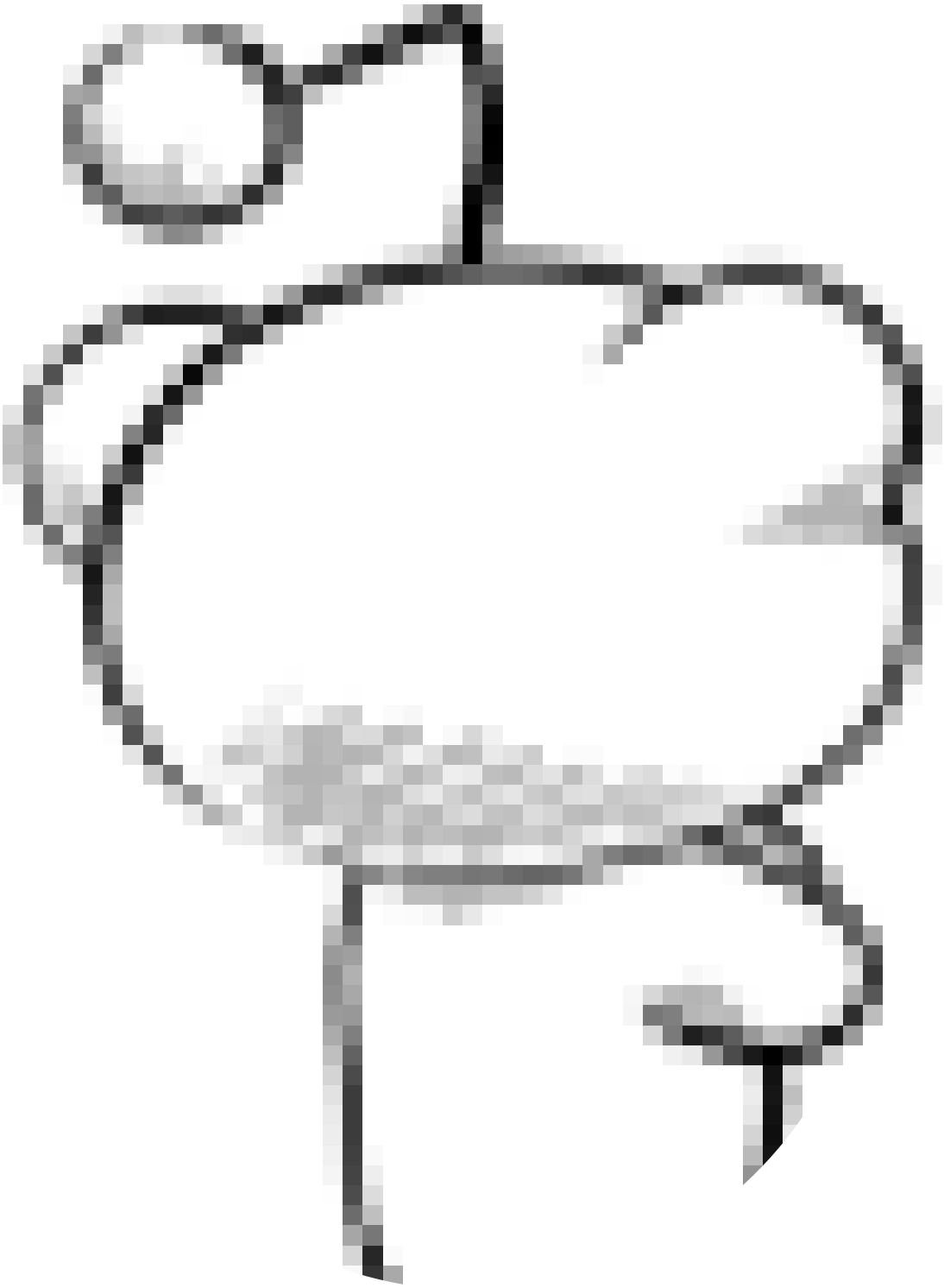

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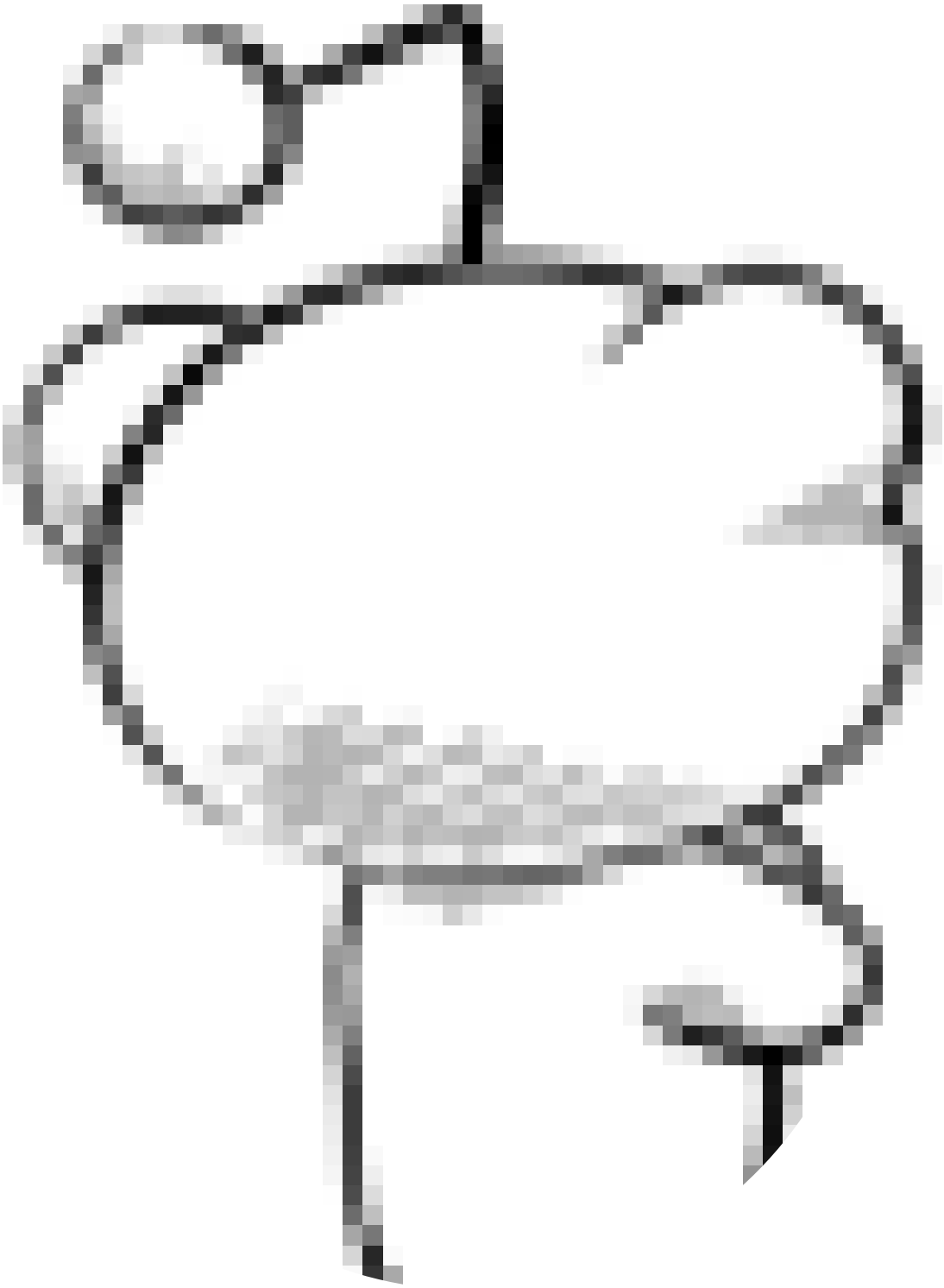

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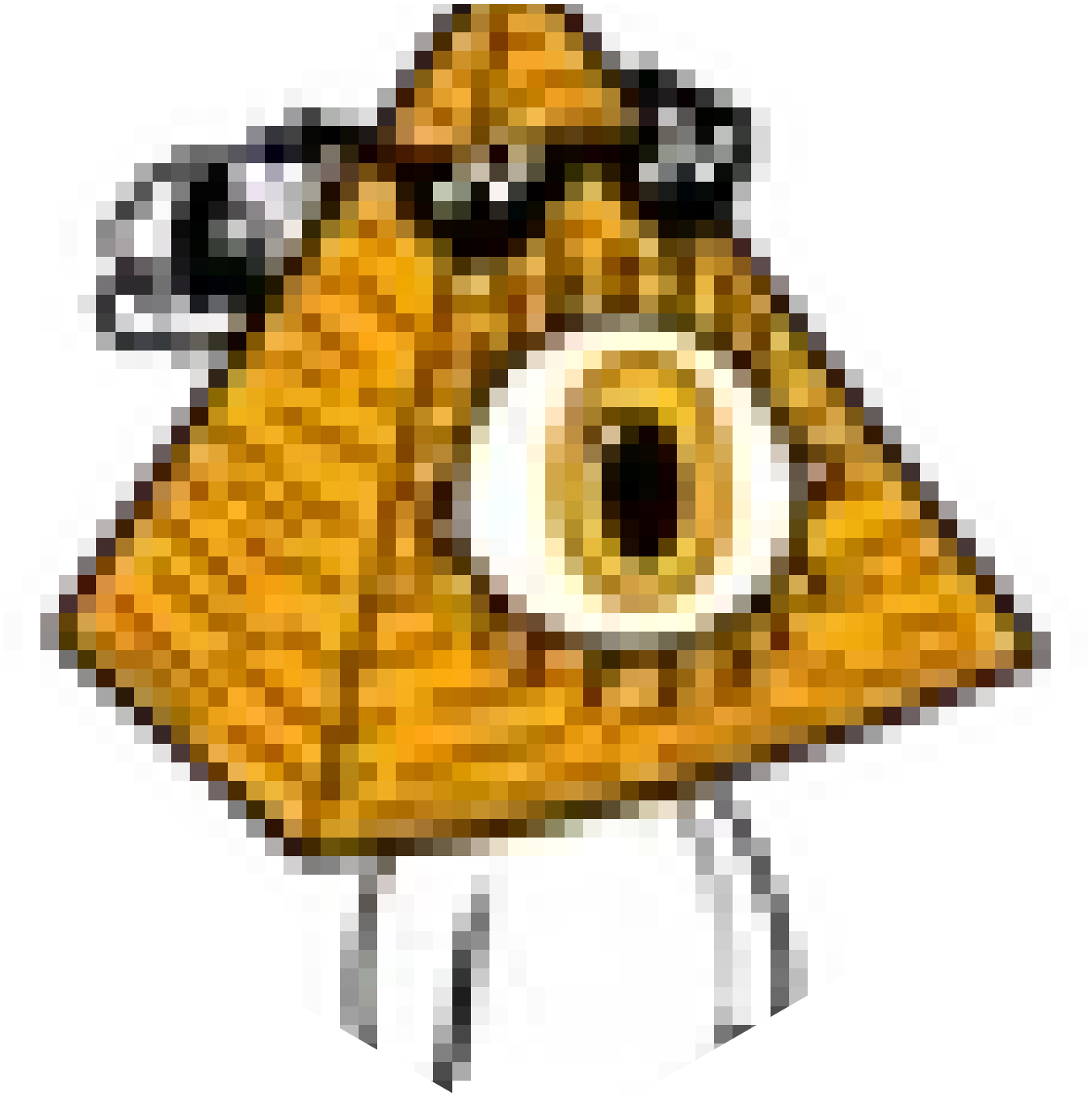

hilo
â€¢ 15y ago

I wish there was someway to do a study on this thread. All of these anecdotes about strange experiences and being witness to as of yet unexplained events. I wonder how many people are telling accurate accounts of the events that took place. I would also like to know how many people are superimposing information into there memories to fill in the blanks, as well as how many are just plain made up.

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sedmonster
â€¢ 15y ago

One night I needed to take a cab from Brooklyn back to Astoria, Queens where I used to live. I spotted a cab, flagged it down, and got in with a cab driver that seemed a middle-of-the-road middle-aged white American-born male. He wasn't sure how to get to Queens from where we were and asked me for directions.

Once we were on the BQE, it became rather apparent that the driver was blasted out of his mind -- either on some sort of narcotics or a large sum of booze -- as his driving was simply insane and he kept inadvertently crossing lanes. I resolved to get the hell out of that cab as soon as possible but before anything was to be done, the cabby abruptly exited the highway. He drove straight through a green light, but not realizing he was at a T intersection he sent the cab straight over the separator, flew through perpendicular traffic on the other side, and destroyed three of four wheels/both axles on the cab. Luckily, neither of us were hurt; another cab pulled up, I got in it without paying the original cab and continued on my way, a little bit in shock.

Any New Yorker will attest that getting a white American cabby is pretty improbable, and especially one that doesn't know where Queens is. The more I think back on it, the more it just seems like some alcoholic that nicked a cab in order to score a few bucks for more booze.

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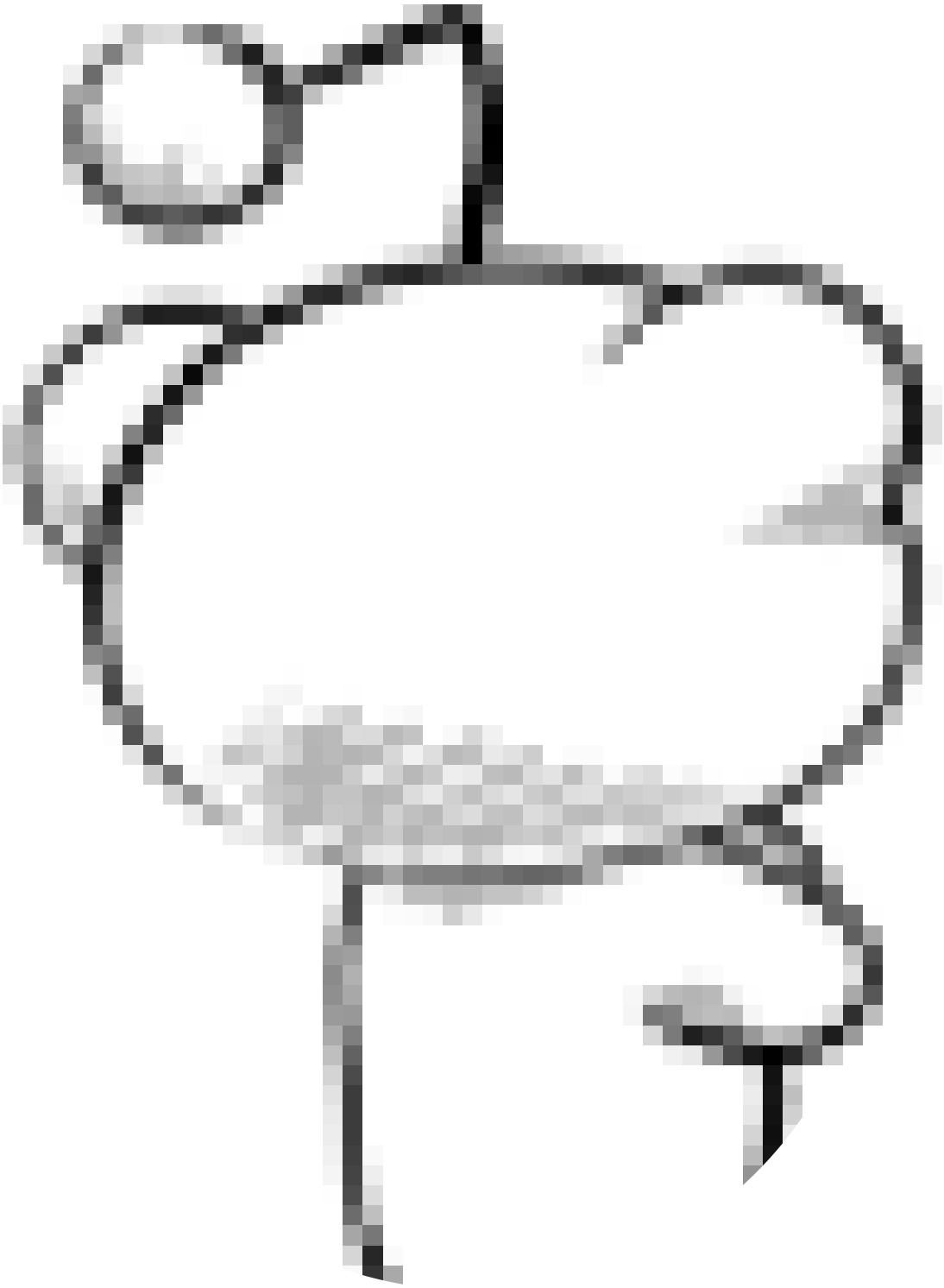

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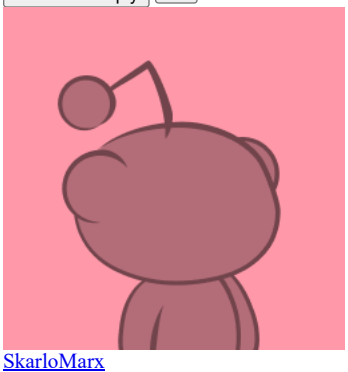

SkarloMarx
â€¢ 15y ago

There was this massive area of woods near my parents old house in the boondocks, right on the edge of hick territory. There was a giant field in the center that you had to go through a tunnel of woods to get to. So one night a few buddies and I did some blow, and I decided in my infinite wisdom we should go hang out in the field at like midnight.

We start walking through the tree tunnel, about four of us, when all the sudden we hear a group of footsteps walking in the trees to our right. We all kind of give each other looks and eventually stop walking. The footsteps stop, and we confirm with each other what we heard. We're freaked out, but we start walking again. The footsteps begin again. We stop walking again, more suddenly this time. The other footsteps stop but not as fast, we hear a few crunches after we all stopped walking.

We're all tweaked out so none of us can be sure we're not just imagining things, but after repeating this a few times it becomes absolutely certain that something is following us, and it sounds bipedal. We're too far into the woods now, all coked up and start talking loudly about how we'll fuck up anything that comes near us. Eventually we make it out to the field and we hang out in the middle, where we have a clear view of anything trying to come up on us. We're there for two or three hours, until we decide it might be safe to head back.

We start walking down the trail again back to our car, when not a fourth of the way the footsteps begin again,. Same side of the woods, still stopping and starting when we do except when we fake them out, but at this point we just want to get to the car as fast as we can. The footsteps follow us until we're about ten feet away from the car. We get in and get the FUCK out of there. I haven't been back since.

TL;DR: Followed by creepy footsteps in woods, hid out for a few hours only to try and leave and discover they were watching us the whole time and followed us back. Not a good night.

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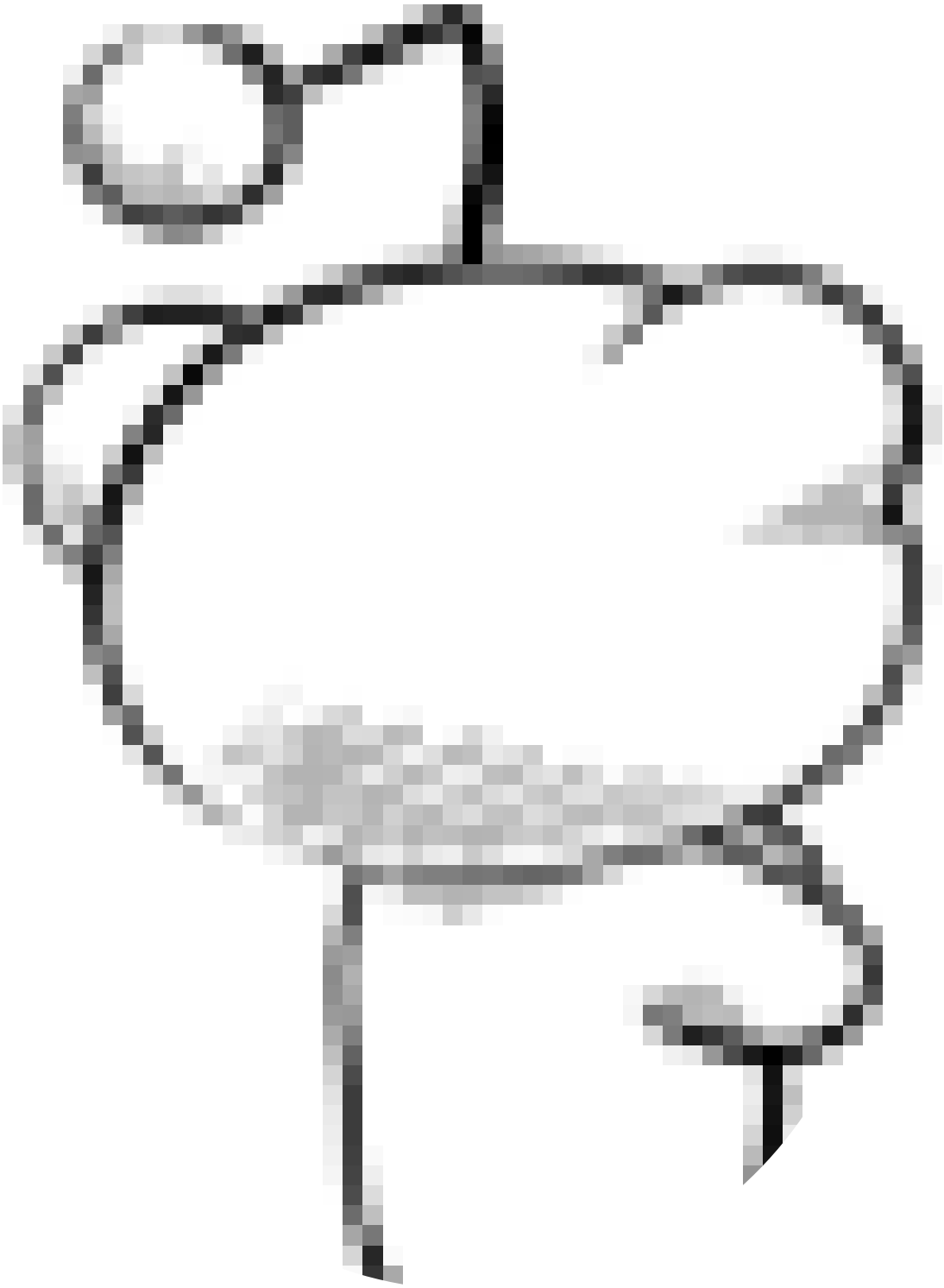

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â€¢ 15y ago

Okay, I remember this from when W was about nine years old. It was a normal night for me, being an asshole kid and all. Me and my dad argued and I decided that I was "leaving". For reference I had hardly ever left my house especially when I wasn't around friends. I go onto the porch and my dad , knowing the bluff that I pull all the time, locks the door behind me. It was around ten at night and I lived in a pretty rural area so it was actually dark. I decided this night that I was going to leave just leave and "show him a lesson." There was a railroad track about 3-400 feet from the back of my house so I went towards it. It took a while to get to the tracks and it was through woods that were only lit by moonlight so I was a bit scared by then anyway. Anyway, I make it to the tracks and look back and can just hardly see my house through the woods... I lol'd thinking my dad was worried (Me=asshole). So I'm sitting on the tracks for a minute or so before I notice something on the tracks. I look down the line and see a man standing there who was about the same size as my dad at the time so I say "*haha* did you have to come looking for me?" and I get no response. He's just standing on the track looking back my way. I stood up and said something else and he still didn't say anything. All of a sudden this guy starts coming at me in a slow jog. I know that it's not my dad by then and am seriously freaking the fuck out. I start hyperventilating and almost crying with this man running for me. I take off back towards my house. I can still hear the gravel behind me on the track when I get to the bottom of the hill that the tracks were on he had started running and when he got off of the tracks he had slid down the hill instead of easing down it like I did. He was literally right behind me at the bottom of the hill and I thought right then that I was going to die. I'm crying hysterically as I am running through the woods at night with a man chasing behind me and thinking I'm going to die. My legs were wobbling because of how scared I was but I could see the house getting closer. I am just about to hit the treeline and I even saw my dad on the porch. But just as I am about to scream out his name I go down. I remember being on my back when I woke up and having my dad standing over me looking worried. He said that he saw me running out of the woods but before I made it I had hit a tree almost full on. He asked me when he got me inside if I'd been running from a bear, because he had heard running steps when he came down to see about me. I

told him what had happened and he had this look on his face that I'd never seen before. He told my mom to take me and my sister to their room and lock the door. He went in before us and got his shotgun and cellphone and left the house. He was gone for what felt like an hour until we heard a shot. He came back a while later and told us all to sleep in their room that night and that he would be back later. I woke up the next morning and tried to go back to business as usual being a saturday but I just didn't feel like leaving my house after what had happened.

I know what kind of person my dad was. He had explicitly said that he would do anything for us and he would stop anyone from hurting us. And even though my dad was a very sweet and gentle man I wholeheartedly believe that he left that night and killed that man in the woods behind our house. My dad passed away a while back for anyone thinking about calling the cops on him.

I'm also sorry for what I believe will be a wall of text. I didn't care to make this look pretty as it was simply flowing out of me for the first time in a long time.

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Orichalcon
â€¢ 15y ago

Picking up hair from the shower-drain. There is NOTHING in this world creepier than touching shower-drain hair.

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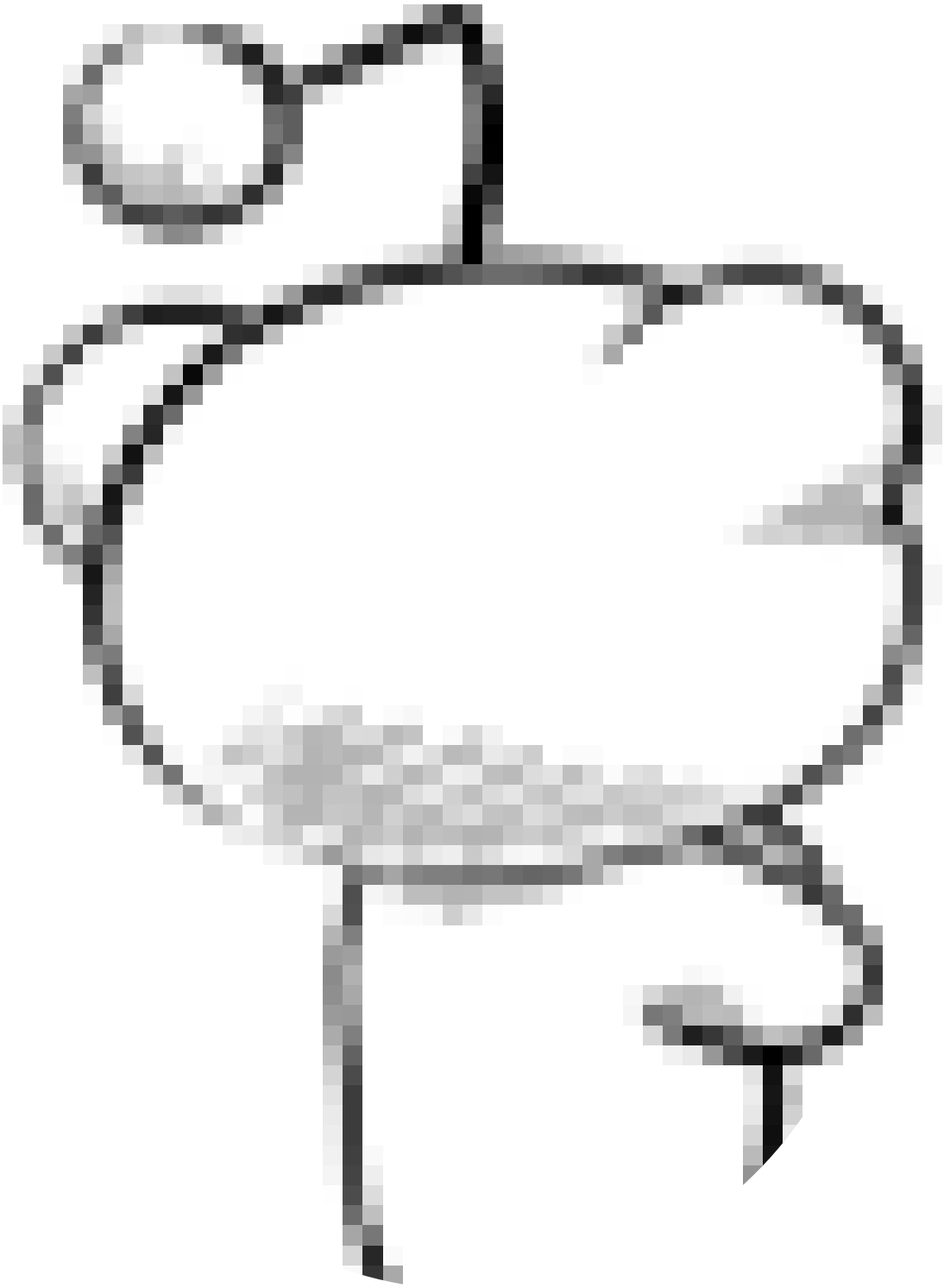

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â€¢ 15y ago

Pro-tip: use toilet paper.

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malecky
â€¢ 15y ago

One time I was cleaning the hair out of my shower drain and I noticed something really strange. I have rather short hair, but that day I noticed these long, dark black hairs that were also matted in the drain. They obviously came from someone else, probably a girl.

I don't have a roommate. I've never brought anyone home with hair like that.

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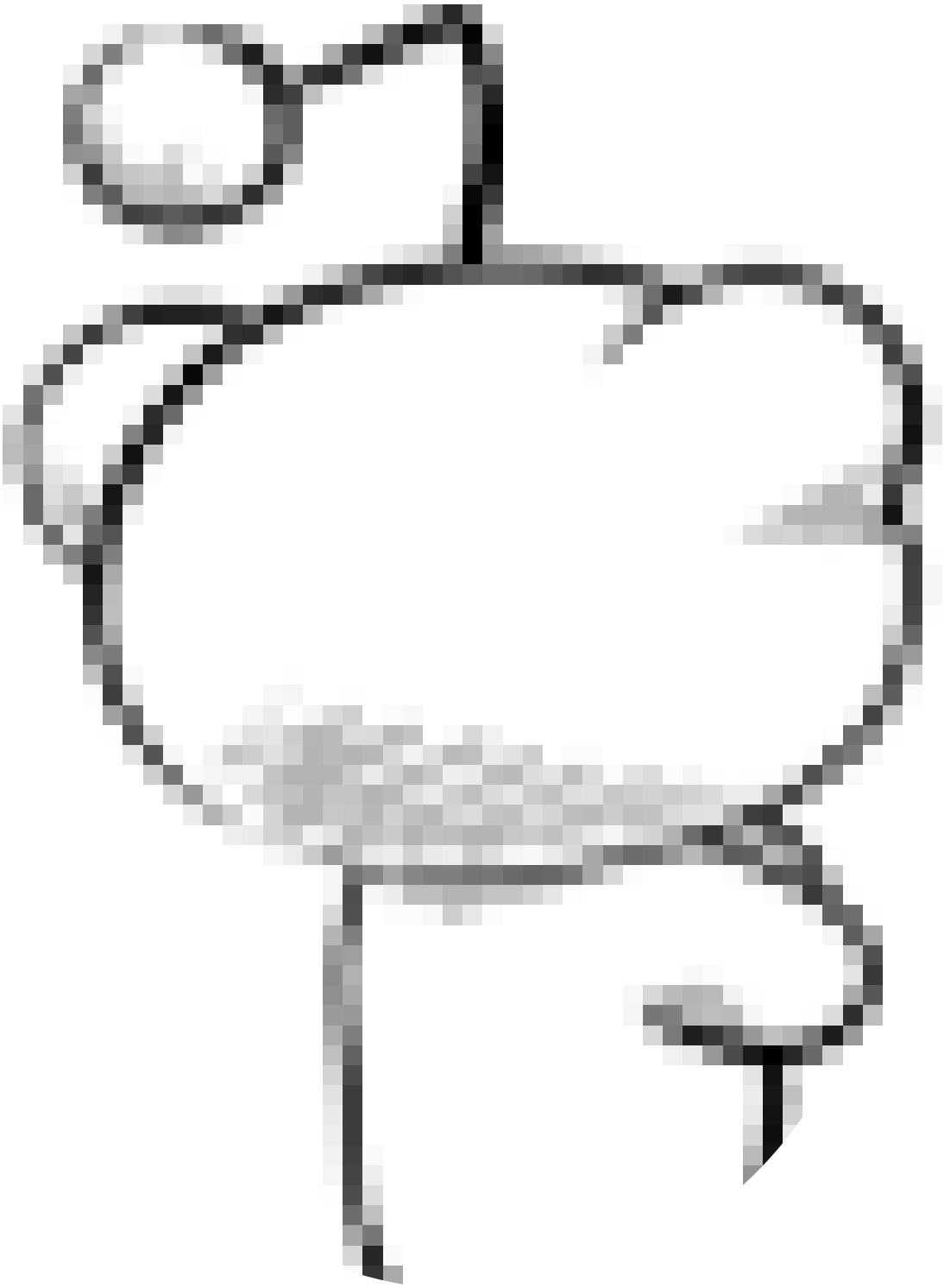

Rowdybunny05
â€¢ 15y ago

I have long black hair. I noticed our shower drain had started slowing down over about a month, then one day it became almost completely clogged. So I did what any girl would do....liquid plumber. Whole bottle, down the drain. Waited a couple hours and went and ran the shower. Still clogeed. So I got a screwdriver and removed the metal drain cover. Inside I could see some hair. I couldn't quite reach it down the narrow drain, so I got a wire hanger, bent it, and stuck it down there. I was able to get the hair to the surface, and started pulling. And pulling. And pulling. And pulling. It was worse from the recently added acid of liquid plumber, and kinda smelled bad, mixed with shampoo suds, and silky from conditioner. So I kept pulling. And pulling. I had about two feet of what looked like a dead animal composed completely of my hair. I was so grossed out. I had to leave the room. I went back after about twenty minutes to try again. Finally, at it's entire length was over 3 feet of knotted, gnarly, gross hair. I managed to put it in a grocery bag and get rid of it. I made an appointment and cut off 2 feet of hair and donated it to locks of love. I've kept my hair pretty short since then. With all that hair, I can't figure out why I'm not bald.

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PatrickTulskie
â€¢ 15y ago

I always feel like a detective is going to bust in the door and be like "Ah ha! You're the one who murdered Cousin It!"

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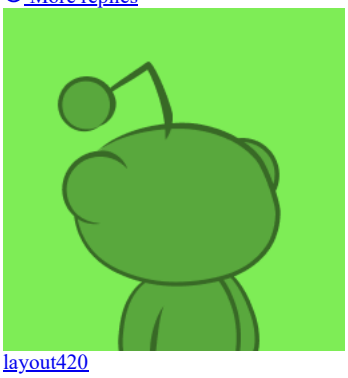

layout420
â€¢ 15y ago

I woke up to a swirling black mass in the corner of my room and my computer speakers were making this awful noise. I starred at the mass for several minutes as it violently swirled in the upper corner of my room and then it disappeared into the wall and made a distinct noise and then the power surged and the noise coming out of the speakers stopped, I've never experienced it again but I wake up in the middle of the night a lot and look at that corner its very unsettling.

5 more replies
5 more replies

More replies

Goldsie
â€¢ 15y ago

When I was a kid me and my brother used to share a room. One night I awoke to a strange gurgled moan and spasmodic shaking of our bunk bed. I was terrified, my 8 year old mind assumed he was being consumed by some horrible monster. Eventually I worked up the courage to peek out from under the covers and saw him convulsing. Turns out he had epilepsy. It freaked me out for a long time

Also, a watch that had worked without fail for 10 years stopped working at 2:17am, my aunt died that exact day in hospital, the time of death was 2:15am. This one still freaks me out.

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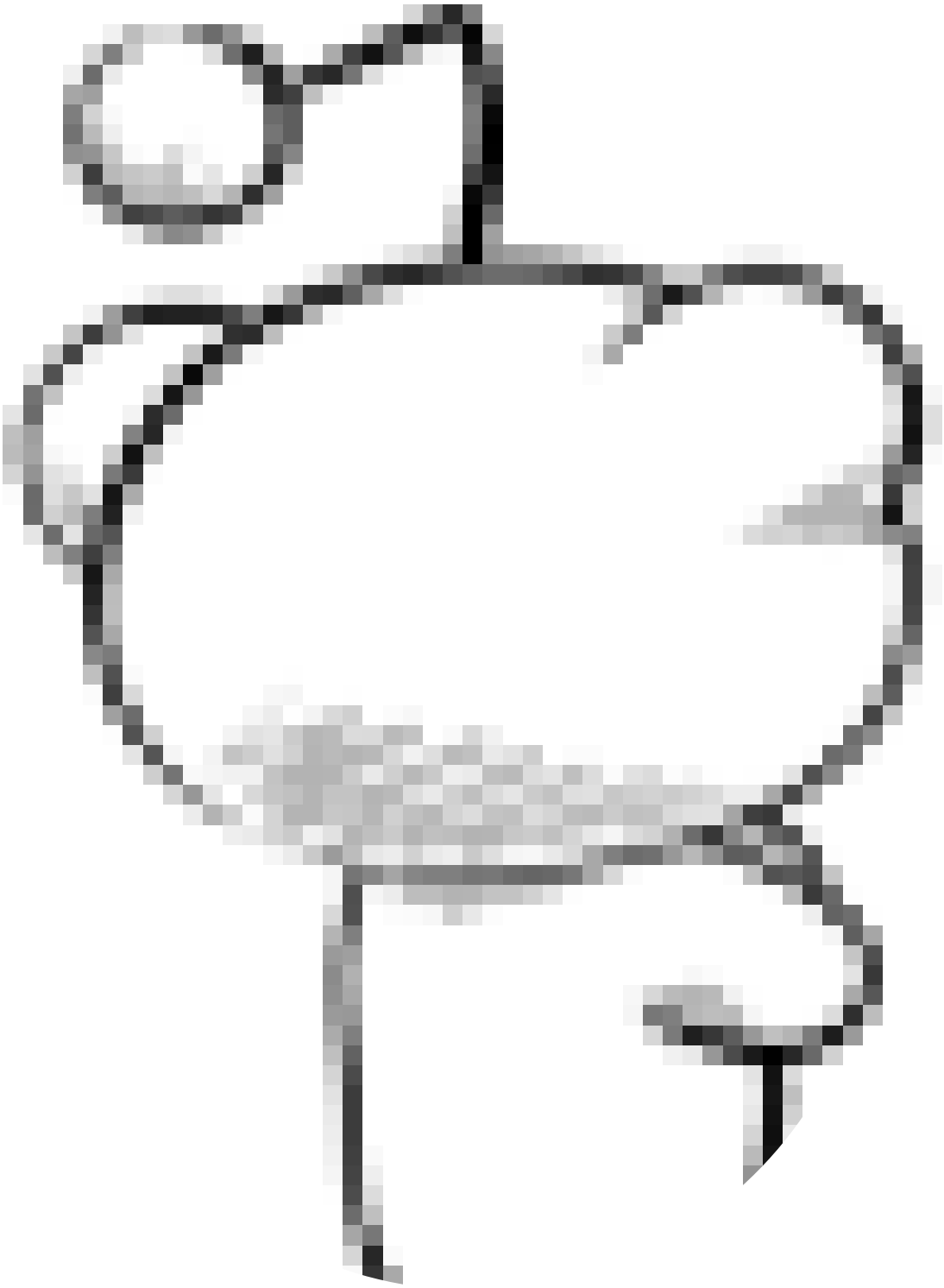

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â€¢ 15y ago

Used to live in my town's oldest house - I slept in the maid's room. Lots of weird stuff happened. My uncle (who was renting the house), used to go out of town a lot leaving me alone. Just some stuff (not to be too wordy here):

â€¢ Footsteps just past midnight outside my room (door closed), with the shadows of feet just under the door. â€¢ Glasses mysteriously found shattered into super small bits at the backs of cupboards. â€¢ Friends coming by and asking who was peering out of the front window at them (when I was upstairs, in my room, etc). â€¢ Walking into the front room one morning and stopping cold, it was freaking FREEZING in the room and the hairs on my arms literally stood up and I felt like my brain was frozen or something.

Lots of other weird stuff. Definitely something going on there.

7 more replies
7 more replies

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HaightnAshbury
â€¢ 15y ago

I was at an all-night rave in Toronto and I ended up just losing my **need** to be there... so I had a cab drive me to Union Station (train and subway station). The problem is that it was 4:30 am on a Sunday morning and the station was locked shut.

And I had no money.

So I decided I would walk up to my job (at the time) and see if I could sleep at my desk 'till the trains started again.

As I was walking through the city... I saw it like I never had before. There were bodies, HUNDREDS OF BODIES, lying everywhere. I seemed to be the only person that was awake. Normally the homeless shuffle around and you don't notice them as much, but at night it's as if they are part of the landscape as innumerable bumps.

Anyways, as I walked being creeped out by the silence and deserted nature of the city at such a time (no taxi cabs or cars either), I notice a man walking toward me wearing a GIANT orange fur coat, holding a gas cannister. He starts shouting to me as I approach him (I am 19 at this point). I don't understand him till he gets close.

He says "my children are trapped in a car, we need gas, do you have money!?"

I reply with "no, I don't. I have no money. Call the police."

He then says, as I pass him, "No, the police won't help. I need help. Please, my children!".

So I just walked past him. After about 15 paces I look back and he is still walking in the other direction. I take another...maybe 5 steps and I turn to give him another look and he's running at me now yelling "Please, my children, my children, MY CHILDREN, MY CHILDREN!!!!"

I ran into the street and just ran straight up the middle of Bay St. (Canada's Wall Street) until I saw a cabby... flagged it down... jumped in and told him to "Drive!, just drive!" (first and last time I have ever done that).

I told the cabby my situation and he, free of charge, dropped me off at the office. And yes, I slept at my desk for 3 hours.

4 more replies

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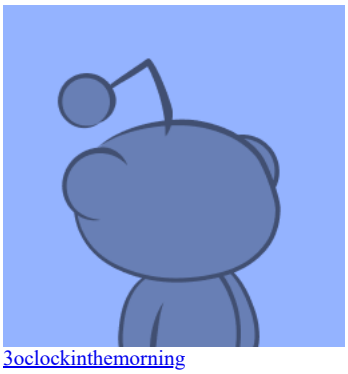
dulla123
â€¢ 15y ago

when I was 7, sleeping in bed with my dad since him and my mom were splitting up and she went overseas, I woke up at 7 in the morning, choking. I couldn't move nor talk or anything, just see and hear and feel. It was like an out of body experience. I felt like I was dying, and whenever I think about it now I see it from somebody's else's eyes, like someone who was floating in the corner of the room, watching myself die. So my whole small body was shaking and I couldn't breathe, and the only noise coming from me was this choking/sucking noise my throat was making. My dad panicked and picked me up, but even he couldn't control my shaking, so he walked me over to the bathroom and starts giving me water and rubbing my back. After that is just blank. Turns out I had my first seizure, and they kept happening, just at that time, 7 in the morning. I went through many tests but they couldn't find what was wrong since there was no sign of me having Epilepsy besides the seizures them selves.

I started on medications and got better, then stopped medications when I was 12. But whenever I'm half asleep and I make some kind of a suckling noise with my throat, I think I'm gonna die.



3oclockinthemorning
â€¢ 15y ago

having my balls checked for cancer by a 60 year old nurse, while the song love train played in the back ground.

1 more reply

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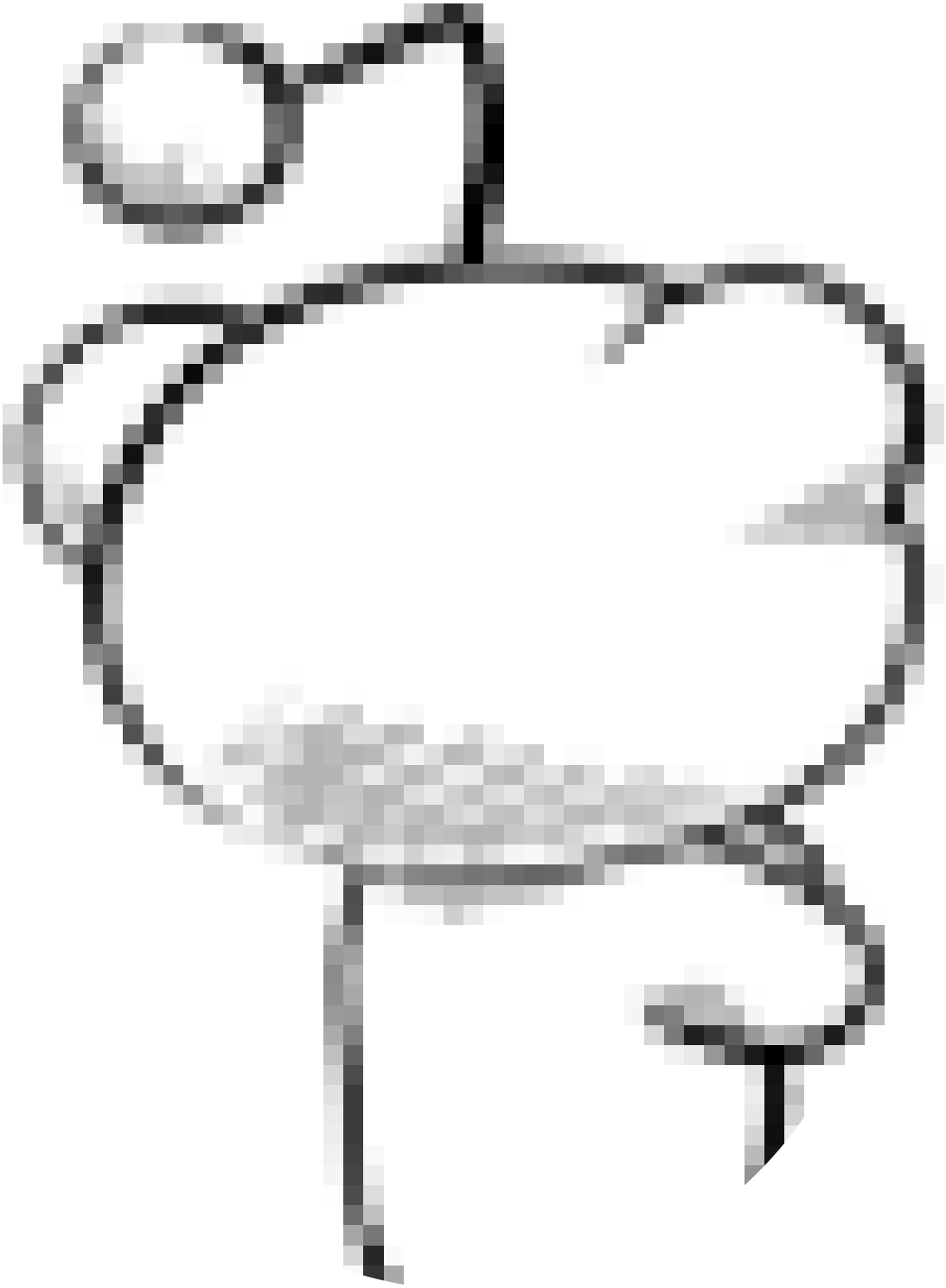
More replies

EFG
â€¢ 15y ago

I was sleeping in the middle of the day when something grabbed my sheets and tugged them hard. I had the sheets tucked up and over my head to keep out the sunlight, so my head got yanked back, but I was so tired, and still basically sleeping, that I just fought against it. It was only when I woke up later on that I got seriously freaked the fuck out because I live alone and the alarm system was on.



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â€¢ 15y ago

When I was about 5 years old, my cat Murphy (from Robocop) had a litter of kittens.

My family was casual friends with another family, and they came over one weekend for a BBQ. So while all the parents are out drinking beers and having a good time, I took my brother and the other two kids (an older brother, and younger sister) to see the kittens. While the little girl was sitting there adoring the kittens, her brother --without warning-- finds a backhoe stored in my garage. He moves his sister out of the way and starts going to town on these kittens. I grab my brother and pull him close to me, and continue to try to process what the fuck is going on.

I go and get my parents to show them what happened (hard to hide a garage full of dead cats). They flip out. First thinking their sons are possibly sociopaths, and then realize "wow, we were really exposing our kids to him..."

We never see the kids again. Turns out the parents freaked out, sent their son to a psychologist/therapist, and ended up getting divorced over the ordeal. I always imagine the kid turned out like the Trashcan man from Stephen King's *The Stand.*

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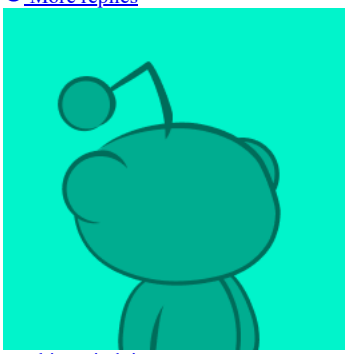

crushingmindvice
â€¢ 15y ago

One day, I was driving home and took a different road. I happened to look out my driver's side window and saw this house. It was a huge, beautiful house that had been completely ravaged by a fire. The roof was gone and the whole back of the house was just melted.

I told myself that I couldn't imagine that ever happening, that I couldn't imagine how it felt to see your home destroyed like this. The sight of it just made me so upset that I almost had to physically pull over. For some reason, I felt this overwhelming connection to that house that stuck with me for the rest of the drive.

Hours after I got home, I was standing in my front yard watching my house burn down.

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emtee
â€¢ 15y ago

I used to live in San Diego county with my mom, and my step father lived in his own house about 20 minutes away. Now and again she would go there and spend the night, and when she did it allowed me to blast my music as loud as I wanted. We lived on a 1.5 acre plot of land, and the nearest neighbors were pretty far away, so I never had to worry about them calling and complaining and whatnot. I used to leave my music on while I drifted off to sleep, and one night I woke up in the middle of the night, not sure what time it was. I opened my eyes, and the first thing I was awake enough to notice was a loud voice whispering "GO BACK TO SLEEP." Scared the shit out of me, I immediately shut my eyes and pulled the blankets up over me, for some reason. Later I learned that there's a song by A Perfect Circle (not sure the name of it), where there's a spot with lots of silence, and every once in a while Maynard would whisper very loudly "GO BACK TO SLEEP." Needless to say I made sure I took that song off my playlist.

2 more replies

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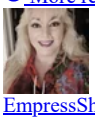

EmpressSharyl
â€¢ 15y ago

One time when I was 15, I went with my friends family to Fort Funston. Fort Funston is in San Francisco, and has all these underground bunkers. The bunkers have stairs going down to them, and the doors are heavy steel that are welded shut. My friend and I got bored, so we were running ahead of her family, up and down the stairs to the bunker doors. When we would get to a door, we would bang our hands flat against it, then run up the stairs and to the next bunker. We did this for about 8 times, and then on the ninth bunker, when we banged our hands on the door, the door popped open a little. Of course, we got curious and pulled the door open. When we pulled it open, there was a wall directly across the door opening, and there was this brownish-blackish stuff poured on the wall, like someone threw paint on it or something. I found a big rock, and we propped open the door and walked in. We walked down this entry hallway, and then it turned to the left and opened up into a big room. When we looked in the room, we saw a huge round stone on the floor, and in the circular stone was carved a pentacle. There was more of the brownish-black stuff inside the grooves where the pentacle was carved. At that point, we ran out and got her family. They came and saw the stone, we were all freaked out by it. We realized the stuff on the wall and in the stone was probably dried blood. We left in a hurry, and her mom reported what we saw to the police. Four years later, one of our high school friends was killed by satanic worshippers in San Francisco. His case has never been solved. His name is Kurt McFall. I always wonder if the same group that put that stone there, is the same group that killed Kurt.

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Pizzadude
â€¢ 15y ago

My girlfriend was inspecting a restaurant (that's her job), and as usual had to check the basement. In that basement she found:

- A bed, all set up for someone to sleep
- The leg of a mannequin
- A hot pink axe

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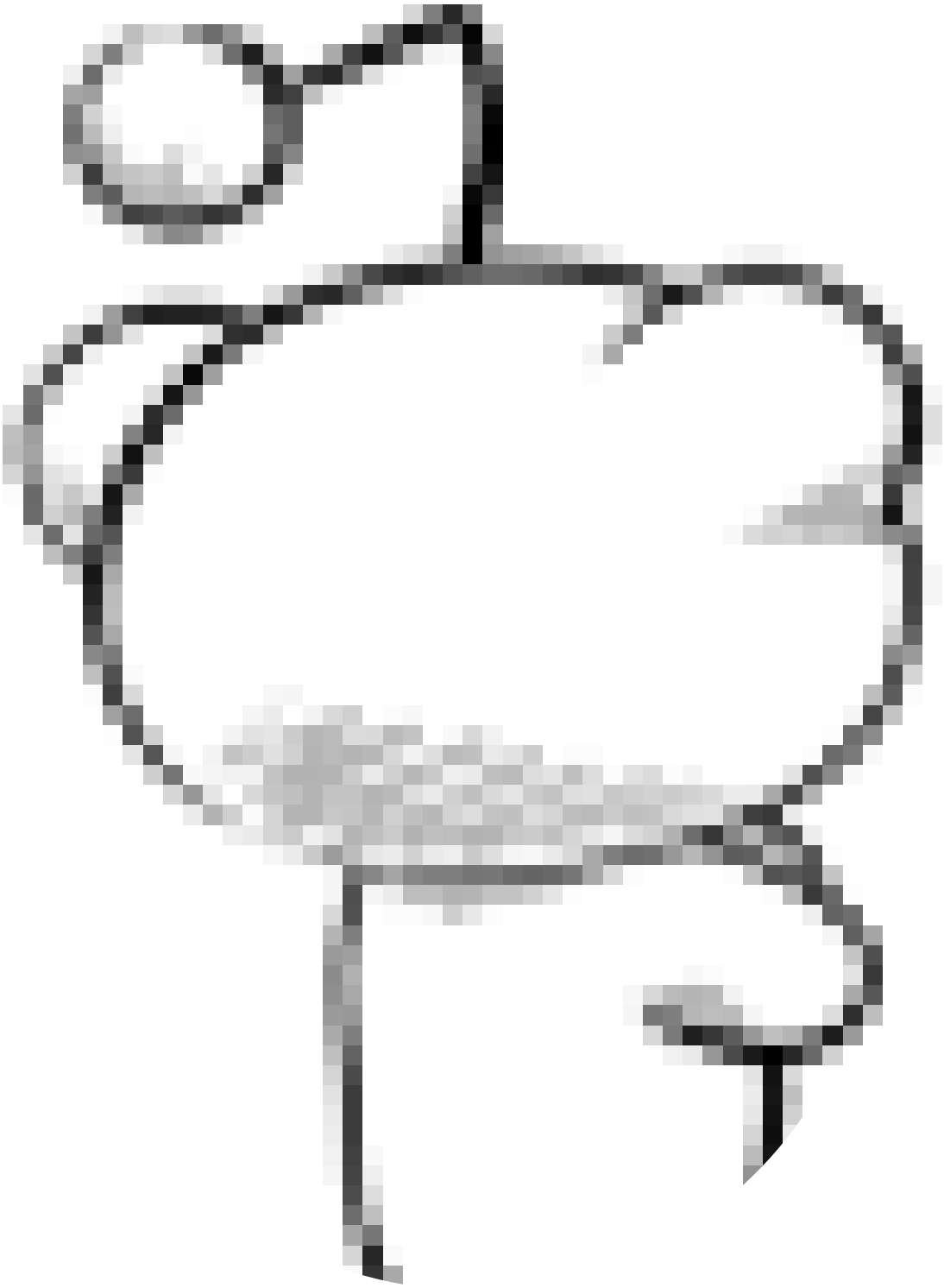

GaryOak37
â€¢ 15y ago

Back in high school, I used to to go to my friends house in the morning and we would catch the train together. One morning I enter his house about 5 minutes before I usually (Its only him in the mornings so i can enter without knocking) do, and this guy in a beanie is viciously chocking the shit out of my friend. I, scared shitless, jumped on his back and began to beat him on the head, my friend gets up and grabs his phone to start calling the cops, yet the fucker threw me off and charged out of the house never to be seen again. I asked my friend what the fuck, and he said he was robbing the place blind when he woke up and he had hit him over the head with a lamp but it just made him angrier.

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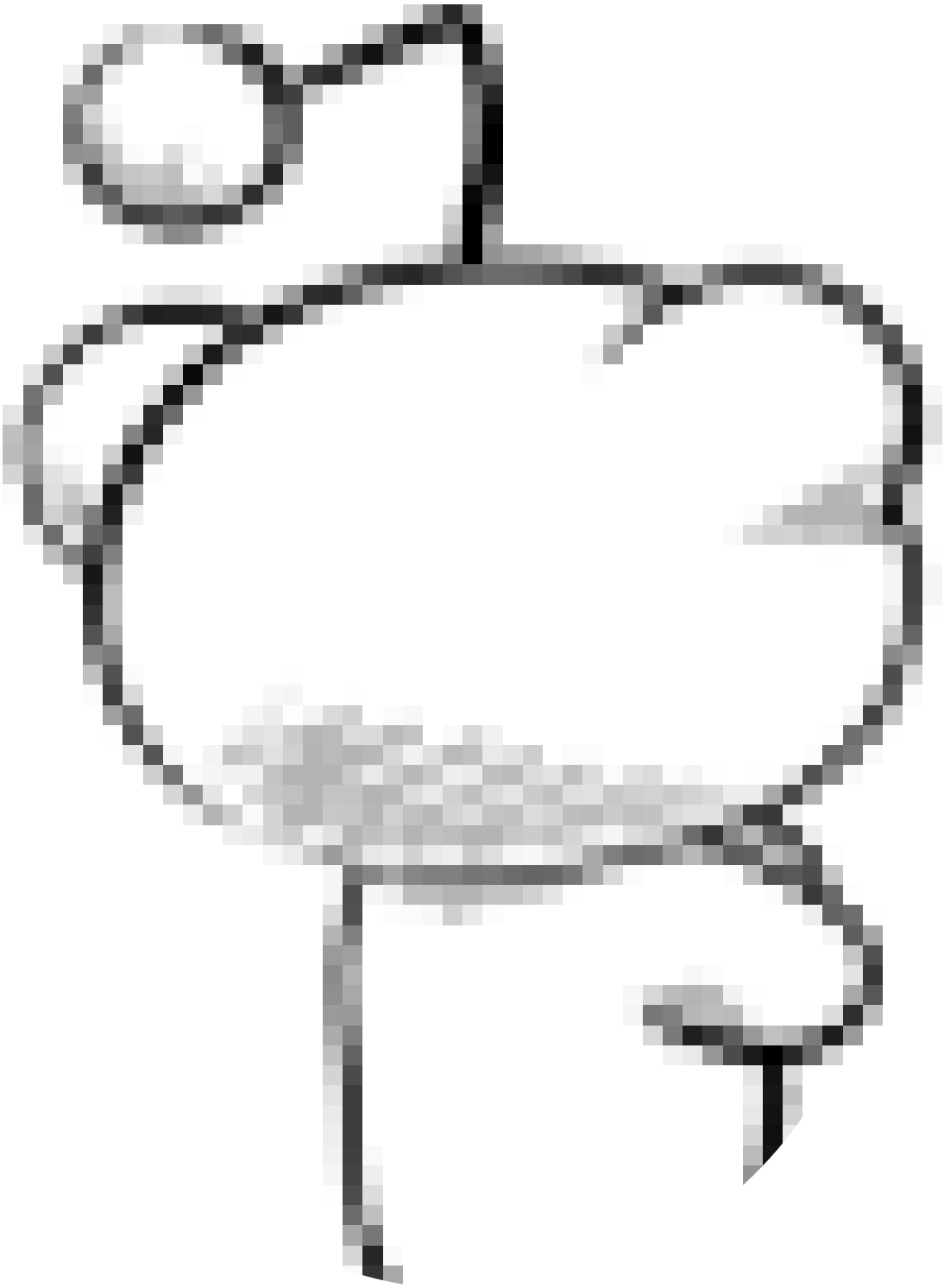

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â€¢ 15y ago

Allow me to preface this story with this, I am an atheist. I have no rational explanation for the stuff that happened.

The first weird thing that happened was I was at my computer at home with my door shut and I heard knocking... so I say, "Come in." The door is about two feet behind me... then I hear my sister say, "What?"

So I open the door and my dog is sitting there looking at my sister's door. I keep hearing the knocking and I say, "What do you want?" My sister opens her door and we are both looking at each other freaked the FUCK out.

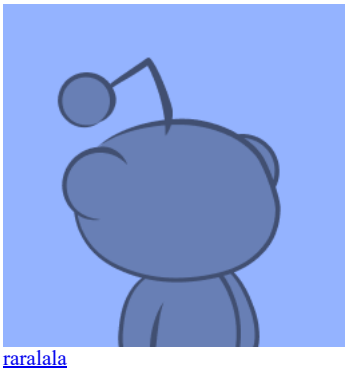
There was a LOT of weird shit that happened at this house. Pots and pans falling down all the time and other weird shit.

So the other time something really weird happens, my brother and I are in the kitchen making candles. We're like 16 and 12 probably, he's younger than me. Anyway, the kitchen had door ways out to the main hallway on two sides, one up the hall towards our bedrooms and another on the way to the back yard.

I hear soft footsteps walking behind the wall and up towards our bedrooms. I freak out and tell my brother I just heard footsteps walking up that way. He gets kind of mad at me because he thinks I'm just trying to freak him out. I am not.

So we're standing there discussing this and then **STOMP STOMP STOMP STOMP STOMP STOMP...** going from the bedrooms through the livingroom and past the open and empty archway that we are looking at.

It was loud enough to make stuff in the kitchen shake and it was clearly travelling through our house and outside. My brother is seriously holding onto me so tightly that he is hurting me. Scared shitless. I suppose it could have been someone playing a prank on us or something, but there wasn't anyone there and no one ever told us about it.



raralala
â€¢ 15y ago

When I about sixteen, my brother was four/five. He used to tell my mom and I about his imaginary friend, which was normal for a kid his age. Then we asked him what his friend looked like and he said, "She's old, and has really big glasses, she wears a red stripe dress" My mom seemed shocked and she asked for the name of his friend and he responded with "Genevieve" Pretty weird for a five year old to come up with that name, first off. Then I realize why my mom is so shocked, when I was younger, my great grandmother (her mom) died. (This was nearly eight years before my brother was born.) My great grandmas name was Genevieve, and she died in a nursing home, in a red striped dress. My mom and I eventually brushed it off, but it's still creeps me out a bit to think that my little brother was talking to my deceased great grandma.

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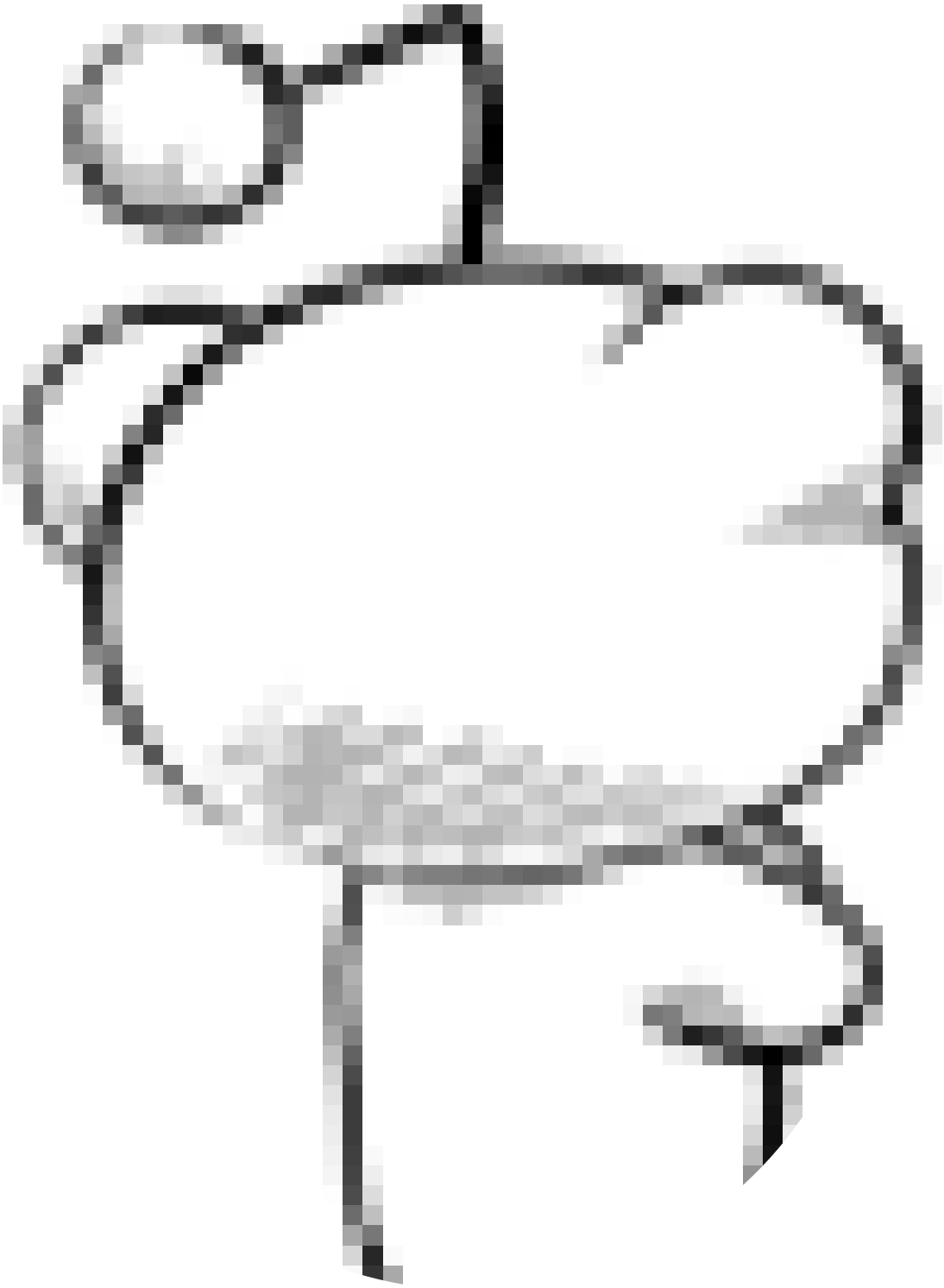

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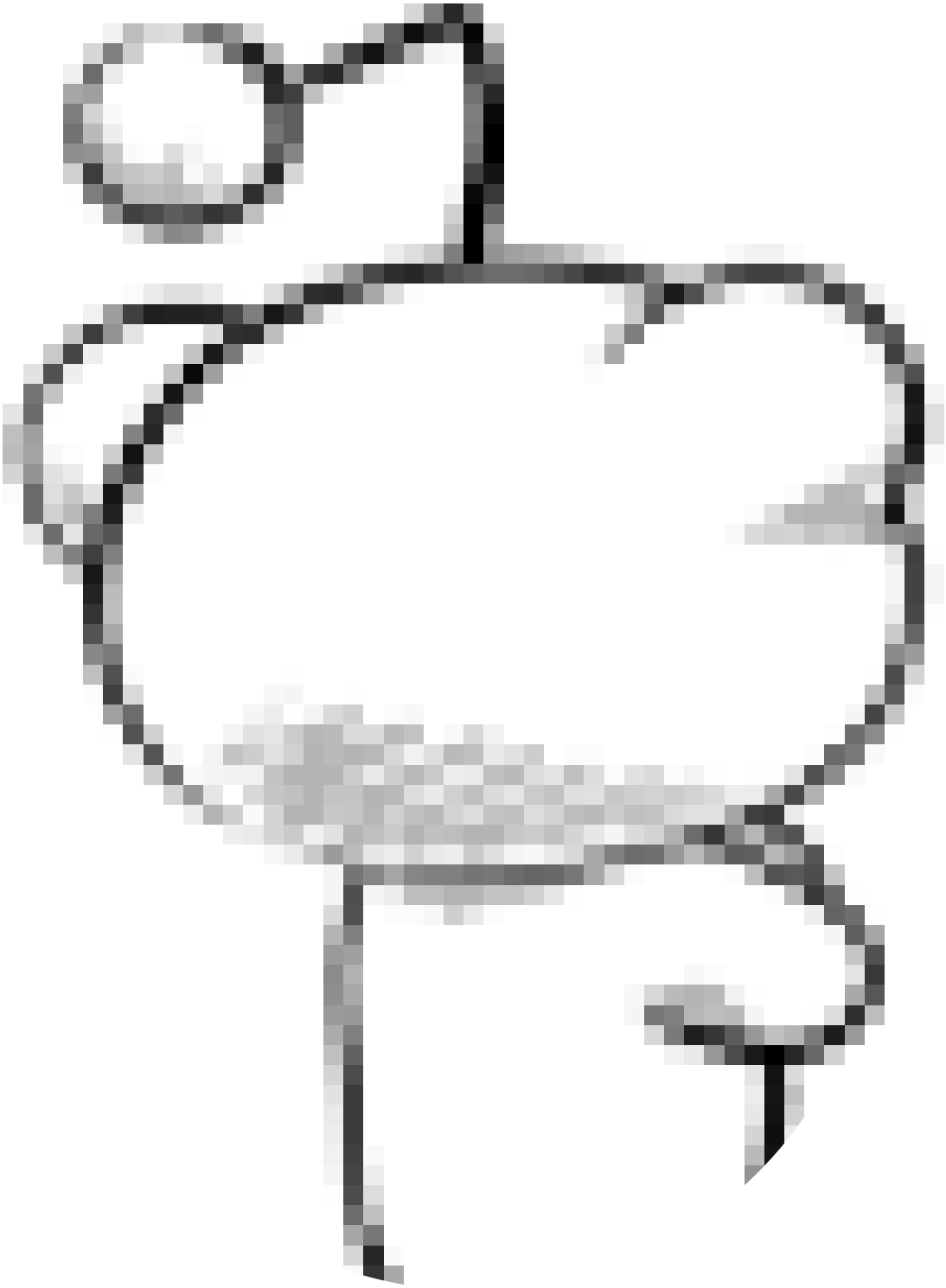

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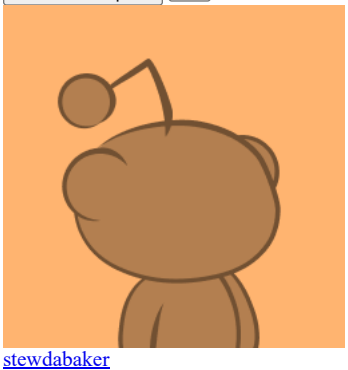

stewdabaker
â€¢ 15y ago

Being a 115 lb young, white lady who travels alone has got me into some pretty ridiculous situations, the worst being--

It's about 10 pm or so at night, I'm riding the local bus home to the dorms I was living in at the time (off campus), they're in kind of an odd place; away from anything else. I get off at the bus stop a few blocks away and notice another guy getting off as well, instantly alarms are firing in my head because he doesn't look like he lives there and there's nothing else around he would be walking to. I pull out my cellphone and try to walk quickly, but of course he catches up and luckily starts talking to me rather than knifing me (still creepy, and it gets worse!) He says he noticed me on the bus, thought I was pretty, asked where I was going. I told him I was going home to hangout with my roommates (I didn't have roommates...). I was attempting to be nice, as to not piss him off, but was still being distant and obviously not interested, he didn't get it and kept following me..He started telling me about how he was a Hare Krishna about to go on a spiritual cleansing in the mountains and just wanted someone to talk to as he'd be alone in the mountains for weeks (eeep!) I get to the gate of the dorms where there's some light and finally get a glimpse at what this dude looks like: Probably mid-20s, taller, thin, baggy/worn black pants, crappy/tattered 80's tee shirt, black beanie, obvious drug abuse, and a black cane? I felt a little more comfortable since I know there are cameras at the gate so I finally just tell him I'm going home and good luck on his journey; he opens his cane to reveal a glimpse of the long blade hidden inside....uhhh. My brain went into keep the peace/get somewhere even safer mode and I invited him to come up and smoke a bowl with me. In hindsight, this was absolutely retarded, but such is life. We're walking across the lot and into the building and he's telling me more about his spiritual retreat, saying shit like he needs to commit as many sins as possible before leaving (CREEPIEST SHIT EVER) and asking me if I knew any he could commit blah-blah-blah the whole time fiddling with the cane-blade. Pretty thoroughly fucking creeped out at this point. I convince him to smoke a cigarette with me outside because I know someone who knows me was bound to come down as we were smoking, an acquaintance ends up coming outside- as he's opening the door (which needs a keypass to open)- I sprint in, slam it shut, turn him around, and tell him not to go out. I never saw or heard anything about the Hare Krishna man again...

Cliff: Young girl alone at night, followed by guy with a blade hidden in a cane who claimed to be a Hare Krishna who needed to commit sins before his spiritual retreat.

WTF.

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wtfUass
â€¢ 15y ago

In elementary school I had a best friend who had a psychopath of a brother. He was a couple of years older than us and seemed to always be in some sort of trouble. He could be charming at times and it didn't help that he was very good looking. The best comparison I can give is Ted Bundy. He used to do nasty things to my friend, he was abusive and always threatening her. Her parents were together but the dad was always overseas for work months at a time. Her mom was a no nonsense woman, I liked her but there was a lack of warmth in the house. One time my friend biked over to my house peddling as fast as she could with her brother in tow as he was going to beat the crap out of her. She managed to get in my house before it happened. I will never forget what she said to me then.....she said "my brother is going to kill me or my mom one day" .....and I believed it. One evening my dad and I were watching TV.....I was 13 at the time, we heard a noise in the basement and just looked at each other and shrugged it off without exploring. The next morning I went to the basement as this is where I stored my bike.....it was gone.....I immediately knew who took it, my friends brother.... who else? My mom ended up calling his mom to explain our suspicions and sure enough after some questioning he said "yeah I think I may know who has it" and the next day I had it back....asshole! Fast forward 6 years later and my friend and I had not been in touch for 5 years. I knew her brother had been in a bunch of juvenile homes and jail for a number of years. Once after going away for 6 months he was back in town with no place to stay so his mom reluctantly let him stay with her....by this time she and her husband were separated. One afternoon she goes to lunch with a friend and complains that her son has been stealing from her and that she was going to confront him. A few days later she had been reported missing. I was working at Mc Donalds at the time when someone was going around putting up her Missing photo on the restaurant doors. Right away I knew and felt sick. The police found her car at the bus station but the seats were adjusted for a taller person than her and they knew she did not drive it there and take off somewhere. Approximately a week later loggers found her body out in a forested area wrapped up in a tarp. I went to her funeral but her son was a no show. Police had questioned him but made no arrest. Her husband flew back when he heard and he himself questioned his son but after their talk he said no way he could have done it.....that was how persuading this guy was. The following morning while I was working the drive thru....guess who pulls up to the window? My friends brother! He said my name and hey how you doing? He was a no show at his moms funeral the night before....orders a couple big macs the next day and acts like nothing

happened.....as he left drive thru he says .....see you later...I shuddered because he knew where I lived and had broke in before. After work I called the police with my concerns and I literally asked them why he wasn't behind bars. I told them what I knew of him and how crazy he was and they told me they knew where he was staying and it would only be a matter of days before he was arrested. He is still in prison 19 years later and I hope he never gets out. Allegedly he raped her before he stabbed her.....his own mother! What a twisted fuck!

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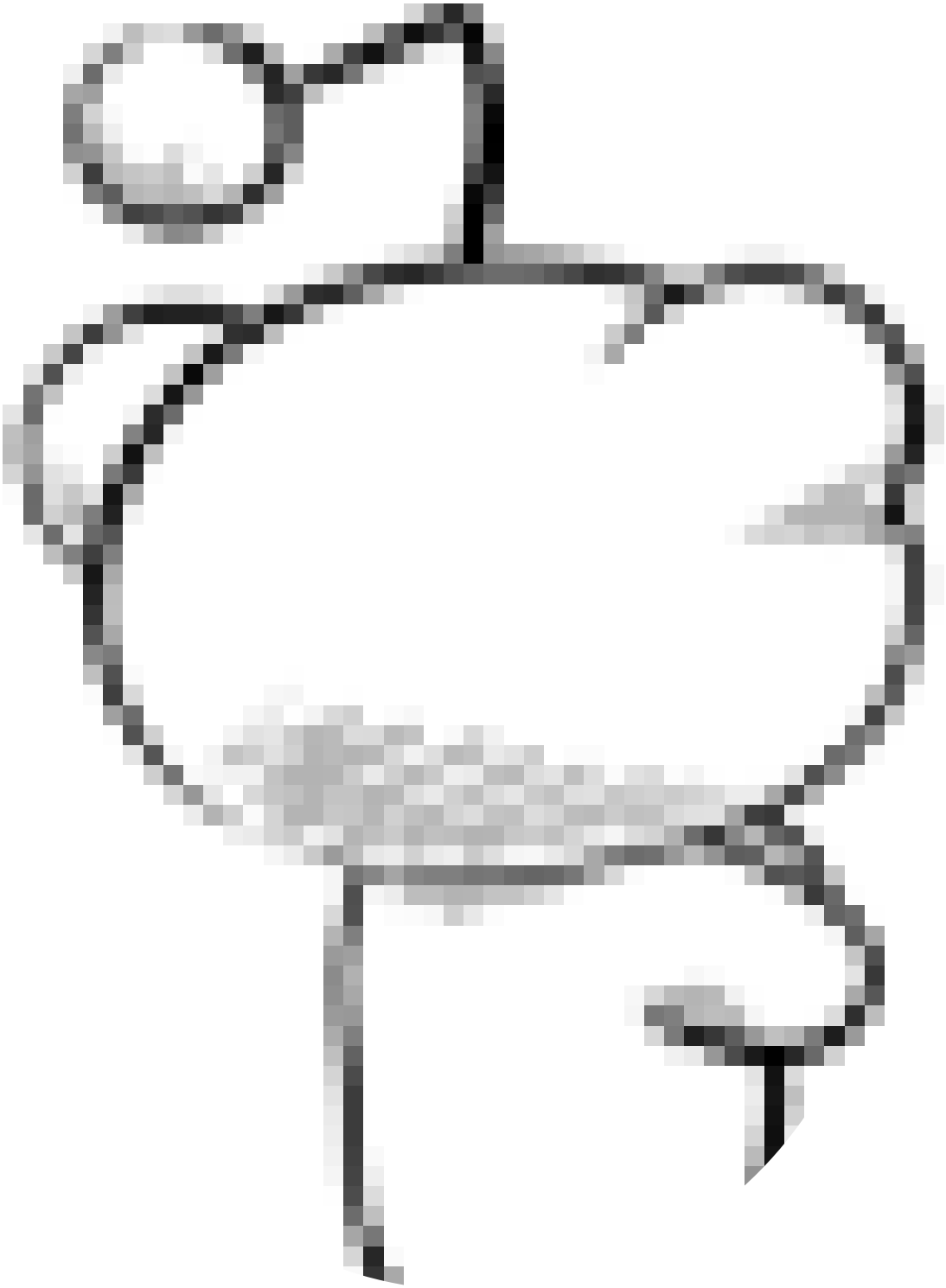

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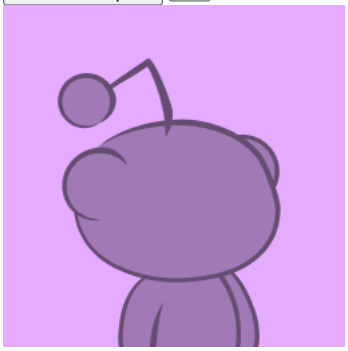

thekevstah
â€¢ 15y ago

When I was about 7, I was on a vacation with my parents in Utah. I was sitting outside on a bench while they were doing the laundry. Some guy approached me and my brother and started teaching us math. My brother left, and I stayed. He kept on going on about math, he asked me if I wanted to come in his van and learn more math. I was pretty convinced, and somewhat interested..I guess I was very gullible at the time..But my mom called me in, asking me to help fold the laundry.

SHUNTHENONBELIEVERS
â€¢ 15y ago

only a redditor would be lurked by learning math instead of candy.

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imhungry213
â€¢ 15y ago

I think I was about 6, which would have made my sister and her friend 4. My mom and her friend decided to take us on a trip to a local museum using different forms of transportation than we were used to. We took a train ride, a taxi and a city bus. It was a neat idea to expose us to something other than a car ride.

I was riding the city bus with my friend, also my age, and my sister and her friend were sitting in the seat in front of us. My mom and her friend were sitting several rows back and keeping an eye on us, but not close enough apparently.

A short time into the ride, a creepy looking man, probably in his 30's, boarded the bus and sat in the seat across the aisle from my sister and her friend. He started talking to them, asking their names and stuff, which to me as a 6 year old, set off the "stranger" alarm. But I was a shy 6 year old and didn't say or do anything. He was almost flirting with them and asked my sister's friend to come sit with him, which she did. After a few minutes he asked if they wanted to see his "gun" (a euphemism perhaps?) and they said yes. He told them he was getting off in a few stops to rob a bank, and wanted them to join him. My sister wasn't really into the idea, but her friend was.

When he got to the stop, my sister's friend had to get up to let him out (and maybe get off with him). At this point my mom and her friend had noticed something was going on and asked the girls to come talk to them. The man got off the bus, at a plaza which had a bank, and that was the last I heard of it.

isotopepotosi
â€¢ 15y ago â€¢ Edited 15y ago

This happened to me in December of '07. I was staying at my exboyfriend's father's house over the holidays. We were holed up in the basement on a queen size bed that was being stored there. Next to the bed was a bookshelf filled with photo albums and on the very top of it were a few ceramic things my exbf's step-sister had made.

It had been a bit of a bad night for me, very emotional. I was finally telling my ex about my very painful childhood and I had been crying and we'd just been talking and finally gone to bed in the am. I was having trouble sleeping and had been absent mindedly staring at the flickering nightlight outside his door in the hallway--the door was closed.

I figured the light was dying. I just kept watching the light under the door when I saw feet walk past the door, dark shadows, really. It looked like my exbf's step brother had walked by. He lived in the basement in a seperate room. The feet came back again and stood in front of the door. I was really nervous and I had scooted closer to my exbf, who was sound asleep. I just thought maybe Eric was standing there half asleep or whatever. The feet never moved. I don't know how long I lay there but I stared at them until I fell asleep.

I remember just opening my eyes and seeing the bookshelf falling on me. Before it hit me I had time to scream HELP. The ceramic fell on my face and broke and the bookshelf corner caught me in the forehead, leaving a huge lump but no lacerations from anything. Just a concussion.

My ex leapt up and started unburying me. I was covered in photo albums and broken ceramic. He got me up and I started vomiting. He got ready to take me to the hospital and his step-mom came down to clean it up. None of us know how the bookshelf got like that. It's not the bookshelf that frightens me so much, it's the person standing in

front of the door for however long it was. I can't help but tear up thinking of it, so I try not to!

I've drawn a diagram of the placement of the bed and the bookshelf before and after.

Edit: typo

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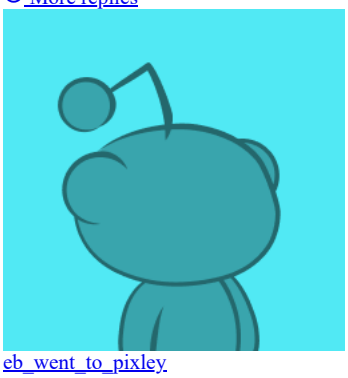

eb_went_to_pixley
â€¢ 15y ago

I used to work at a department store. On lunch break i grabbed some filet o fish at mcdonalds and ate in my car. There was an empty space to my left -then a parked car. I started eating and heard a rhythmic creaking noise. The creaking got faster. Uh oh, I thought. I look to my left and in the passenger seat was a guy with sunglasses. I do a double-take and see the guy jerking off with his mouth open- looking my way. (i am male btw) I felt kinda creeped out and drove to the other side of the parking lot. (and yes i finished that sandwich despite what the tartar sauce made me think of).

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Deus_Ex_Mac
â€¢ 15y ago

If I were a ghost I would try my hardest to not be a creepy ghost.

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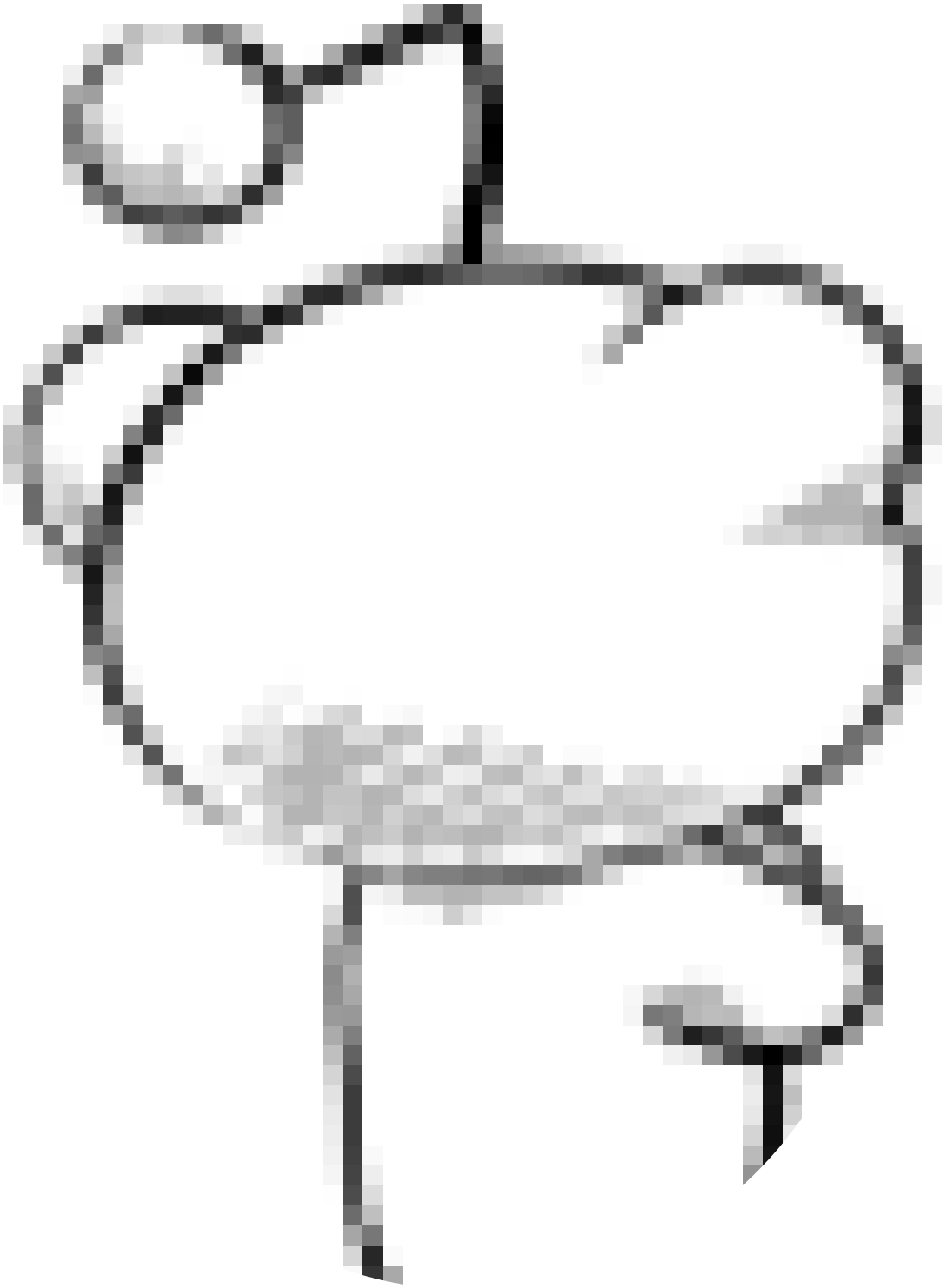

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â€¢ 15y ago

I don't remember this well because I have a terrible memory and it was almost 10 years ago, so bear with me.

After prom one year we -- four or so couples -- went up to my girlfriend's parent's cabin, deep in the woods of MI somewhere. Dudes decided to drive our buddy's truck around one afternoon, because we could finally drive. So we're driving around these backroads, Dave's driving too fast, trying halfheartedly to "go muddin'" or whatever, and we slide of the road, getting stuck in a big mudpit on the side of the gravel road.

We're equipped with our parents gigantic cellphones (this is 2001, probably), but none of has reception. We'd noticed a house about .25 miles back that looked uninhabited, but it still seemed our best option. No one was around, no cars or anything.

We walk back there and when we get to it, something immediately doesn't seem right. The thing's basically rotting; all the windows are b usted out, there's glass all over the crooked front porch. But we knock, hoping to find a phone, call a towtruck, and GTFO.

Then this guy comes out. He's disgusting: wearing rags, covered in what looks like months' worth of dirt, and we can smell him. We tell him the situation quickly, ask if we can use a phone, but he says: "I ain't got a phone." Whole time we're talking to him he's looking straight at the ground, too, so I haven't seen his eyes yet. He then tells us that

his brother has a phone, so we'll all have to go to his brother's house. We ask how far that is -- we're probably coming up on nightfall in another 40 minutes or so, and we literally have no idea where we are -- and he just says "just follow me."

So we set off down the road and it's not until we've walked for a good couple of minutes that I realize my friends are all transfixed on what the guy's got in his hand. It's a plastic bag, so it's transparent, but it's still impossible to tell what's inside. They look like rotten vegetables; maybe potatoes or something. The bottom of the bag is covered in a half-inch layer of like mushy paste, or something, and there's maybe about a half dozen of these black and yellow, circular things -- that the guy is eating. And when he eats, it's similarly disgusting: grunting, drooling, spitting, the whole thing.

All four of us are walking behind him, communicating our more than slight discomfort with nothing more than quick points and wide eyes. We're pretty much silent the whole walk, as the guy won't talk to us, won't even look at us. Finally after about 30 minutes, my friend asks again: "So how much longer is it to your brother's?"

At which point the finally turns around to face us and says "Just *follow* me, goddamit!"

Right then this F150 comes ambling down the road. In it was a nice middle-aged man who told us to hop in the back of his truck. He drove to his place, picked up his hitch, and pulled us out of the ditch himself.

It really wasn't that creepy while we there, I suppose, but sometimes I still wonder what would've happened if we'd kept following him.

tldr: slovenly hermit might've tried to kill us.

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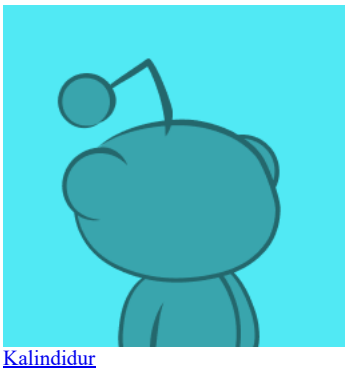
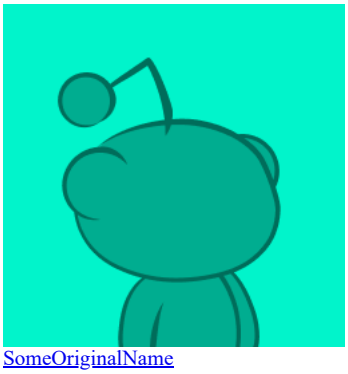


Kalindidur
â€¢ 15y ago

Working in an old age home and working to contain a demented man who would molest women. I have worked with mental health cases before but this was something else entirely. It's like he was possesed and it was his right to do whatever he wanted and I had no place stopping him. The look in his eyes haunts me to this day. the almost feral appetite and lack of control. It felt like staring evil in the face

neorevenge
â€¢ 15y ago

Can't remember something specific, and nothing compares with certain histories i have read here but: 1:00 am working the night shift alone in my office, I stumbled in this thread thanks to a creepy pic on r/pics, it was a pic of slender man, i started to read all the slender man entries/stories following the links submitted in this thread, then after the scary factor has built enough and im starting to imagine what the fuck i would do if i was face to face with the slender man, the lights went out, fucking back up power plant didn't work, only source of light was my PC monitor, everything was pitch black and the UPS was going to die in and hour or so, luckily the lights came back... sadly they came back after 35 minutes, needless to say those were a damn long 30 minutes



SomeOriginalName
â€¢ 15y ago

I have been reading this thread for a good few hours now, y'know enjoying the spooks. But I just heard some noises around the house, assumed it was just my housemate. Then I got up to check and my front door was wide open... I knocked on my housemates door and she just said she'd gone to the toilet, but hadn't gone to the front door.

I am guessing it wasn't closed properly and there was a draft. But I lost my shit. I have no dead bolted the doors and am using the latch on my bedroom door for the first time. I was enjoying being spooked out, but now I am actually not going to be able to sleep tonight. Damn it.

Tax_Ninja
â€¢ 15y ago

A cop once told me he found a dead body in a closet behind some clothes. The cop was there checking up on the man at relatives request. He'd hung himself in the closet and I guess he'd been dead a while because when the cop reached in to move the clothes, his hand had push through the rotting, hanging corpse. He said it was the creepiest thing he'd ever seen.

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iaccidentlytheworld
â€¢ 15y ago

While reading these posts, I glanced over at my window, saw my reflection and jumped. My heart is now racing. I love Reddit!

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800words
â€¢ 15y ago

Our baby daughter had a wind-up mobile that played a lullaby hanging over her crib. We'd wind it up at bedtime and she loved to stare up at it. One night, hours after we put her to bed, we heard the thing going off by itself. My wife and I ran in there to see what was going on - she could not have wound it up by herself. She was lying there, smiling up at the mobile. Found out soon after that my mother, her grandmother, had died very close to that moment, a hundred miles away.

atimmons
â€¢ 15y ago

My great grandmother outlived her husband by about 20 years. Some family friends of theirs were visiting his grave when they mentioned that it was incredible that she lived that much longer than he did. She died within a few minutes of them being there

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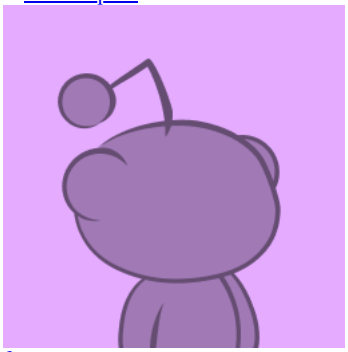

festtt
â€¢ 15y ago

I was 5-6 and home alone. Doorbell rings. I run up to the door: "Who is there?" Creepy, hoarse, threatening voice: "Oooopen uuup!!". I run into a room and jump on the bed and am so scared, expecting a break-in. After a minute my grandfather comes in with heavy grocery bags asking "Y U NO open door for me :(?"

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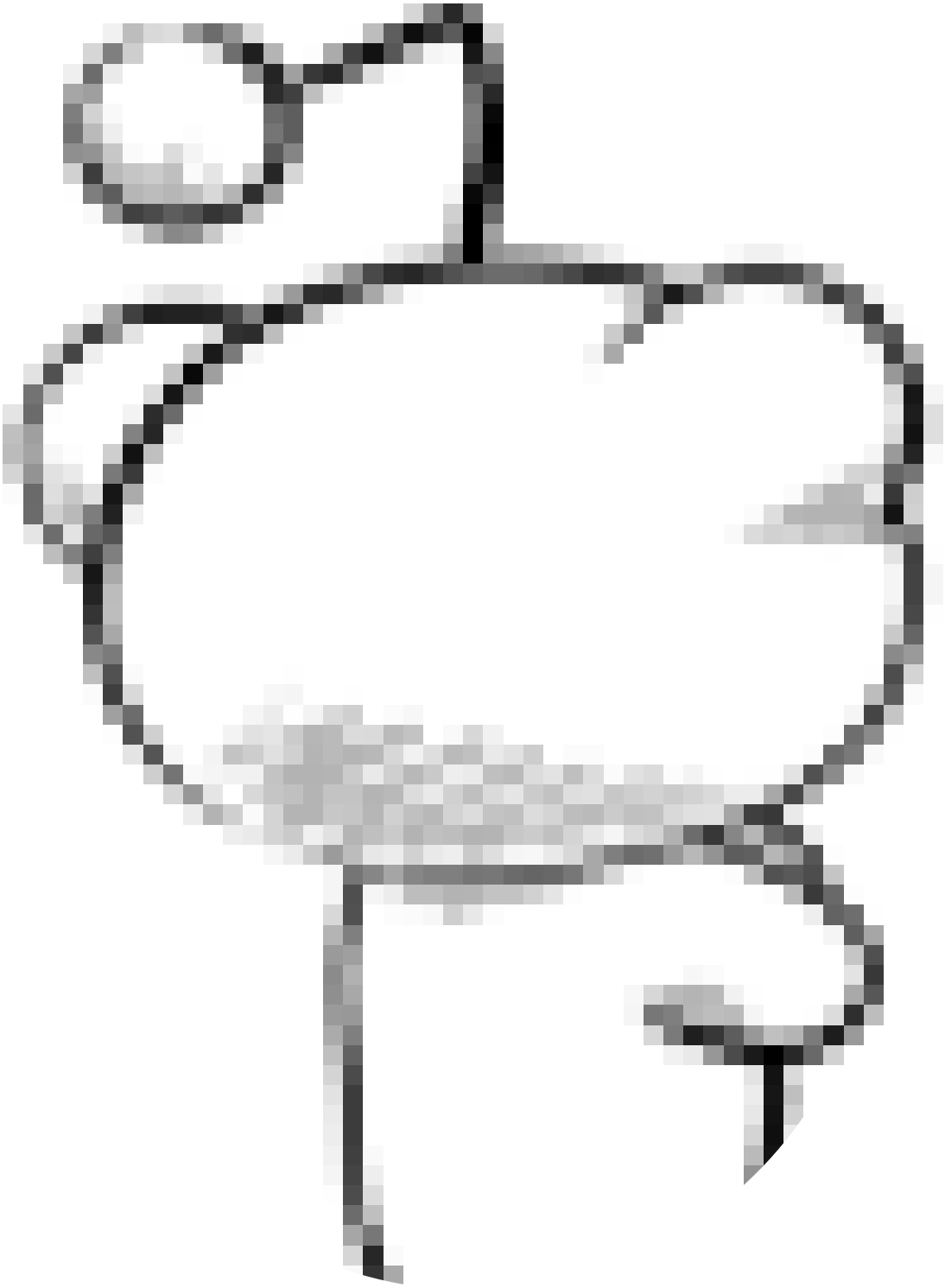

theonethatgotaway
â€¢ 15y ago â€¢ Edited 15y ago

My aunt owns the old Fremont Bridge keeper's house in Seattle. I often watch over it and my grandfather (who lives in the basement apartment) while she goes away on trips-until this succeeding event happened, {now I refuse}. There is a bedroom that is original to the house on the main floor and ever since I was a little kid, being in that room has provoked a very dense feeling of sadness and fear and I've never been able to explain it, and I've never talked about it to anyone. My mom recently visited and she was set up in this bedroom. I was sleeping in my aunt's bed and came downstairs to get a glass of water to find my mom asleep on the couch with the tv on. I turned it off and went back to bed. The next morning I asked her why she slept on the couch and she said she's never been able to sleep in that room because she thinks it's haunted. I told her I've felt the same way about it for years.

I think it's important to note that house has a ton of windows and glass doors. There are two sets of glass french doors, a glass front door, a glass side door, and a glass back door. I mainly state this because it didnt make matters any better.

The last time I watched my aunt's house, I was undergoing a prolonged time period of constantly feeling like someone was watching me everywhere I went. A deep paranoia was taking over my nerves day by day that I couldn't break free from. But it was increasingly amplified when I was in her house. I forced myself to sleep in the guest room even though I felt miserable in it.

At the time, I had just gotten a new phone. One of its features was a voice recorder and I thought it was badass so sometimes I would just walk around with it recording noise of the city or the bus and then listen to it later. (I'm easily amused).

I was on a bus one day on the way back to my aunt's house to call it a night. I had been staying there for about a week. I was the only person on the bus sitting on one of the benches until another man boarded and sat on the seat directly on the other side of the plastic barrier. Another man boarded the next stop and they both reacted to each other emphatically- they had not seen or heard from each other in 15 years and broke into one of the most amazing conversations I've ever heard. So I took out my phone and started recording the conversation.

I was walking over the Fremont Bridge to my aunt's house after getting of the bus and excitedly played it back. The noise of the traffic was obstructing my ability to hear the audio clearly so I put it to my ear. The conversation cut out and there was dead air for a few seconds. And then a man's voice completely unlike either of that of the men on the bus said "Whitney, I've been watching you while you sleep." And then there was dead air and the conversation between the men continued.

When I finally arrived to my aunt's house, I turned on all the lights and sat in the middle of her kitchen crying and rocking back and forth while I played it over and over again.

I drank myself stupid for about two weeks while desperately trying to find someone to help me make sense of it. I sent it to my friend and she had it stored on her computer. Soon after, the file corrupted.

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FamousDeadPerson
â€¢ 15y ago

Growing up my family was very poor. We were an immigrant family and my dad was struggling to make ends meet, I had a twin brother so my mom stayed home to take care of us. Around the time I was 4 or 5 my dad moved us into this trailer so we could save money rather than living in an apartment. Anyways my dad would be gone for months at a time so it would just be my brother, my mom and I. Since it was a one bedroom trailer that had poor heating, my mom would huddle all three of us together during the winter and we would sleep in a tight bunch. The room was very small and had a closet just the right size to fit a full size mattress in with the closet doors removed, so to save space my mom stuffed the front end of the mattress in the closet and we would sleep basically with our upper bodies and head inside the closet. My dad comes home and is in shocked my mom had arranged the room this way. A week later my mom is in hysterics and we end up moving, my brother and I found out later on in life that the reason why my dad got the trailer for so cheap is because a man committed suicide in that trailer, he hung himself in the closet.

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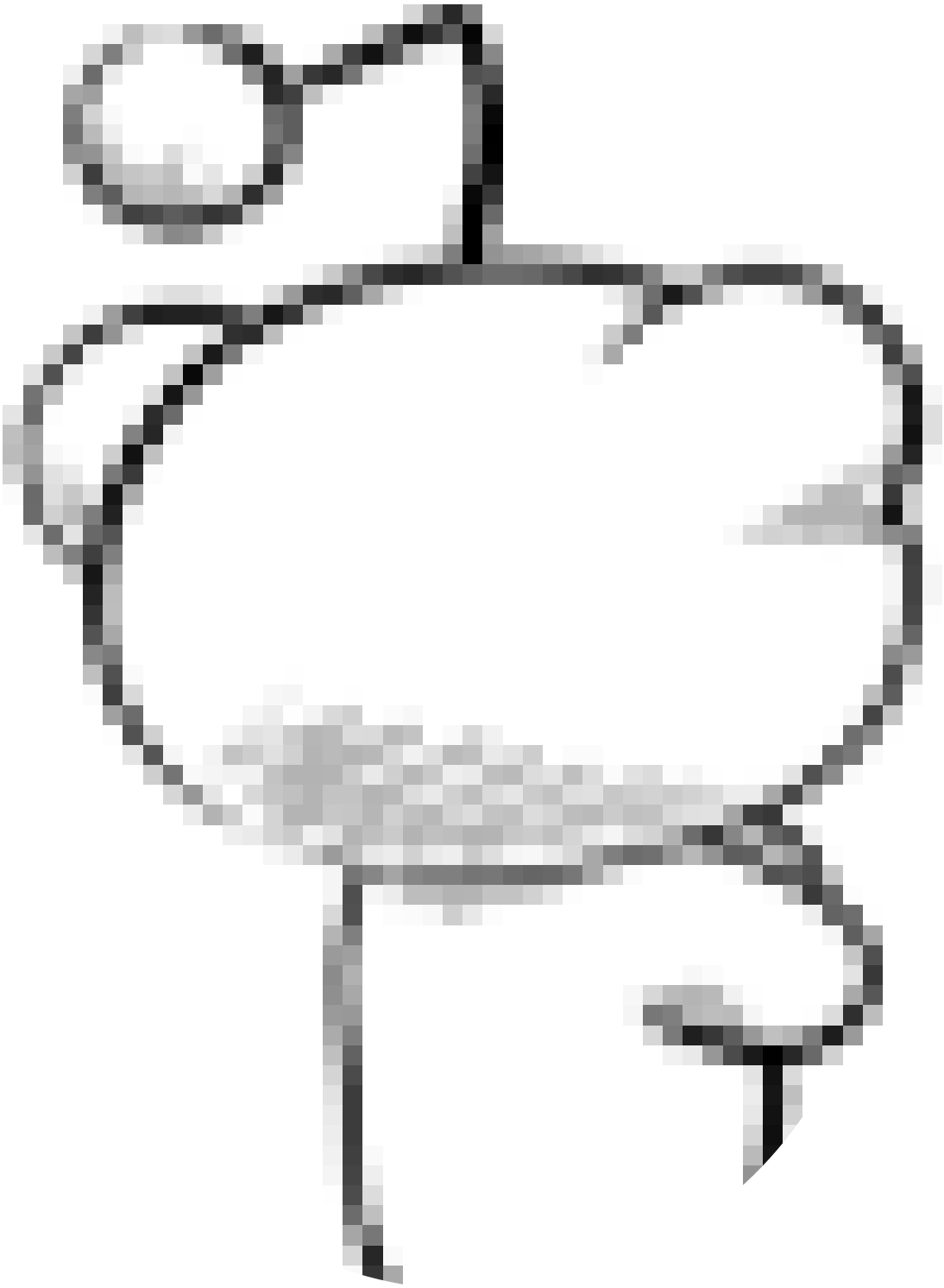

[deleted]
â€¢ 15y ago

When I lived in Manhattan, East Village, there was a lady who lived a few apartments above mine (we lived on the ground floor) who fancied herself some sort of tattooed witch or something. Now, I can never be sure this was her...but come on!

My apartment was very small with the only window in my bedroom facing out into the back courtyard of the building, which people could access through fire escapes, etc. My apartment also had no AC, so in the summer it was sweltering hot and it was a necessity to open the window to get some breeze. My bed, in fact my head on my pillow, was no more than 4 feet from this open window.

And one morning, I woke up to see, in a tiny little terra cotta flower pot just outside the window, sitting on the fire escape, this small, ripped up dirty clown doll with missing patches of hair and one eye missing and ripped clothes. Just placed perfectly so it stared at me. And I didn't notice it till I woke up. So, that witch, or someone (her), had crept down and watched me while I slept and then placed their voodoo doll. I couldn't sleep for weeks.

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IlikeCondors
â€¢ 15y ago

I got new hearing aids, perhaps two generation beyond the old ones. I'd had them about two weeks. I'm at home, alone, on the couch, when female voice says "battery, low" in my left ear. Half way through the word "battery" I'd jumped off the couch in full freak out defense mode. Nobody had preped me for this development. Figured it out after a few seconds.

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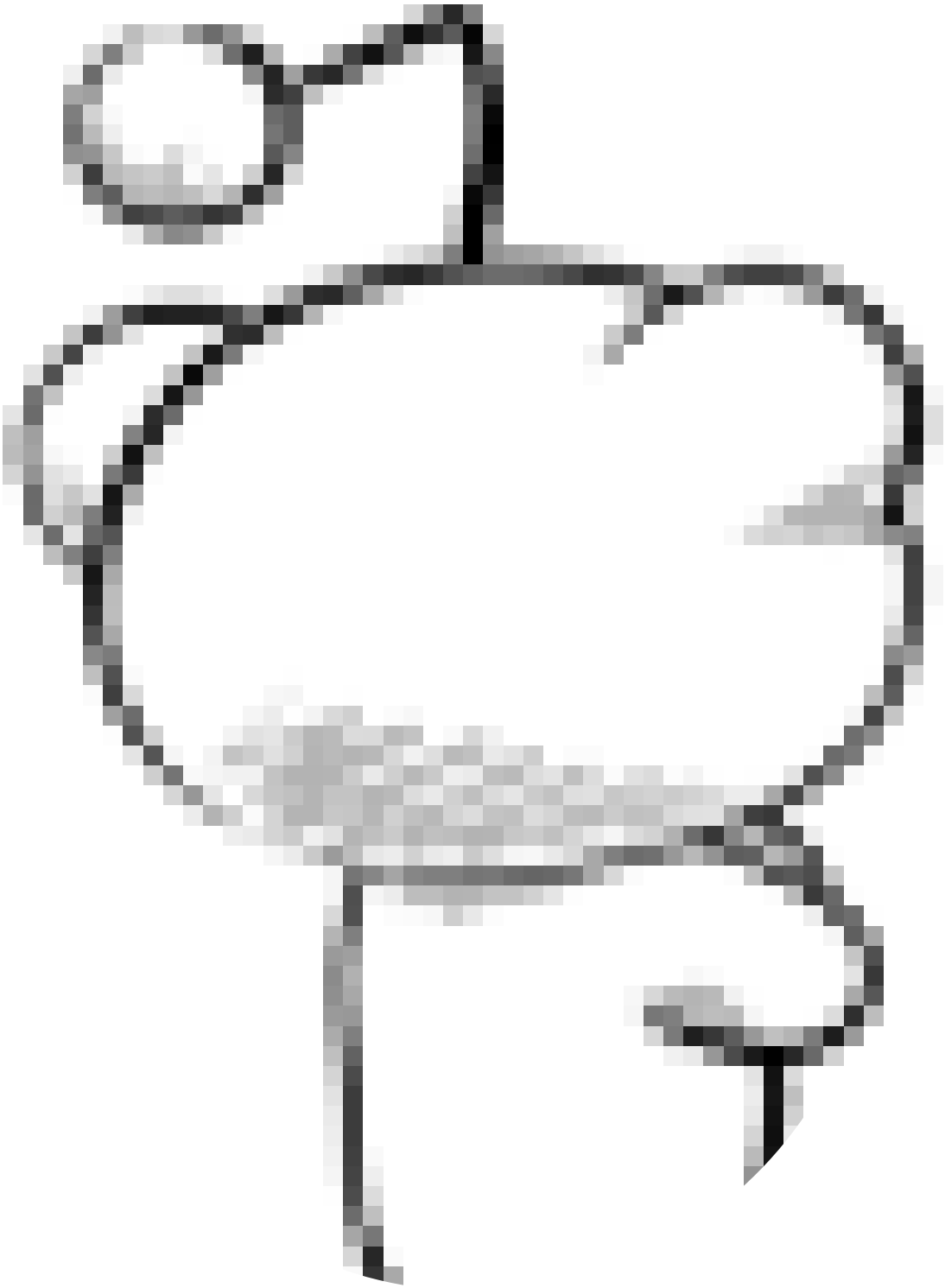

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â€¢ 15y ago

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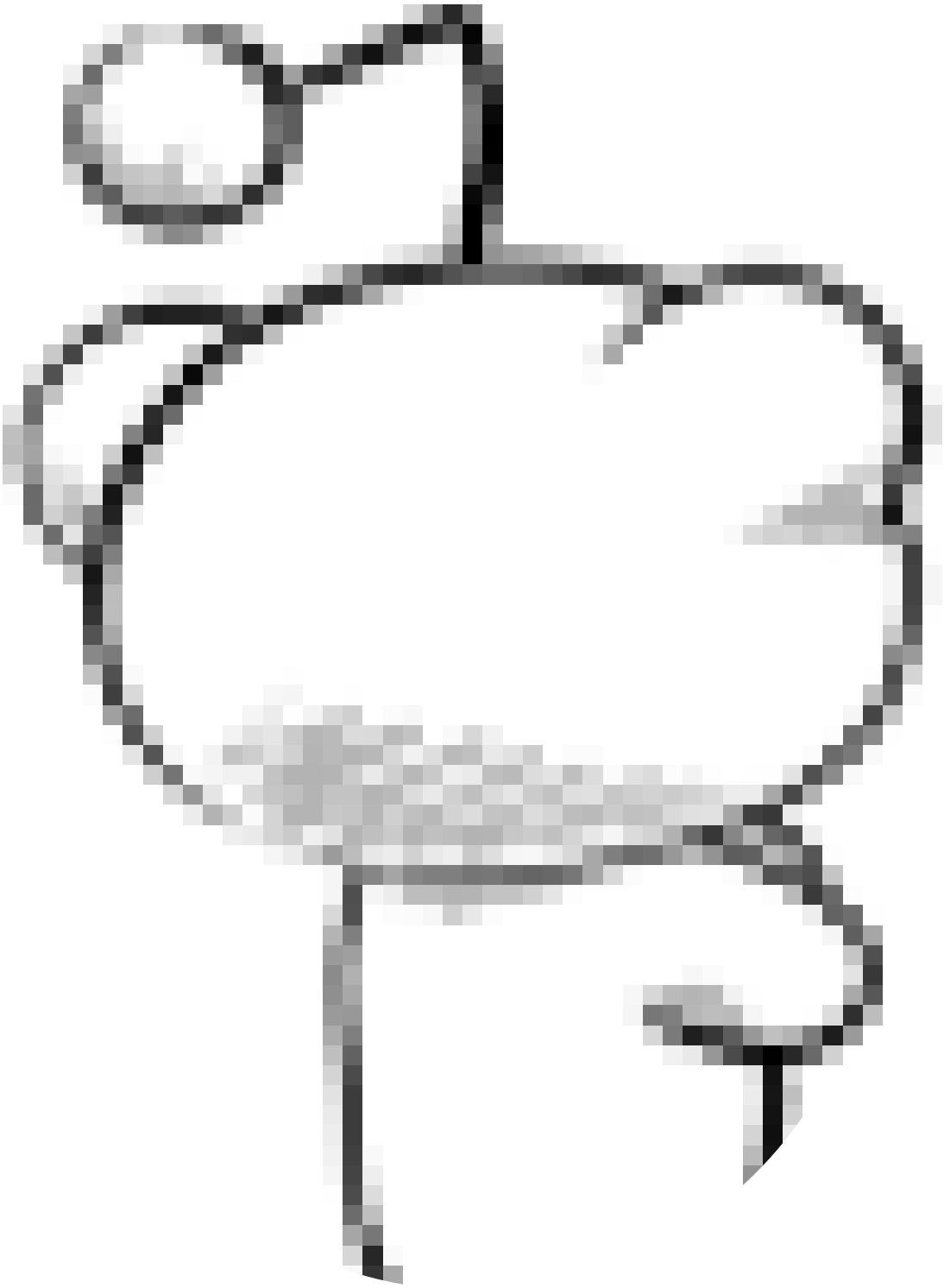

[deleted]
â€¢ 15y ago

It's a toss-up:

I don't remember how old I was but my family and I were on vacation. We stopped at a rest area. There was an alert out for a kidnapper in the area - it was known who he was but nobody knew where he was. On the way back to the car, I walked ahead and somehow got out of sight of my parents. This man came up to me and very nicely asked if I wanted to go with him. He mentioned his car (a white van) was right over there (he pointed and I looked... there was a white van). I didn't like the feel I was getting from him and said no. Other people were kinda looking but not too seriously and I guess my parents came up because he took off.

Or...

I remember sitting in the car (in the child seat) and remember some lady that seemed... I don't know... "off" somehow... anyway, she came up to the car and my dad got out. He spoke with her for a second and mom got out and nearly beat this woman into the ground. i remember car doors closing and her screaming at my mother. Turns out that dad was paying a hooker he owed money to.

Or...

On vacation at a rest area... my hair about as bright red as possible. Mom covering me with herself as she rushed me to the car because magpies were swarming and pecking at my hair.

You choose....

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swordgeek
â€¢ 15y ago

I had a relatively creep-free childhood, at least as far as I can remember. My older brother's much MUCH older drug dealer was an exception, but that's another story.

But a few years ago, when our son was only about six months old (and he was a zero-notice adoption, so we were still in shock), the dog went insane, barking at something. He woke up the baby, and wouldn't stop barking, so my wife took him into the bedroom while I sat with our baby boy in the living room. I kept seeing something out of the corner of my eye, the dog wasn't quieting down in the bedroom, and our son wasn't calming down either. It was all just uncomfortable and weird-feeling.
The next morning we discovered that two bottles of scotch were missing from a shelf right beside the (open) window in the living room. Someone had come into our yard, seen the bottles, reached through the window, and stolen them! God knows how long they stayed crouched under the window after that (waiting for a chance at the other eight bottles maybe?), but I was sitting about five metres from them the whole time.
I went ballistic when I discovered the loss--I stalked the neighborhood with a broken sword, looking for a bum with $100 bottles of single-malt. It's probably just as well that I didn't find them, because I might be in jail now.

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Specnerd
â€¢ 15y ago

A few years ago three friends and I worked the graveyard shift at a local movie theater. We were janitors, cleaning up after everyone else went home.

The lights were all controlled by a key, and even after a light was turned on by the key, it was on a timer. So if we didn't clean up a theater fast enough, we'd get the lights turned off on us and have to grab a manager to turn it back on.

There were two or three theaters that were reserved for new releases. Absolutely huge. I remember, every time I had to clean theater 14, I'd get this weird feeling. Like I could see someone out of the corner of my eye. In my mind, he was a middle aged man, who wore a suit and a bowler hat. I never actually saw anybody, I'd just picture him in my mind, and he was always sitting in the same seat: one of the upper rows in the balcony section. The only time I really, really got creeped out was the time I was cleaning the theater, pictured the guy, and the lights went out. God, I don't know how I had that job as long as I did.

Like I said, I never actually saw anything, so I never really thought to tell anyone about it. Eventually all three of us quit the job and moved on to bigger and better things.

Last year, we were reminiscing about that job. One of my friends was in charge of cleaning the bathrooms, the other was in charge of the food court. One of them told stories about how when cleaning the bathrooms, the automatic sinks would turn themselves on. Which wouldn't have been weird, but he heard a male voice sometimes when they'd turn on. But whatever, probably just nerves.

The other friend talked about his time in the food court. It was already a pretty creepy place at night, but there was this fountain in the middle. And whenever he'd clean it, he'd see a reflection of a middle aged man in a suit and bowler hat.

I freaked. But before I could say anything, the bathroom friend said "Oh! Yeah, that's who I always thought I saw in the bathroom!"

tl;dr Worked in a movie theater where all my friends separately saw the same ghost man without ever talking to each other about it.

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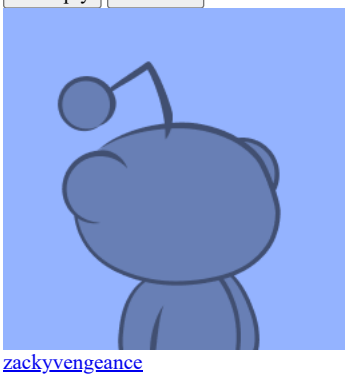

zackyvengeance
â€¢ 15y ago

Not as creepy as some of these, but it still creeps me out to this day.

A couple years back, I was hanging out at my girlfriend's house when my mom showed up to pick me up. I asked her why she was so early to pick me up, when I told her I would call her.

"You did call me, just a few minutes ago?"

"No, I didn't...no one here did."

"Are you sure? It definitely sounded like your voice. You kind of mumbled 'Mom...please come get me, mom'. It was hard to understand."

We still don't know who the fuck placed that call, a *69 revealed the traceback to some telemarketer company, and it may really have came from there, but my mom talked to them for awhile about something and it didn't seem that's where it came from.

I will never know, I guess.

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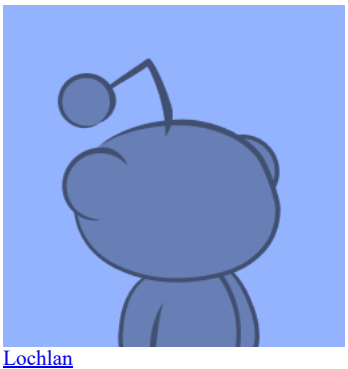
Nysagrl
â€¢ 15y ago

When I was about 5 my grandfather went to a city far away for a heart surgery. My father and grandmother went with and my mother and I stayed at my grandparents' house. One evening we were watching TV and I fell asleep in my mom's arms. She then picked me up and tried to put me down in my grandparents' bedroom. I woke up a little and heard cold echoing laughter in the room. I immediately started shrieking and crying. My mother kept asking me what was wrong but I was too terrified to respond. She then started pacing around the house carrying me, trying to calm me down. The laughter stopped as soon as she walked out of my grandparents' bedroom. We later found out that my grandfather had passed away at that exact time that night.



Lochlan
â€¢ 15y ago

When I was a kid, I went to bed one night, it must have been winter because I was using two blankets. Anyway, I went to bed, my head on my one pillow and two blankets covering my body. I woke up in the morning, my bed was completely made, second blanket folded and placed down the end of my bed. I was now sleeping on top of the covers, but at the opposite end of the bed, my head resting on the folded up blanket.

My parents had no idea when I told them. I guess I could have done it in my sleep, but I've never sleep walked in my life. My imagination liked to think I was abducted by aliens and they just messed up a little when they put me back.

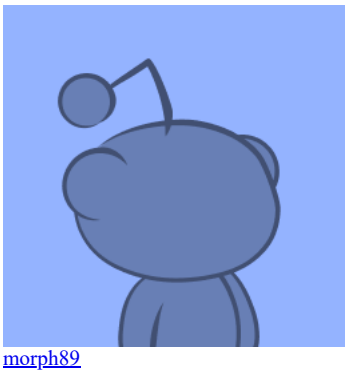
shaekin
â€¢ 15y ago

This is late in the game so this will probably not be seen. It wasn't particularly creepy, just a little surreal.

My uncle (mother's brother) told me this story about his son and it was affirmed by the cousin. My cousin was into drugs and had been since he was maybe seven (older siblings). He had been in and out of jail and had hit rock bottom. He was planning to kill himself by driving his car off a steep cliff in a secluded canyon. When he gunned the car the make the leap, he heard a voice call him by name and say "What are you doing?" There was no one around. He stopped the car, started to cry, and had a moment to gather himself together. Once he had calmed down, he felt like he should start driving. He got back on the road and drove wherever the feeling took him. Turn left here, turn right there, take this fork. If he had already passed the turn he would back up and take it. About dawn he ended up in a field in the middle of nowhere with a stone fence on one side of the road. He got out, climbed the fence and ended up in a little old cemetery. He looked at the first headstone, didn't ring any bells. The second one was Don _____ (my grandfather's name with a different middle name, really unique) who appeared to have been a year old when he died. He got back home and recounted the story to my Uncle and asked him if he knew who this Don was. My Uncle said, "Yes, that's my half brother."

At this point in the story I stopped my Uncle's re-telling and said, "Wait, you have a half brother?" I knew all of my aunt's and uncles and they were all still living. My uncle responded yes. I was mystified and said, "That means my mom had a half brother." Again, yes. "Who had a kid???" "Oh! Your grandfather did! He was married previously before he married your grandmother." "And apparently he had a kid with this woman I've never heard of..." My mother was big into genealogy and I have many of my Grandfather's journals and life history written by him. None of this was in them. None of us grandchildren had heard of this before so my cousin coming up with this name is highly unlikely. Now I feel a little like we have a guardian angel. :)

TL;DR: My cousin was going to kill himself, heard a voice and was led to the grave of a then unknown relative.



morph89
â€¢ 15y ago

There was a batshit insane lightning storm late one night this past summer. I'm talking apocalyptic. I woke up two or three times from thermonuclear explosions rattling my entire apartment and my room being illuminated as day from the flashes of lightning (and my blinds were down!).

After falling asleep again around 3am, I had a dream where I was in what looked like my apartment. It was pouring rain outside and I was with my girlfriend. I was introducing her to my new roommate â€œChris.â€ Chris is a kid I actually work with at school and had only conversed with a couple times at that point, but hey, here he was in my dream as my best new bud and roommate. He was standing in his doorway and he didn't have a shirt on, which was a bit awkward. All of a sudden, his face became very humbled and morose. He turned around and he had three or four blackish (?) lines sprawled across his upper back/shoulders and onto his neck. His back appeared to be all wet for some reason as well. He turned his body to the side and just looked at me very despondently.

That was the last image I had before I woke up. I didnâ€™t have time to pay too much attention to the dream and just thought it was peculiar. As I was getting ready for work, I noticed a series of urgent emails from another coworker explaining that Chris had been in a serious motorcycle accident. He was driving home from the other co-workerâ€™s apartment on his motorcycle at 3am when lightning struck a tree, sending it directly into the road in front of him. He drove through the tree and luckily was not thrown off his motorcycle. However, he sustained several, severe lashes across his neck and shoulders and was rushed to the hospital via ambulance.

I was stunned by the accident, but didnâ€™t think much of the dream at first. As the day progressed, the creepiness started to settle in. I didnâ€™t tell anyone at work in fear of being seen as a lunatic though. Chris returned to work a couple weeks later with this gnarly, black lash under his adamâ€™s apple that persisted onto his back (I was told it was over a hundred stitches) which was almost identical to what I saw in the dream. I try not to think too much about it, I am mostly just perplexed by the whole thing.

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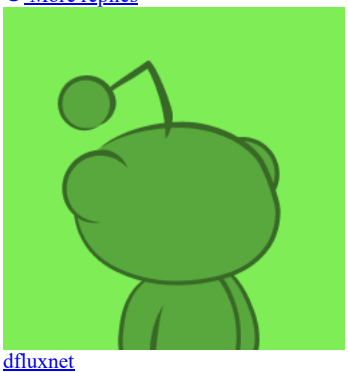
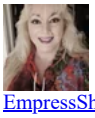


dfluxnet
â€¢ 15y ago

Not a creepy but definitely scary moment to share. I was about 8 years old and driving with my dad. We were returning from the lumber yard and my dad stopped to let me go into a mini mart to get some m&m's. As i was getting the candy a guy ran in the store with a gun demanding money. I remember knocking candy over and the robber turning towards me for a second with the gun. A second later my dad walked in the store and drew the guys attention. My dad ended up talking to him for several minutes and in the end the guy put the gun down and surrendered. I can't remember any of the conversation but I should note that my dad is a psychologist and so that probably helped.



EmpressSharyl
â€¢ 15y ago

When I was 17, I had a very vivid dream. I was in this bedroom I'd never been in before, and I had no idea why I was there. I looked at the bed, and there was someone in it. I walked over to the bed, and I sat down on the edge of it. The person in the bed turned over, it was an old, thin woman with gray hair. I didn't recognize her at all. She reached out a hand for me, and spoke. When she spoke, I realized it was my paternal grandmother. She said she was glad I was there, and she wanted my help to transition to the other side. I took her hand and told her I loved her. She said she loved me too, and to tell my family that she loved them. Then she had a massive heart attack and died. I snapped awake right after she died in the dream, I was completely panicked by this. I hadn't seen my grandmother in about 3 years, she was living with my aunt in Sacramento. The last time I saw her, she weighed about 300 pounds, and she had bright red hair. I called my mom and woke her up. I told her about the dream, and that I wanted to call my grandmother, but I didn't have the number. My mom said she would contact my dad to see if she could get it from him. She called and left a message. The next night, at the same time I'd had the dream the night before, my roommate woke me up. My mom was on the phone. My aunt had called her. My grandmother had just had a heart attack and died. A few days later, we all went to Sacramento for the wake. I couldn't help myself, and I pulled my aunt aside and asked her about how my grandmother looked, and described the room I saw in my dream. It was an exact match to the room she died in, and an exact match to how she looked. My aunt was so freaked out, she wouldn't talk to me for the rest of the wake. But, I just had to make sure I wasn't nuts. My mother always told me I had strong psychic powers, and she

wasn't surprised that my grandmother wanted me there to comfort her when she died. My grandmother had always told my mom that I was her favorite grandchild. If I was really there, I'm glad I was able to help her.

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spankenstein
â€¢ 15y ago

I've got a few creepy things

-this one is a long one but is the creepiest to me. when i was about 12 i was placed into foster care. after a short bout with a cold and unwelcoming family i was moved to a home with an older couple that seemed very nice. something to note for later: living there, i became accustomed to kids of various ages always running around, they were a relied upon foster home in the area for emergency and temporary care and had lots of grandkids, family friends to babysit etc. they loved kids and were very friendly folks. she was a realtor for a time then worked from home or cleaning houses, and he had a good job at a reputable disciplinary boot camp for teenage girls teaching english.

we got along fairly well and with the exception of the expected amounts of occasional teenager-adult drama things went fairly smoothly for a good while. this resulted in a quasi-adoption around my sixteenth year, and bafflingly shortly afterward their behavior and my life took on a strange and uneasy change. after a while the man started making me feel uncomfortable and acted in ways that i felt were indications of not-so-good intentions on his part. i managed to deflect his... i don't know what to call them, because they weren't exactly overt, but suffice to say "non" actions, and the tension reached a breaking point shortly after i reached the age where i began dating and he began acting bizarre in many ways in a manner that i felt a bit menacing and possessive. one evening faced with the prospect of another long uncomfortable ride in his truck together to some appointment or errand, i made it clear that i was not comfortable being alone with him in closed quarters any longer and was told off for being so brash and unappreciative of all they had done for me (etc). i made a few futile and halfhearted efforts to indicate to people "in charge" that i had suspicions about him but was basically regarded as being combative and melodramatic by the people i interacted with on account of all the nasty things the foster parents were "reporting" about me all the time. life there became pretty much unbearable after that and i was kicked out not too much later.

i remember one of the last times i was in their house, i was going to leave and stopped at the top of the stairs to look into the living room, where he was sitting on the couch with her 7 year old granddaughter on his lap, talking about something while a few other kids played and watched tv on the floor. i remember stopping and just feeling like everything was wrong and there was nothing i could do to change it and feeling so angry at him for making me so aware of my helplessness, and he looked up and made eye contact with me and in the one second that we locked eyes i knew that he knew exactly what i was thinking. i remember shaking my head sternly as i began walking down the stairs and it feeling like i was in a dream. even now it's like watching some strange slow motion silent film in my head. this is the last real memory i have of being in that house. the next and last time i remember being there was the morning after the night they decided to kick me out, to collect my things that had been dumped in the driveway.

not one year later i get a phone call informing me that he is being investigated for child molestation and they would like me to tell them if i have any information that could help the prosecution, because they had reason to believe (hah) that there were more than one child abused. apparently, that very same 7 year old granddaughter complained to her mommy about the special secret game that he was playing in her underoos when she went to visit, and now there was a whole investigation going because a few more girls came forward after that. since, even more have come forward, and he has been denied parole twice now.

i am told he denied everything til the bitter end, when there was so much evidence it was utterly ridiculous on his part to maintain his innocence. then he just switched to pure unadulterated honesty and admitted everything, and went on to expound on not only his lack of guilt for his actions, but (get ready for this) his absolute right to have committed the crimes. (and who was anyone to say otherwise) when asked for an explanation of what he had done, he replied "my wife wasn't giving me any."

the part of the story to me that is the saddest is that it seems i am the only girl who lived in that house that was not molested and i know that it is because i tried to make it clear that i wouldn't cooperate with any shenanigans. i have an overwhelming sense of guilt for not trying harder to voice my concern to people who should have investigated, not being persistent enough, for letting myself get blown off and not taken seriously and not making a bigger fuss. i still feel that its my fault all those kids got abused. **we don't even know how many, still.** it really bothers me and i try not to think about it but sometimes i just cant get it out of my head and it really gets to me. as a fun bonus, at a recent family gathering i found out that initially for just a weekend my younger brother and sister were placed with that couple and that he tried to get them to take a bath with him. it baffles me to think that i lived with this person and for a time had no idea what he was capable of.

-i had a friend in high school who was interested in ghosts and whatnot. we talked about it, and i was always somewhat curious and amused with her stories of the ghostly happenings of her boarding school friends. she never really came over to my house because i lived so far out of town. one night she came over and went outside to the front yard for some reason and came back all upset wanting to go home and just really agitated. she said she saw a man walk through the yard, and i'm not sure if he just looked at her or spoke to her before he disappeared, but she was just not having any of this and wanted to go. never came over again. freaked me out but i never saw any ghosts there.

-shortly after my dad died i had a dream where i met a little girl in a frilly blue dress. i was talking to her, i don't remember about what, just mundane chatter, when i realized that she was me as a little girl. i remembered the dress because it was my favorite, and her hair was the same way my mom did mine that i hated, because it was pulled so tight.and those big blonde fluffy curls whirled around my face. i knew that she was me, but that she didnt know i was her, if you understand. for some reason, i started telling her about my dad and how i really needed to talk to him and that i was sad i would never get a chance to again, and i pulled out a photo of him to show her.

(as an aside, suffice to say that my relationship with my father was very complicated and i was having a lot of issues at this time about his death. i probably still do to some extent but at the time it was getting so bad and i was overcompensating so badly by drinking, that for a while i literally thought i was going insane. so keep this in mind.)

now, i somehow know that this was the only photo i had of my father, and i am showing it to the little girl and telling her this, and she suddenly snatches the photo out of my hands and starts screaming just the vilest things at me while violently shredding the photo, all this time i am sobbing and trying to wrestle it away from her and i don't understand how this sweet innocent version of myself has suddenly turned into this demonic hell child spewing evil. its all just a blur of screeching, tearing, crying, rage and confusion and i wake up drenched in sweat and already sobbing uncontrollably and just sit in my bed rocking back and forth and crying like i have never cried in my life.

a few weeks later i had a dream that i was in a house with a man and i realized it was one of our old houses from when i was little. and he is my dad. i didn't realize at first because he doesn't look how i remember him, he looks the way he did before he died. we are talking and it just feels so calm. i dont remember what exactly he said to me but i know he told me that he would and always did love me and we made peace the way i never got to in real life. it was just like we were hangin out talking, and i felt so calm and like everything was going to be ok, and walked to the front door to leave, and i heard him say, "goodbye" and as i turned my head to look at him i opened the door, my eyes opened and i was wide awake.

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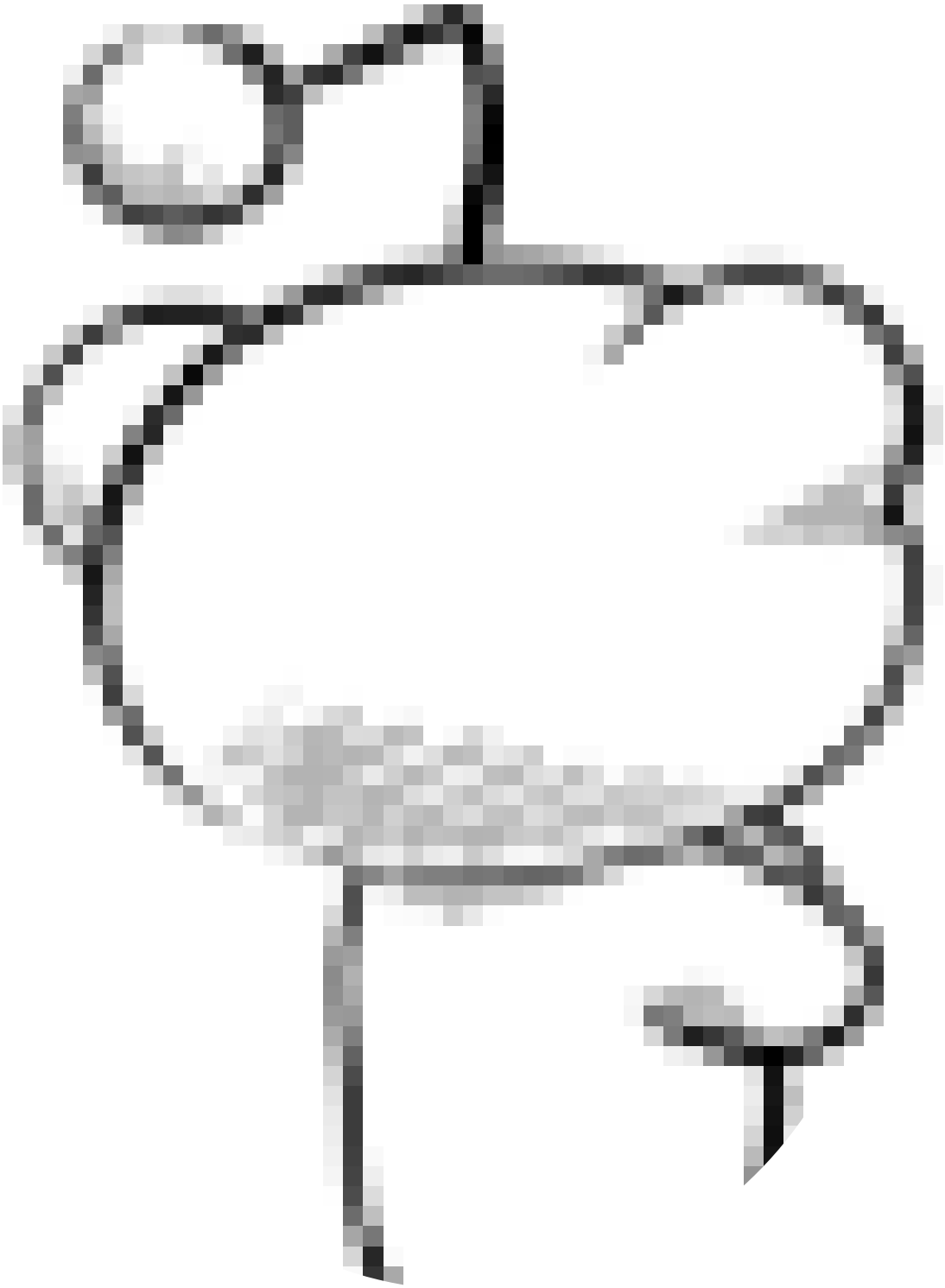

[deleted]
â€¢ 15y ago

When I was about seven years old, I remember waking up in the early morning with the instant feeling that something was wrong. I kept my eyes shut and within a few seconds I felt a massive, crushing weight on my chest that made it difficult to breathe. This was accompanied by the feeling of two hands on my face, with the thumbs on my eyelids trying to force them open. I knew in my heart that if I opened my eyes something terrible would happen to me and that I would never see my family again. I tried as hard as I could to keep them closed but the hands were too strong and my eyelids were slowly pulled open. Instead of looking at whatever was attacking me, I rolled my eyes down into my head to where my vision was still obscured by my lower eyelid. I started screaming for my mom at the top of my lungs- which was a struggle in itself, from

the weight on my chest. I remember hearing my mom come thumping down the stairs as fast as she could as whatever it was continued to try and force me to look at it. The door opened, and as soon as the light turned on the weight vanished and my eyelids slammed shut.

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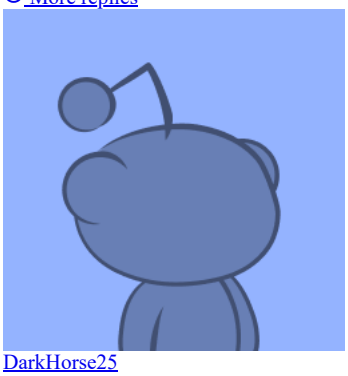

DarkHorse25
â€¢ 15y ago

I'm sure nobody will read this, but here goes.

When I was about 14, my 7 year old nephew died suddenly of a brain aneurysm. One of the more gruesome events of my family's history, as his parents kept trying to revive him until the ambulance arrived, and his 4 year old sister watched the whole thing go down (Not sure if she really remembers it, now.)

This completely upended my sister's life, and in the following months she became paranoid about health issues for her remaining child. Constantly worried about germs. My niece, on the other hand, coped with her brother's passing by carrying on conversations with him. We thought it was just how she handled her grief, not understanding death and all, and attributed the eerie one-sided conversations to her being, well, 4.

Fast forward two months later, and my sister and I are planning to attend a local gemstone and crystal fair (I'm a bit New Age-y...). I had been sick the week prior, but begged my mother not to tell her, as that would be certain grounds for cancelling the trip. After all, I was healthy now, so no problem. My mother agreed to not tell her.

The day of the fair, we stop at a local grocery store for some snacks, and my niece is chatting away about everything. Suddenly, she spurts out, "Lucky was sick last week, mom." My sister glances at me, rolls her eyes, and plays along.... "Oh really, how do you know?"

"Patrick told me."

I was white as a sheet from this, and couldn't even process the event until a few hours later. Leaving the crystal expo, I tell her that I was, in fact, sick. We both stop walking and just stare at each other for a solid minute, not sure how to process it.

To this day, I still think of that moment as solidifying my beliefs in an afterlife.

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revolved
â€¢ 15y ago

It was a couple days before NYE and I had nothing planned. While I was journeying home, I bumped into a couple hippies on shrooms. They said they were looking for a DJ for their party on a nearby island. I had dj'ed for a couple years at that point and readily agreed to perform at their party. On the day of, I gathered up my records and headed for the party, albeit hitch hiking. A cute couple picked me up and smoked a joint in the car. Before we go this party, we want to stop at our friends house party. No problem.

I get to the party and I know no-one. Besides introducing myself "Hi, my name is Ed." I'm not really saying much as I'm feeling awkward. I look around the party for something to comment on, and my eyes rest on a coffee table in the corner. On it is a jenga tower. To each side of it is a stoner on the couch, staring at the tower. I walked over. "Hey guys, what's with the tower?" "Oh this is a drinking game, you pull out a block and on it is a number. The number is the amount of drinks you have to have. I shrug. I have nothing else to do. I carefully pull a brick out of the middle and flip it over.

On the block my name was written. I knew no one at the party. No one was named Ed besides me. I had chosen a random block. I looked at the stoners. "What does this mean?" I asked. "I dunno," they replied. "But it's my NAME!!" I exclaimed. The stoners replied non-chalantly, "Drink as much as you want I guess."

I was a little shaken by this event. I thought about it as I drank my beers. There is no explanation for it. I felt like I was on the truman show. Eventually I got to the party. It was in the town hall and probably 250 people attended. There were two turntables like your grandmothers turntables from the 70's. One of them had no pitch control. And I rocked that party like nobodys business. Best set of my life.

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kompkitty
â€¢ 15y ago

Maybe it was meant to say 30, but the person writing it was dyslexic...

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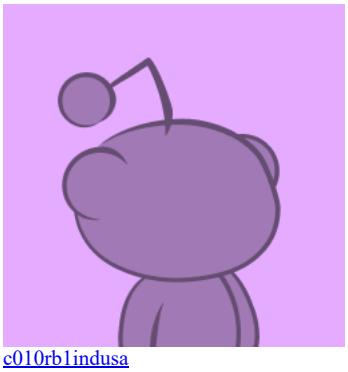
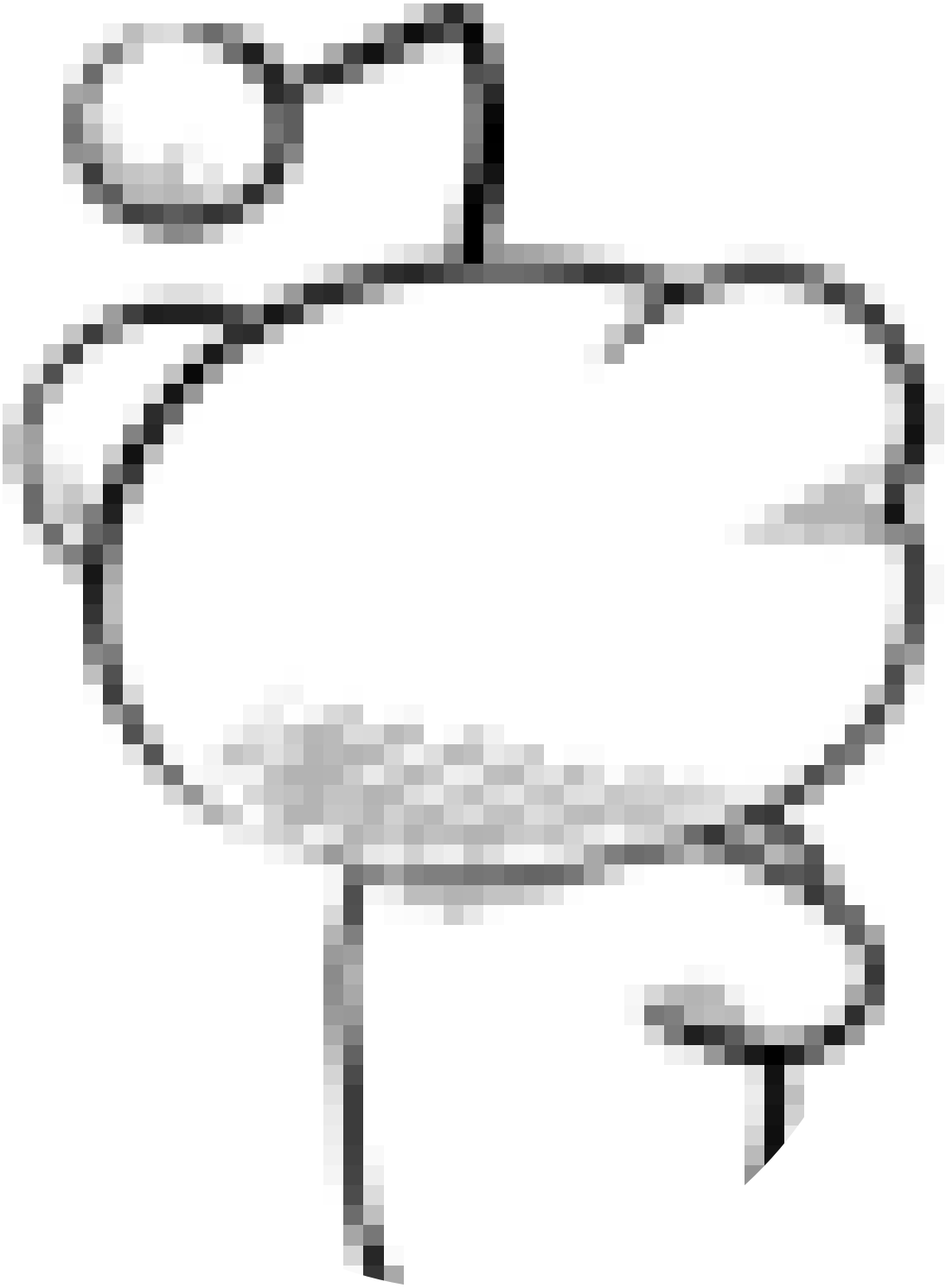


c010rb1indusa
â€¢ 15y ago

I had a really bad day in high school so I drove two minutes away to an isolated spot in a neighborhood and decided to take a drive around the block and smoke a bowl, you know get some alone time relax and just chill out. it was like 8pm, dark, drizzling and very foggy and I couldn't' see more than 30 feet around me. I'm more or less finished with my bowl when I see these four dark figures in front of me emerging from the fog with large black hats getting closer and closer, bigger and bigger. I start freaking out...who's out in the rain walking at night on a weeknight in scary black clothing? As I watched, not moving an inch, I was greatly relieved when the four figures emerging from the fog were Jews walking back from temple...It was rosh hashanah, the Jewish New Year.



[deleted]
â€¢ 15y ago

I was staying at a hostel in Rome a few years back. Some friends and I (18, female) went out for the night and came back rather intoxicated. Everyone else was ready for bed but I wanted to stay up at chat with some fellow travelers for a while.

I ended up smoking some tree with a dude who worked at the hostel - tree had been hard to come by in the past few months of traveling so I was pumped. He ended up telling me a few sketchy stories relating to his heroin addiction. I'm trying to be non-judgmental but he's really starting to creep me out so I slowly was looking for a polite way out of the conversation. As I was excusing myself, he essentially lunged at me, trying to grab me. I managed to throw him off of me, and ran back into my room at the hostel - it had 4 large Canadian dudes and a few of my girlfriends in it so nothing to worry about, right?

After a sleepless hour passed, the door opens. Dude ends up standing over my bed, literally staring at me for about another hour. I fake sleep. He leaves.

TL;DR Heroin addict and hostel employee in Rome smokes me up, proceeds to try to grab me, then hovers over my bed while I try to sleep.

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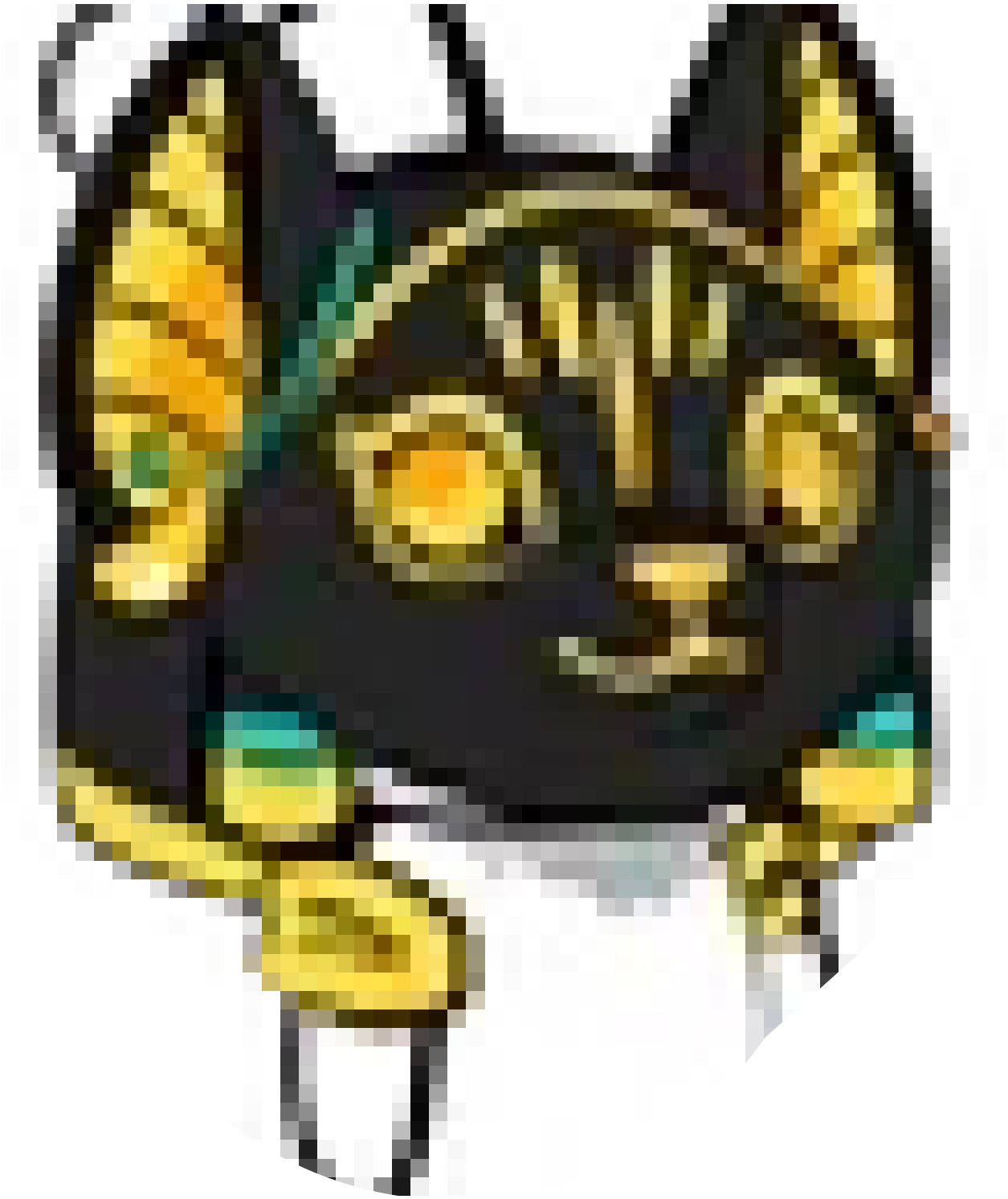

cupcake1713
â€¢ 15y ago

Reposting from another thread from around 11 months ago:

We had a TV that would turn on by itself in the middle of the night. It was in our guest room, and we rarely went in there. It would be showing channels that none of us (nor our guests) would ever watch, like religious stations. One night, after having turned on by itself, we moved it to the basement and left it unplugged. Bear in mind that this move took place around 5 years ago, and the TV has remained unplugged since then.

A month ago, when I was home alone late at night, I heard talking coming from the basement and I went down to investigate. The TV (still unplugged) was on and I turned it off then proceeded to FREAK THE FUCK OUT. When my parents got home, they asked me why the TV in the basement was on. I told them it had been on but I turned it off, but they claimed that it was still on. We all just kind of stood there, and my dad finally said that he was getting rid of the TV. I still have no idea how it could have turned on twice after having been unplugged for five years. Creeps me out.

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abcdefg1234567
â€¢ 15y ago â€¢ Edited 15y ago

While driving on the interstate through northern Massachusetts at midnight with no other cars on the road, I was listening to the radio and heard 3 or 4 songs in a row that I really liked.

After the last song, the radio host came on and said: "Did you like the sound of those cowbells Brian?" Which is my name.

None of the songs had a cowbell in them, and I had been listening to this station for awhile and I was positive there was no one on the radio show with that name. And after the host said that, there was a 5 second pause of complete silence in which I had this urge to reply to the question, but didn't; then commercials started playing. I then began to freak out and had to pull over and stop the car because I couldn't concentrate on driving. Though driving in northern Mass, I was parked along side the towering trees and it was total darkness, so that freaked me out even more.

Also another night in New Hampshire I walked home from a friend's house at night down a rode that hardly any cars went down, and it was surrounded by the forest. I of course managed to freak myself out pretty good.

A few years ago a guy from my high school had been killed while fleeing from police and crashed right before a tunnel (the tunnel was several hundreds years old, was made of old moss covered stone, and was small enough to the point where only one car can fit through it at a time) I of course had to walk through this tunnel to get home, and I had gotten used to the dark by this point but the entrance to the tunnel was pitch black. It looked as if it was some abyss. I ran as fast as I could yelling through it "when johnny comes marching home" which I thought for some reason would help. I couldn't help but shake the feeling that I was going to see this figure at the end of the tunnel of some kid from highschool. Luckily I didn't but the thought still managed to scare the piss out of me.

In retrospect, if anybody had been coming from the other side of the tunnel and was freaked out as much as I was, they probably shit their pants and ran once they heard something screaming "when johnny comes marching home" from inside the black abyss of the tunnel.

3 more replies
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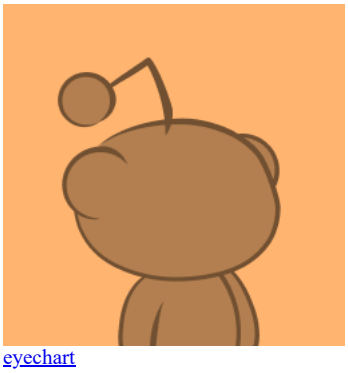
malmoite
â€¢ 15y ago

In 2002 I was smoking a cig outside gazing at the night sky and saw a fast moving satellite. Being a nerd I just kept staring. While moving it suddenly, and without stopping, began travelling in a path perpendicular to its original course. While wondering if I was intoxicated in any way I saw it soon take another "turn" and resume its original course.

I was not under the influence of anything, it was a clear night, and everything I saw was very distinct as to not make me question my version of the events.



eyechart

â€¢ 15y ago â€¢ Edited 15y ago

when I was about 9 or 10 years old, my friends and I decided to meet up after school was out for the summer at the local fair. This was the first time we were old enough and our parents let us go there by ourselves. We were all dropped off and given the speech about not getting into trouble, and that we all needed to stay together and not get split up. There were 8 - 10 of us so I guess safety in numbers, we get it. no problem.

So we wander around and go on the rides, shoot the water guns to fill the balloons, etc. The experience is a little boring actually, and we are all commenting on how lame everything is. We are cool big kids, and this fair is lame and for little kids. It is getting a bit late in the afternoon and almost time for us to leave when we decide to use our last tickets and go into the hall of mirrors. We all head in there and again, everyone is commenting on how lame it is. This fair sucks, blah blah blah.

The hall of mirrors is just a twisty maze with a bunch of stretched out mirrors making you look really skinny or fat and since we are all such big kids we are commenting on how this is really something for 4 ro 5 year olds, not us 10 year olds. The mirrors aren't even made of glass, they are some kind of plastic or mylar film. lame. It is a bit confusing to walk through though, and you can see your image in several different mirrors at the same time (think of enter the dragon). I remember thinking that that part of the hall of mirrors is kind of cool.

Then, in the distance (or maybe not, hard to tell in the hall of mirrors) we see a guy in a hockey mask and torn up and bloody clothing on. He is carrying something in his hand. Can't really tell what that is though, and is he a customer or does he work here? He is yelling at us. What is that thing he has at his side? Holy shit, that's a chainsaw. He pulls the starter a few times and revs the motor and waves it around over his head like some lunatic. We can smell the exhaust from the chainsaw. I could swear he is so close to me that I can feel the heat of the thing as he is revving it and waving it around. What the hell is going on here?

And then he started running directly at as yelling about how when he gets a hold of me that I am going to be sawed up into little bits. We all look at each other and scream. Everyone runs off in different directions. We are running into each other, running into the mirrors and falling down. We are screaming and crying and yelling. I am terrified out of my mind. Where the hell is the exit?

Finally we all somehow escape and pile out the door. It must have been quite a sight to see 8 or 10 kids come yelling and screaming out of the exit and fall down and trip over each other in a huge pileup outside of the hall of mirrors. I remember after we picked ourselves up off the ground and dusted off that we all said that hall of mirrors was still lame and that it wasn't even scary. That chainsaw didn't even have a chain on it. I knew it all the time. yeah right.

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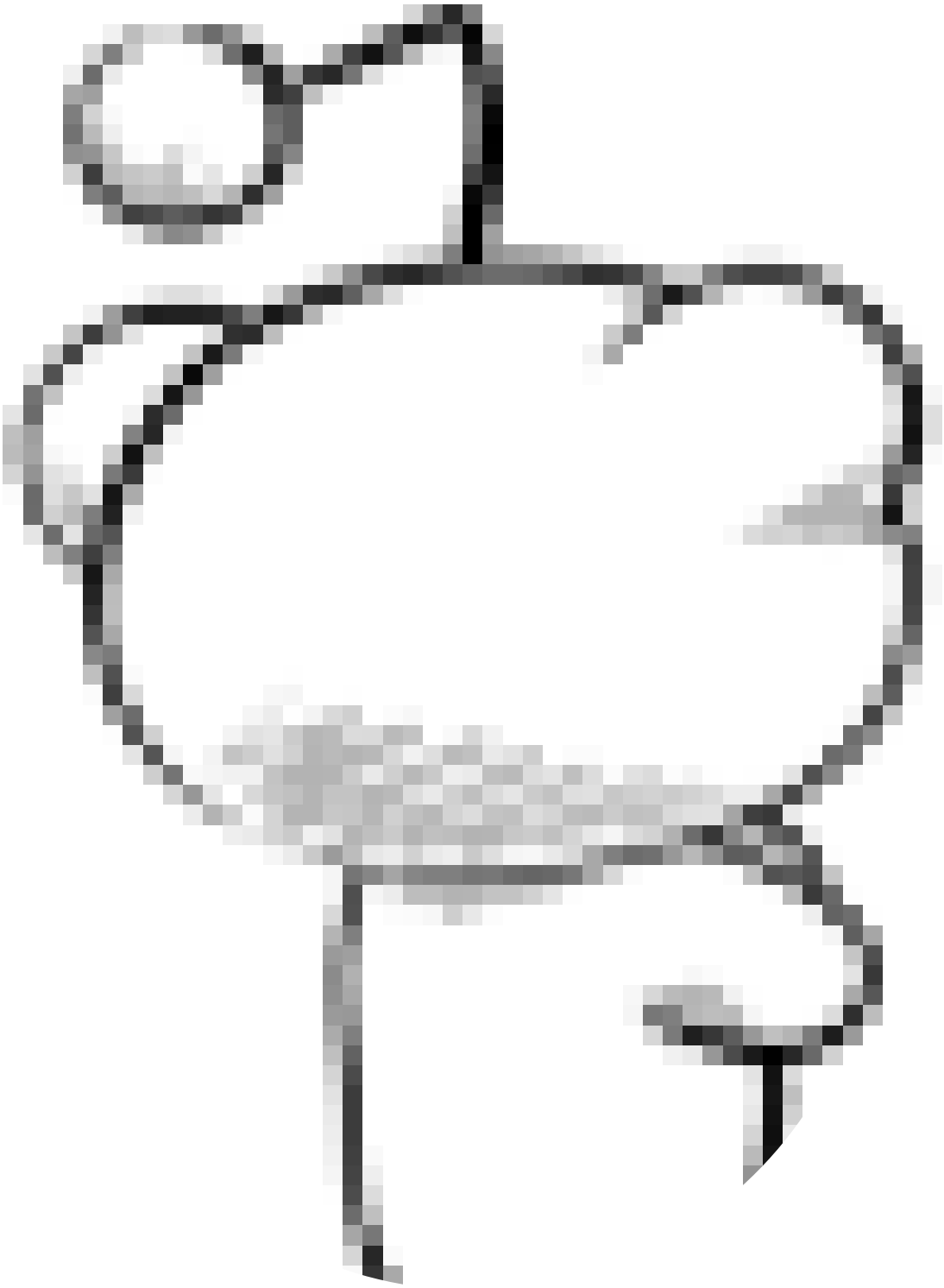
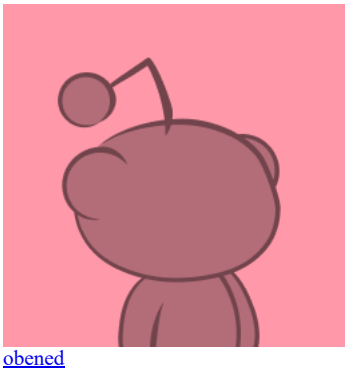


[deleted]
â€¢ 15y ago

When I was about 5-years-old my family went out to eat for my grandma's birthday. While we were waiting to be seated I went to the restroom and upon opening the door saw an old man laying on his back, his glasses in the corner, struggling to breathe. I stared in shock for a few seconds before running back to my parents screaming about a dead guy in the bathroom.
Of course they didn't believe me so my dad walked to investigate and after seeing it was the truth ran right into the kitchen, grabbed the nearest phone, and called 911 while my aunt ran to give CPR.
His wife had been waiting on him back at their table and had no clue what was happening.
Unfortunately he did not make it.

It was so shocking I can remember it so incredibly vividly.



obened
â€¢ 15y ago

A friend and I were just talking in my room. Out of the corner of my eye I saw a figure resembling a redheaded man entering my closet.

I'm not a big ghost believer myself, so I thought I must've somehow hallucinated it. I noticed my friend froze her eyesight on me and coldly said "Did you see that?" I proceeded to check my closet and there was no one in there.

Still gives me chills to this day. Not being such a supernatural believer, I'd normally brush off these "corner of the eye hallucinations" as being the product of my brain misinterpreting some random pattern. What freaked me out was that my friend saw it too...

debman3
â€¢ 15y ago

When I was like 7 someone called on the phone and as I was the only one home I answered. Someone old was looking for my parents, I told her they weren't at home. She then started asking me plenty of questions about me. I thought it was a relative or something asking for news so I answered them all until.. she asked me if I had hairs on my penis. I freaked out, hang up and waited for my parents to come back to tell them this story.

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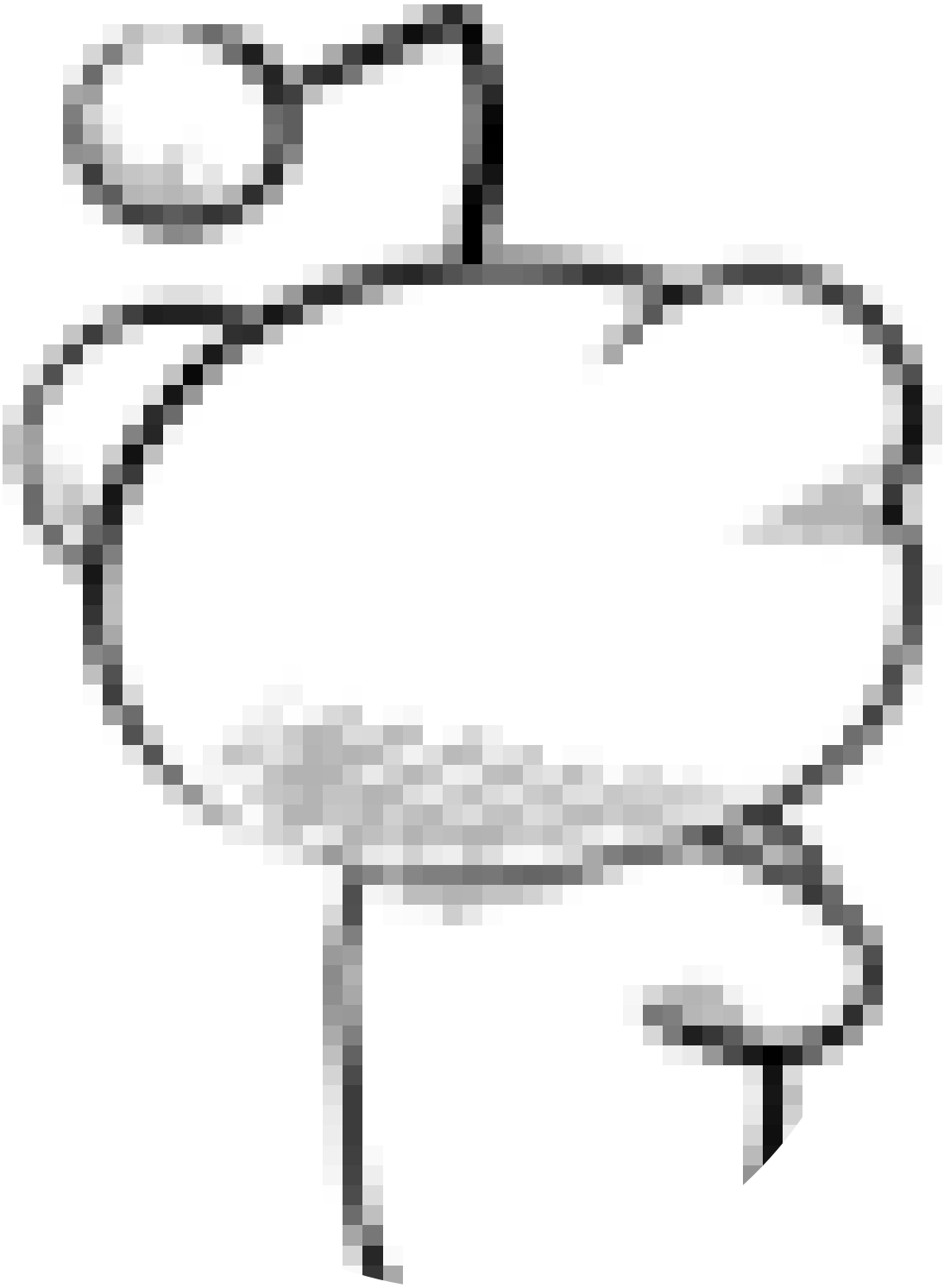

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â€¢ 15y ago

Damn, this stuff is so awesome. r/nosleep welcomes you all :)

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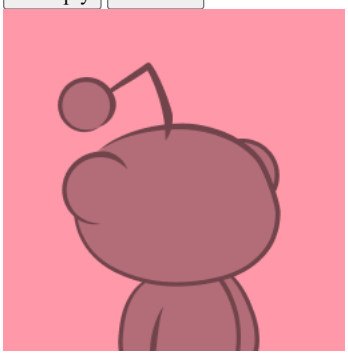

TheJulian
â€¢ 15y ago

A few years ago I lived alone in a flat that was the main floor of a house. There were people living on the second floor but I had my own entrance which I kept locked at night and while away from home.

Coming home a few times I had noticed a tennis ball in the walkway that went down the side of the house. I thought nothing of it as it was just a tennis ball.

One morning I woke up and wandered into the kitchen to make breakfast. The tennis ball (pretty sure it was the same one because it was gone from outside) was sitting right in the middle of my kitchen floor. I have no idea how it got there and it kinda freaked me out. The door leading outside from the kitchen was unlocked and I was pretty sure I'd locked it the night before.

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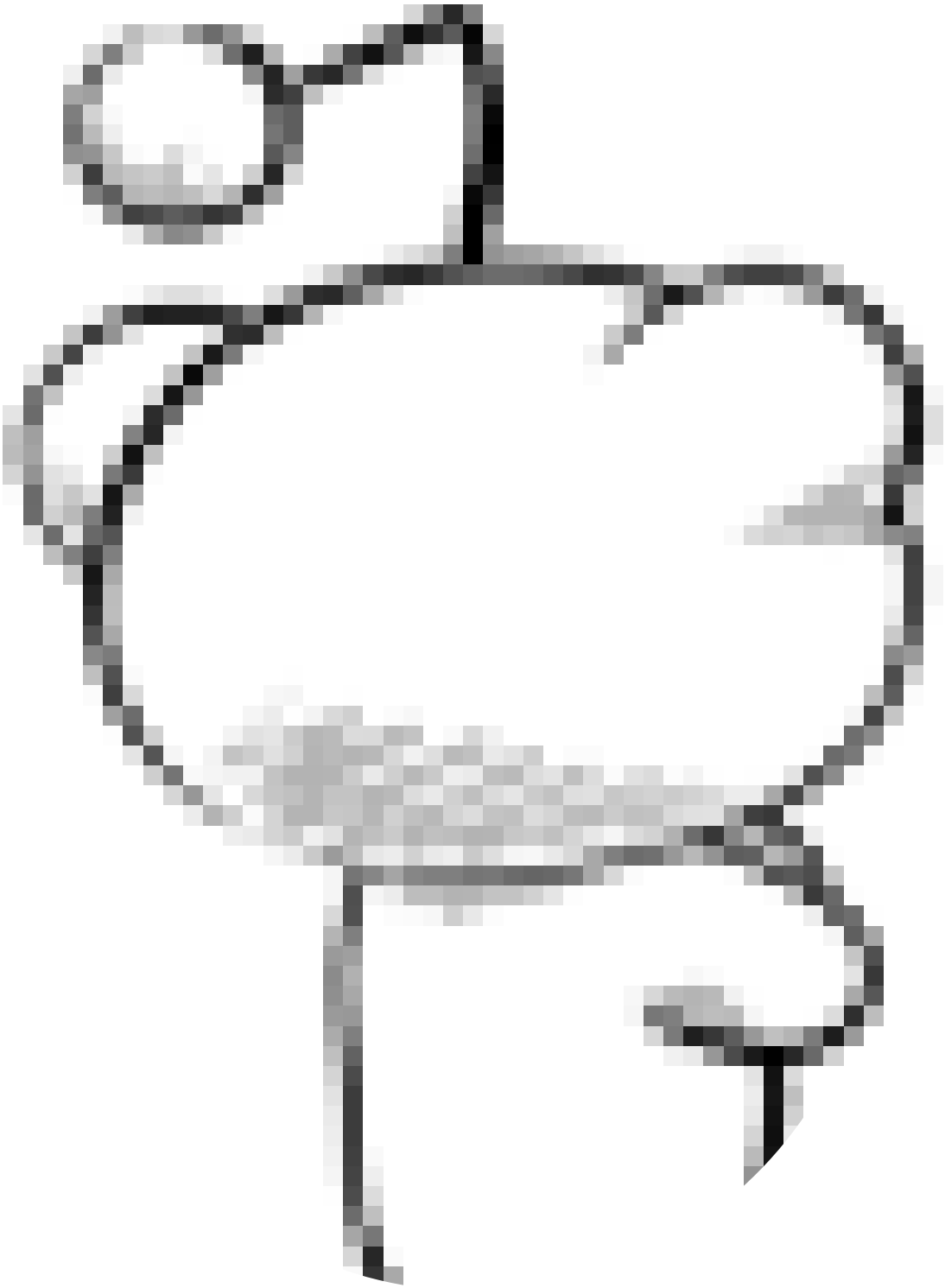

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â€¢ 15y ago

When I was 18, I worked at a retail clothing store in the small town where I went to college. We sold mostly womens clothing, including bras and underwear, which was displayed on a table near the back of the store. One day, a man came in the store and was browsing the underwear, and I just assumed he was looking for something to buy his wife or girlfriend. About ten minutes after he came into the store, he had grabbed a few items of clothing from the men's section of the store, and asked for a dressing room. The dressing rooms were at the back of the store, and were the kind that have about a foot or so of space between the bottom of the door and the ground. I let him into a dressing room and go about my business for the next five minutes or so, and as I'm walking from the front of the store to the back, I glance at the dressing room area and see this guy sitting on the floor of the dressing room, touching himself while wearing a pair of pink bikini underwear from our store. I immediately got the manager, who proceeded to do nothing except wait the guy out, and then make the guy buy the "used" underwear. I was the one who had to handle the transaction, of course. I can't remember how much longer I worked there, but that was definitely at the top of the list of reasons I ended up quitting.

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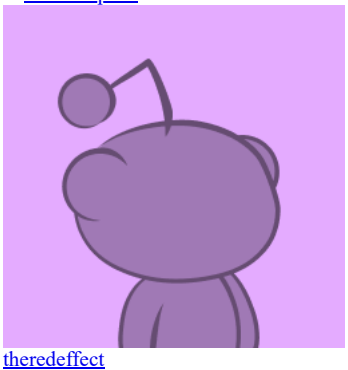

theredeffect
â€¢ 15y ago

Well, when I was pretty young, like 5 or 6 I would say, maybe younger... I was sleeping in bed. No big deal, I had a water bed that had a wooden frame and in front of it against the opposing wall I had a Chicago Bulls footlocker.

One night I woke up and heard the most odd sound, like someone was scraping the shit out of the bottom of the front of my bed, and as my eyes got adjusted to the darkness, I noticed that my footlocker was up on one end. I freaked shit and recoiled up towards the back of my bed and as soon as I did the scratching stopped and this white figure just stood up, looked at me and walked towards the door to my room, which was to my right. The figure had no clothes that I could tell, it was just this white, glowing, person thing with no noticeable features other than facial ones. Once he reached the door it was staring STRAIGHT at me and did this weird head cock thing where it just seemed like he was focusing in on me. My door then opened, closed, and I started SCREAMING.

I got out of my room, ran to my parents room right across the hall and just started screaming and sobbing telling them what had happened. They told me that I was just having a nightmare and that everything was fine so they walked me back into my room and all seemed to be fine, except my footlocker was still up on end. My parents assumed I did it in my sleep.

Fast forward to when I was 18. My friends and I decided to go to some abandoned warehouse/foundry place in my hometown for halloween, and because my birthday was the day before. We were walking around with 2 flashlights between 5 people (tiny flashlights at that) and we got to the top floor of this place and looked out over my town. It was the most eery and beautiful sight.

After a while of just hanging there I decided to go back in with my buddy to look around at different rooms. We found a room with a door hanging off the door frame on one hinge and decided to see what was in there. It was a steel door and was jammed in its position so we had to sneak under it. We got in and it was a pitch black room with another room attached to it. IMMEDIATELY as soon as we got in there I got the most horrific feeling of danger and began to hear a scratching noise. It freaked me the fuck out but my buddy insisted on seeing where it was coming from so we walked towards the attached room and we both saw a white figure standing there, cocking his head staring straight at us. I felt like my fear drew all of the blood out of my body and pulled me backward because the next thing I knew I was sprinting under the metal door and booking it the fuck out of that building. I still really have NO idea what to make of it all. I kind of just push it out of my mind. I know it all sounds pretty fabricated but I swear to everything holy that it happened, and I was sober (rare occasion haha)!

**TL;DR:** Saw a ghostly figure in my room when I was 5-ish, weird shit happened in my room. 13 years later I saw the same ghostly figure doing the same shit in an abandoned warehouse. Scared shit out of me.

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gingerraege
â€¢ 15y ago

A few years ago me and my boyfriend were getting hungry, and it was getting pretty late.. maybe around 10:30 at night or so. My boyfriend decided that we should just go to McDonald's real quick, so we get ready and go. I walked out of the door first and felt my foot kick something. I looked down and saw a light tanish colored plastic thing.. at first I was like.. whatever and started to walk off.. Then something in my mind was like.. 'wait, what is that, and why is it right in front of our door step'? So I turned around and picked it up. It had a button on it and on the other side a little speaker. We kept on walking and I still had it in my hand when we got down the stairs towards the parking lot. Still messing with it, I pushed the button.. and out comes the loud sound of a crying baby coming from the box.. I instantly panicked and threw it down on the ground and just flipped out.. My heart started racing and I just started crying uncontrollably. My boyfriend was like "What? It's just a babydoll's voicebox?.." Just a few days before.. I got one of my mother's many chain letters that she sends on a daily basis. This one was warning women about serial rapists that would use a recording device that sounds like a crying baby and would set it off outside windows or doors to lure women outside thinking someone left a baby at their door. We go ahead and get in the car and go.. and when we got back I was sooo scared to even go into the corridor to go upstairs to the apartment.. Kept thinking 'What if someone is watching us right now?'..I was trying to reason with myself thinking maybe some kid was playing around and dropped it and left, but then I remembered that we didn't have ANY children in that building. My boyfriend kept asking me if I wanted him to call the police just to report it. I kept telling him no because they would just think I was fucking crazy haha.. At like midnight, when I still was freaked out, he said he was just going to call them anyways. Yea, I'm pretty sure the cop lady thought I was nuts. It was by FAR the creepiest feeling I'd ever had in my entire life.

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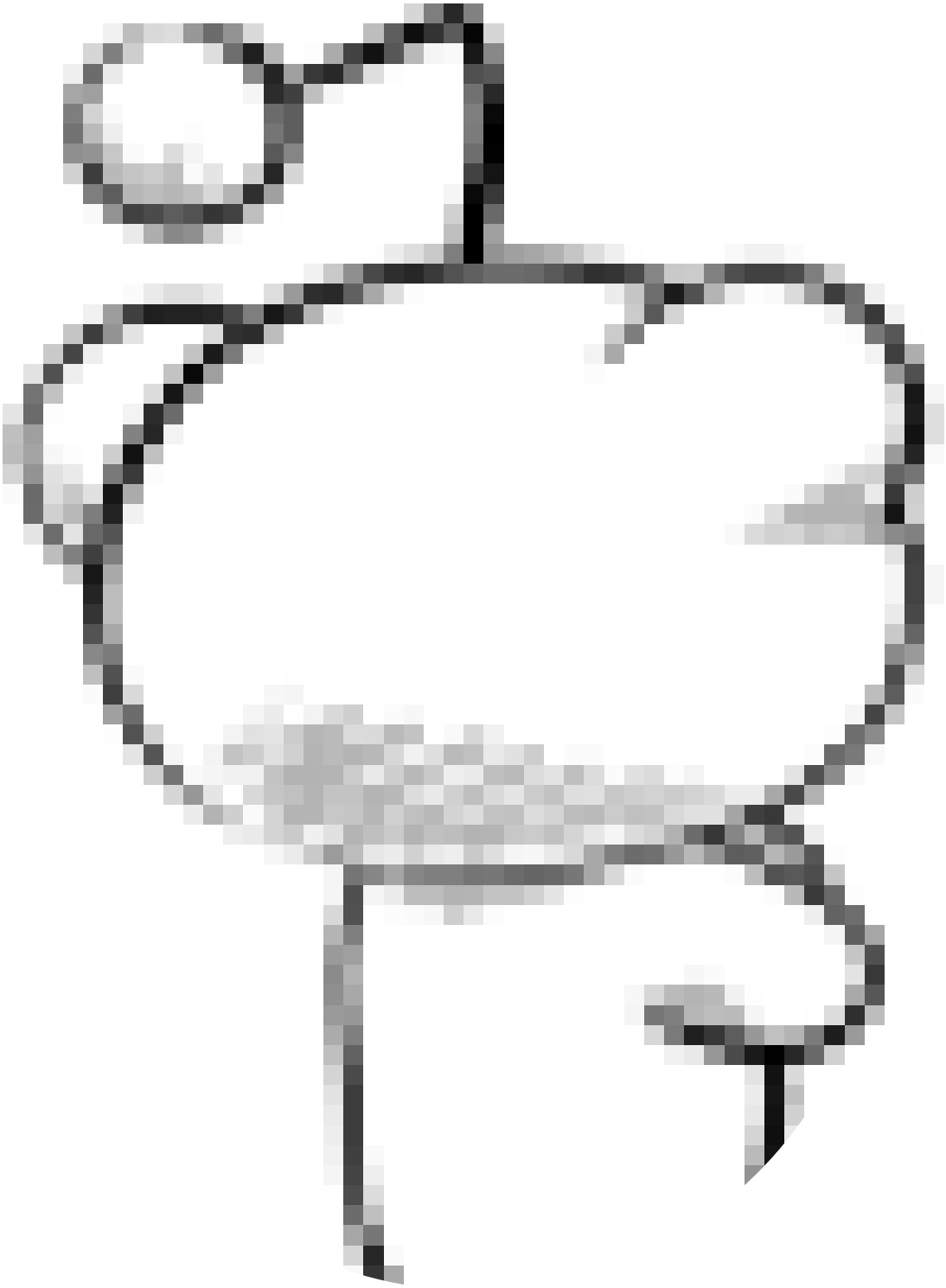

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â€¢ 15y ago

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GSpotAssassin
â€¢ 15y ago â€¢ Edited 15y ago

It was approaching Christmas a few years ago. I was living with an ex girlfriend.

Normally I woke up at least an hour after her. That morning, I woke up WELL before her- Just before the crack of dawn- and there was some kind of "panic" impression in my head. Hard to describe- I felt it almost like hearing an alarm going off, but I couldn't tell where the sound was coming from (what was also weird is that I couldn't reproduce the alarm sound if asked... it was more like I was aware of an alarm noise but couldn't actually make out the noise, I know this doesn't make sense though, I'm sorry!). In any event, I felt STRONGLY compelled to search every square foot of the premises of my condo (something I never did, other than that time, in the entire 6 years I've lived here). I leaped out of bed (which is SUPER unusual for me... I was just diagnosed with OSA 3 months ago and I've probably had it for *years*), my girlfriend groggily looking at me, confused. "Something's wrong, do you hear that alarm?" I said. (My apartment doesn't have an alarm. Not even a smoke alarm. Bad, I know.) "I'm going to search the entire apartment." And so I did. Groggy and still half-asleep. Found nothing unusual. I return to bed, confused. The alarm "impression" had since faded.

Hour later, my girlfriend leaves for work. I get a call 5 minutes later- she is *sobbing*. Someone had broken into her car and stolen ALL the gifts she had purchased for Christmas, including all the gifts for me.

*Her car did not have an alarm.*

Note: This has never happened before or since, and I've never ever felt compelled like that to do anything in my entire life to my knowledge. Sadly, I didn't think to search the parking lot I guess, but there isn't a good view of it from my unit.

The second thing I'd like to say- I've gotten stories told to me by many people, unsolicited and in private, only because they felt I was open minded and non judgmental about hearing out their experiences. If you only believe that conventional prosaic explanations are possible, and you make that clear, you will make a person (the very person who experienced the "weird thing") feel like an idiot for not seeing how that's possible (even if it is). If you want to be a good friend to people AND hear about stories you'd normally never hear- Make sure you keep an open mind. That is all.

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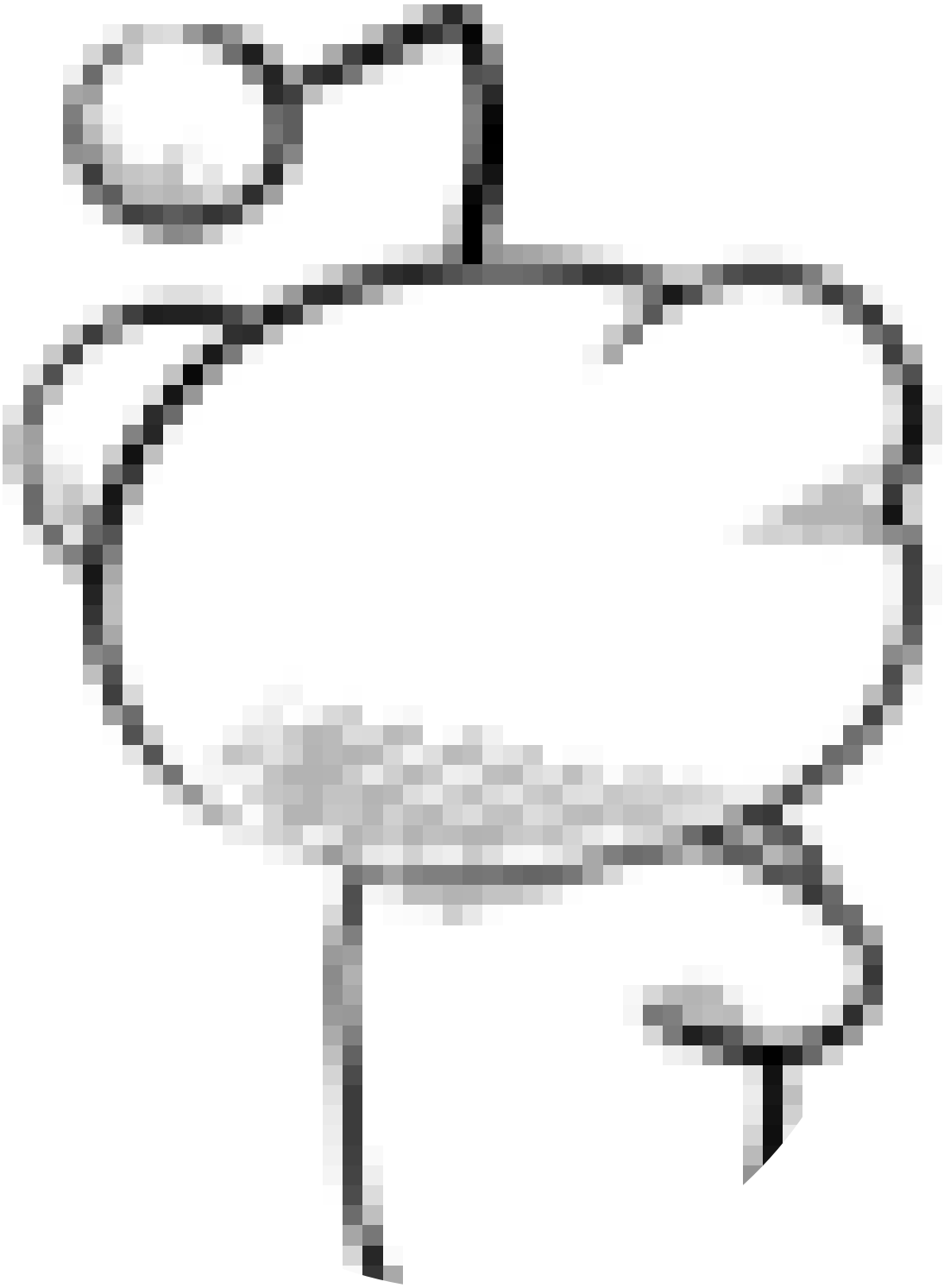

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â€¢ 15y ago

When I was in high school I let my Shih Tzu (he's only about 12 pounds) out into the backyard around midnight. Our back porch only had one light so you could only see for about a 3 foot distance around the door. My dog went of to do is business but I couldn't really see him. So I'm waiting and all of the sudden he just bolts back through the door. I glance up to see something chasing after him and I slam the door shut. One pane of glass between me and the biggest coyote I have ever seen. Scared the shit out of me.

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dorkinb
â€¢ 15y ago

When I was 18 years old I decided to go to art school in Charlotte N.C. My hometown was Lexington S.C. about an hour and a half drive. with all my real friends living in S.C. still and being young I would drive back and forth all the time to hang with my family, girlfriend, and friends since I missed them, considering this being my first time moving away from home.

So with all of this came many hours of being in my car driving from one location to the other, even sometime leaving Columbia S.C. at like 1am to arrive in Charlotte at 3am. Anyways one night I had to pee so I pulled into a rest stop about 15 miles outside of Charlotte N.C. I park and get out of my car and walk towards the bathroom and there were 2 men standing what looked like near their car and the bathroom entrance. I thought this was a little strange but figured they were just stretching after a long drive.

I preceded to go into the bathroom and pee and while I was doing so I heard some moans and grunts coming from one of the stalls in the bathroom. Putting the two together (men outside and noise inside) I quickly felt weird and finished up my piss and quickly walked out of the bathroom. When I came out the two men were gone but their car (or what I assumed was their car) was still there. I quickly moved out of the bathroom and down the stairs to the parking lot and to my car. Got inside and locked the doors and started the car right away.

The rest stop building was built up on top of a kind of hill so the parking part of it was below the level of the bathroom and rest of the building. As I pulled out of the parking spot and started to drive out of it and towards the on ramp to the highway I looked up and out to the left and behind where the bathrooms were located were two men having

anal sex with one another. Another man was staring at my car with his pants at his ankles masturbating. He was facing my car and as I progress towards the on ramp and away from the building he would turn with my car so that his front was always facing me.

I just stepped on it and made my way home. I never went back to the rest stop but I will never forget how weird and strange that was. This was definitely the turning point in my life where the sobering truth of how weird and unnormal our society and lives really are can be.

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CleanShavenRiker
â€¢ 15y ago â€¢ Edited 15y ago

Winter, 1999. I was a teenager and staying at a cabin in Yosemite with my neighbor's family and a few of our friends. It was late at night and snowing lightly. I had never been in falling snow before, and a few of us decided to go for a hike in the snow. As we were setting out we passed a grizzly-looking man just standing around smoking a cigarette near the start of the trail. A little further and we're out of the reach of any light, so we fire up one of those big-beam, heavy-duty flashlights and continue on.

About a mile out on the trail one of the group produces a joint. This was also something I had never experienced before. We partake in a little puff-puff-give, and move along our way. We go for about another mile and I'm starting to get a little paranoid. I feel like I keep hearing things outside of the radius of our light, but I'm not the one with the flashlight, so I just continue on in silence.

We're a few miles out now, and one of those moments when everyone just happens to stop talking at the same time occurs. At that moment we all hear a branch break a bit behind of us. The light-bearer swings the beam around. The grizzly man from before is walking about 30 feet behind us at the same pace as us. Bear in mind it's pitch dark except for our flashlight. No one says anything more and we quicken our pace considerably.

Remember, most of us are high for the first time in our lives. Now add this to the mix: this was in between the time when Cary Stayner had murdered 4 people in Yosemite, and when he was caught. The news of a serial killer in Yosemite had been the topic of discussion a few minutes before we heard that branch break.

We hurried back to our cabin without ever looking back again, hearts pumping, no one uttering a sound. When we got back to the start of the trail, I look back, and sure enough this guy is still following about 30 feet behind us. He stops right about where I first saw him, and fires up another cigarette.

Suffice it to say it was a long time before I ever wanted to get high again.

**tl;dr:** Some friends and I took a walk in the pitch-dark snowy woods, got high for the first time, got followed by a creepy dude the whole way. *(At the time a serial killer was loose in the area)*

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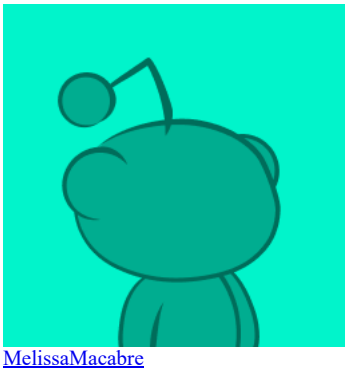

MelissaMacabre
â€¢ 15y ago â€¢ Edited 15y ago

This happened when I was younger.

When we lived in Mexico, we lived really close to a forest-type thing. My brother and I would always go play out there since it always had something cool for us to do. One day, I decided to stay home and do whatever the hell it is that 4 year olds do. My brother took my cousin instead since my aunt had come over that day and they both went to explore the forest. Not too long after they had gone, we hear screaming coming from our front yard. We all ran out to see my older brother carrying a jar with a strange liquid inside, and some sort of doll. (Apparently, they had been digging around the forest when they stumbled upon the jar). My brother opened the jar and poured out the unknown liquid along with the creepy ass doll. It smelled terrible. His reply was simply "it's okay, he's free now."

We have no idea wtf that was, but according to my mom, it was most likely witchcraft.

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Cabanaman
â€¢ 15y ago

When I was young, about 5 or 6, me and my parents lived in a house on a hill directly in front of a railroad track.

One night I was up particularly late playing around in the den, when I happened to wander into the kitchen. Our kitchen was one of those that had a big ( shaped series of windows facing our backyard and the train tracks. At this point, the train started to go by and I decided since I was already in the kitchen I might as well sit and watch it go by.

So as I'm sitting there just watching the train, I notice an odd shape in the trees above the cars. I move in a squint a little harder when I finally realized what it was. There, dangling above the train was the body of a grown man, hung by his neck from a tree branch. I was young, but I knew exactly what this was and let out a blood curdling scream. My parents rushed into the kitchen to see what was wrong. My mom said that I was so terrified I had entered like a state of shock and was unable to talk or move from the spot, just staring at the body.

They rushed me out of there and called the police of course. We stayed at my uncles house while the police and firedepartment came in to remove the body.

The best part? It wasn't even a real body. Some kids had decided to play a prank on the train passengers and hung a dummy over the tracks. When the police got it down, they gave it to my neighbor and he still has it to this day (even though we moved, we've stayed in touch). I can't imagine how traumatizing that would have been if it were an actual corpse.

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loto_kid
â€¢ 15y ago

I remember 2 creepy things :

1. I was about 6 years old and we used to live in an apartment. There was a service room (laundry room) there that one could only reach by first coming into the kitchen. So, IÂ´m in the kitchen eating or whatever after that I wanted to go watch some TV, IÂ´m about to push the kitchen door open when suddendly the woman that used to help us clean the house enters the kitchen with all the cleaning stuff . So I move to let her in. She enters the laundry room (she stays there) and then I get out of the kitchen. This action took like 3 seconds (Me moving to let her in). As IÂ´m getting out I turn to the left (because there was the hall where the other rooms and bathroom were) and I see the cleaning lady...again , still with her cleaning stuff outside the bathroom. I cannot explain what happened and in that moment I thought that I couldnÂ´t tell anyone because it had no logic and probably no one was going to believe me.

2. Also in the same apartment, getting out of the kitchen (being around the same age as the story before) I was happy about something and then I leaped , jumped you know like kids do, but the weird thing is that I stayed in the air, suspended, just floating I guess for some seconds, maybe 3. At first I thought "Hey , this is taking longer, I think IÂ´m scared " and then I touched the floor.

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nowhereman1280
â€¢ 15y ago

My best friend's fiancÃ©e (who I was also extremely close with) broke her foot one night about a year an a half ago. I was trying to get a hold of him that night to hang out like we always did, but he wasn't answering. I got a call back about an hour later saying he was at the hospital because she had fallen and broken her foot. For whatever reason as soon as I picked up that call I was overcome with fear and terror that something terrible had happened. As soon as he said "hospital" I immediately had this terrific thought that his fiancÃ©e had died, but it turned out all was well.

Three months to the day later she had all but recovered from the break. I had noticed that he hadn't been on gchat all day like he normally was and for some reason really wanted to talk to him, but I thought "maybe he's taking the day off or something, I had better not call him".

Then, at about 10:00am my phone started ringing and that exact same terror came over me that I had three months before. As soon as I answered the call I knew that this time it was for real. My best friends fiancÃ©e had literally just dropped dead the night before with absolutely no explanation. She was 23. Even after the autopsy they couldn't find out why she had died.

I don't believe in psychic shit and I haven't told anybody about my feelings of dread three months before this happened, but I feel like I somehow knew this was going to happen in advance.

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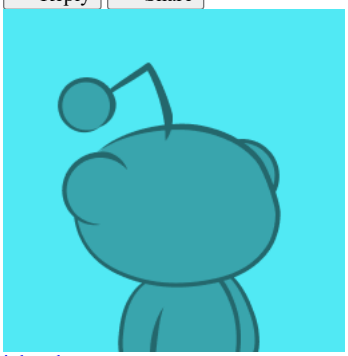

johnathanstrangescat
â€¢ 15y ago â€¢ Edited 15y ago

I had something somewhat similar happen with a buddy of mine. The day before he died, I was hanging out with him and his girl, and she offhandedly said "Don't worry about it, you have the rest of your life to figure it out." As soon as the words were out of her mouth, my friend went dead white, she looked like she was going to cry, and I felt like someone had sucker punched me in the stomach. None of us really said anything, and shortly after I left. That was the last time I saw him :(

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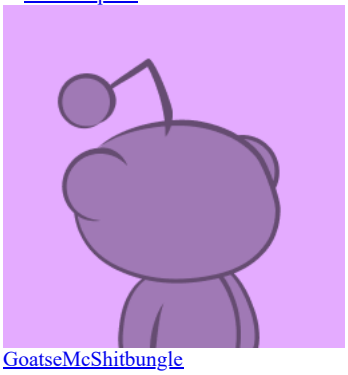

GoatseMcShitbungle
â€¢ 15y ago

7321 comments already, but I want to share this story because it was really creepy for me.

Sitting outside on my front porch one summer night, smoking a cigarette.

When I finished the cigarette, I went to flick it in the garden across the porch from me to the right. I have a strong flick, having smoked for a while.

Anyway, I go to flick the smoke into the garden, but midway across it stops suddenly, mid-air, as if it had hit something I couldn't see - and drops onto the rug in front of the door. The initial shock of seeing this happen is halted by my urgency to remove the burning butt from the rug.

I kind of half-stand, going to reach for the cigarette butt, moving my head lower and towards it, when I get that familiar feeling of sticking my head into the freezer to cool it off. I jerked upwards and back into the chair. My body went stiff and a huge rushing wave of energy swept through me - it was like full body goosebumps forming from head to toe.

I had a very foreign feeling of explosive anger accompanying that rush. I had no control over the feeling and it lasted until I could shake myself free and scurry the fuck inside.

I don't smoke out there anymore.

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MangyDog
â€¢ 15y ago

When I was 7 my mom abandoned me at a bar and I had to walk home through the ghetto in the middle of the night. Some guy invited me in for cookies and I accepted. When I got in there he put some porn on and started talking about how cute I was. I just ate the cookies, oblivious to what was going on, and then I walked right out. Then I witnessed the aftermath of a shooting, and I saw the paramedics putting this guy into an ambulance with blood everywhere. I got almost all the way home and the sun was just coming up when a cop saw me and started asking where my parents were. I was honest with him (because hey, he's a cop! what could possibly go wrong?) and he wouldn't let me go home because my mom wasn't there. So he brought me to a police station and then I ended up in a foster home for a few weeks (not the first time, nor the last). So telling the cop the damn truth turned out to be a terrible idea.

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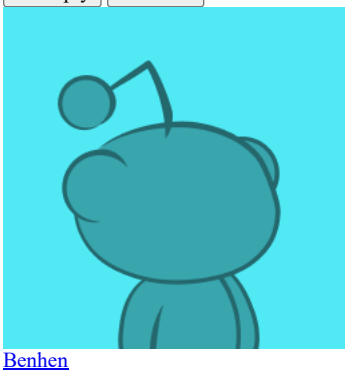

Benhen

â€¢ 15y ago

How was telling the cop a terrible idea? Sounds like going into the cookie man's house was the bad idea...

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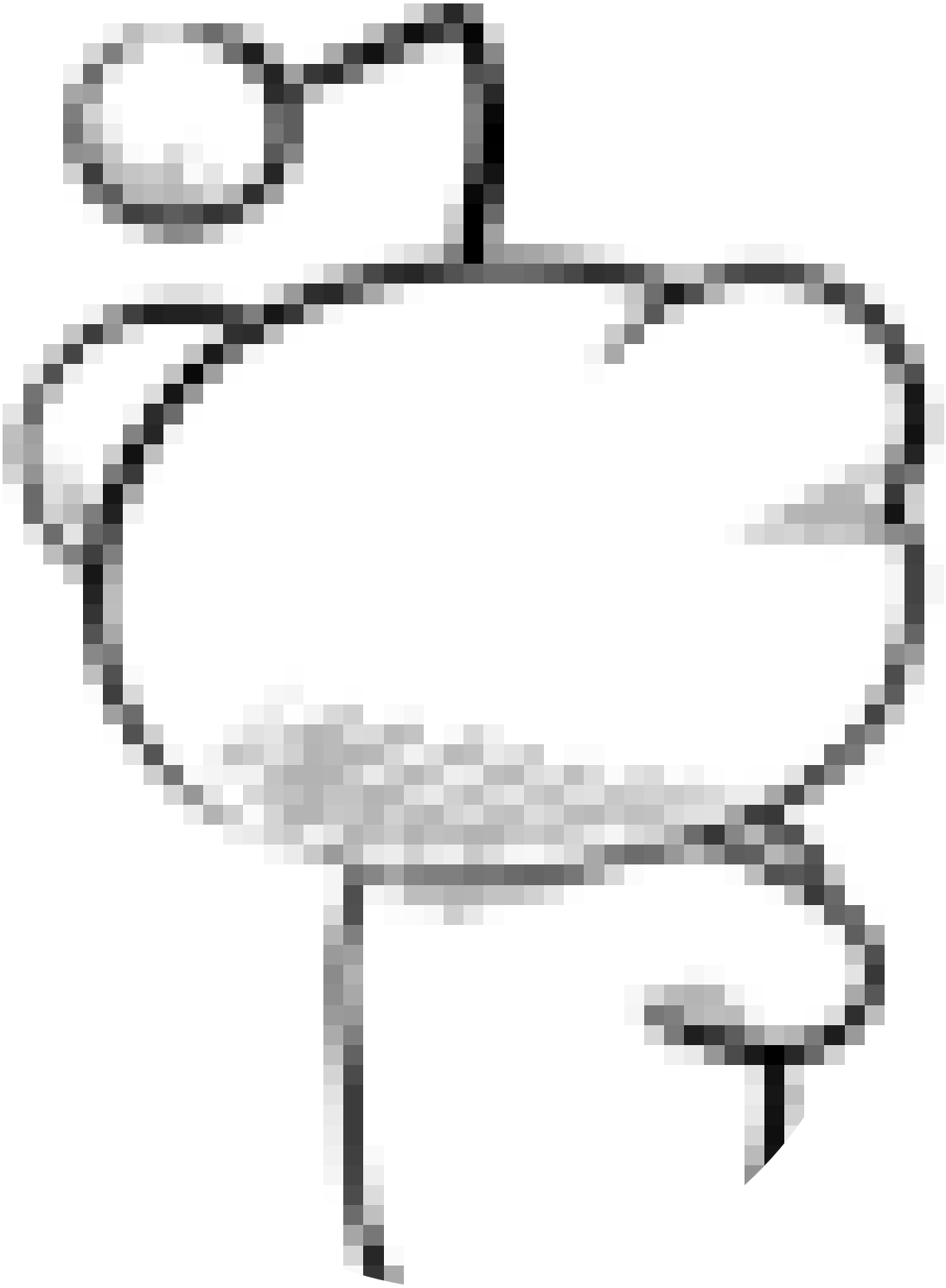

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â€¢ 15y ago

Having my mom tell me stories of her seeing aliens and her being serious and me not believing her...

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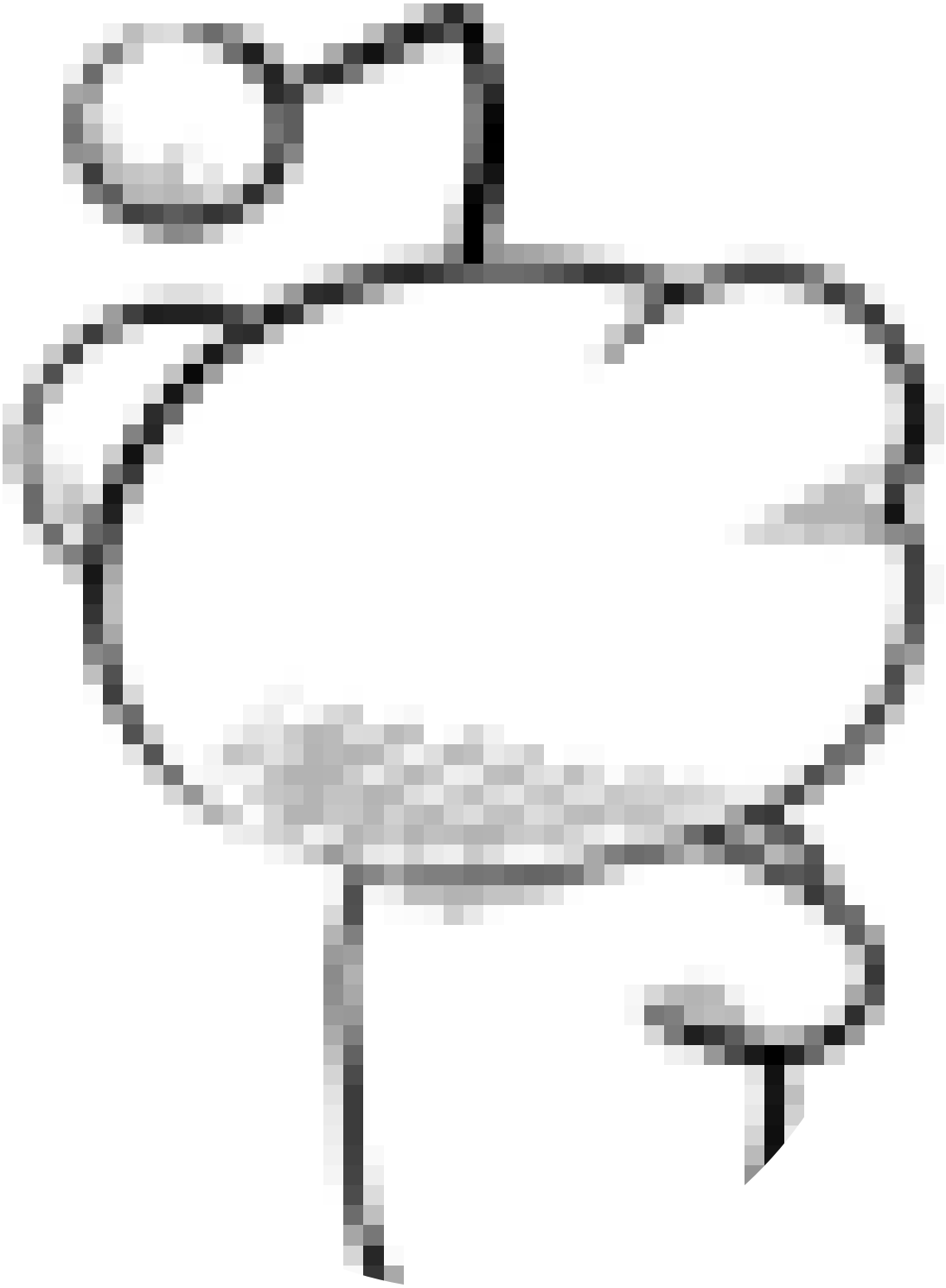

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â€¢ 15y ago

there are many scales of creepy, but here's a good one:

i was driving at night with my first girlfriend, and i started to feel uncomfortable. i ignored it, but i felt like someone was watching me from the back seat. a few seconds later, my girlfriend said, "creepy, huh?" and i said, "what?"

"feels like they're watching you."

fuuuuck. she apparently did this to my friend, whom she dated after i moved away.

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SHUNTHENONBELIEVERS
â€¢ 15y ago

I am so confused... who was watching you? how did she know?! whatt

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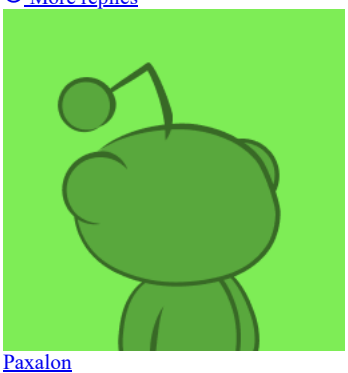

Paxalon
â€¢ 15y ago

My parents separated for two years when I was 13. Not long after my mother, sister, and I moved out of our house and settled into an old guy's basement apartment, my dad came to visit. He and I were washing the dishes, when shit started sliding off of the kitchen table. An empty yogurt container, the lid, a pen, a spoon, etc. We checked for water to see if anything could have hydroplaned, checked the slope of the table. Nothing explained the way these items moved. The next day, I was going toward the laundry room. It was 'latched' with a piece of nailed-on wood, that you would turn to hold the door closed. When I put my hand up to turn the wood, it started turning on its own. Very slowly. And kept turning for a few seconds. My father and sister saw this happen as well.

For some reason, none of this freaked me out at the time. We were all just a little perplexed, and trying to find ways to explain it rationally. Sort of. My sister asked my dad if he thought our new place was haunted, and he said no. That he thought *I* was causing it, because 'phenomena like that sometimes happens around emotional teens.' What creeps me out now, is that I still have no way to explain what these little things were. Nothing overly weird happened after. So, I'm forced to conclude that it was an elaborate plan of my dad's to troll me.

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ragnaroker
â€¢ 15y ago

After 6000+ comments I doubt this will get read, but I thought I would post anyway. Back when I was in college, I had a very creepy dream that still disturbs me when I think about it. In the dream, I walk into my dorm room to find a man wearing a suite with a blank face sitting on my bed. The dream is also strange because I am aware that I am dreaming almost instantly. I am creped out in the dream by the mere presence of the man who I immediately feel is a threat to me and evil. Knowing that I am dreaming I try to force myself to wake up. The man responds to this by telling me that it is no use, because he will not let me leave the dream. He then proceeds to tell me that he is there to take over my body. It is at this time that I get the sensation that I am fading away. Then man tells me that once he takes my body I will no longer exist. After he says this I frantically try to force my self to wake up. After what seems like an eternity I was able to force myself to wake up. I still sometimes wonder if I would be the same man I am today if I did not force myself awake.

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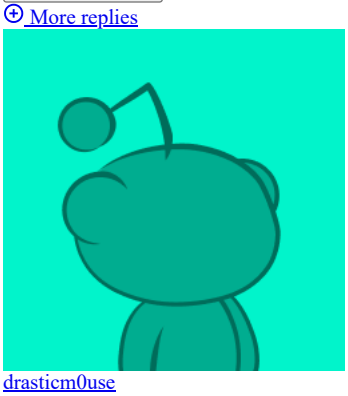

drasticm0use
â€¢ 15y ago

I was 17 years old and my parents recently bought a motor home in preparation for their early retirement. Retirement was put on hold and a perfectly good motor home was sitting in our back yard unused. So I decided to move from my bedroom to the motor home for more privacy. It was around 3am, all the lights are out and I'm fast asleep. I'm a hard sleeper, so I don't hear the door opening into the motor home (didn't lock it that time, don't know why). I'm in the bed and I slowly wake up because I feel something right beside me. I take out my hands out the covers and I reach over to my side. I feel someone's naked body. I screamed like a bitch and jumped out of bed and rushed to turn on the lights and try to grab anything I can to defend myself. The lights turned on and I ended up grabbing a folding tray. It was a guy with only his underwear laying in my bed. The guy panics too and tells me "Oh shit, sorry dude! I didn't know someone lived here!" He quickly bolts out the motor home. When I was screaming, I guess my brothers inside the house heard me and they rushed outside with their guns. They see a old guy with only his underwear on coming outside the motor home and running out our yard (we didn't have a fence at the time). I come out seconds later telling my brothers not to shoot and that I'm okay. We called the police and they find the guy walking on the next street over. The guy's wife kicked him out the house with only his underwear on because he was so drunk and being in the middle of winter was trying to find a place to keep warm. My brothers till this day still joke about saving my life from man rape.

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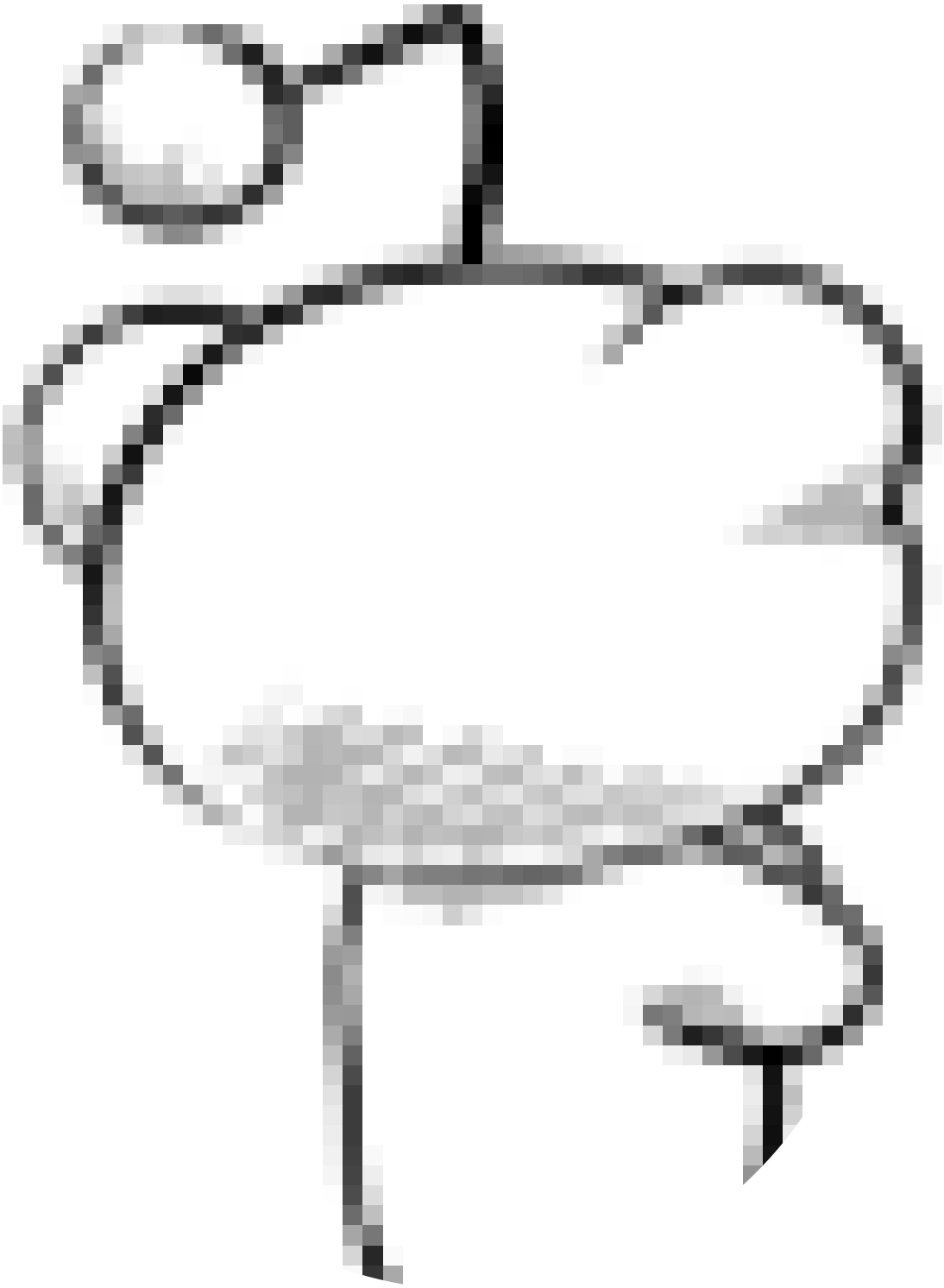

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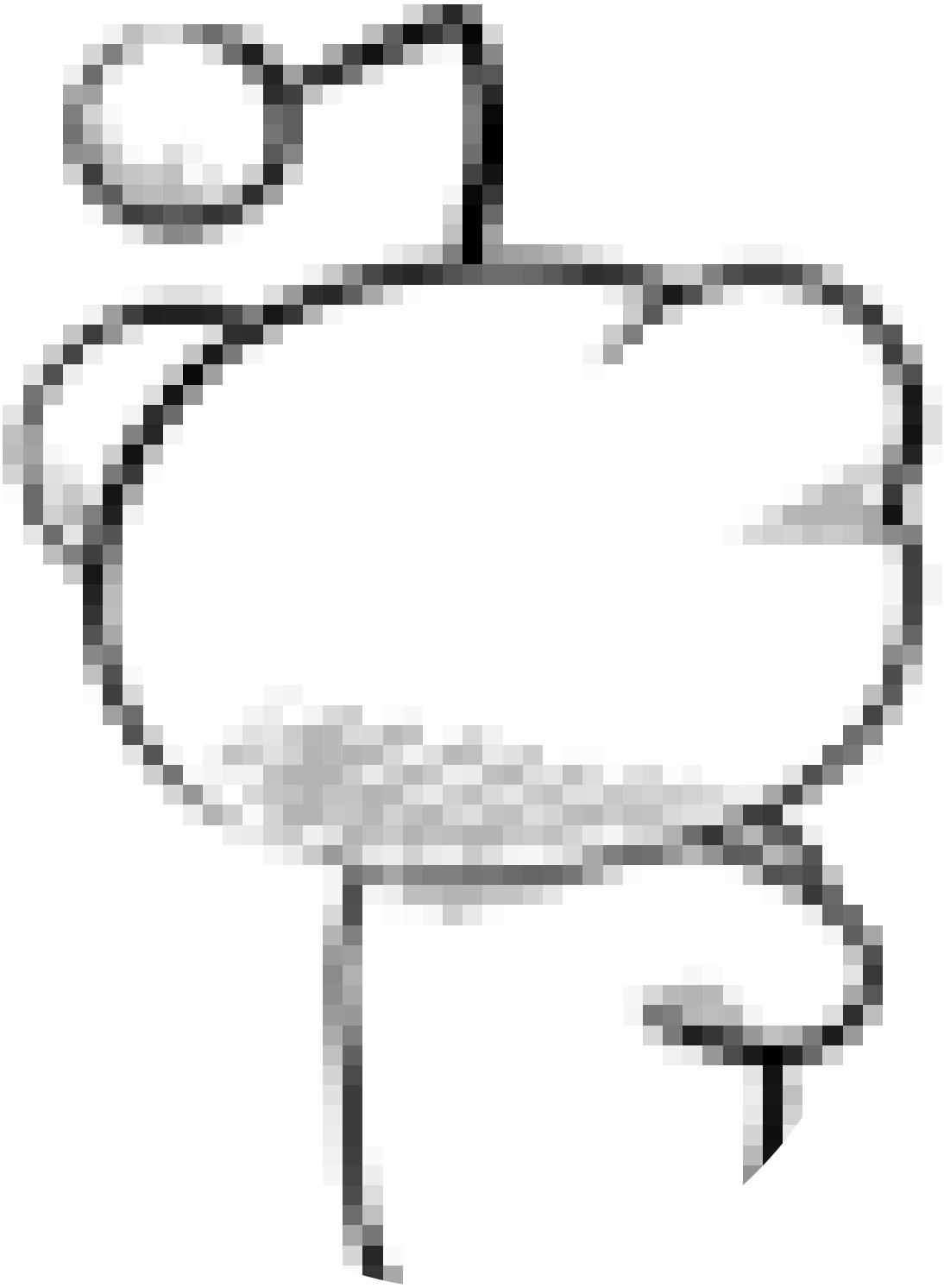

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â€¢ 15y ago

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ifixyospeech
â€¢ 15y ago

Hypnopompia. I was staying in a hotel in Atlanta for a work conference and was woken up in the middle of the night by what felt like someone running their finger along my hip. I looked over to the side of the bed and there was a tall man in a baseball hat and open checkered short-sleeve shirt standing there staring at me. Being a woman, I was fearful that either a) some drunk guy had wandered into my room and thought I was his gf, or b) it was rapin' time. Stupidly, all I could say was, "Can I help you?" but dude just kept standing there. Then as I was really starting to panic, he began to fade into the drapes and disappeared.

I don't believe in ghosts or things like that, but it scared the SHIT out of me. I had that whole sinking-stomach-whole-body-tingling-in-fear thing going on even after I turned on the lights and looked it up on Wikipedia!

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Oster
â€¢ 15y ago â€¢ Edited 15y ago

I was about 9 years old. My parents worked full time so I had to walk home from school. A long, quiet boring walk through the suburbs weighed down by those pointlessly heavy and oversized textbooks. One day about halfway to my house, I heard a car behind me, but unlike normal traffic it never seemed to pass. I glanced back and saw a black econoline van stopped on the side of the road, engine running. As I got to the next street, I heard it again. It had been following me. I couldn't make out who was inside through the tinted windows. I thought I was overreacting but figured that picking up the pace was a smart idea, so I started jogging back home. For one block the van trailed me. I booked it to a usually busy residential street. Every porch was empty, every door was closed, and I saw no people through the windows. I figured my best bet was to find a sympathetic mother. I ran to a house where I regularly saw a family enjoying the afternoon. No dice. So I stood on this empty porch and just stared back at the van, which was sitting about 25 feet away. If I knocked on the door and no one answered I'd be doomed. I didn't know what to do. I stared at the van for a good 2 minutes before it pulled a 3-point-turn and drove off in the opposite direction.

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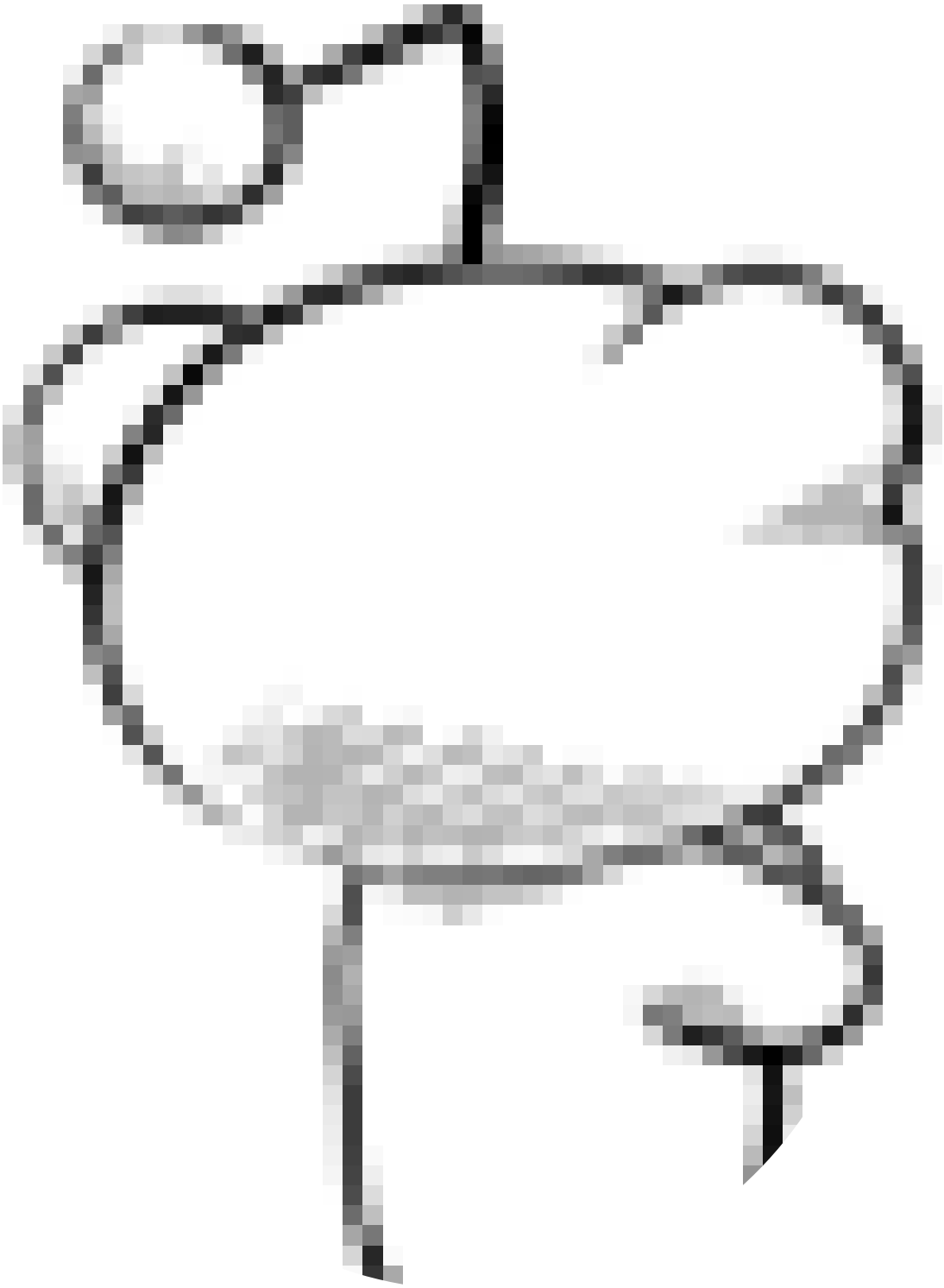

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â€¢ 15y ago

I work in a Hospital on a neurosurgical floor. One morning I came in at 6:30am and a patient had died. Its really quiet on our floor at that time and two of my collegues had just finished washing the deceased to prep him for morgue transfer. The call bell in the room was hung on the wall and not attatched to the bed... My one collegue as she was leaving the room said something to the effect of "rest peacefully sir" as soon as she leaves the room I got a call at the nursing station from the patient (who was deceased) on the call bell system. The nurses and I were freaking out a bit... and my collegue who left the room and said rest peacefully went back to the room to verify indeed the call bell was on the wall.... And it was. She said leaving the room again "if you need anything call and as she turned her back and was stepping out of the room his call bell went off again. She went back in the room and stated to the decased man that he was deceased and there was not another call from that room while the body remained on the unit/

Now people might think it was malfunctioning but when call bells malfunctioning here you are not able to cancel the call or reset the bell it will constantly ring and can't be cancelled. These were sporadic calls.

I don't believe in ghosts or aliens but this was creeeeeeepy.

araenae
â€¢ 15y ago

When I was 18 (15 years ago) I worked as a handyman for an industrial machinery repair shop located in a very old house, we were just three people there, the owner, the guy who lived there (sort of a nightwatchman since the house was in a dangerous neighborhood) and me. One day while i was asleep at home I had this horrible nightmare that's hard to explain, basically I saw first the nightwatchman telling me something like "this is where your suffering comes from" while proceeding to pull out a rusty axe from a box that appeared to be above the bathroom in the back of the house, then like in a cutscene I say my entire family maimed to death, a complete bloody mess of chopped limbs. Next day I go to work, I was alone and I had to take a piss, so I go to the bathroom (the same from my nightmare) and suddenly realize that the ceiling there is almost 3 feet lower than the rest of the house (old houses in my city tend to have very tall ceilings, about 10-12 feet). Intrigued, I take a ladder and proceed to check the ceiling, to discover it's a fake one but I can't open it from the inside. I go to the side of the bathroom and there's a fake plywood wall (walls here are 99% of the time made of good 'ol bricks) about 3x2 feet size painted the same way as the rest of the wall. I take out the fake wall and behind was a secret compartment , full of old spider webs and what appeared to be "grease". I cannot describe exactly what that grease was and I think it was a pretty large space, since light couldn't reach the other side of it, but I was absolutely scared to even look at that thing, so I just put back the fake wall and went home early. I never told my boss or the nightwatch and I quit that job about a month later. Nothing happened to my family, but I still get goosebumps remembering that incident.

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ryandg
â€¢ 15y ago

I also watched someone fall 7 stories to pavement one time, it really creeped me out.

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Junkstar
â€¢ 15y ago

A seriously violent classmate in 7th/8th grade let me know he was going to beat me senseless after school one Friday. I knew he had a huge advantage as he was a really out of control guy and had been delivering serious beatings to a lot of kids for years for no good reason. I was his latest target.

I asked my guidance counselor if I could take off early so the guy could maybe cool off for the weekend. I left school early and spent the weekend freaked out, wishing this kid would just die and go away.

During morning announcements Mon morning, i found out the kid was killed by a drunk driver that Sunday morning. I wished death on someone, and it happened. That still freaks me out.

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Turtlelover73
â€¢ 15y ago

I'm probably not the only person who will read this thread to the absolute bottom just so that they don't have to sleep tonight, so hopefully someone will see this.

About 8 months ago, i was moving out of my dad's house to move to delaware with my mom. We were both taking boxes out of my room to the car. I came out carrying a box (and had just remembered something i had wanted to ask him (i don't remember what now)) and i went into the den (right when you go into the den from the hall, there's an entertainment center thing to the right, so you can only see straight ahead until you get around it.) So i walk out of my room and turn into the den, and my dad(?) walks out of the narrow area i could see, so i started to ask him whatever i had been plainning to ask. I turn around the corner and he isn't there, so i assume he's hiding on the other side of the entertainment center to scare me. So i decided to set the box down so i could scare him. When i sat the box down on the couch, i saw him outside putting a box in the car. I freaked out, thinking someone had broken into the house. I looked everywhere someone could hide from where they had been, and no one was there. I still have no clue who/what it is. I'm glad i don't live there anymore though.

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dingle_hopper1981
â€¢ 15y ago

I'm reading every post too, can't help it. Terrified but can't stop!

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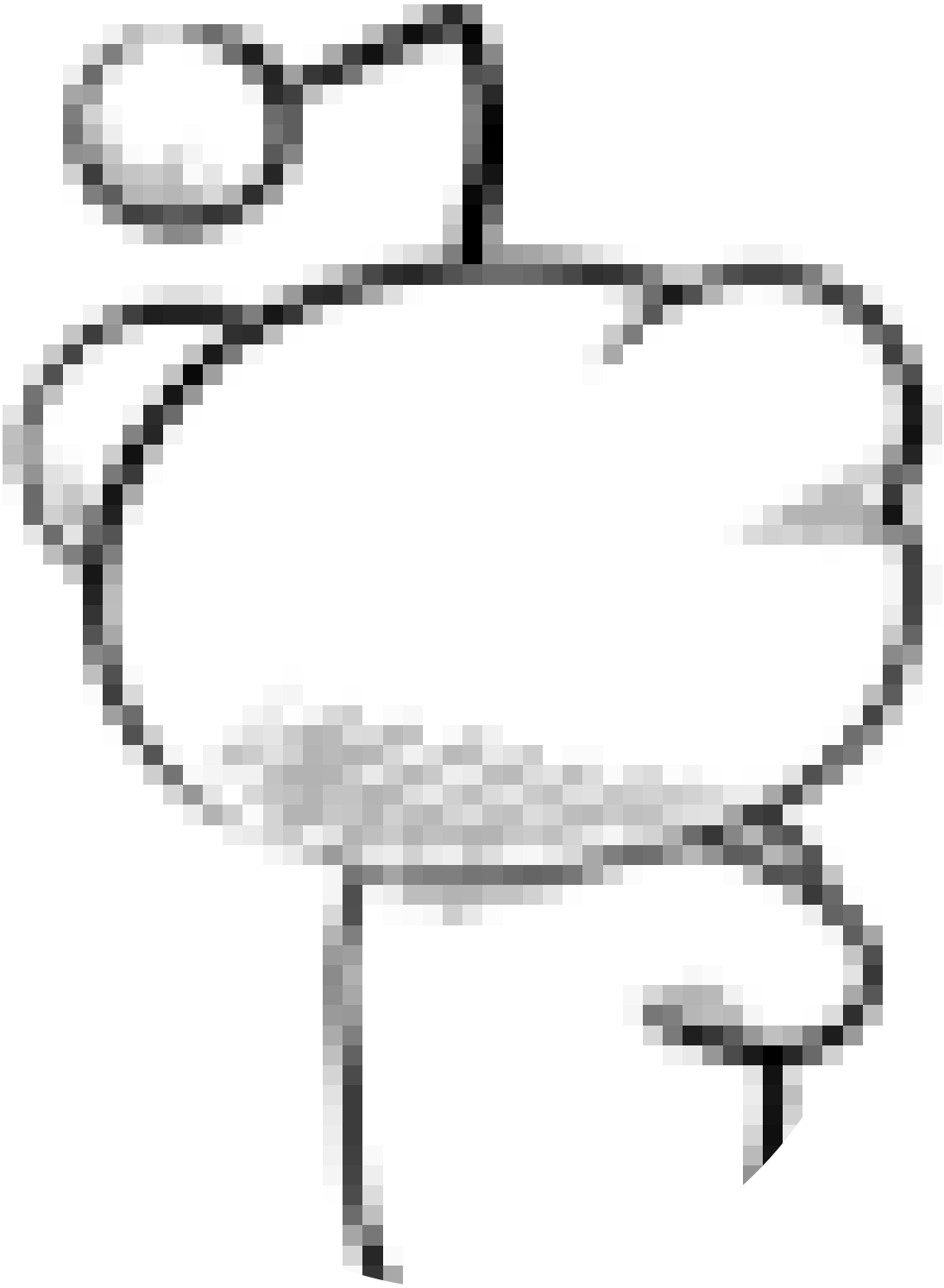

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â€¢ 15y ago

Once I was watching an interview with my brother and all of a sudden I feel like I'm having deja-vu and I say 'I've seen this before.' It was a live interview so I hadn't, and my brother said so, but as she was getting asked the next question I said out loud what her answer was going to be. It was quite strange.

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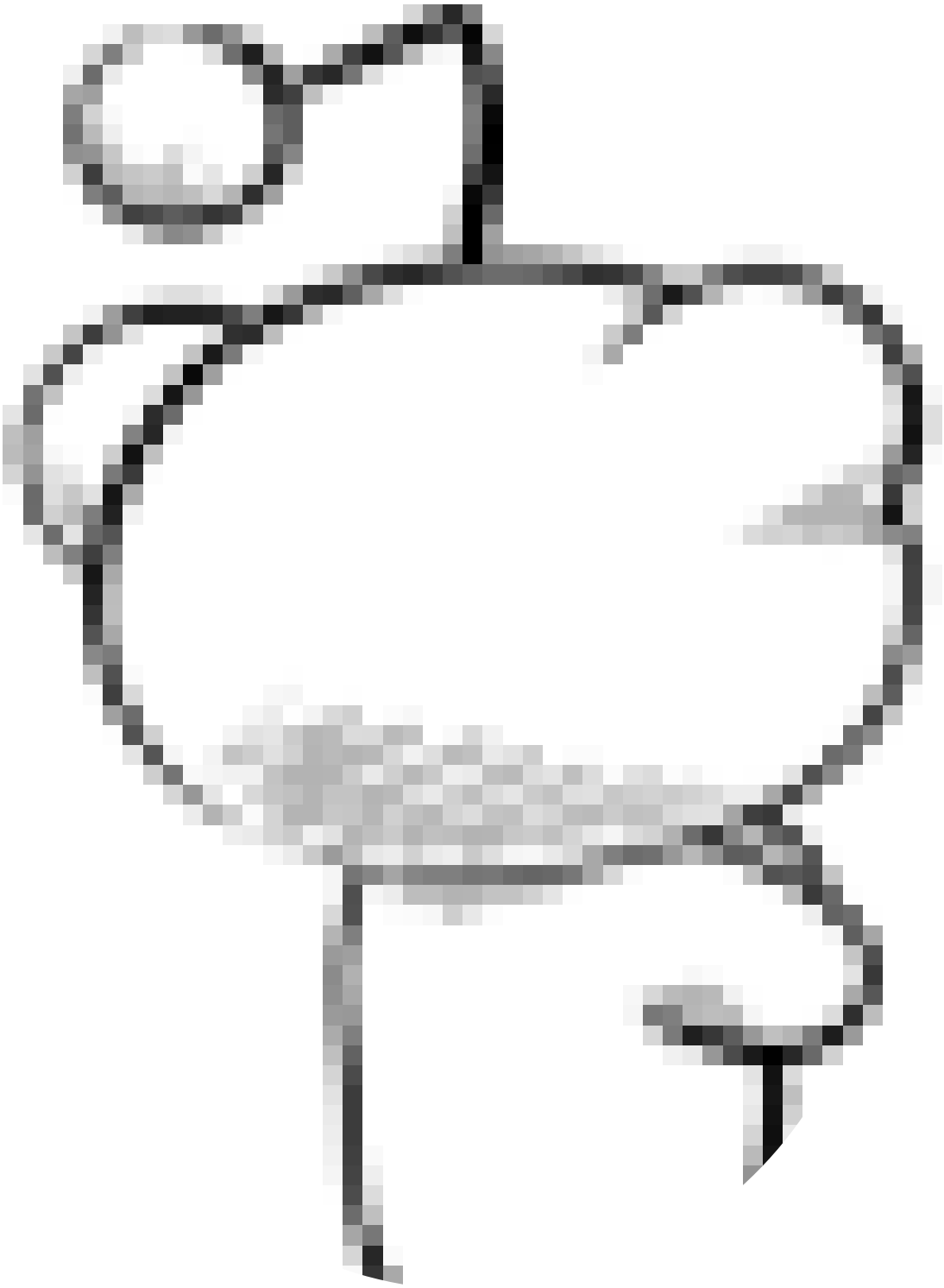

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â€¢ 15y ago

This is way too late, but...

When I was a kid, I lived in a nice downtown area next to a house that was damaged by a fire due to a lightning strike. The house was abandoned for a number of years later. My bedroom was upstairs and faced the abandoned house, and almost every night, I saw lights and shadowy figures in the house.

Being seven years old, I thought there were aliens in the house who wanted to abduct me, like on the old show Sightings.

My parents told me I was only having nightmares when I told them about this, even though I was scared to death almost every night and knew I was awake. The only thing they told me was to never go anywhere near that house -- there were snakes in the yard, the house could collapse on me, etc.

Years later, neighbors finally moved in and began renovating the house. Their kids (my new friends) bluntly indicated that it had a long history of being used a crack house and had to explain to me exactly what that entailed.

**TLDR:** I saw crack heads in an abandoned house next door as a kid every night, but thought they were aliens instead.

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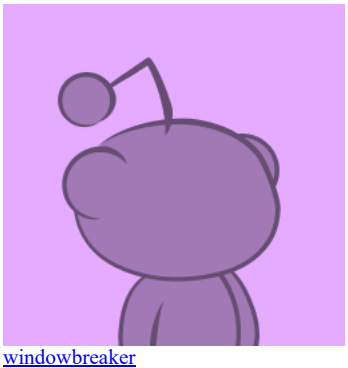
heavyj1970
â€¢ 15y ago

this has been one of the best threads to read in a long time, I keep coming back to read more. thanks o.p.



windowbreaker
â€¢ 15y ago

When I was a kid, I used to wear an electronic wristwatch everywhere I went. Before going to sleep one night, I took off the watch and put it on my dresser like I normally would. I'm a pretty sound sleeper, but something woke me in the middle of the night. When I opened my eyes, the whole room seemed distorted; I remember the ceiling seemed closer and there was something odd about the light on the smoke detector. It was as if I was in an approximate replica of my room. I wasn't awake for more than a minute and slept soundly through the rest of the night. In the morning I awoke in my normal room. While getting dressed I was thinking about that brief moment of weirdness, and as I picked up my watch I noticed that it had lost about an hour of time during the night. That watch had never gained or lost any significant amount of time before that and would never again do so for as long as I owned it.

Also when I was a kid, I found a paper tag inscribed with my first and last name and an alphanumeric code in the pocket of a new pair of pants.

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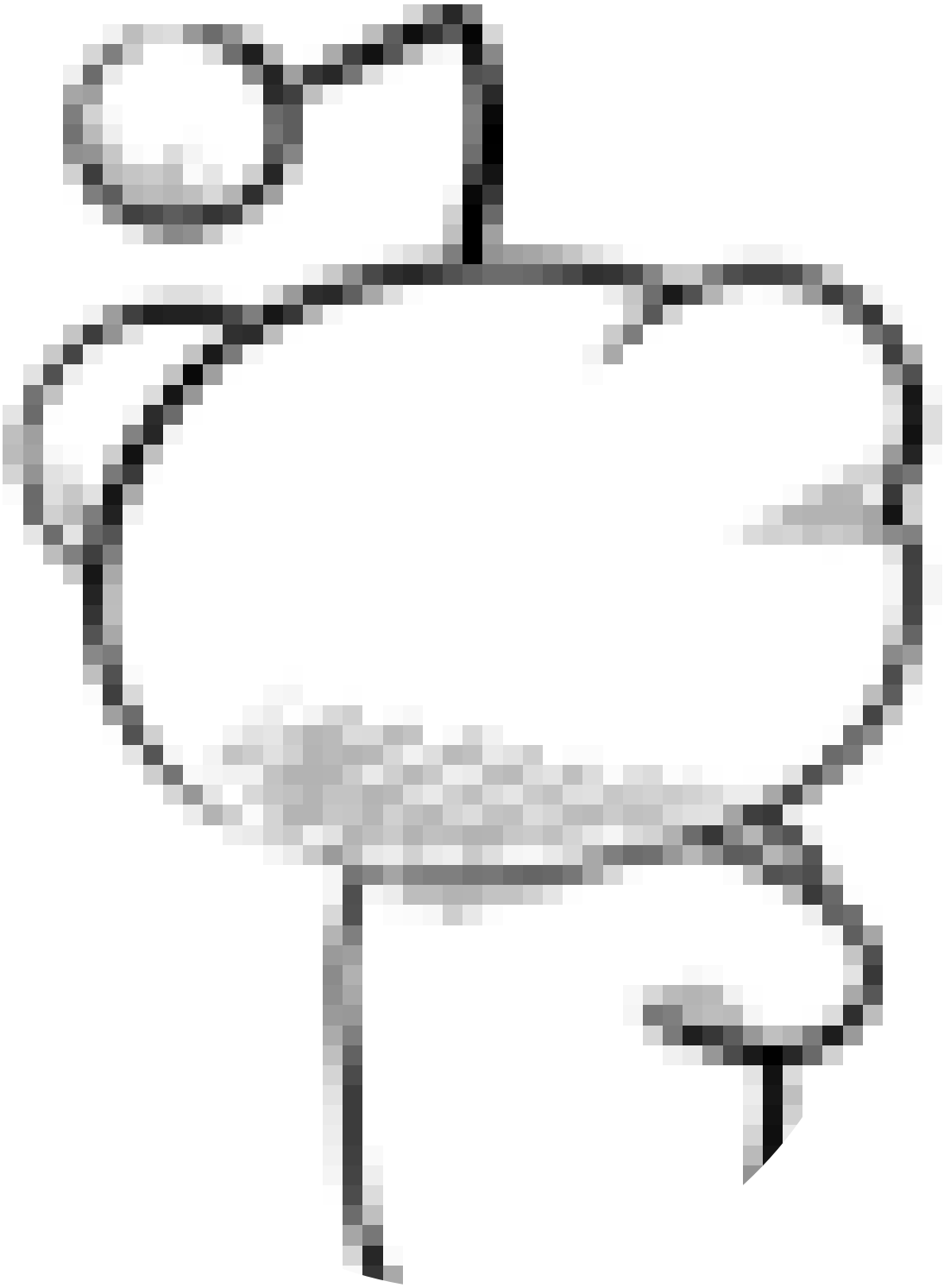

analmurder
â€¢ 15y ago

Another one that fits more into this supernatural shitfest: My mother has this old timey photo of three sisters ('aybe even triplets), it is from their upper chests to head so you don't see the whole body. She bought it randomly at a garage sale when she was in college, the previous owners just said they found it in the attic and were creeped out. She says yhey are her guardian (fucked up spelling, I know) angels. Let me tell you, this photo is probably one of the creepiest photos I have ever seen. No matter where you are, their eyes follow you. The longer you look at them thr more sinister they seem. It's just strange. She has put them as the centerpiece of her living room in every house we have lived in since I was a child, creepy shit. I'll post a photo of it if anybody wants it. I'm just worried what these creepy sisters will do to the INTERWEB.

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deja_geek
â€¢ 15y ago

I spent three months working and driving home a soon to be murderer. The creepiest thing about it was, when I knew him, he was a great guy. Always had a good joke to make the day better, and never said a bad word. That, and he was also inches away from me in my car almost every night we worked together as I drove him back home.

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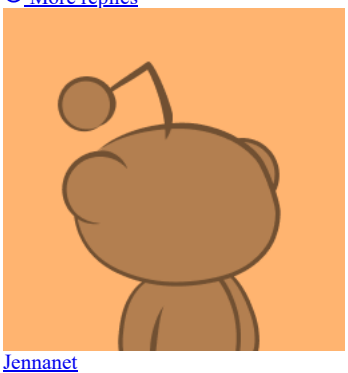

Jennanet
â€¢ 15y ago

Wow, you guys have some amazingly creepy stories. I think I'll sleep with the lights on tonight.

Mine was on one especially dark night in the summer when I was about 14. Me and my mom decided to go to the store even though it was kinda late, maybe 11 pm, so we headed out the door toward the gate in the front of our yard. Now, it's pitch black. The moon isn't out, and I can't even see where I'm going except that I know where the gate is. As soon as I put my hand on the gate latch and it clinks, BRIGHT HEADLIGHTS OUT OF SEEMINGLY NO WHERE blind me and my mom as we hear a loud car start up with the engine revving before it peals out of our front driveway.

We had been noticing a ton of cigarettes in our driveway for weeks before but didn't think much of it before this. Someone had been parking in front of our house, turning off all their lights, and just watching us. I was one foot away from their car without even knowing someone was there. -Shudder-

This is a pretty nice neighborhood, so I guess they were hanging around to figure out a good house to rob. That's my guess at least.

Reply Share

LadyA052
â€¢ 15y ago

Just had some weird old guy call my cell phone saying he was my neighbor and was gonna kick my butt for stealing his newspaper every morning. I thought it was a joke but this guy was seriously pissed at somebody, not me...I told him, "Come on over, I'm here right now!" and hung up. No more phone calls. I wonder if he went to kick his neighbor's butt...this really just happened...

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autowrecker
â€¢ 15y ago

When I was maybe 14 I was sitting at my desk in my bedroom, talking to a friend on the phone. I mentioned that it felt like something was on the back of my head. Kind of like the sensation of 'goosebumps'.

We continued to chat, and the sensation got stronger, and then I realized that I felt like there was something physically on the back of my head/neck/back. I said "Bob, it feels like...it's *so* strong...it feels like I'm... I'm being *watched!*" I'd never had the sensation before, or since.

Just then: "BAM BAM BAM!" someone beating on the window behind me. In retrospect, I don't believe it's possible, but I would have sworn I jumped from my chair and into the hallway, ten feet away, in one fluid motion.

I stood there for a moment, then opened the front door, (Next to my bedroom window) like an idiot, and heard someone running away, and a girl's laughter.

stupid peepers

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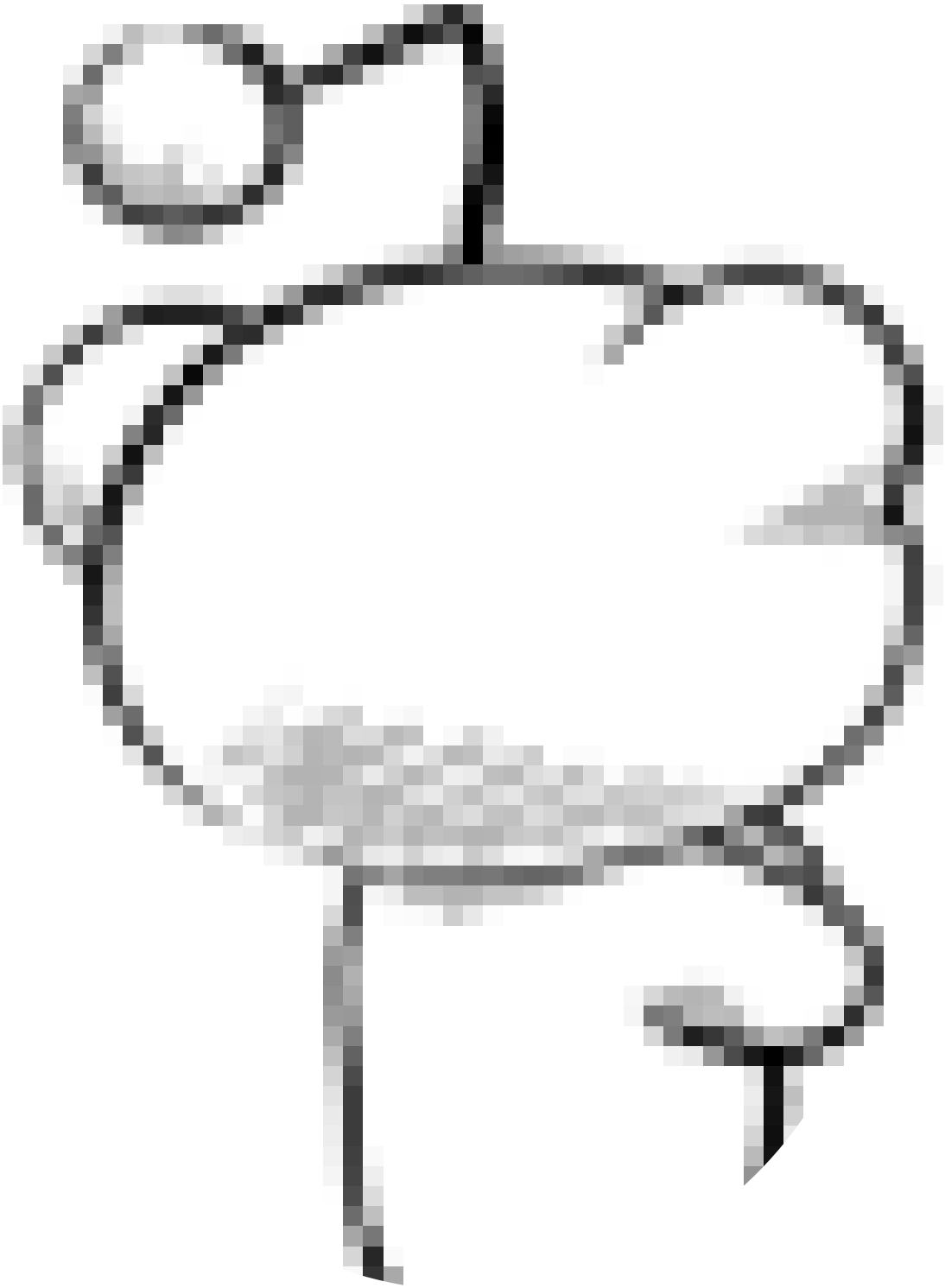

[deleted]
â€¢ 15y ago

This thread is still going strong! I regularly walk through a park on the way home in the early hours of the morning when I've been out. This park scares me at the best of times. It's roughly square shaped; with a path running around the perimeter and you can normally see from one end to the other due to the numerous orange streetlights in the area.

Anyway, one night, I'm walking along and I think I see something move at the other end. "No, it's just a bin or something." I tell myself. I stop anyway to check and whatever it is isn't moving. I carry on but I soon find myself watching again. I see the bin at the end AND something else. As I get slightly closer, it begins too look like a little girl in a white dress, the kind you'd see at a communion. I'm too far away to make out any details, but it looks like she has her back to me.

Needless to say, I ran like hell and didn't stop until I was in bed. I didn't get a wink of sleep that night because I happen to live in a Victorian house too.

I'll never know what I saw, or thought I saw, but I always use a different route home now.

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hotbox4u
â€¢ 15y ago

(First of all: sorry for my typos and my bad english, but i had to get this of my chest.) So this is my story: In 1988, when i was around 23, i went to visit my uncle in his house in Portugal. actually my main goal was doing the trip down there. (coming from hamburg, ger) i drove with my beloved blue toyota celica through the netherlands, french and spain and had the time of my life. anyway when i was in central spain i meet a young french couple hitch-hiking at a gas station and they ask me in which direction i was heading and all of that. they seemed nice so i took them with me and we splited the gas money. we had a great time and a lot of laughs. we drove till the evening and then decided to make a stop and go to a restaurant to have a solid meal. we ate there and i had the best seefood i ve ever had. After 1 hour sitting there i started to order more. but the girl who had become very quite for the last 15 minutes or so suddently ask if we could go right now. i said: no i want to try something else because im still hungry. but she insistent that we should leave right know. i didnt wanted to go and got a little mad because i asked why we should do so and she just keeped saying: please let us go. we need to go. her friend got mad as well and they started fighting in french which i couldnt understand. and then i remember myself looking at her face and listining to the tone in her voice. and i suddenly had the strong feeling that something was terrible wrong here. so i said: fine lets go. i cancled the order and we went of. i didnt even was mad anymore but her friend was angry for sure and kept apologizing for her behavior. so we went to the car and drove of into the night. we sat in the car in silence. her friend was mad at her. i didnt know what exactly was going on and she just kept starring at the road. so i switched on the radio for some music and 20 min after we left the restaurant there was a newsflash in the radio that the E.T.A. had bombed a restaurant in the city. it turned out it was the excact restaurant we ve been 20 min ago. everyone was shocked and we asked her if she may have seen something suspicious. and she said no. but she said, from one moment to the other she got the strong feeling

that she had to get out of there. and that the feeling was going stronger and stronger. she said that if we wouldnt have come with her she would have left us there. i still get goosebumps when i think about the tone in her voice when we were sitting at the table...

TL;DR: If a woman says we need to get out of here, right now! RUN!

Skysta1ker
â€¢ 15y ago

That is really scary, some other guy had the exact same thing happen to him in the thread above. If this is serious I may actually have to carry a woman around with me more often.

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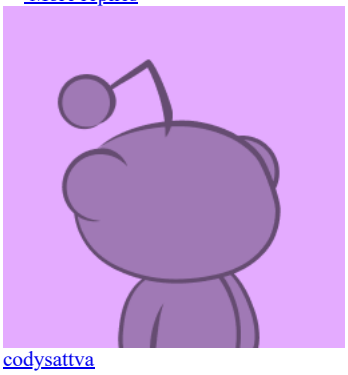


codysattva
â€¢ 15y ago

All this shit started when I found that little note. On a square piece of paper I found at the bottom of a box I was moving out of my basement, it read, "HELLO? PLEASE RESPOND." I had no idea how long the paper had been there, those boxes had sat in my basement since I moved in. I ignored it until the next morning, when I opened my coffee maker to throw out the grounds, and inside was a sopping wet piece of paper that read, "PLEASE RESPOND PLEASE HELP." I figured it must have been put inside my coffee maker by whoever was pulling this pointless prank, because it wasn't there when I put my coffee grounds in.

I found more notes, under my mousepad, inside my computer tower while I was putting in some new RAM, between the layers of tissue of my toilet paper roll, under my DVD player's disc try. Places that no one would ever look, places you'd never think of putting a note, places you knew no one would ever look and it would be foolish to put a note, because who knew when they would see it?

But it kept happening, and they all said the same thing every time, begging me to respond and help them. Being the retard I am, one day I just got fed up when I found one inside a cup in my dishwasher (right after I had run it - the paper was dry). I wrote on the back of it, "HELLO. I'M RESPONDING. PLEASE EXPLAIN YOUR SITUATION." and slid it under a crack in my bath-fitted tub.

No sooner had I left my bathroom did I find another piece of paper, floating on the surface tension on the surface of my glass of Sprite I had in the living room.

I carefully picked it out of my drink. It read, "THANK YOU" and in larger letters, "I'M TRAPPED."

I waved it around to dry it off a bit, and wrote on the back of it again, "where are you trapped? how are you sending me notes?" and, not creative enough to think of where to put it, I just threw it behind my couch. I waited and looked, but I didn't see any other notes for the rest of the day.

The next day I checked my mail, inside of some spam letter was the next note, "IN THE SECOND DIMENSION. BELOW YOU." I wasted no time in responding, "whoever you are, the prank is retarded. give it a rest" and threw it outside, the wind blew it away.

The next note I got was still in obnoxious captial letter, though it was much longer than before and the last sentence seemed to have been squeezed into the remaining space. I think it was a passage from some encyclopedia or textbook. "The first dimension is a defined point in space. The second dimension (this was underlined) is anything that exists with height and width, while the third adds length. The fourth includes time, and the fifth is the past: time that has already occured and is solidified in timespace." Everything beyond that was too squished in to read. I rolled my eyes and responded again, "How can you read this if you're in the second dimension? How can you even exist??" I slipped this note into the space in my toaster between the element and the metal casing.

My reply came when I brushed it out of my hair the next morning before I took a shower. "WRITING IS 2D. VISION IS 2D - TWO 2D IMAGES SUPERIMPOSED."

That didn't reall get to the point of how I was supposed to "rescue" this person, which I defined in my next note that I flushed down the toilet.

"MAKE ME 3D" was all that was on the new slip of paper I found inside a chocolate bar I unwrapped, later on. How the idiot was putting these inside sealed products was beyond me but at this point I decided to play along, maybe it was some kind of TV show thing.

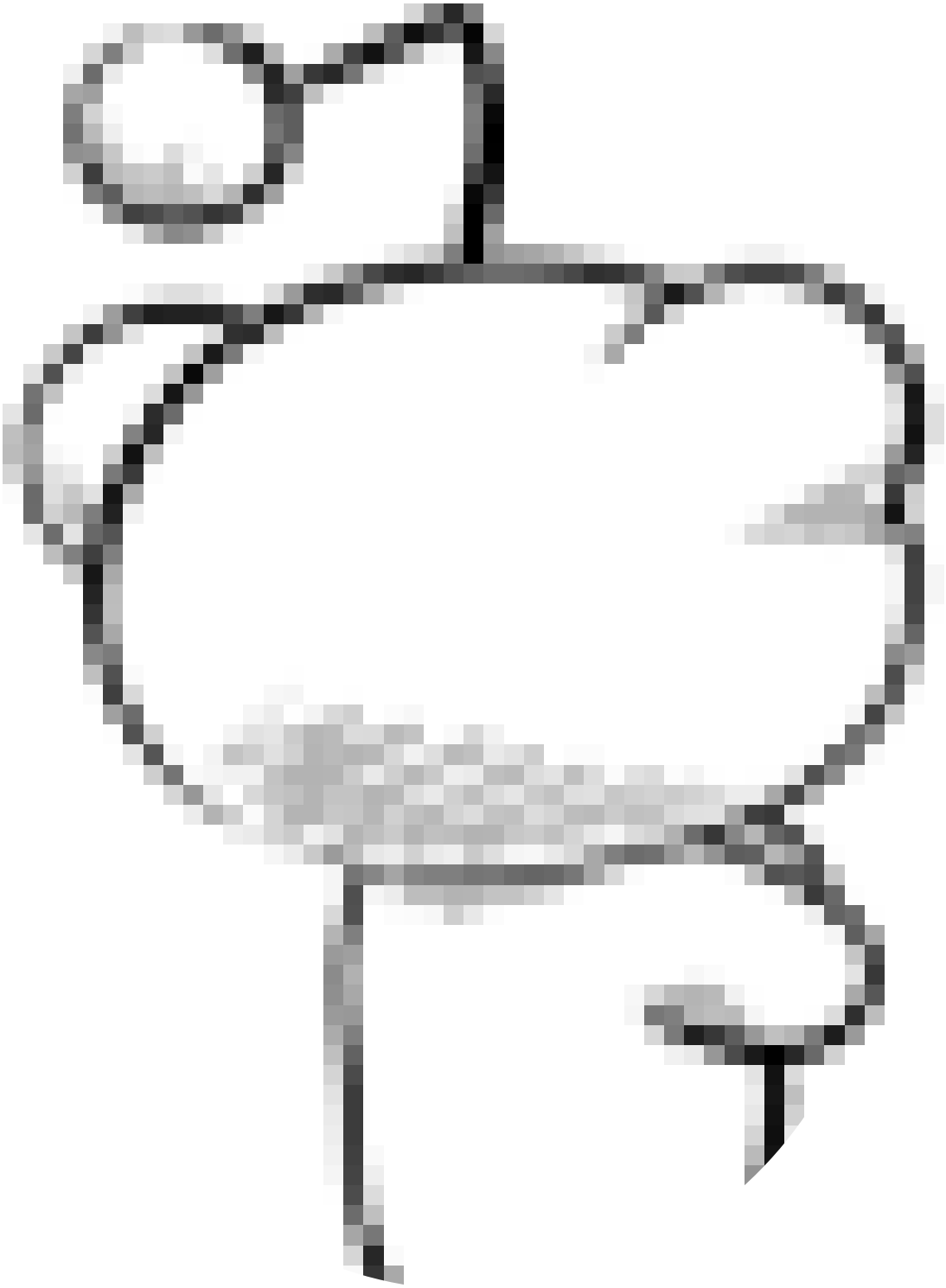
"How?" was all I wrote for my reply. I remember exactly where I put it, because it was the last thing I wrote for a long time. I put it in a crack between my length mirror, and its wooden backing. As soon as I let go it slid out of slight and I didn't see any papers again for a year and a half.

Getting dressed one morning for work, I went into my room and adjusted my tie and shirt in my mirror, the same one, only it was now on the opposite side of my room. Looking into it, I noticed a square behind me on the wall. Turning around, there was none. In the instant before I turned around again I thought it must have fallen off, but in the mirror it was still there, still stuck to the wall. I touched my mirror thinking maybe it was some sort of warping or optical illusion, but it wasn't.

I lifted my heavy mirror up from the ground and slowly walked backwards with it, nearing myself to the opposite wall on which the paper was stuck. The closer I got, the clearer the message on it became, until I stopped, sandwiched between the heavy mirror and the wall, looking at the paper immediately over my shoulder: "MAKE YOU 2D" it said.

I moved the fuck out of that house as soon as I could. After bunking at my girlfriend's for a while, I got the fuck rid of that mirror, the toaster, everything. My heart still skips a beat when I see any perfectly square piece of paper, sitting on the floor, all alone. I still live in fear of some day I'll open up a book or look in the inner lining of a jacket, and a piece of paper will flop out.

I check all my things, now. Constantly. I also don't drink coffee anymore.



Caticorn
â€¢ 15y ago

Full-blown copypasta but well worth the read. Cheers.

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daile100
â€¢ 15y ago

Nice try Sony, I'm not buying a 3d tv

bloodyhell9
â€¢ 15y ago

This played in my head like a movie.

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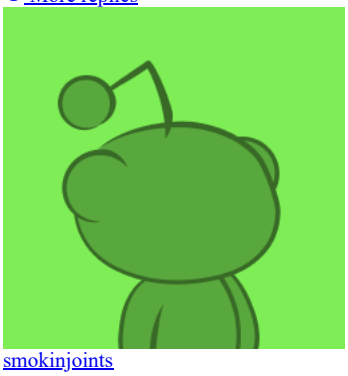

smokinjoints
â€¢ 15y ago

one night at about 4:00a.m. i was driving home on a country road. out of nowhere i see headlights in my mirror. a car comes roaring up behind me, full lights beaming into my car. i was freaked. i kept driving and speeded up a bit. the cars engine was revving at me to go faster. then suddenly the car was gone. lights gone. nothing behind me. i stopped the car immediately and got out, expecting the car had crashed into the ditch. couldn't see or hear anything. my heart never raced so much in my life. i drove home. and since then i believe in ghosts.

Reply Share

Smyley
â€¢ 15y ago

Similar story: Roadtrip with 2 other friends, driving through the redwoods in Northern California. I'd been driving almost 14 hours that day, it was night, and we were sorta looking for a motel, but there was nothing around for miles. This truck pulls up behind me and starts tailgating with his high beams on. I eventually get tired of seeing the bright lights, so I pull over to let him pass, he goes roaring by and turns a corner and disappears. While I'm pulled over, my friends start asking me why I pulled over.

Me: "Uhh, that guy was tail gating me so I let him by" Them: "What guy?" Me: "The guy in the bigass truck tailgating us? His lights were blinding me" Them: "No one passed us, dude"

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DesertTripper
â€¢ 15y ago

There was a scene like that in the kids' thriller book, "The House With a Clock in its Walls." Except, as I remember (haven't read it since 4th grade!) the pursuing car stopped at a bridge over a creek since ghosts can't cross bodies of water.

I'll have to revisit that book sometime. It did give me the creeps as a kid!

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rjstang
â€¢ 15y ago

One night I was asleep and my tv flew off of my tv stand at 4am. It all happened so fast but I heard it "slide" off like it was pushed not picked up and thrown. My brother and.I.were sharing a room at the time and he jumped up from his sleep and screamed "HOLY SHIT!!!" and then my parents came running in. Theres really no way possible that the TV should have fallen off that stand by itself. Thats probably one of the craziest creepiest occurances thats ever happened in my room. Once in a blue moon ill walk in my room and the ceiling fan will be on and the chain will be dangling like it had just been pulled. I really have no idea why o_O

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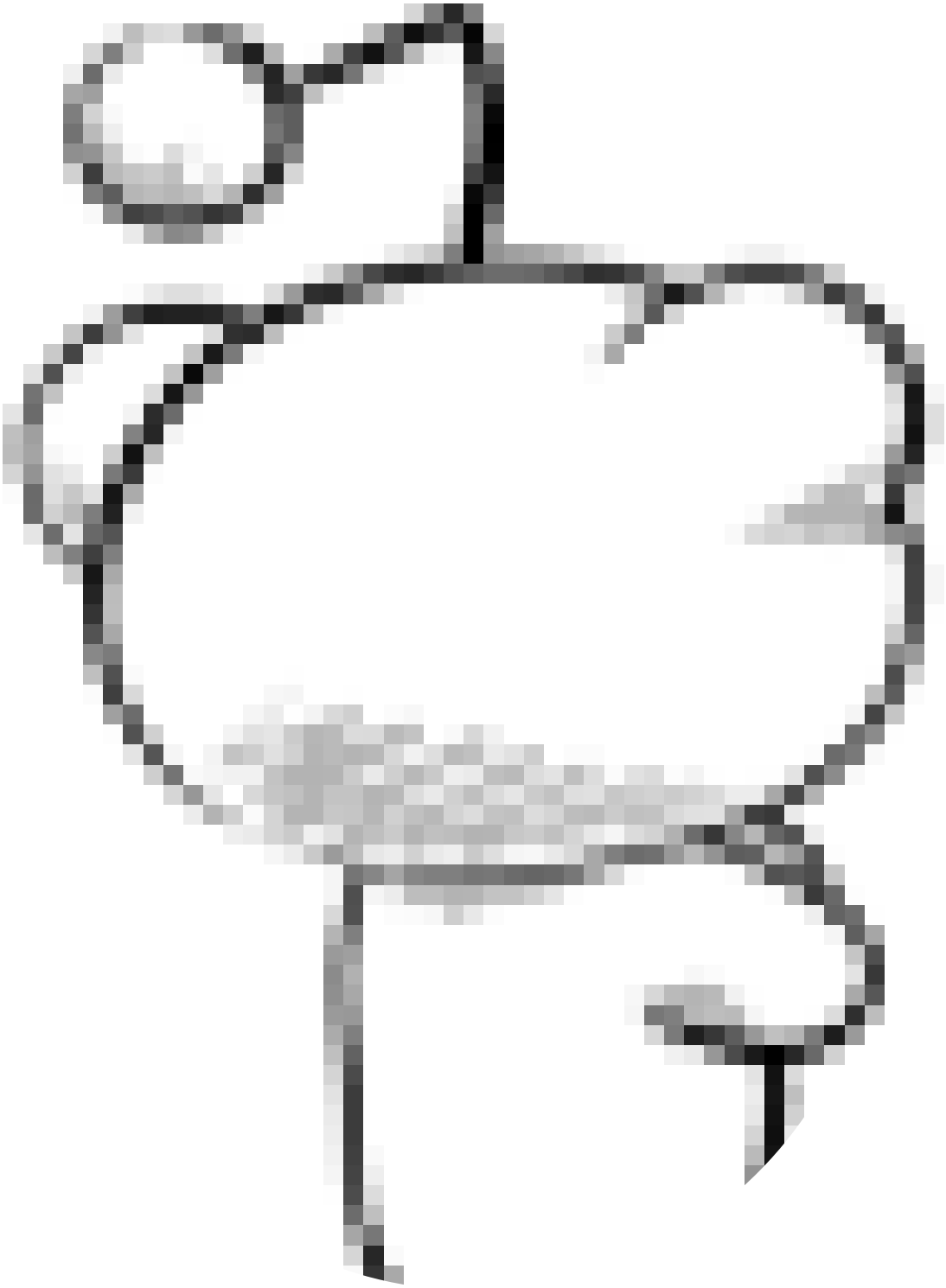
emtcj
â€¢ 15y ago

When I was younger I would be outside, usually riding my bike or walking down the street and I would see these black silhouettes like floating low to the ground go across the street or sometimes into a house. They were maybe 3 feet tall and seem to just appear from the ground and then float maybe 25 yds and then disappear

Well this older lady lived a few doors down, she was a mean mean bitch. She would call the cops if we rode our bicycles down the sidewalk "too fast".

Well it was her house I saw these 4 silhouettes float into the one time. Didn't really phase me until later on that evening after I got home from little league practice that the Ambulance and Police cars were at her residence. Apparently she was found dead in her kitchen from "natural causes".

Say what you want, but I know what I saw. I stopped seeing them a few years later.



alternity
â€¢ 15y ago

One Christmas/New year vacation in Florida some guys we met and were hanging out with at a beach party turned out to be a killer. Later new years day some kids were retrieving an errant beach ball and discovered a mound of sand and a toe sticking out of it. It turned out to be the body of a girl that was the beach party and this guy had killed after a botched rape attempt.

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senopahx
â€¢ 15y ago

When I was young I'd have dreams of being in different places, some that I'd never seen. There were never any people visible but sometimes objects and things would move as if there were. They weren't really disturbing, more like memories, and gradually they'd fade and I'd forget about them. But, every now and then, I'd be going about my day and suddenly I would be overwhelmed with a strong sense of deja-vu coupled with a sense of dread.
It happened once in a liquor store (me being 11 or 12 at the time). It just hit me suddenly, that feeling. I left quickly. I didn't bother buying anything, just dropped what I was carrying on a shelf and got out. Usually the feeling faded once I'd left the place that triggered it but that time it stayed with me. I ended up going to a Burger King down and around the corner, getting a soda and just giving myself a bit of time to chill out. I'm there for maybe 20 minutes when I see first one cop car, then another, pass by with lights and sirens going. It turned out that I'd just missed an armed robbery that ended with the guy taking pot shots at the store as he drove away.

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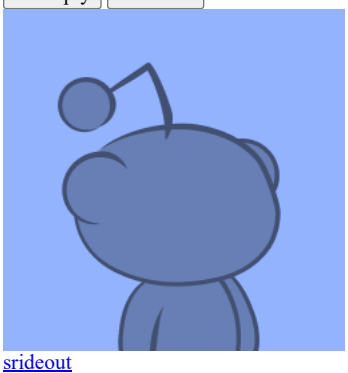

srideout
â€¢ 15y ago â€¢ Edited 2y ago

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NewtonsKnickers
â€¢ 15y ago

Wen I was in college, I woke up one night and my grandma was standing at the foot of my bed. When I asked her why she was there, she told me she wanted to say goodbye and to go back to sleep. My dad called the next morning to let me know that she had died overnight.

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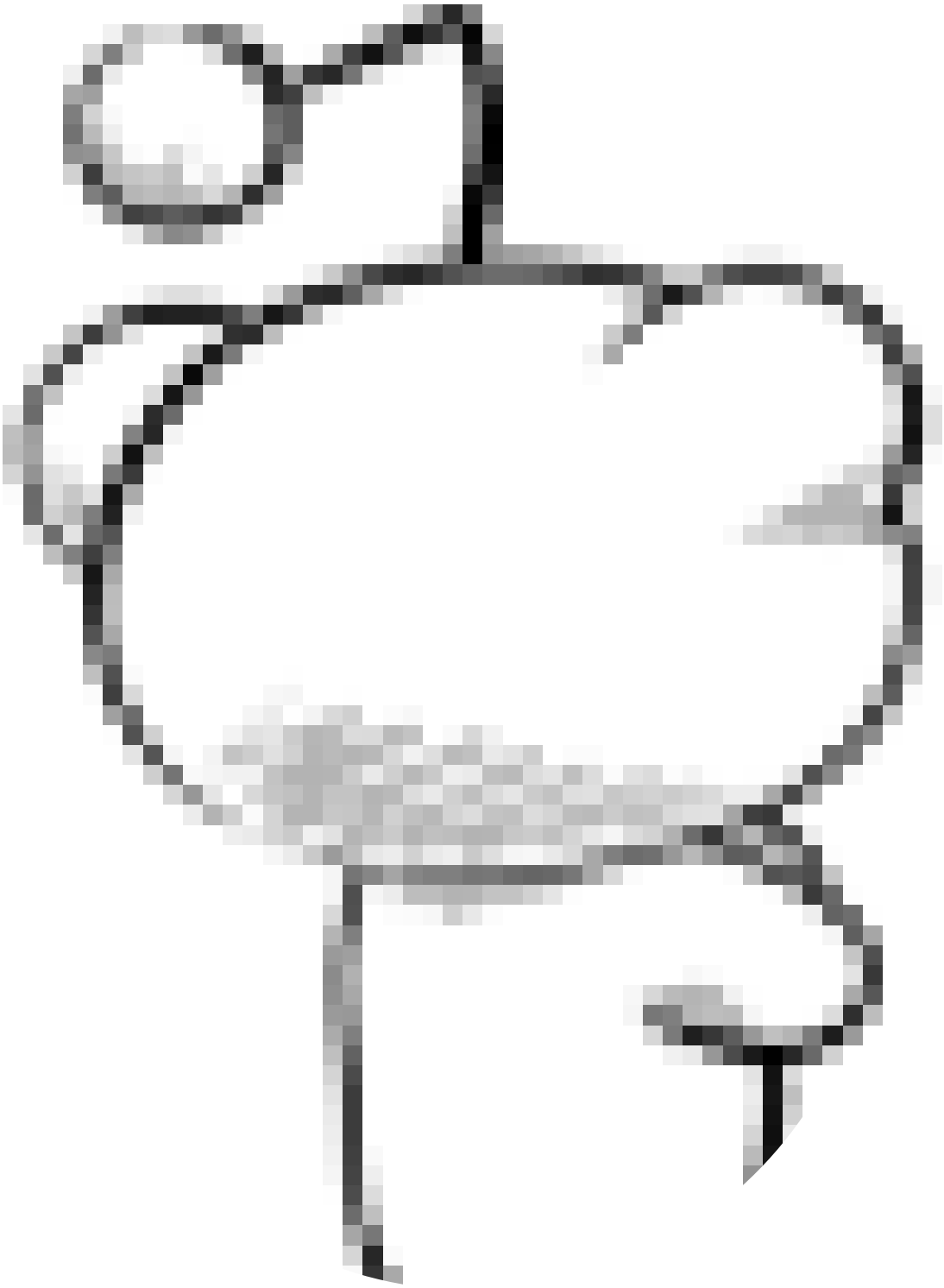

[deleted]
â€¢ 15y ago

Last summer, the house was full, so I found a quiet closet to sleep in, and while asleep I felt something move in my ear. A moth had flown in, and it had to be drowned out, right near my eardrum, and I felt all of its death thrashes inside my head. It was pretty sad.

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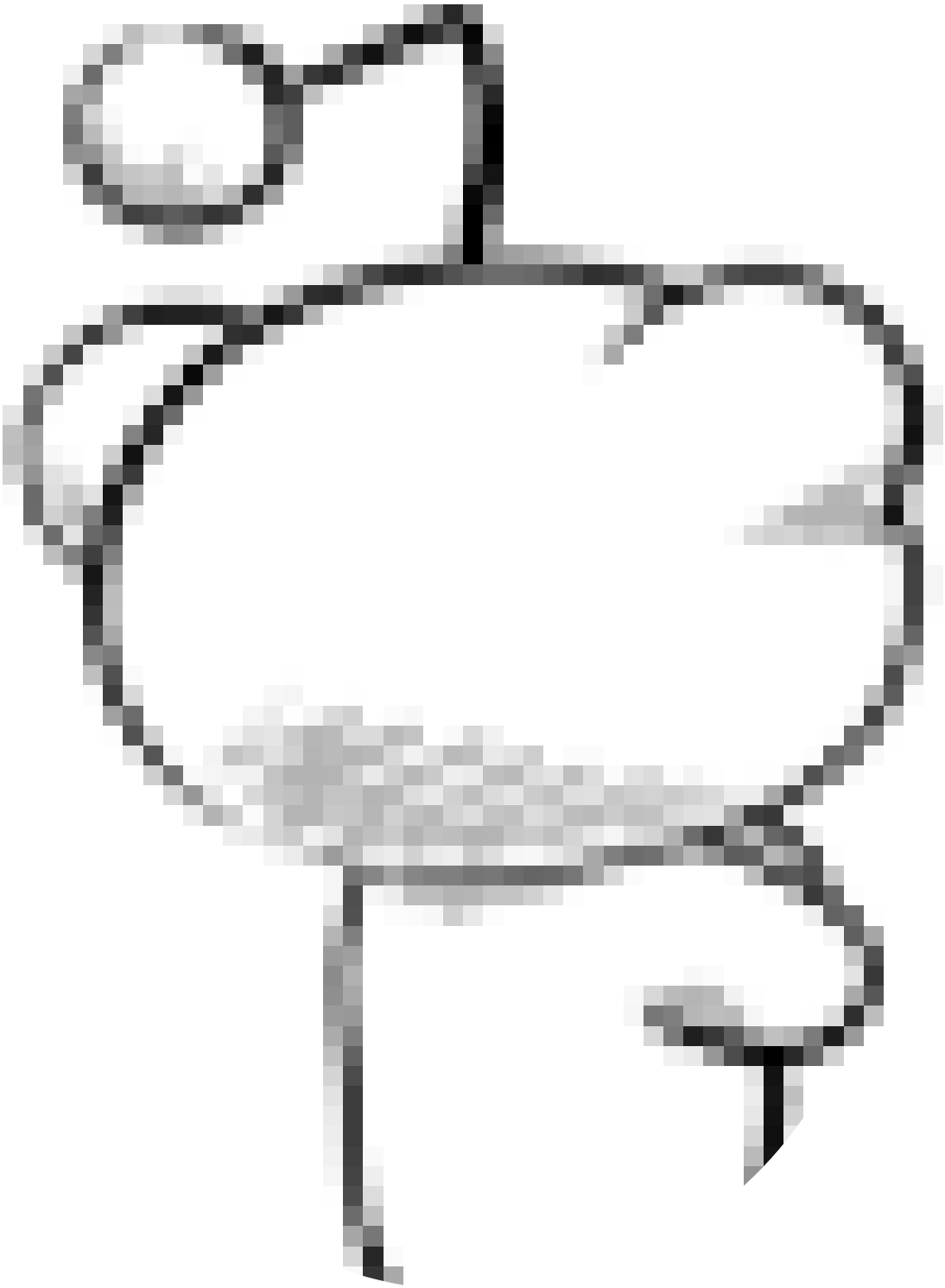

Aegean
â€¢ 15y ago

I was on the phone with a friend and said something like " I don't do that" and out of my right ear (phone was on the left) I heard, "Yes you do."

It was a deep, menacing male voice, and sounded like he was standing just to the right of me. It was clear enough that it made me turn my head quickly and stare down the hallway; wondering if my brother had gotten home early from work.

I went through the whole house, never finding a soul, save a very strange acting cat.

Totally creepy.

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andromedea
â€¢ 15y ago

I don't believe in supernatural bullshit, but I've never quite been able to explain these ones --

On July 4th of 2003 my childhood best friend and her brother were abducted in New Hampshire by their father and murdered. He drove cross-country, burying them somewhere in the midwest. Ultimately he was found in California without the kids in a van full of bullet holes and gore. Their bodies were not found.

About a week prior to this hitting the front page -- which would place it at about the time of their murder -- I found a box of photos of us in my closet, along with her phone number. I thought about calling her, and concluded, "Nah... I have all summer."

August rolls around, and a memorial service is held. A tear-jerking song I'd never heard is played at the service. I go home, pull up Winamp, put my library on random, and guess what song I hear?

Two years later I'm a freshman in college. My dad emails me -- he'd developed a set of negatives he'd found; they were the same photos of me and Sarah that I'd found around the time of her death. Within days the news broke that their bodies had been found in shallow graves in Ohio.

Reply Share

ooib
â€¢ 15y ago

I was fapping upstairs one day when I was about 15, speakers turned up because I was home alone. Mom was out, sister was out with friends, dad was at work. Things were getting jolly when the doorbell rings. I step over to the windows overlooking the gate and see my sister standing there alone, in an outfit I recognize as hers, looking cross that no one seemed to be home. Her friends should have dropped her off but there wasn't a car there either. So I run downstairs and hit the button to open the motorized gate before stepping outside to look, but she was no longer there. Puzzled, I left the gate open, thinking that maybe she'd gotten back into her friends' car and that maybe they'd see the open gate and turn back. They didn't. I closed the gate and went back to happy fappy time.

She came back later that evening, and I asked her wtf was she doing earlier. She had no idea what I was talking about. Then I noticed that she was wearing a different outfit to the one I saw her in earlier. We're close, and she still swears to this day that she never came home early that afternoon.

tl;dr - fucking doppelgangers

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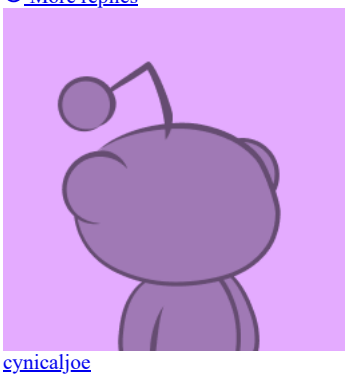

cynicaljoe
â€¢ 15y ago

Had a summer job mowing and edging the city cemetaries. Second day on the job, I am edging the front part of a three feet tall rock fence in front of the cemetary. As I am edging, I look over the fence and there is a body laying there under a tree right next to the fence. I freaked out. Three my weedeater down and ran a few steps... collected myself.. then slowly walked back. He did not seem to be moving. My boss came over, poked the body with a stick, and he woke up. It was just a drunk that must have been walking along the fence the night before, fell over it and passed out. Scared the *$%& out of me!

neunen
â€¢ 15y ago

A crazy guy tried to eat me while I was half asleep on a bench in a greyhound station. He was licking his lips and shuffling towards me like Robert Carlyle in Ravenous.

I was lying there with my hood up over my eyes on the bench sort or dozing off, but I could see this guys feet and every few minutes when I would open my eyes I noticed that his feet were getting just slightly closer. I wasn't totally sure if it was my imagination or not, so I just kept checking every now and again. But eventually it was pretty clear that he was coming towards me slowly. I had my fists clenched in my pockets in anticipation when all of a sudden someone tapped me on the head form behind. I looked up, and there were about 10 cops forming a semicircle around us coming in through the doors. The one that tapped me on the head said "can you step behind me sir?" and then the rest of them closed in a grabbed this guy.

Apparently a guy who was opening the coffee shop in the station saw him stalking me and called the cops. We were the only 3 people in the station at the time.

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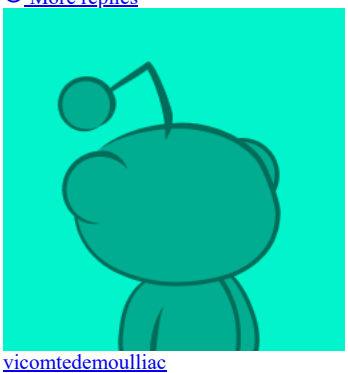

vicomtedemoulliac
â€¢ 15y ago

I was camping in the backyard of a friends house. There were 4 of us in the tent. We were all about 8 years old. At one point, we were in the tent and the lights from the house were shining on it so we could see shadows. My Dad and my friends Dad were talking between us and the house and we could hear them. Then my little brother's shadow was on the tent and we were all kind of annoyed because we were all girls and this was a girl thing and boys weren't allowed. My brother walked around the tent and went behind it to the field out back.

The next day, I asked my mother why my brother was out so late and hanging around the tent (although he never said anything). She said he had not gone out past 3 o'clock that afternoon. The Dads said no one else was in the backyard.

frankang
â€¢ 15y ago

Okay, I was about 13 years old and we were driving home from a Christmas festival (fancy trees, ice sculptured, hot cocoa, etc.) We were driving on a 4 lane highway (two lanes one way.) All of a sudden, about 15 minutes on this highway, a huge flash of Blue Light lit up the entire sky, I could see the hills and trees for miles around us light up and all the street lights (there were large light posts in the center meridian) went out. About 5 minutes later, the flash happened again and all the Lights came back on. And the odd thing is that myself, my mom, Grandma, sister, and brother were in the car. My mom and I were the only ones that saw something.

Reply Share

ioh4president
â€¢ 15y ago

My girlfriend at the time invited her cousin to come stay with her for the weekend so we could show her a good time in the city. We went out to a few bars, got pretty hammered and ended up back at my girlfriend's place and passed out. My girlfriend still had a small twin at the time so we were pretty cramped for space. Her cousin was sleepingon the couch in the living room. I woke up in the middle of the night, which is unusual and felt something at my feet. I couldn't move them at all. Girlfriend was still asleep so I slowly sat up and triedto figure out wtf was here. A dark figure curled into the fetal position was laying on my legs. I triedto figure out if it was some kind of animal, a stupid theif, whatever...im still pretty hammered I guess. I told the girlfriend "wake up. Don't freak out, please don't freak out...but there's something at the end of the bed. She looked for a minute and cracked up. Turns out the cousin is an avid sleep walker, and trashed the whole appartment and curled into a ball in our bed. Freaked me the Fuck out though.

Typed on my phone. Hard read I know.

Reply Share

nipernaadi
â€¢ 15y ago

One time me and my two friends discovered this underground abandoned military base. It had to be over 10 yrs since it stopped working because everything was looted and a mess. Because we went there at night and obviously there were no lights, we took couple of candles (we couldn't find any flashlights) and went in. So there we were, slowly walking in what was basically a pitch-dark underground labyrinth. After a while we saw some light from the distance and when we got closer there was this big stone covered with white blanket and bunch of candles in circle. All lighted up. We stopped and held our breaths to hear if anyone was nearby but couldn't hear anything. We were scared as fuck because there were dark rooms left and right along the corridor and we were pretty sure some crazy satanist would jump out with a knife. We got out as fast as we could and never went back.

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liarsremorse
â€¢ 15y ago

I'm not sure if it was a dream, but I woke up one night feeling incredibly thirsty. I couldn't move, so it might have been sleep paralysis. Out of the corner of my eye, I saw a sickly old man walking towards me. He asked, "Are you thirsty?" I couldn't say anything. He walked out of my room and slammed the door. The next thing I knew, it was morning and there was a glass of water on my nightstand.

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Tax_Ninja
â€¢ 15y ago

Middle of a Finnish forest out in the middle of no where. Strong wind picks up and I hear a cracking sound and this fucking tree falls on me. Seriously, have you seen a Finnish forest? Trees as far as the eye can see and the only one that breaks in the wind fell on me. Shit.

Reply Share

webbitor
â€¢ 15y ago

the problem is you were there to hear it, and it didn't want you to tell.

More replies

atmarcin
â€¢ 15y ago

When I was in my teens (damn, that makes me sound old) my friends and I would play capture the flag, hide and seek, paintball and other similar games that involved running around in the woods like idiots. I lived in a pretty rural area, and there were miles of empty wooded land behind our houses to play.

One night in the summer, about 8 of us got together to play. We brought flashlights and dressed in dark colored clothes and stormed out into the deepest part of the woods to start a game of some sort. I don't remember the objective, other than to run around a lot and try to scare the shit out of each other.

Well, a good while into it, I find myself getting chased and I'm running through a clearing...which was pretty much just a maze of waist-high bushes. Next thing I know, I'm falling into water....and I drop my flashlight. It my old man's favorite light that he had had forever. My first thought was how pissed he was going to be, that I didn't even care that I was wet and muddy. Then my friends who were chasing me showed up and lit everything up. I was standing up to my waist in muddy water in a rectangular pit that was overgrown with weeds.

Everyone was standing around laughing at my bad luck. My buddy jumped in the water to help me dig around for the lost flashlight. We both dug around the bottom with our hands...I pulled up a couple sticks. Then, my buddy claimed he'd found it. He pulled up the light, and hanging from the end of it was a muddy little girl's shoe. We lost our minds, jumped out and got the F out of there.

We went back in the daytime a couple of times to find the spot, but never could. Still creeps me out to this day.

Reply Share

xthejuicex
â€¢ 15y ago

Idk who will read this but here goes. I was around 14 years old and was at a friends Halloween party. We were watching Friday the 13th part 2 which was already creeping me out. In that movie there is this dog Muffin that gets lost then shows up at the end of the movie when everyone is dead. So later on in the night my mom picks me up and we just start driving home when she slams on the brakes. The same looking dog ran in front of us and just runs across the road. Freaked me the fuck out especially at 14.

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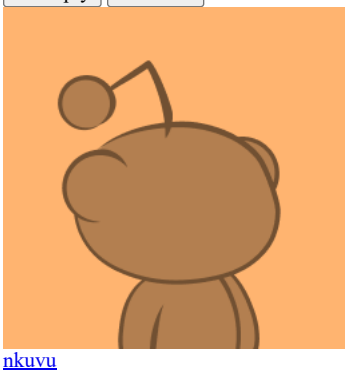

nkuvu
â€¢ 15y ago â€¢ Edited 15y ago

Probably won't be seen, but had to share.

I started reading a lot of the comments here a bit before sunset. Spent more time than I expected reading, and looked up to notice that the house had gotten dark. All the lights in the house were off, the only illumination coming from the monitor.

I realized that what broke me from my reverie of reading was a slight draft. I got up, and... my back door was open.

What was worse was that something was coming in. Too dark to see detail, but I could definitely see movement -- low and quiet. I nearly wet myself.

Then the voice of reason kicked in. Yep, I'd opened the door to let the dogs go frolic in the back yard. And that shape slinking in? That's my dog, being completely normal. *sigh*

1 more reply
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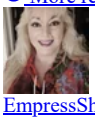

EmpressSharyl
â€¢ 15y ago

When I was in kindergarten, I had to walk to my grandma's house after school every day. It was only 2 short blocks away. One day, I left school, and was waiting to cross the street. The next thing I remember, I was standing on the sidewalk, in front of the stairs going to her front door. I remember standing there for a minute, trying to remember how I got there, because I couldn't remember walking there at all. I went up the stairs and into her house, but no one was there. Her car was gone, too. I was confused and walked from room to room looking for her, but she was nowhere to be found. A few minutes later, she pulled up in her car. It turned out that she had gone looking for me, because I was 2 hours late from coming home from school. When my mom got there to pick me up, I got in a lot of trouble. My mom assumed I went to a friends house or something, but I hadn't. I never have remembered where I was or what happened for those 2 hours. I've have other missing time incidences too, they stopped when I was about 17.

7 more replies
7 more replies

More replies

madman2010
â€¢ 15y ago

When I was around 12, I thought it would be fun to pretend I was talking to someone on our unplugged house phone. When I picked up the phone I could hear 2 people having a conversation. My mom wouldnt believe me when I told her. I'm getting goosebumps as I type this...

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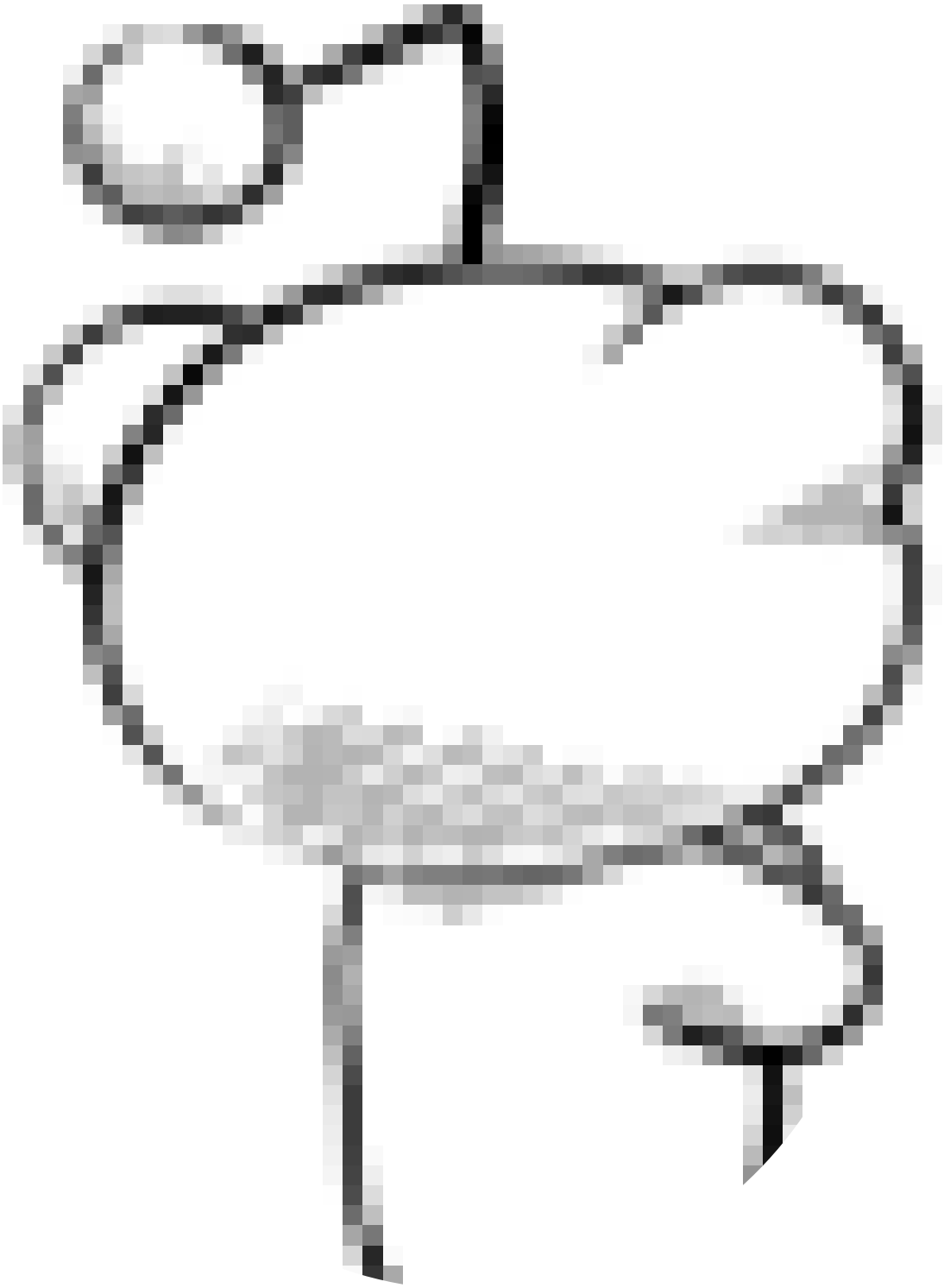

ptsaq
â€¢ 15y ago

I work in the court system, pre-trial release (bail or release). I was on the fence about releasing someone without bail but decided to. The guy walked out of the courthouse and immediately got hit by a car and died. Three different people said to me, "If you would have held him on bail he would still be alive."

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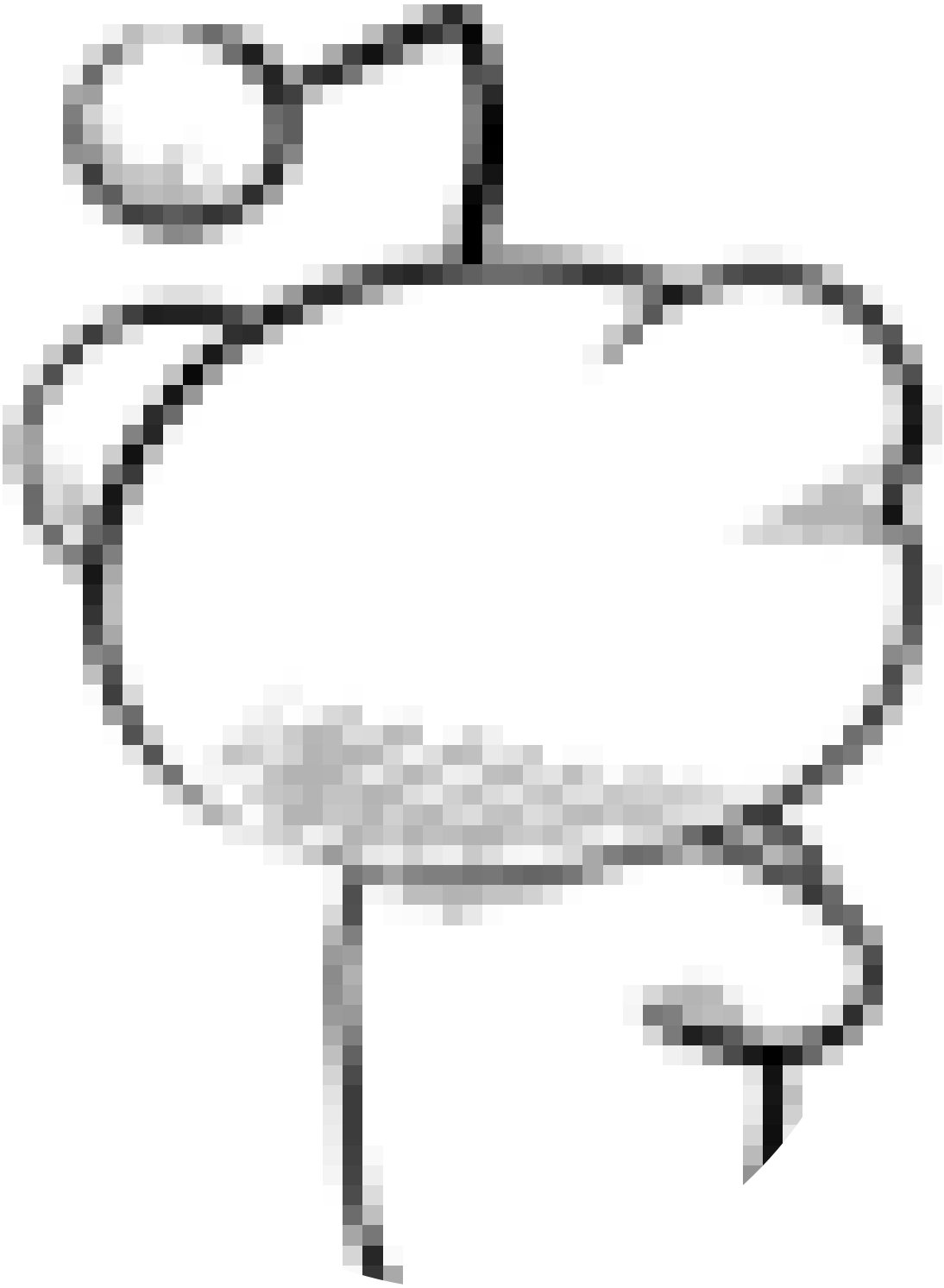

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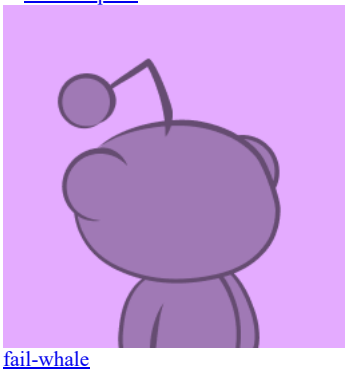
â€¢ 15y ago

I used to work for a Summer camp and acted as a director, which meant I was always there several weeks earlier than campers and even most counselors. I had been working in an area called the Valley, where a rerouting of a river had altered the area into a camping space instead of what used to be an island. For the duration of the week, I was more or less living in the Valley alone while the other directors on staff worked about 2 miles north. There had always been stories about a girl who had died in the area and was "haunting the valley." Every camp has them.

I was working on setting up a variety of activity areas (archery and what have you) closer to dusk. I was carrying a box into an especially dark storage space when I slipped and scraped my shin. From inside the storage cabin, I heard a very loud, very clear little girl's laughter. Needless to say, I spent most of the rest of the sitting awake in the corner of my cabin with a flashlight on.

1 more reply
1 more reply

More replies



fail-whale
â€¢ 15y ago

My parents are both immigrants from Russia, so almost every summer we go to visit relatives in Moscow. The summer when I was 12, my mom and I were coming home from her aunt's home, which was far from the center of the city. My grandfather, with whom we were staying, lived on the other side of the city, so we had a long trip home by metro and would get home around midnight. Once we reached the nearest metro stop to our destination, we got off and got on a bus for the last few stops to the nearest place we could walk to my grandfather's apartment.

On the bus, I noticed a man who had also been riding on the metro with us. He was heavily built, smelled heavily of liquor, and had a large bulge in his jacket pocket. He was also staring at me (I'm female). I tried to ignore him and did not meet his eyes after that, though I was aware of him looking at me.

My mom and I got off on our stop and the man followed. My mom was now aware of what was happening, and we began to briskly walk down the dark street. I glanced behind me only once; the man was holding a small handgun. We sprinted through some bushes to a nearby convenience store, which was luckily still open. We ran inside and the man stayed outside, watching the store. I asked my mom to call the police, but she knew that the Moscow cops would be useless. We went into the back of the store where the store owner and a few of his employees were drinking and talking, told them about the man with the gun and asked if one of them could escort us home. They did not want to get involved, but let us use the phone to call my grandpa.

In about 5 minutes my grandfather arrived to walk us home. The man was gone and we made it home safely. My grandpa gave us a nice lecture about how women cannot be out on the streets of Moscow alone at night and that if we had had a man with us, we would never have been bothered.

TL;DR: If you're a woman, don't go out on the streets of Moscow at night without a man handy, as sexist as it sounds.

2 more replies

2 more replies

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Okami_Revolution
â€¢ 15y ago

Once when I was eight I went to sleep. There was a security alarm system/intercom system on the wall that glowed with a faint green light and was always directly to my left when I fell asleep. I woke up suddenly in the dark after having a nightmare, and the alarm lights were gone. I felt I was bound tightly. My stomach dropped and I knew I had been kidnapped. I heard muffled voices and tried to look around. Nothing. I started crying when suddenly the voices outside stopped. The lights suddenly came on and I heard a voice say "are you ok?" I realized that I had turned upside down on my bed and gotten the sheets wrapped around me so tightly that I thought I was tied up and had been kidnapped. It was my dad and apparently I had been making strange noises for about 15 minutes before he decided to poke his head in and see if I was ok.

4 more replies

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dreamqueen9103
â€¢ 15y ago

I sat next to a rapist on the bus once. I was sitting alone on the window side on a empty bus when he sat next to me. I was the only young girl on the bus. He was coming from the local jail, had his papers and everything. Told me why he was there, for hurting and raping a woman. Didn't leave me alone for the whole 2 hour ride. Asked for address, number, name, didn't give it to him. Told me things he'd want to do to me, a lot. I still hate it whenever anyone sits next to me on the bus, even if the bus is full. I never talk to them.

Never, NEVER take the bus from Glens Falls, NY.

6 more replies

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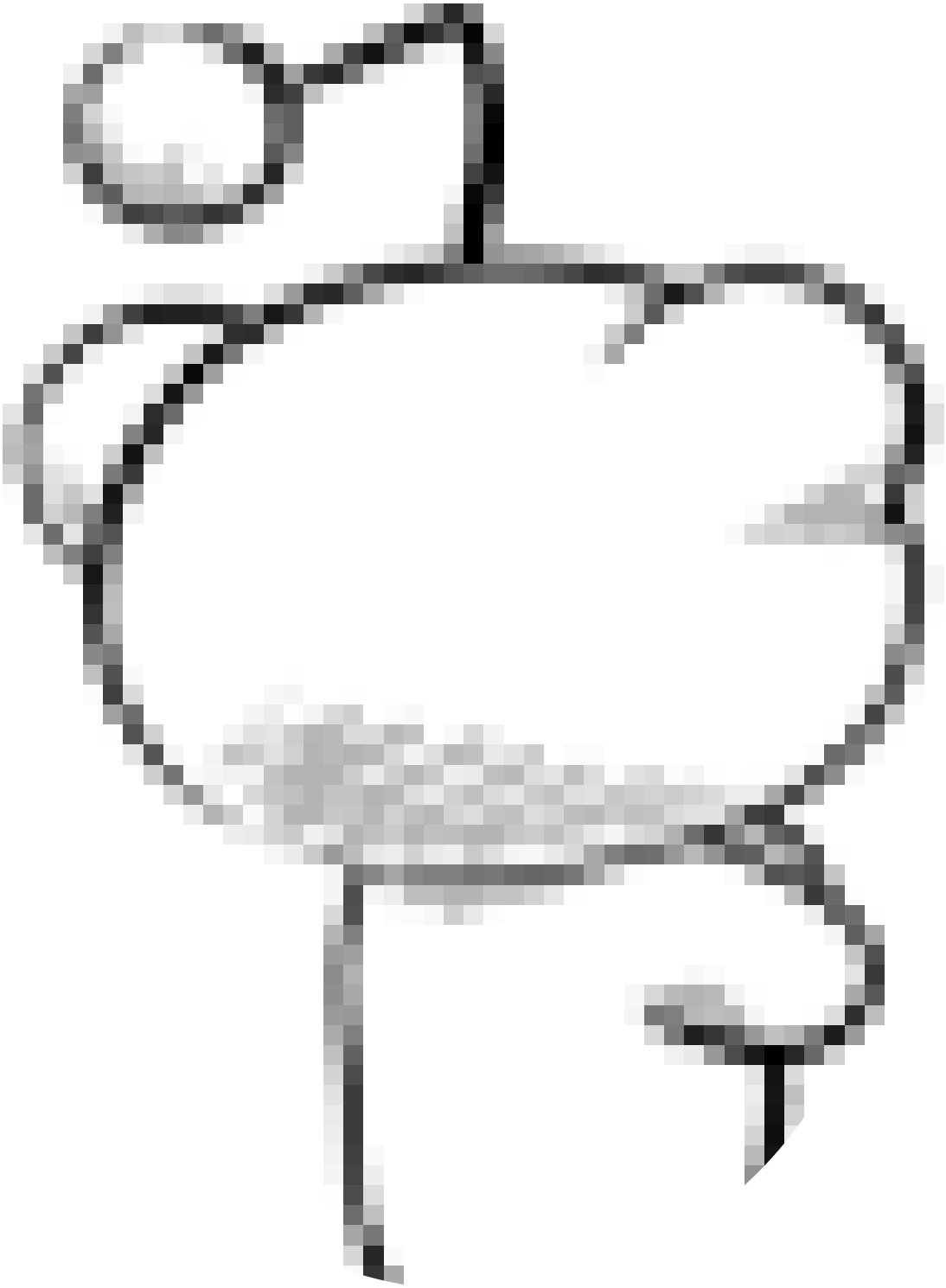

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â€¢ 15y ago

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1 more reply
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Precisionist174
â€¢ 15y ago

I posted something earlier, but while still reading these stories another just dawned on me. Not that long ago a close friend of mine passed away in a car accident. He was my go-to guy whenever I had a problem, probably the most understanding and helpful person I've ever met to this day. Well at a reception for him, his aunt went up to talk. She told a story. A few days before the accident they had been at lunch, over lunch he told her of a hat that he had seen at the mall, and that he really wanted to buy it. So she obliged, and they went to the mall. When they got to the kiosk that the hat was at, and he was ready to buy it, he changed his mind. It was a funny knit hat that was shaped like a raccoon. When she told this story my heart dropped into my stomach, and my friend who was standing next to me stared at me, unblinking. Me and the friend I was standing next to had been to the same mall, at the same kiosk, and each bought hats. We had bought the hats the day before our friends accident. I bought the raccoon hat, but when asked why I didn't know why I wanted the raccoon out of all of the hats. I still don't know what it means, but I've never thought about fate and supernatural stuff much until that event. By the way, nice job to all the posts, these have been REALLY creepy and I still don't know why I'm reading them.

shaivong
â€¢ 15y ago

So when we were young (7 or 8), we used to love to play a game called 'hide from cars'. We would just hang out - do some tertiary thing - on the lawn in front of our property, and when a car came around the corner, we would hide from it. Get behind something so the drivers couldn't see us (this was always at night).

Once, a buddy and I were playing the game late at night, and a car came around the corner, apparently saw us hiding, and slammed on the breaks and opened the door. Once I heard the door open, we were gone. No slowing down, no looking back. The most intense flight response I've ever felt.

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bmoss234
â€¢ 15y ago

Just about a few months ago, me and my friends decided to drive out to this abandoned town about 10 miles off the freeway(highway, whatever you call it) just for the hell of it, and because we had heard it was really scary, to get to the town it is a one lane per direction rode and for most of it, 2 cars could not fit.

Also along the way there is a bike leaned up against a fence painted in all white, granted this is at 2:30 AM, and its pretty foggy, so this scared the shit out of us. As we get closer to the town things get creepier and creepier, we see a shrine for somebody who had died, the road gets narrower, and the trees start to close in over the road. The first thing you see going into the town is the abandoned school. This school looks more like a prison, the whole yard is fence, all concrete, one set of swings, and a large and tall brick building. As we pull past the school, with the windows down and music off, we see almost like a little girl sitting on the swings, at this point my friends are begging me to turn around. I say no and continue on. In the town there is still only 1 road. Still 1 lane in each direction and about a 1/4 mile of "downtown". We decided to go "downtown", really its just an old store and a post office. But at the end of the road its is just this dirt unmaintained road with a ton of pot wholes and such, so as we drive past the post office we see a man, and i will never forget this, he was tall, but very skinny, with long blonde hair that goes about to his chest, hair pulled over his face, and leaning forward, as all see him and kinda jump, and he reaches out with his skinny bony hands and point at us, and i finally agree with my friends that we need to leave.

So the only way to turn around is through this dirt/mud road with pot wholes, so my car is lowered about and inch, plus the weight of 4 6'+ guys, the car is sitting pretty low, and my car is to old to have traction control. So i punch it after i get the car turned around. As i try to accelerate the man starts to walk toward us, and of course, not having

traction control, my car doesnt get grip until he is about 2-3 feet from my car and it finally digs a whole so deep that the dirt/mud is dry and i get traction, and speed the fuck out of there.

If any of you want to go there, the town is called Port Costa, its in California

TL;DR Went to an abandoned town and saw a "ghost" on swings at the school, see a creepy man, car doesnt get traction in mud, creepy man walks towards us, finally get traction, and speed off.

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palpebral
â€¢ 15y ago

i think i have reading material for the next year! thanks for all of the insane stories! and keep em comin!

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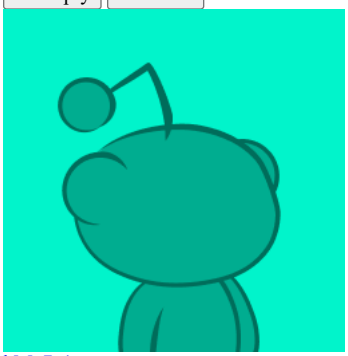

kMa7z1
â€¢ 15y ago

Not the creepiest thing that has happened to me but definitely a fitting story for this....Before I stumbled across this topic I decided to put my music library on shuffle. I have a lot of music that I have never listened to before. The song Debra by Beck was playing and it's a track that has 6 minutes of silence at the end followed by random crazy electronica sounds. I started reading all of the creepy stories near the beginning of the song and didn't really notice that silence had taken over when the song ended. I nearly fell out of my chair when the crazy loud electronica sounds started blasting into my ears.

1 more reply
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RandomAsianGuy
â€¢ 15y ago

2 times I watched 1408, both times an electronical device turned on the exact moment when the radio in the movie turns on... It's not the most creepiest thing that happened, it was just weird.

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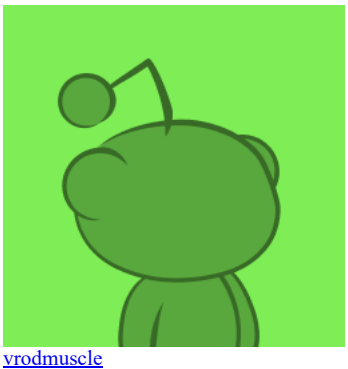

vrodmuscle
â€¢ 15y ago â€¢ Edited 15y ago

I'll start by saying I am a huge cynic, and do not beleive in the 'super natural world' so to sepak. I beleive the mind is an incrediably powerful conjurer and it is not difficult for wires or sensery information to get crossed up of jumbled. That being said...

About 10 years ago, I was in my buddy's basement, I was at one end just chilling on the couch watching TV, while he was at the other using a computer. Something caught the corner of my eye, and it could be best described as a floating semi-transparent amoeba with tiny hairs running alongside its exterior. My initial reaction was I had something in my eye, that this was some eye gunk projecting some sort of strange illusion. However, there was a hole through the entity that I could see through. I altered my position, and immediately noted in shock the entity remained floating in the air and my perspective of it changed so that I had a different viewing angle of it. Upon this observation I realized this wasn't on my eye. I immediately freaked the fuck out and yelled to my buddy. I looked over at him as this occurred while scrambling off the couch away from the thing. Upon looking back it was gone. Whole event lasted probably 6-7 seconds.

Edit: Just to add, it was appoxamately 8 inches in width and snot coloured. I starred at it in bewilderment for a number of seconds doubting what my eyes were seeing before changing my perspective. After moving, as I mentioned, I noted it remained floating but I was now viewing it almost from its side. That is when it dawned on me this thing was not some weird eye error.

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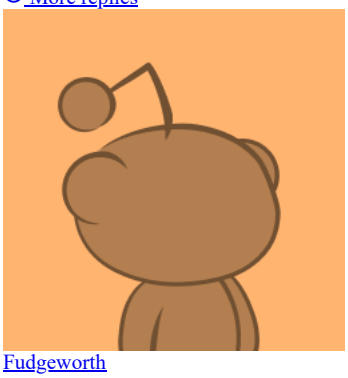

Fudgeworth
â€¢ 15y ago

A few years ago, I was reading a book that says that at some point during the reading of the book you might notice something strange. One night, I decided to go to a coffee shop and brought that book along with me. As I sat there, I read a paragraph about a man who had a deaf child. At that moment a young boy, around 8 years old sat down in a chair next to me. I looked up as his mother walked over and started to use sign language with him. The boy was deaf.

vinyard
â€¢ 15y ago

You've aroused my curiosity. Which book was this?

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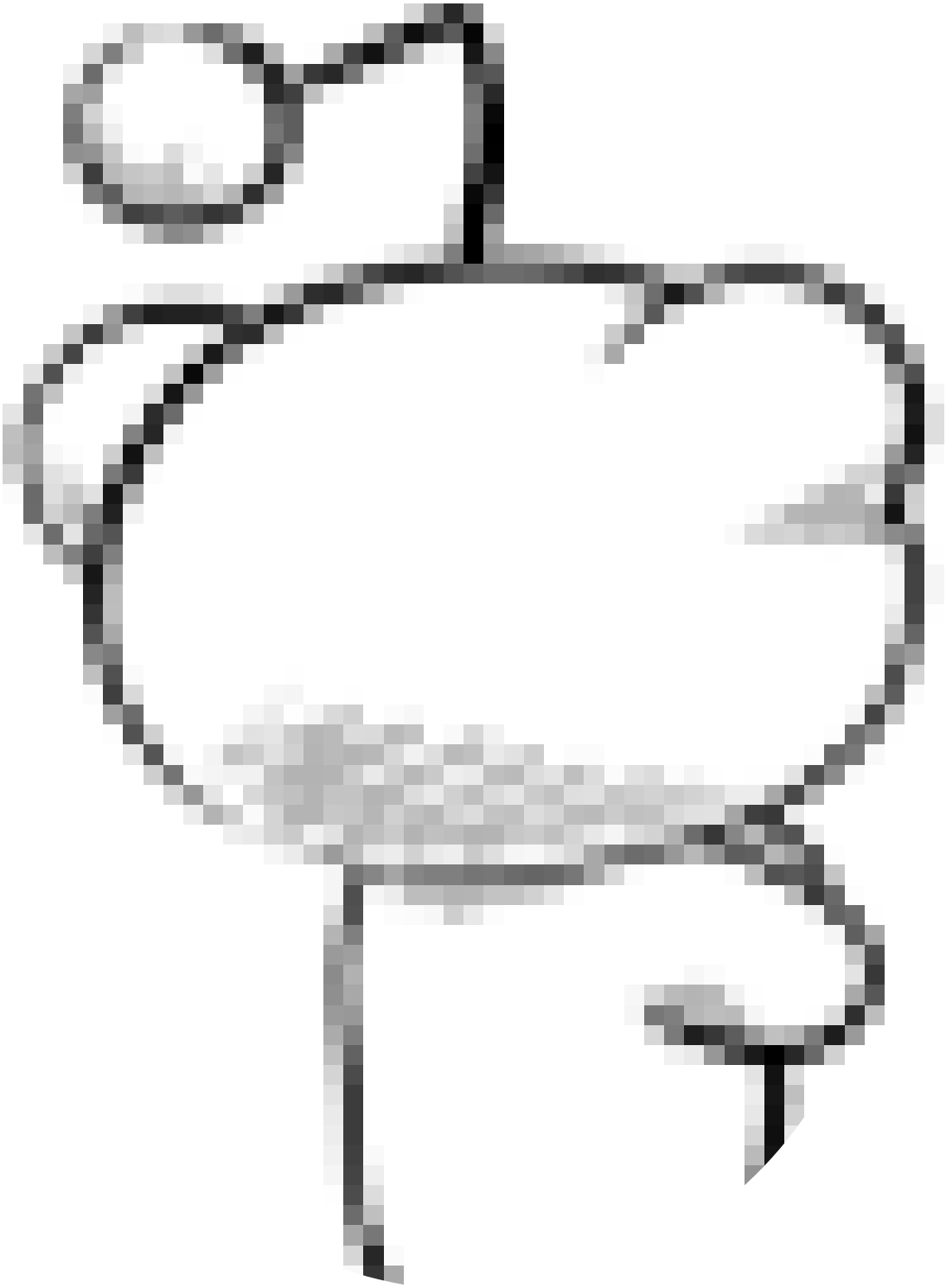
More replies
7 more replies
7 more replies

More replies

greengoddess
â€¢ 15y ago

One night, I had a dream that something grabbed me by my wrist really tight and I felt it. I woke up that morning and saw a mark on my wrist. It was visible. It looked like I wore a rubber band on my wrist the whole night.



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â€¢ 15y ago

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10 more replies

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geldorf9
â€¢ 15y ago

A friend lived on a gulf island of the coast of Vancouver Island. They had bought a house previously owned by a logger, maybe 5 acres of land, lived there 5 to 6 years, 3 kids, Mom / Dad, very affordable. The family dog had broken into the rabbit hutch and killed a rabbit. Their 6 year old was understandably distraught so my friend took his son and walked into the back woods maybe 50 yards, shovel in hand to go bury the rabbit together, we're talking the middle of nowhere. As he started to dig a small hole the first spade turned up a old snapshot of a small kid who looked around the same age, smiling and dressed up in a bunny suit. Truth is always stranger than fiction.

1 more reply

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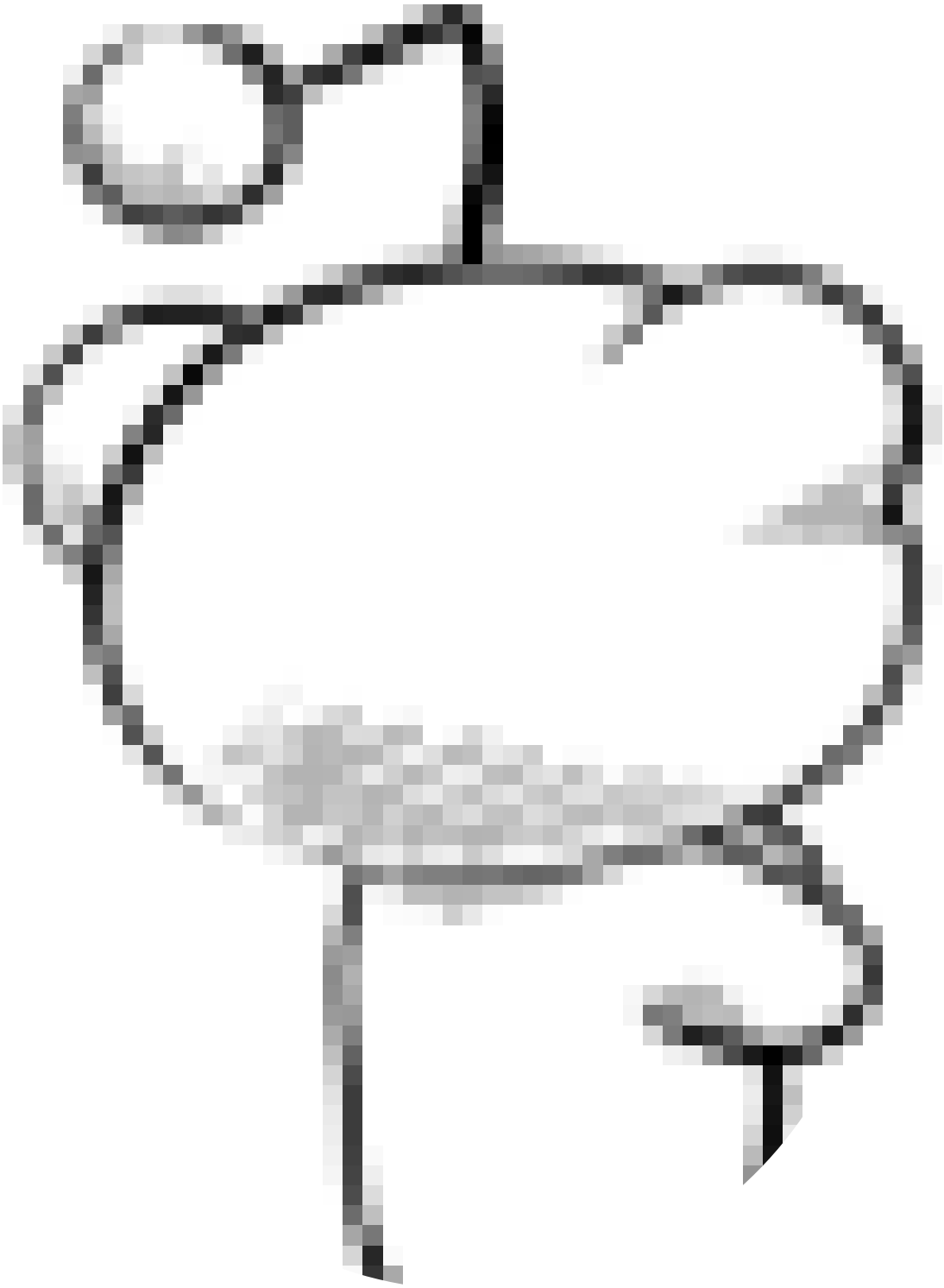

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â€¢ 15y ago â€¢ Edited 15y ago

My second story for this post. This happened around 2000-2001. Me, my two bro-in-laws, and my father-in-law (a pastor - I mention this for a reason), all went hunting near Jacksboro in North Texas. My FIL's mother lived near the area so we spent the night there.

Nothing too outstanding about the house. It was a double-wide that was being remodeled on one end, and she was the only one that lived there. During the day the house didn't bother me, but at night it did. Probably because I was unfamiliar with it, and the fact that she lived out in the middle of no-where and it was pitch-black outside. Never could put my finger on anything, until this happened.

Anyway, we all settle down for the night, she in her room and we 4 in the living room in our sleeping bags. At some point in the night a breeze begins to blow through the living room. I don't remember this, but was told this by the other 3 guys. I'm not sure if anyone thought to check a window or not. What I do remember is being nudged by one of my BIL's, him saying something to the effect of, "Do you feel that?" I was trying to sleep and didn't answer. I then hear him ask my other BIL the same thing and he responded with a yes.

The way that we were arranged on the floor was side by side, me and my two BILs. My FIL was laying perpendicular to us in another area. We three had our feet pointed toward a large window in the living room. If we were laying on our backs we could see the window plainly.

About the time that the 2nd BIL responded that he did feel the breeze, the curtain on the window blew into the room with a gust. I **did** feel that. The breeze was still blowing, but when the curtain fell back down, instead of falling flat against the window it fell into the shape of a human. Now this I did see because the gust woke me up even further than my BIL asking about the breeze.

I hear one of them ask the other, "Do you see that?" The other begins to say something like, "Yeah. Where's my gun?"

I'm all holed up in my sleeping bag, wondering what I should do. About the time that he's saying that, my FIL sits up from where he's at, points at the figure behind the curtain and shouts, "I rebuke you in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ!" The breeze immediately stopped and the curtain fell flat against the window. He laid back down and I guess fell asleep. My two BILs and I didn't get a wink of sleep the rest of the night.

The next morning my FIL mentions what happened to his mother. Her response? That she had problems like that before and wasn't too surprised. She believed that the place was haunted by a demon, but that she didn't care because it never bothered her directly before.

We had our hunt that morning and took our bags with us. Didn't stop back by and went directly home. I never went back again, and neither did my BILs. My FIL did, but it was only during the day and he never stayed over night again. She sold the place within the next year, but never gave a reason as to why.

3 more replies

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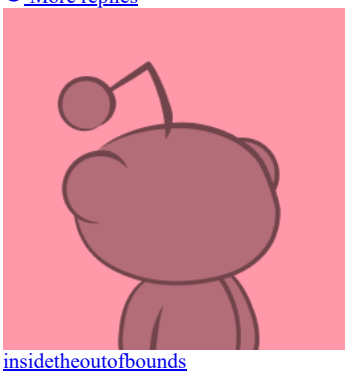

insidetheoutofbounds
â€¢ 15y ago

A few years ago I was backpacking in the Mt. Baker National Forest by myself. I set up camp in an isolated area about 22 miles from my starting point. When I woke up, waiting for the water to boil I decided to view the pictures I had taken the previous day. The first picture that appeared, the most recent one taken, was of me sleeping. I quickly packed everything up and GTFO!

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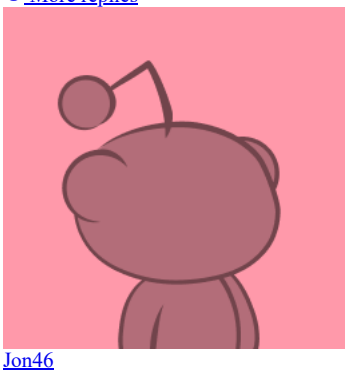

Jon46
â€¢ 15y ago

Anyone else getting chills after reading all this.

2 more replies

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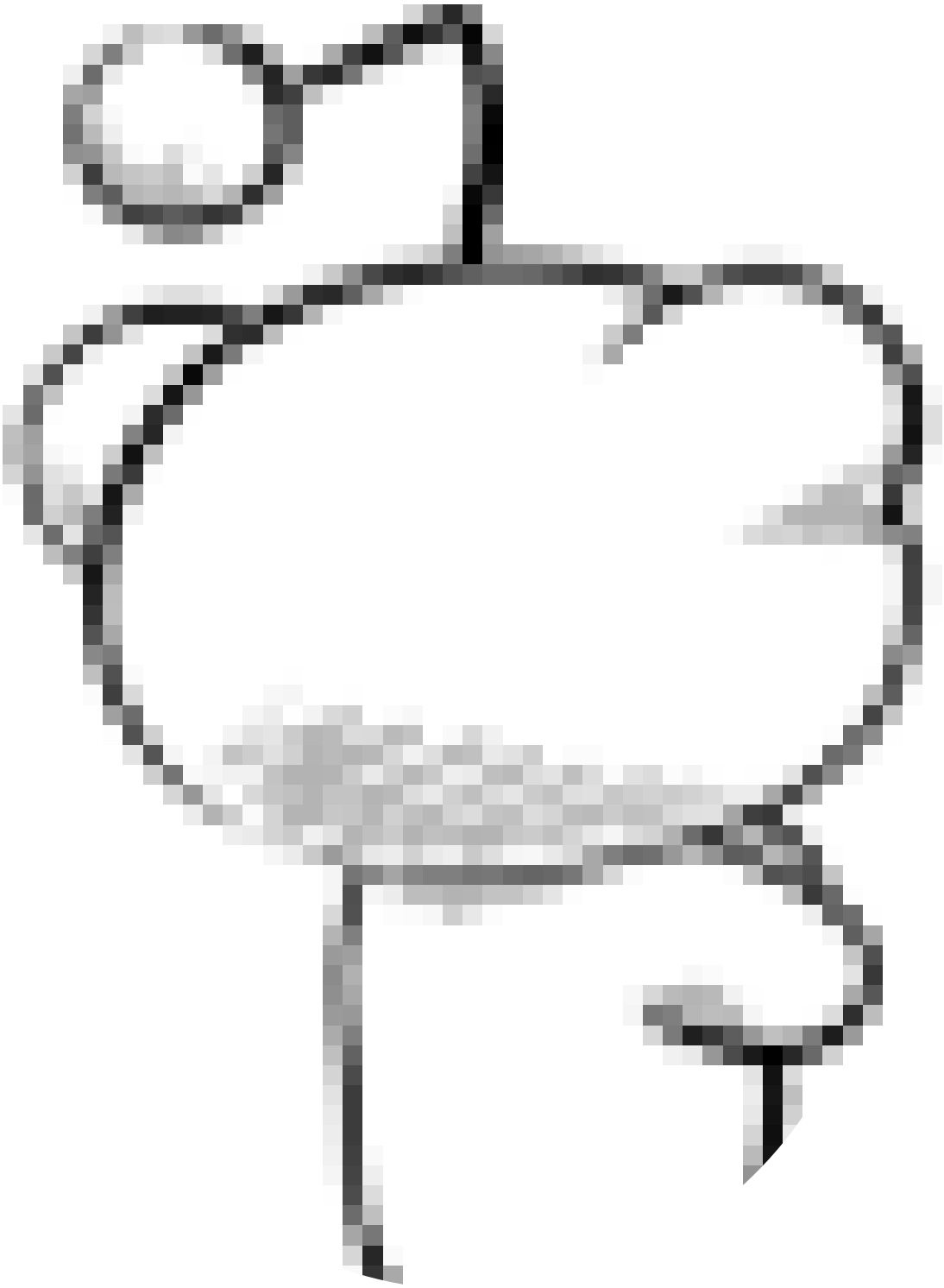

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â€¢ 15y ago

I was alone in my apt. which I shared with a roommate. I was peeing with door open because she wasn't home and I always did that because of the Simpsons episode where Homer says 'I'm peeing with door open, and I like it!'. Anyway, all of the sudden a tall girl with black hair and a white gown walked passed the door of the bathroom and turned her head to look at me as she passed. At first I thought it was my roommate and began to apologize but suddenly mid sentence it dawned on me that she was not home and it was impossible for her to have entered without me hearing. I was then overtaken with what I can only describe as sheer terror. I stayed in the bathroom with the door closed for over an hour. When I exited there was no one in the apartment. I felt like vomiting. It was the scariest thing that has ever happened to me.

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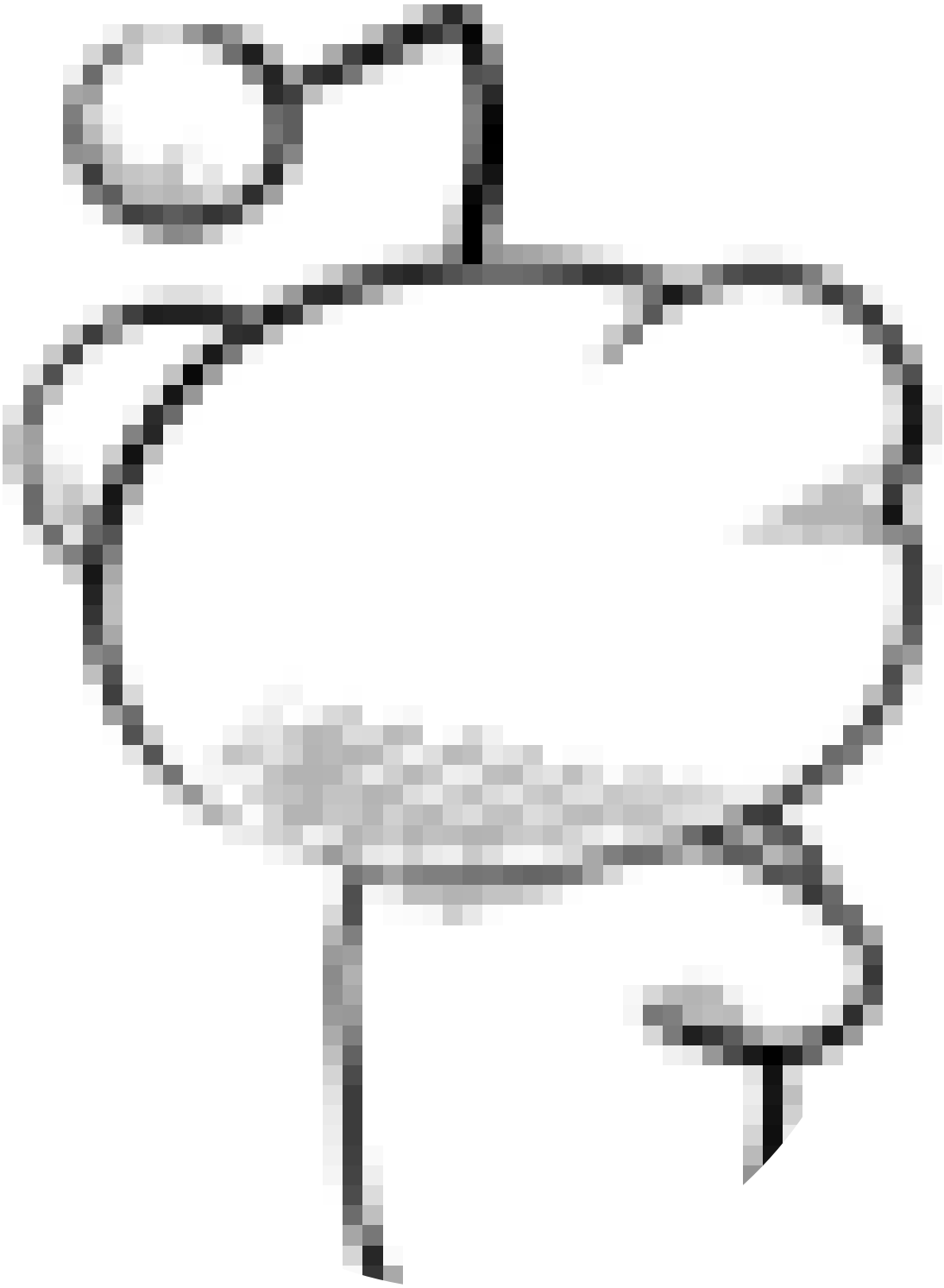
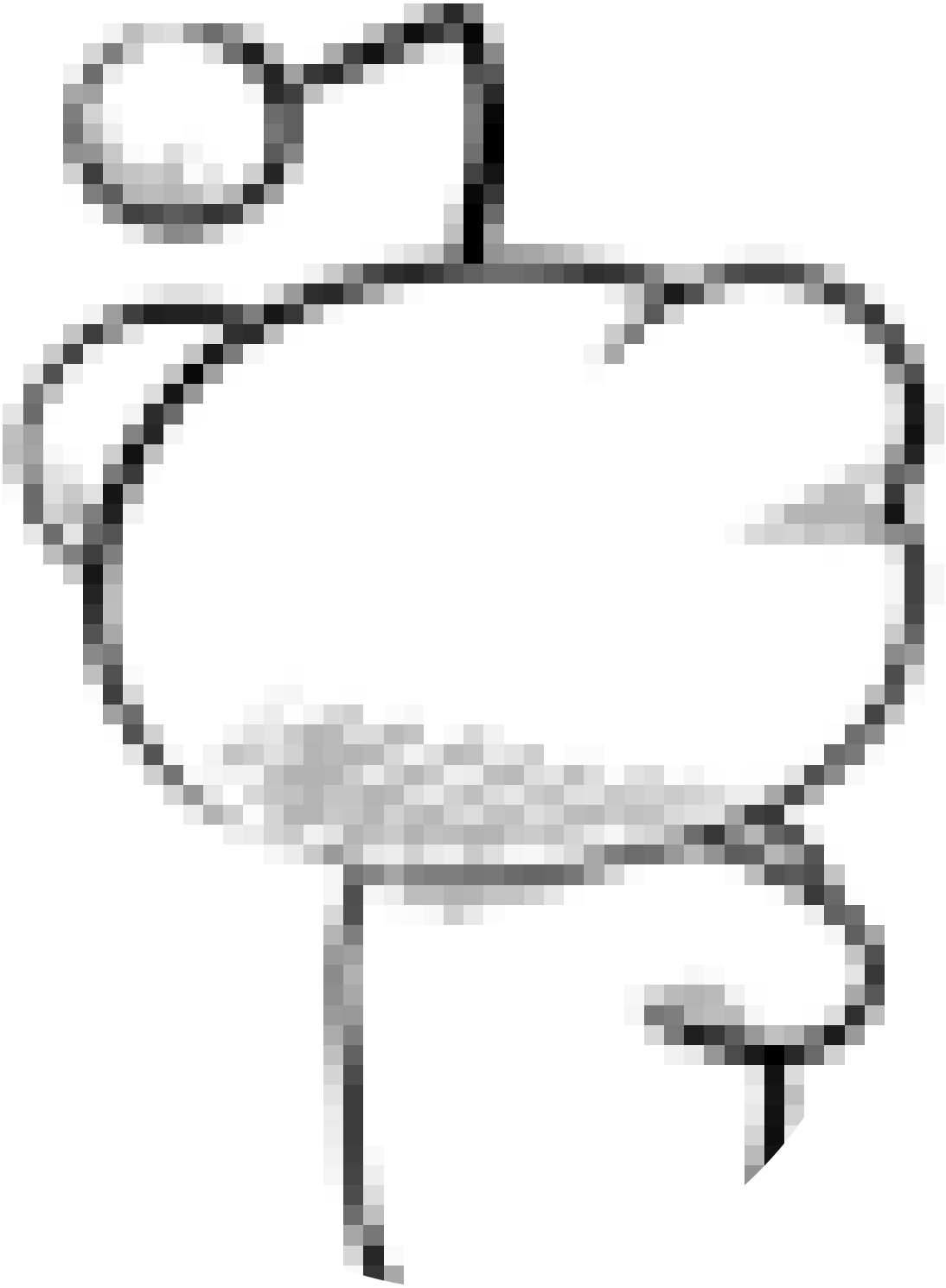


mijkelly
â€¢ 15y ago

Over the years I have had many run-ins with sleep paralysis. My earliest memory was of waking up and thinking someone was grabbing my left foot (I was on the top bunk and I assumed it was my younger brother harassing me) and then realizing I couldn't move or yell, I was trapped inside my body. I felt the "hand" begin to claw up the inner part of my leg. The whole time it was moving I can remember desperately attempting to look down at what was violating me. All I could see was the stuffed toy pterodactyl I had hanging above the end of my bed looking at me with plastic eyes that shone with reflected light/malice/laughter. When our eyes locked I felt my panic levels spike. It was like something cold was pushing down on my chest and preventing me from breathing.

Then it ended and I was able thrash my way out of the covers and ran crying into my parents room.



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â€¢ 15y ago

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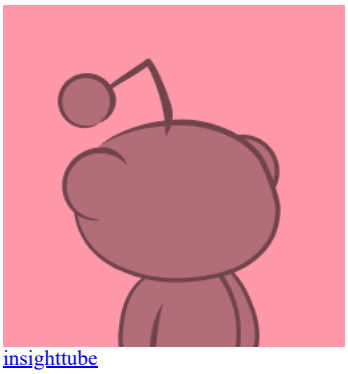

insighttube
â€¢ 15y ago

As a kid, one night, towards the end of a dream I was yelling at the top of my voice to my mother and sister to take me also to the shopping instead of leaving me alone at home. And then suddenly I woke up as I was slapped for real on the face by my father who was laying next to me. My conclusion was that I might have made yelling noise at night and to stop me my father might have slapped on the face out of anger.

The morning came and neither of us spoke about it. At breakfast, father asked me, " did i slap you in the middle of the night?". I said, "yes, sorry for yelled loudly at night". Father said "what yelling?". The discussion went on and it turned out that my father simultaneously was seeing a dream at night that he was hitting someone, that in fact fell on my face. And my yelling was only in my dream. So I yelled in my dream and got hit on the face for real, thinking that I was punished for yelling for real in the middle of night. While my father was in fact fighting an opponent in his dream, whose real hit fell on my face.

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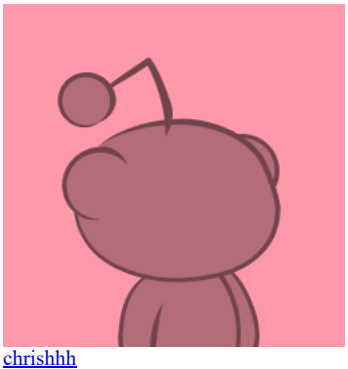

chrishhh
â€¢ 15y ago

i don't remember this at all but my parents say i did this ->

one night when i was 3 years old, i started to scream. my mom rushed in my room and asked what was wrong. i said w/o any emotion: "stay close to richard, for he is the man i see." my mom called my dad upstairs, and i said it again. my mom's dad was named richard and he died when she was young.

i don't believe in super-natural stuff, but this is just freaky.

celticeejit
â€¢ 15y ago

Also hit black ice on highway at 70 MPH Did a complete 360 - and the whole time my mind was calmly clear with the thought that this was it. Missed a pick up truck on my right by about 3 inches - and the guard rail to my left by even less. Couldn't stop shaking when i finally got to the side of the road

1 more reply

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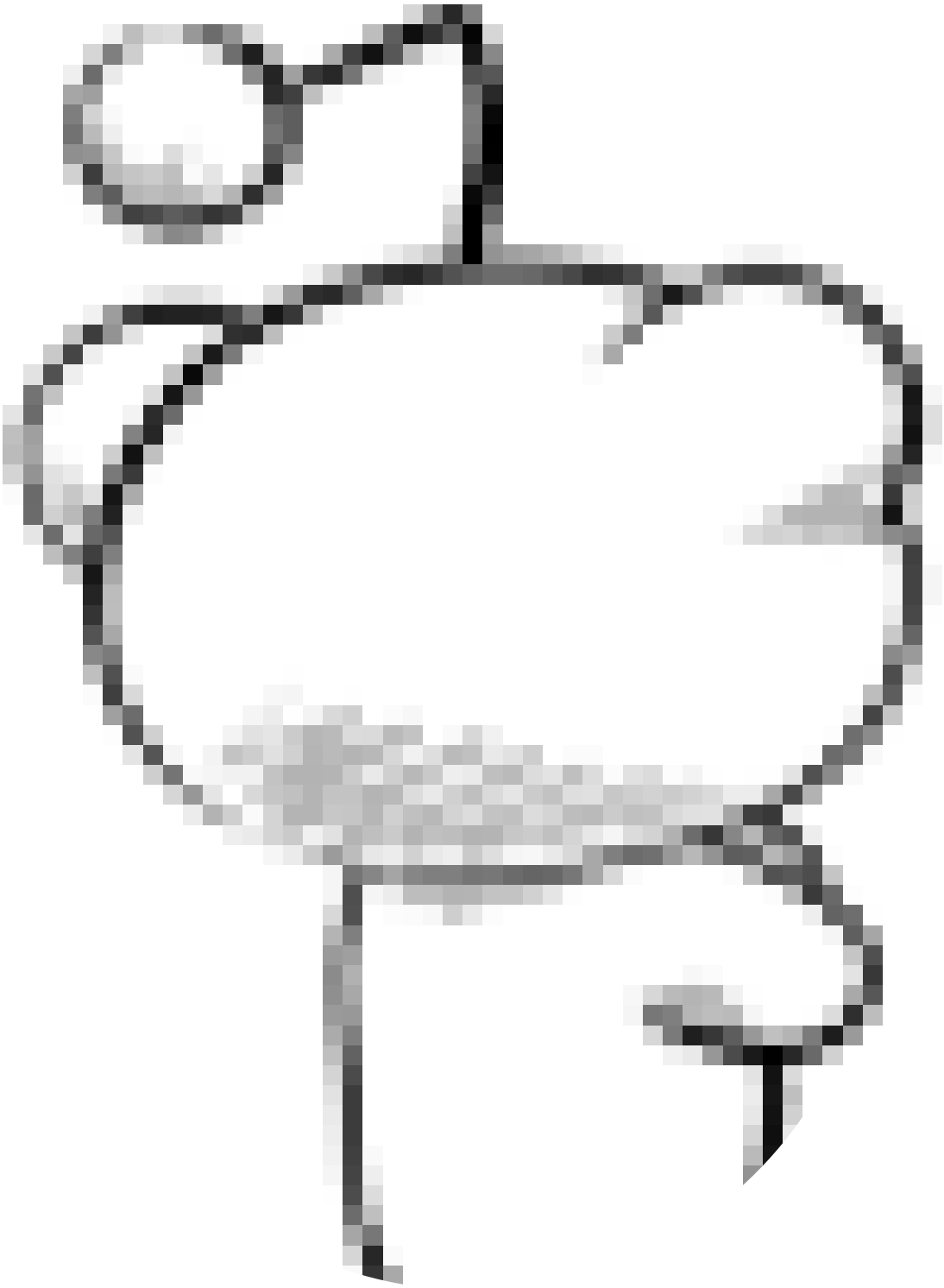

cthomasgunter
â€¢ 15y ago

When I was probably 7 years old my Teddy Ruxpin turned on in the middle of the night. I woke up and it was sitting upright in the closet with the light on and the door open facing my bed and just talking and talking. I lay there in my bed horrified for like 5 minutes without moving or making a sound. I just closed my eyes, and every time I opened them there he was just sitting there in my closet with the light on and talking.

It is hard to pick a single creepy thing that has happened in my life. I've had heaps of things like that happen.

3 more replies

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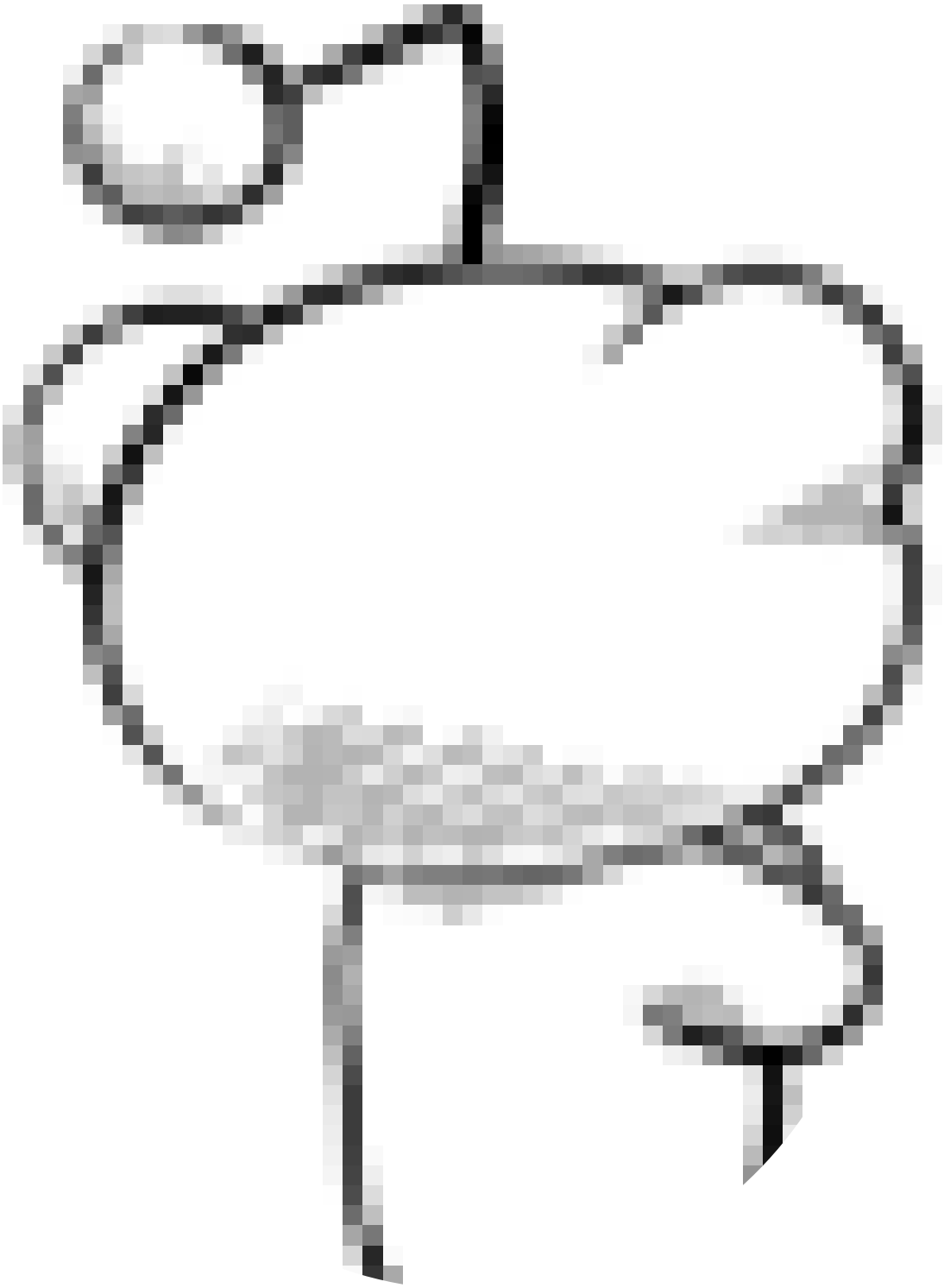

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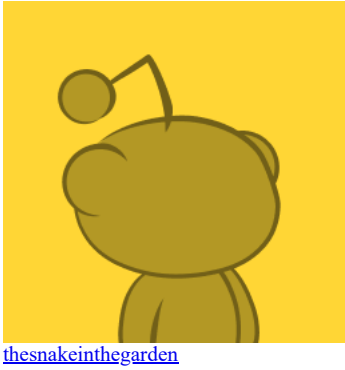
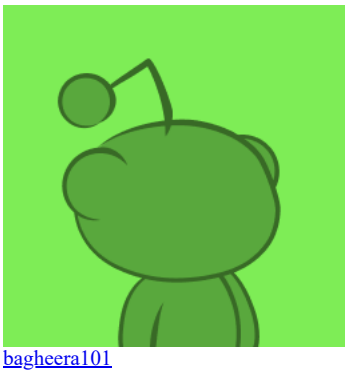
â€¢ 15y ago

This is very true, and very bad. About twenty years ago, my older sister took her own life. She was my father's daughter, from his first marriage, and was always a wild-child. After my father and mother were married, my older sister went to live with her mother in Arizona. She developed a pretty hefty drug addiction, and was constantly in trouble with the law. By the time she was 25, she had three kids, been married twice, and nearly OD'd a dozen times. One summer, I was with my parents in Vermont. A friend was house sitting for us. One day, we got back to the house, and there is a frantic message on the machine from the friend that was house sitting for us; it was about my sister, and how we had to call the Sheriff in Laughlin, AZ. As my father went upstairs to make the call, my mother made a comment, "I wish Janet would just fall off the face of the Earth and stop being such a problem for your father." About two minutes later, my father came downstairs in tears. My sister had just shot herself.



thesnakeinthegarden
â€¢ 15y ago

I have a lot of schizo moments in my life, compounded by insomnia it can get pretty bad. I once lived with a little dead girl for a week. She never said anything, just followed me around usually about four or five feet away. I think she had drowned.



bagheera101
â€¢ 15y ago

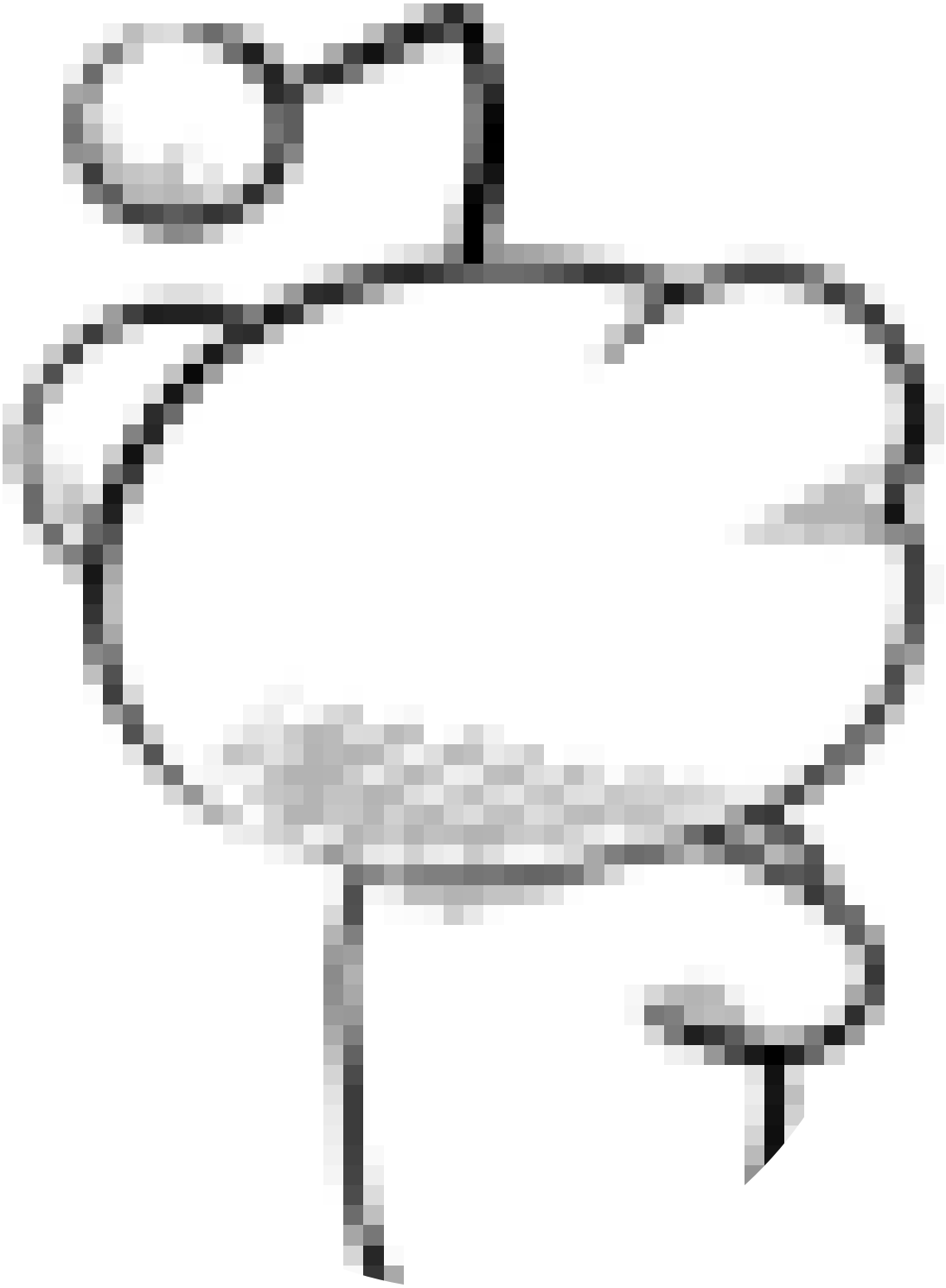
Ugh, I just remembered one I wish I hadn't. >.<

I was about fourteen and selling flowers for charity at a local grocery store. Needless to say, my mind was on happy, positive things. A woman walked by carrying a baby, and it was like I got punched in the gut.

In the moment I saw the baby, I *knew* for absolute certain that he'd die in his middle-aged years from suicide -- jumping off a building. I have absolutely no sweet frickin' clue why or how. My mind was on nothing at all related to that kind of subject. There was no way I should have even thought of the possibility, let alone known it like that. It was one of the strongest, most vivid, clearest gut feelings I've ever had in my life.

I was just sitting there in shock for a minute as the woman went through the checkout and left, knowing for dead certain this one thing. I had no idea what to even *do* with the knowledge... I sure as hell couldn't tell anyone. It haunted me for a while before I eventually let it go as some weird little incident and tried to forget about it.

I've never had an experience like that again, though my suitemate in university last year died from suicide, jumping off a building. I'd forgotten all about this story and that weird connection until today, which adds a whole new level of creepy. Great.



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â€¢ 15y ago

Before putting my 1 yr old daughter to bed she would point to the closet and whine..found it a little creepy but didn't really think anything of it. She would point and whine for a few minutes and easily fall asleep. One night she pointed and started crying, rubbed her back until she was almost asleep and walked out to finish the housework. An hour or two later I hear her screaming and crying at the top of her lungs walked in to see what was wrong her face has against her crib facing the closet...creeped me out pretty good. It woke up my 3 yr old so I decided they could come lay out in the living room until my husband got home from work. I closed the closet and she hasnt pointed or whined at it in awhile. It could have been nothing but still creepy. Things are just a million times creepier when kids are involved...especially when they are my own!

I also grew up in my towns old funeral home...enough said! :-/

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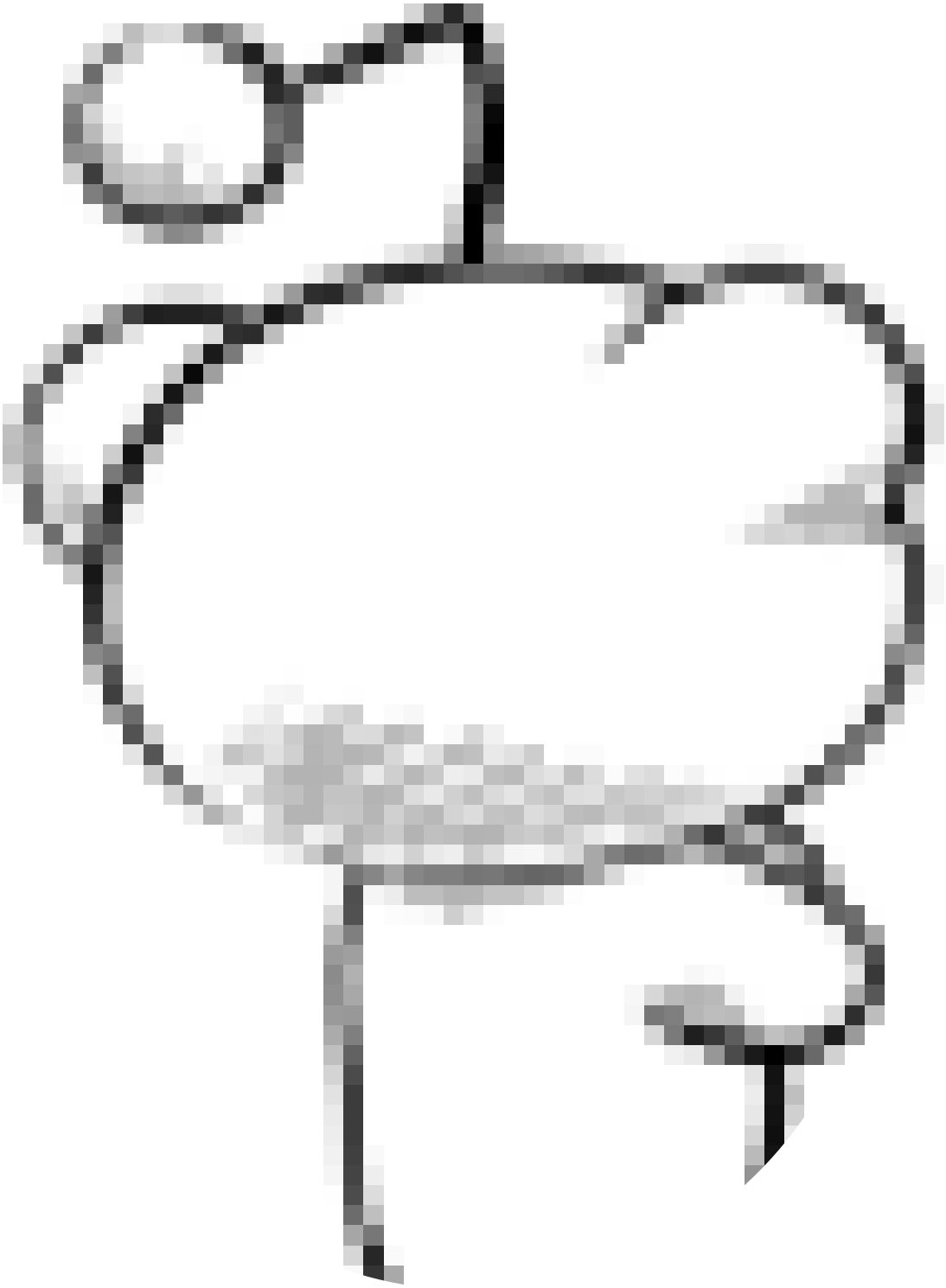

wasabiattack
â€¢ 15y ago

I remember going to my TA for a really tough algorithms & complexity course and we met in his cubicle which was in the middle of a big empty room. Half the lights were off so it was a bit dark but his half were on. He's Indian, and as he tutored me he would start mumbling in Hindi. At first I thought he was just thinking to himself out loud. But the mumbling started getting louder to the point where he was just plain out taking turns talking to me and talking in Hindi. My next thought is that he must have bluetooth and be on the phone with his friend or something. But after some tactful checking, no bluetooth. Then he started yelling at empty chairs across the room. I was too stunned to say anything so after I got all the solutions I just left. I probably should have said something to the prof.

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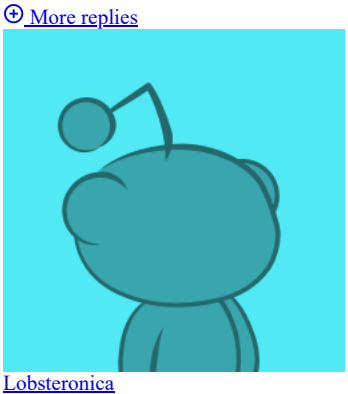

Lobsteronica
â€¢ 15y ago

I was a night security guard on a large building complex and one time I was on with this strange guy who would grunt rather than speak. But I didn't think twice about it cause a lot of strange people do that job. Anyway, there were two security offices I was in the little one at the back and the other guy was in the front. At about 3am I was absent-mindedly flicking through the footage from all the security cameras and I get to one channel showing a huge close up of my own face. Straight away I spun round to look at the camera it started slowly zooming out then turning away from me. It shit me right up.

1 more reply
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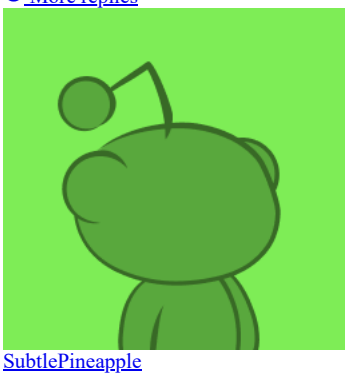

SubtlePineapple
â€¢ 15y ago

sometimes I get the most intense deja vu. It's usually not anything big or important, but like for instance as I was reading some comments earlier, I just *knew* that I had done this before, and I knew how the conversation would progress before I even read the rest. The entire scene felt incredibly familiar.

Excuse the long tale, but I thought I'd share. This *is* a true story, though it may sound stupid.

I was in sixth grade. I had just come back from a school baseball game. I was in the locker room, and I couldn't find my shirt I wore to school. I remember that shirt well. It was a Penn University tee I got from a basketball game I went to with my dad once. I only had one, and I really liked it. Anyway, I couldn't find it anywhere, but it was getting late and I was like "fuck it, I'll just wear my practice jersey." So I did, and got on my bike and rode home.

Half-way home, I got into an accident with a car making a right-on-red, and got hustled to the hospital. I ended up more or less OK, and I went home that night, tired and bloodied.

The next day I got up, and went to go get dressed. I open the drawer, and I grab a shirt to throw on over my aching body. As I'm closing the drawer, though, something catches my eye. Crammed and crumpled up in the corner, is a very familiar blue shirt. I pull it out, and to my surprise it is my Penn basketball shirt. I asked my mom about it, and she knew nothing. I told nobody up to this point about losing the shirt. To this day I still have no explanation as to how and why that shirt made it home.

1 more reply
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S_Captured
â€¢ 15y ago

I have quite a few when I was a young girl. Lived in an apartment where a man had died in the closet my mom would always find me in(I was 3). When I was 5 I had a kid's tape recorder with microphone that I would sing into and listen back with headphones. One day I was singing or just talking when I hear loudly in my headphones "SHUT THE FUCK UP" in a man's voice that wasn't my dad's. I was young and not use to cursing so I started arguing with this voice coming out of my recorder. I asked "Who are you" and it was just being obscene, my mom came into the room where I was very concerned. The toy disappeared shortly after but I ended up finding it 2 years later when we moved to another state.

thisismikeb
â€¢ 15y ago

Not as bad as some of these stories but still creeped me out: when I was about 12 and my brother 14 we were up late playing video games. Our computers (which we were on) were set up in a room at the front of our house that had a big bay window in it covered with blinds. A little after midnight there was a pretty distinct, but not too loud knocking on the window - much like what our friends would do when coming over late, knew we were in there, but didn't want to wake anyone else in the house. I separated the blinds with my fingers to look out and nobody was there, so I didn't think to much of it. This happened twice more, with about a 5 minute separation between knocks. At this point we figured one of our friends must think they were being clever and knocking and running away so I went across to the other bay window on the front of our house and peeked out between the blinds so I could see who was knocking and perhaps scare them in return for their troubles. I sat there and watched and no one ever came up onto our porch to knock, even when my brother whispered across that he/she was knocking again - this time louder. We left our games and retreated upstairs at that point...

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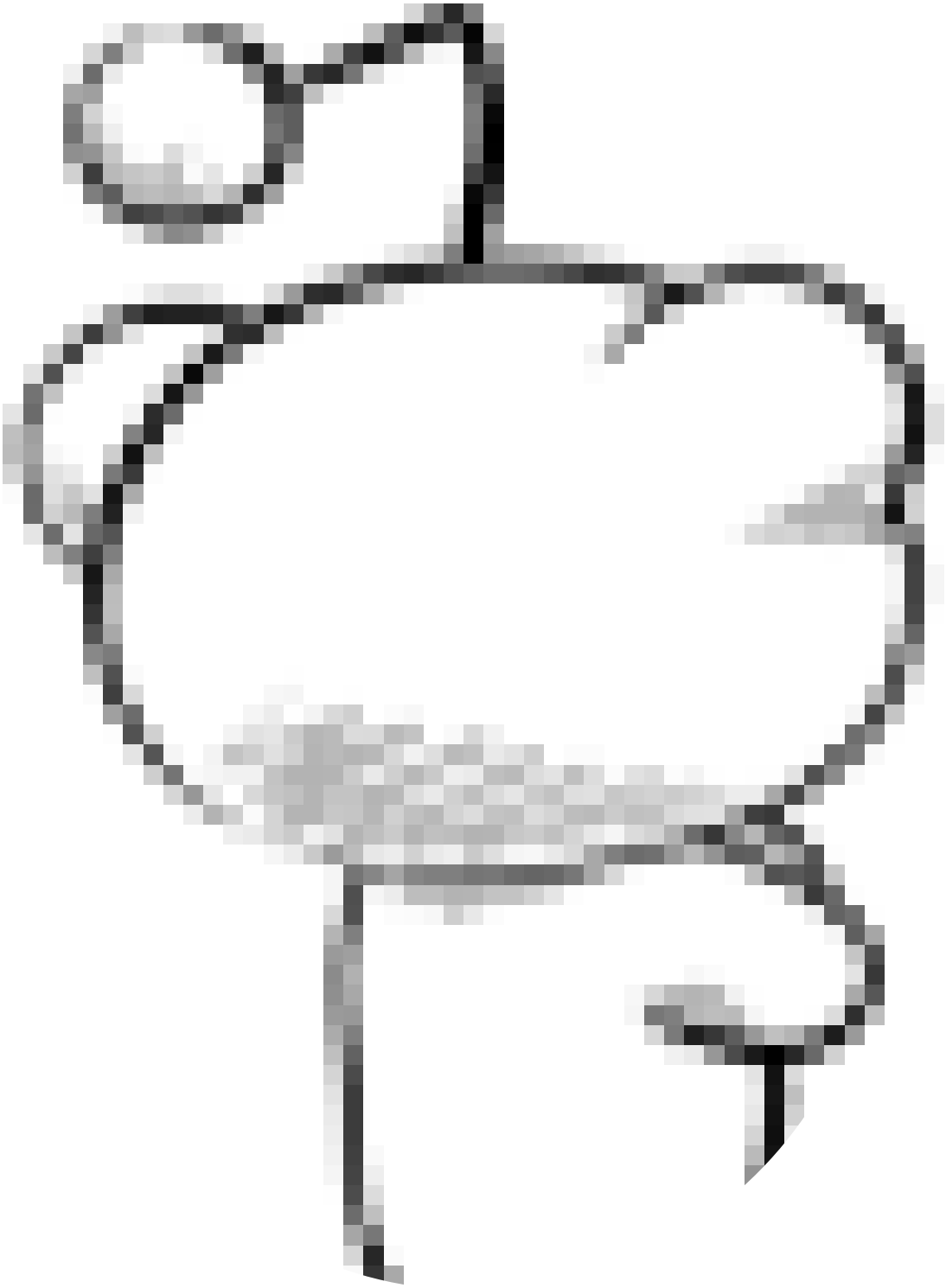

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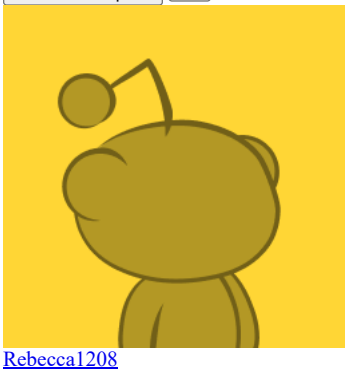

Rebecca1208
â€¢ 15y ago

One night me and my sister were staying at my Dad's house. It was past midnight, dead dark and silent with us talking a little. Once we decided to sleep and closed our eyes, we noticed a strange orange glow. Looking up, a candle had somehow lit itself. We were sleeping next to a door, so we knew no one came in.

After a few really confused seconds we blew it out and, after a little bit of faint banging, saw the door very slowly open in the darkness. We thought it was a cat, but it was just darkness.

Just as we were getting really freaked out, my mobile phone rings - Back then, I'd never get phone calls, especially at that time - I answered and couldn't hear anything but some weird noises. Hung right up. We struggled to sleep that night.

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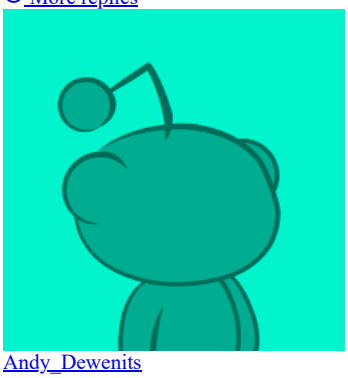

Andy_Dewenits
â€¢ 15y ago

I had made posted this before, but also relevant here:

So I decided to take a Sunday evening nap. Went out partying pretty heavily the night before. As I was coming out of my sleep I "opened" my eyes and stared around my dark room and all of a sudden a silhouette of a female figure with long black hair appeared out of nowhere from the left side of my bed, crawled really quickly over my body towards my right side. Now what happens next all goes by extremely quick, in split seconds and i was immobilized. The girl got over onto the left side of my bed, sat down next to me and starts to hammer her hands down in a stabbing motion very quickly on my chest. It was dark and her hair was covering her face so I couldn't see it. As soon as she started the stabbing, I felt violent vibrations in my upper body and heard a loud repeating thumping noise. Everything felt too real but at this moment I had figured out I was in sleep paralysis so I tried to shake my self out of it and while doing that I jerked my eyes away from her towards the left side of the bed. When I looked back at her she had stopped the stabbing and I can now see her face. Her face right in front of mine was pale and with her eyes and mouth wide open as if she was screaming at me, her black pupils stared into my eyes. That was when I decided I've had enough and slammed my eyes shut. But that didn't yield the results I had hoped it would have. With my eyes shut the image of her face flickered like a strobe light in my mind. As the vibrations and the thumping were reaching an ubearable level I finally woke and came to. I scanned my pitch black room for the ghostly figure, nothing.

trappar
â€¢ 15y ago

As I was heading to bed one night at 2 AM or so, I looked out the window in my front door for a moment. The sky suddenly turned completely green for a split second, then pink, then orange. I stood there for about 30 minutes feeling as though my sanity had suddenly been torn away, just waiting for something to happen. Nothing did. There were no drugs involved and I still have no idea what I saw.

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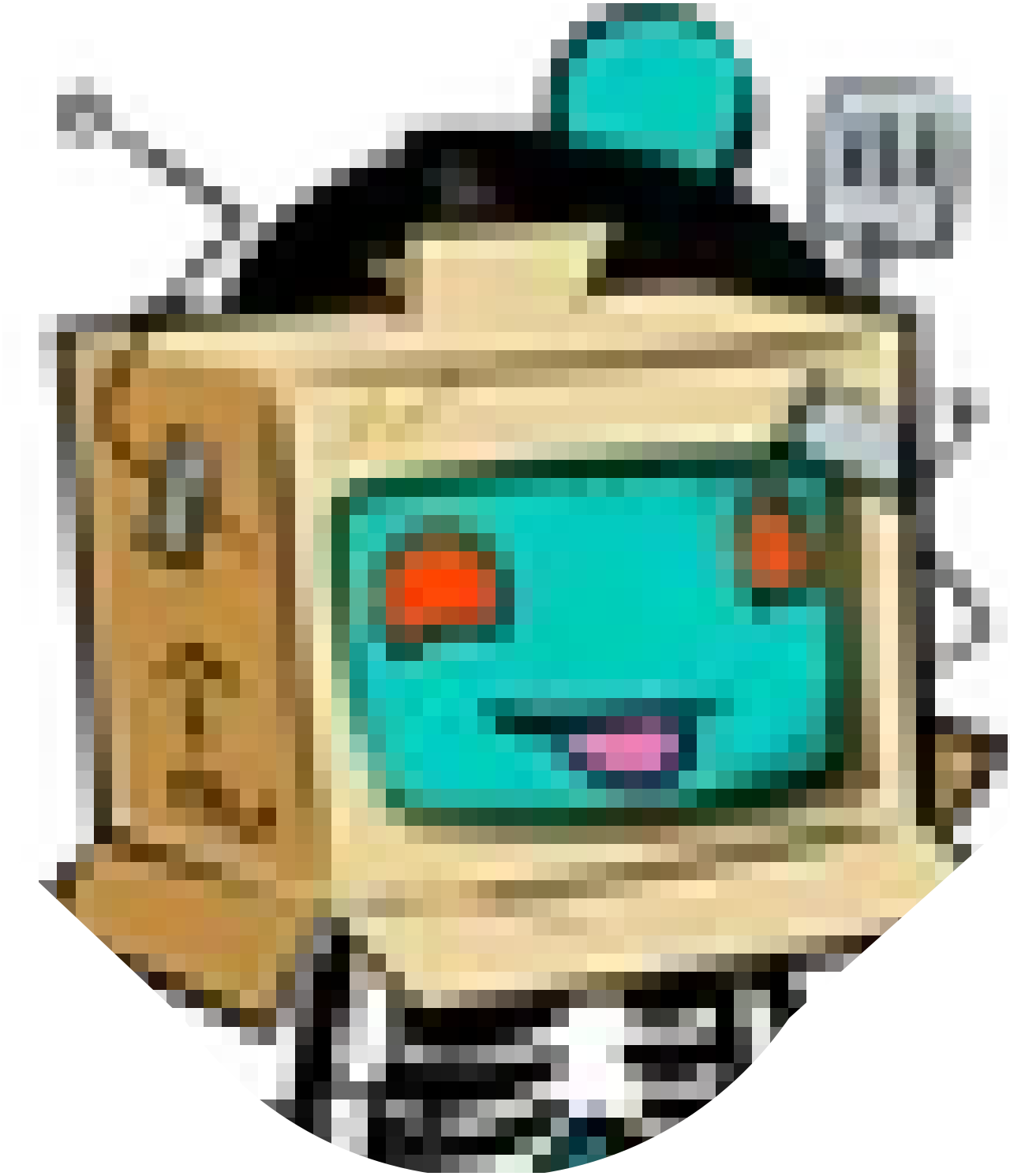
NoApollonia
â€¢ 15y ago

The feeling that I was going to die after eight grand mal seizures in a row - yes, very lucky to be alive.



DMC100
â€¢ 15y ago

This is my brother's story.

He was the creepy person.

He decided to dress like a ninja to spy on his friends.

Black jacket, beanie, ski mask, gloves, boots, pants, bag, and sword.

He broke out of our parents house at 1:30 am. We have a low fence to a pathway behind our back yard and he hopped it. When he landed on the other side and stood up, he looked up and saw a man frozen in the path coming towards him. He guy had just turned the corner on a late night walk just as my brother landed. since there was a street light close, the man got a full on shot of him landing with his sword on his back. The guy freaked out and ran away screaming.

TL:DR: My brother accidentally scared the shit out of a guy like a ninja.

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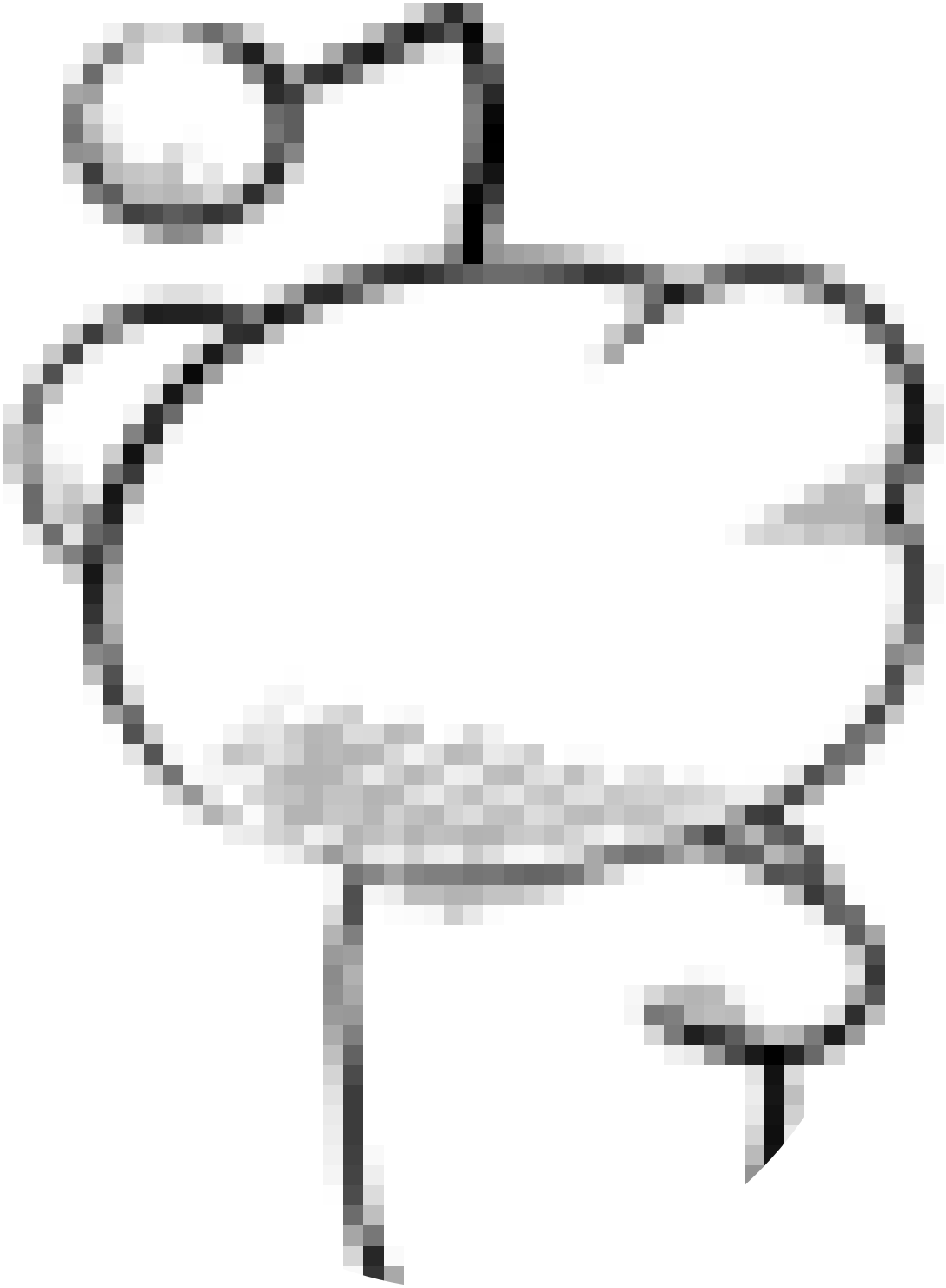

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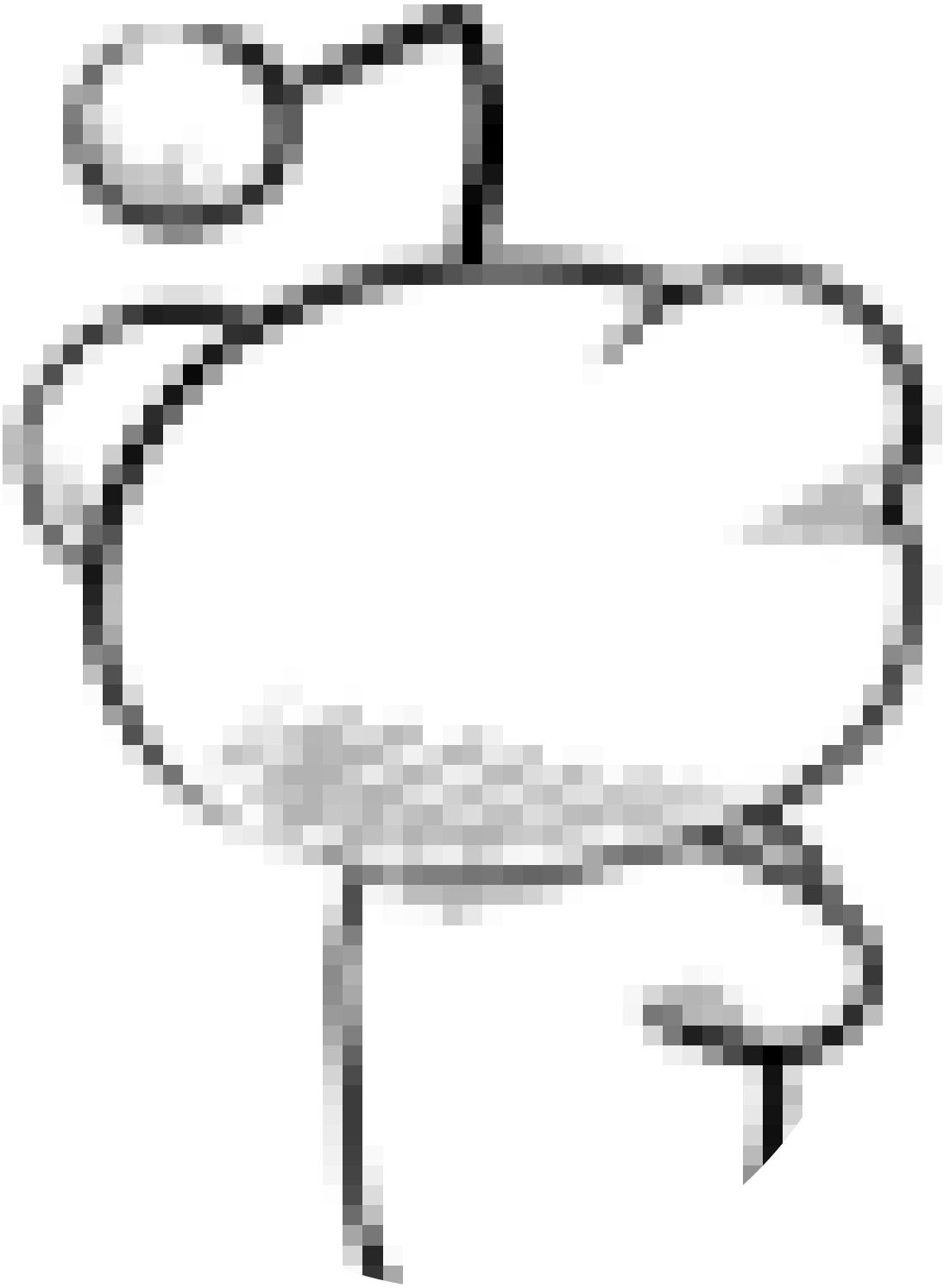

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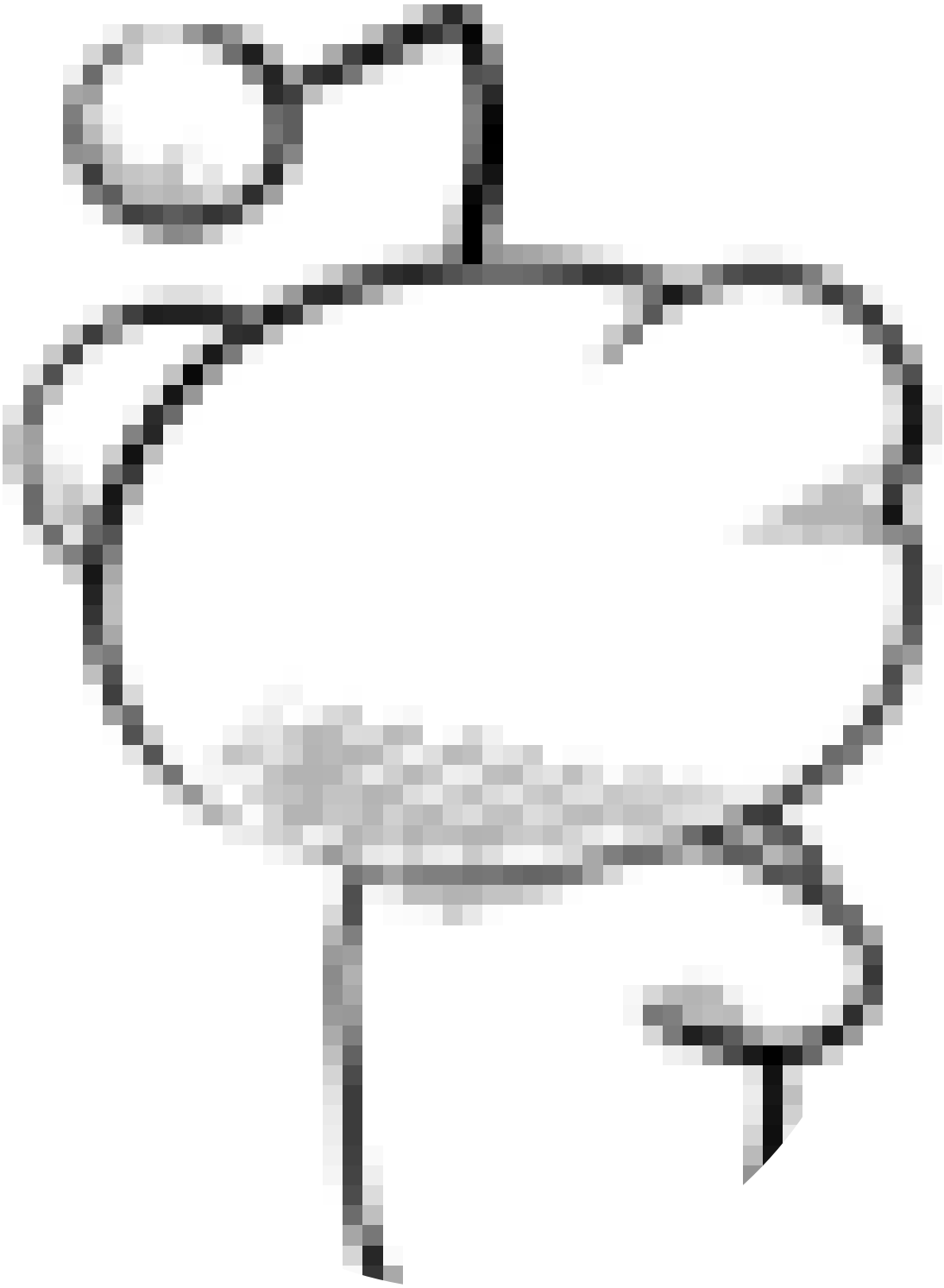

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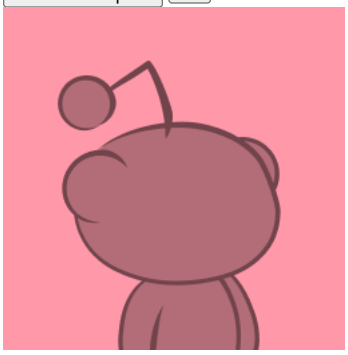

strangeanatomy
â€¢ 15y ago

My boyfriend just told me a story.

He used to be a process server, and he and his boss were out in the boonies trying to serve an old man a subpoena for a murder trial. He absolutely insisted that he wouldn't go and cussed out his boss, threw rocks at their truck, and almost tried to physically fight his boss. At that point his farm hand ran up, and they had a mexican standoff. My boyfriend suggested that they just leave, and the old man swore at him and asked if he "wanted some of this."

They got in the car to drive away, so he took off his pants and rubbed his dick all over the car as they were trying to leave. They were out of cell phone service.

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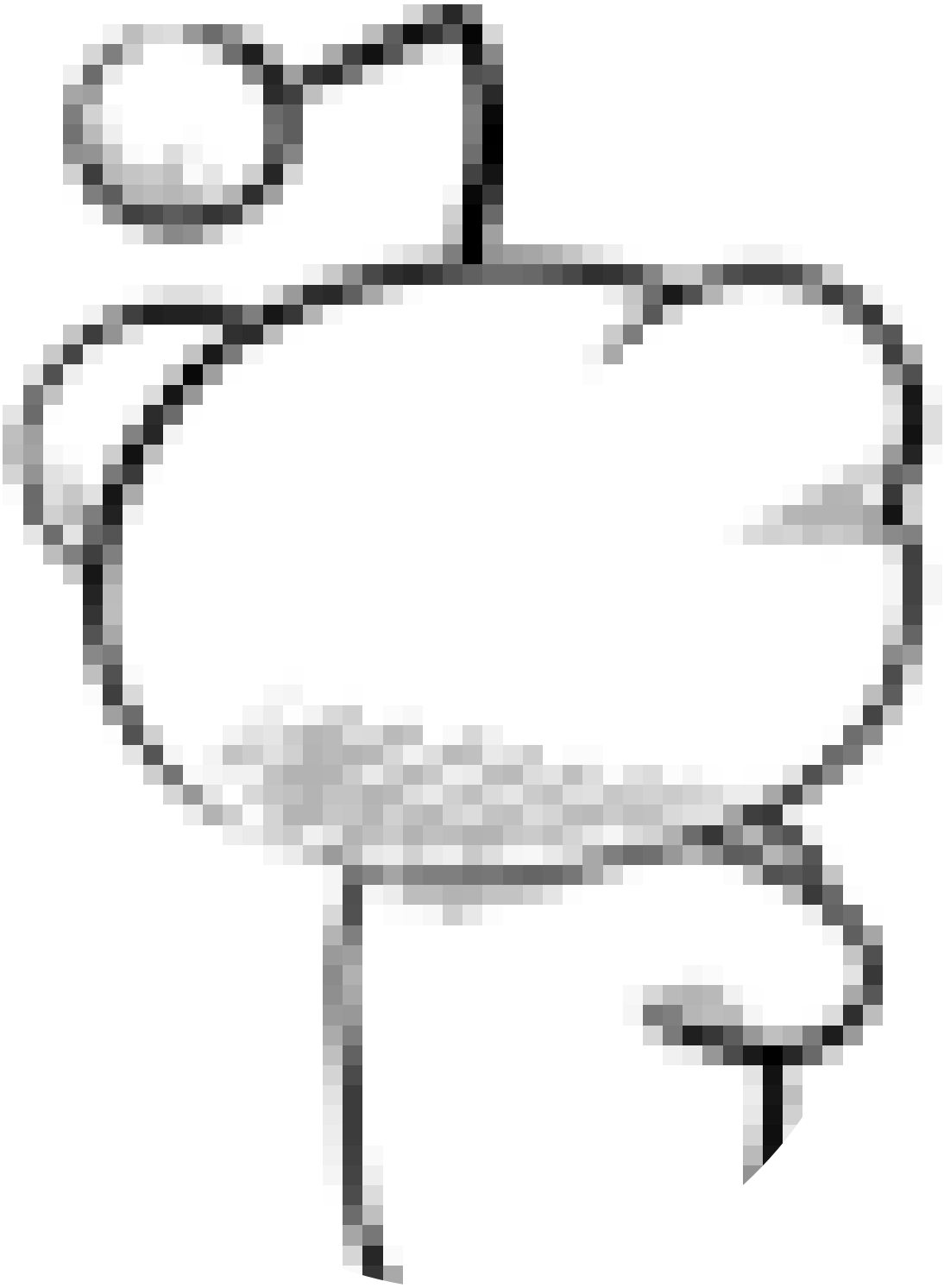

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â€¢ 15y ago

I once had an entire conversation with someone who I could not understand.....I don't know if it was a speech impediment or if he just had a mumbling problem but basically I just laughed and nodded and said yes and no randomly but I made him laugh a few times then he waved goodbye when his train came and he got on.

.....I will always remember you strange mumbling man....you've changed me for the better.

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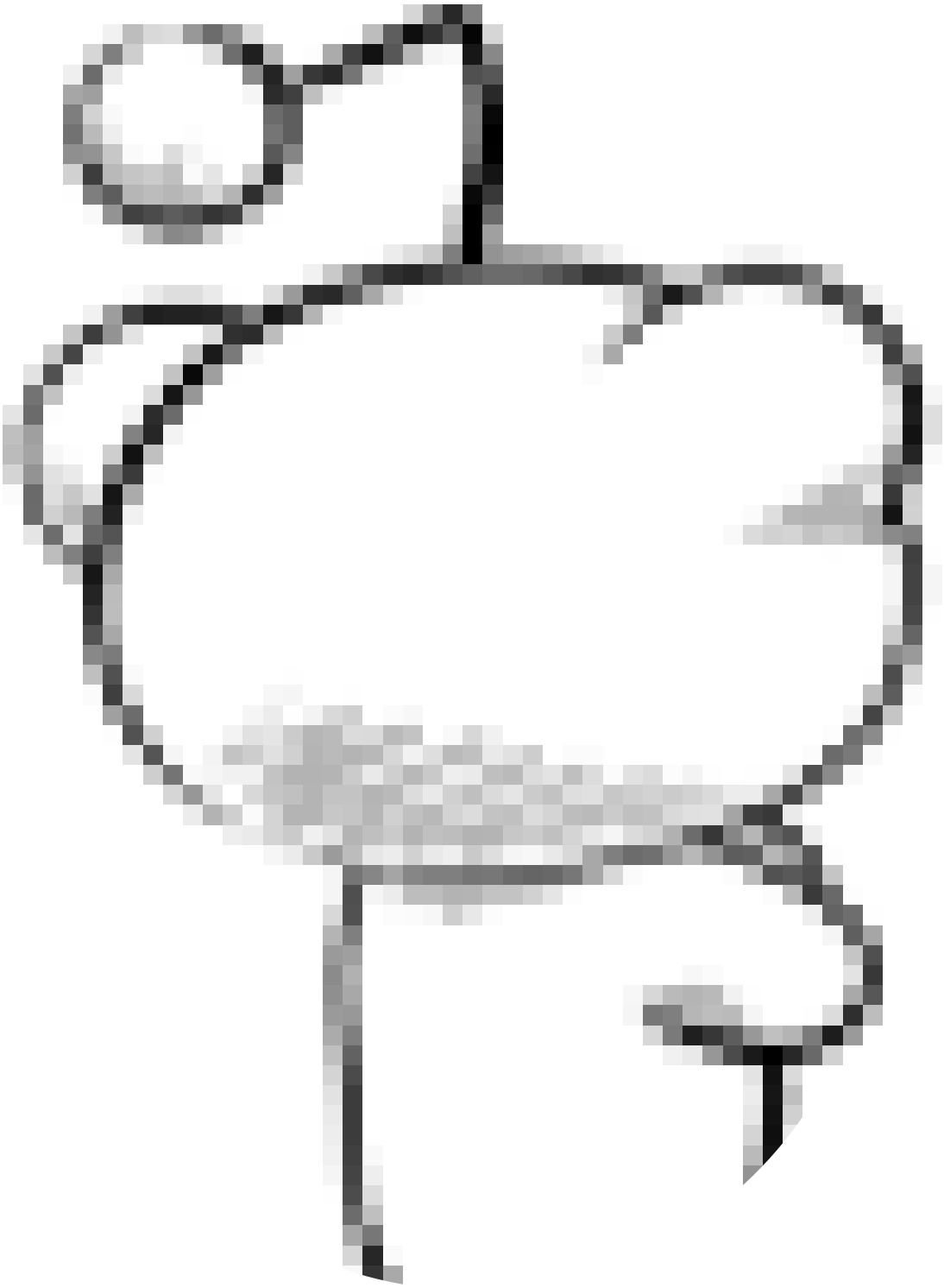

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â€¢ 15y ago

Palpebral, I think you are a reddit king

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colintroy
â€¢ 15y ago

It was June 2009, I had 6 friends over and we were playing some ol' Halo 2 system link for nostalgia sake. After getting bored real quick they put on a Yankees game and I decided to screw them and take off by myself to get some taco bell just to spite them cause I wanted to play halo. After I got back and ate my tacos they all decided they wanted McDonalds and asked if I wanted to come with. I said I'd call it an early night and they all left in a minivan one of my friends drove over.

After smoking a bowl with my brother and crashing on the couch for a couple hours I decided it was time for bed. It was around 1:30 or 2 AM and while walking up to my room and saw that there were still 5 cars parked outside. Perplexed in my hazy burnt state of mind me and my brother questioned where the fuck these 6 dudes could still be at 2AM all cramped in a minivan.

No one was answering their cell phones so me and my bro woke our parents and my mom got a hold of one of my friend's mom's who she knew well and found out they were all in the hospital, 2 of them in critical condition.

Turns out on the way back from McDonald's a cop car responding to a call about a knife fight in this ghetto part of town blew through a red light sirens blaring at 50 miles and hour and plowed right through the minivan sending it 30 feet into a fence and totaled it instantly.

We drove down to the spot (in our boxers and bare feet), literally a 30 second drive from my house and saw 2 news vans already on the scene.

What still kinda gives me chills is not that I could have been in that van or that if I was how the timing of events might have prevented the bad luck. It was the van, the entire left side crushed into the other. The sight of it gave me goosebumps cause I couldn't imagine anyone surviving it,... let alone experiencing a such a brutal physical and psychological shock.

(The good news: everyone lived, but a lot of blood and learning occurred that night. No one remembered the crash. Just blackness. Apparently the crash shattered all the windows and blew out 3 of the tires instantly. The trial against the cop is still ongoing.)

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BariumEnema
â€¢ 15y ago

When I was younger, I had kind of a nervous habit. While sitting, I would subconsciously bounce my leg. When trying to fall asleep, I would also shake my foot. I realized I was shaking my foot pretty vigorously while reading one night, so much so that my bed was shaking. I ceased and the bed stopped shaking. Then the bed shook again just a couple of seconds after I had stopped. It freaked me out big time.

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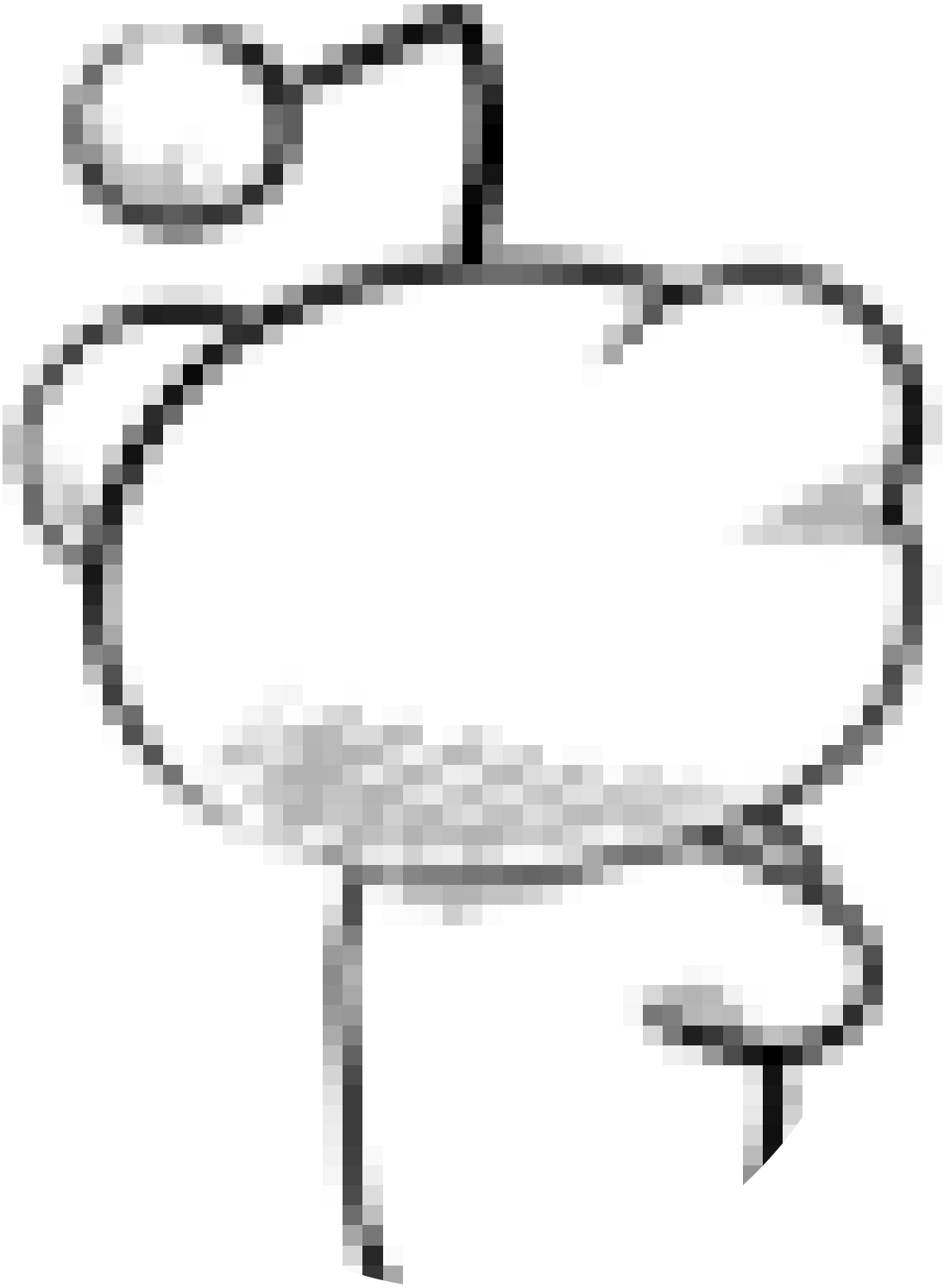

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â€¢ 15y ago

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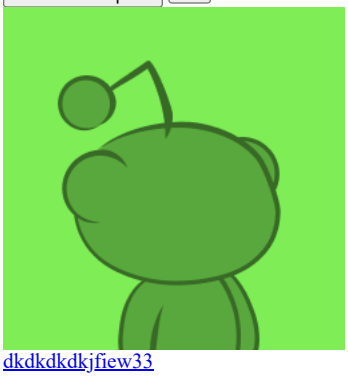

dkdkdkdkjfiew33
â€¢ 15y ago

Jesus I have to stop reading these fucking comments, I'm completely freaked out right now.

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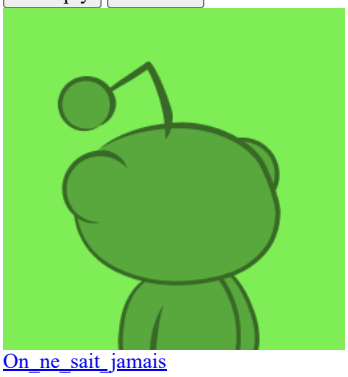

On_ne_sait_jamais
â€¢ 15y ago

I've been on this thread for hours.. I'm fucking terrified but I keep reading x[

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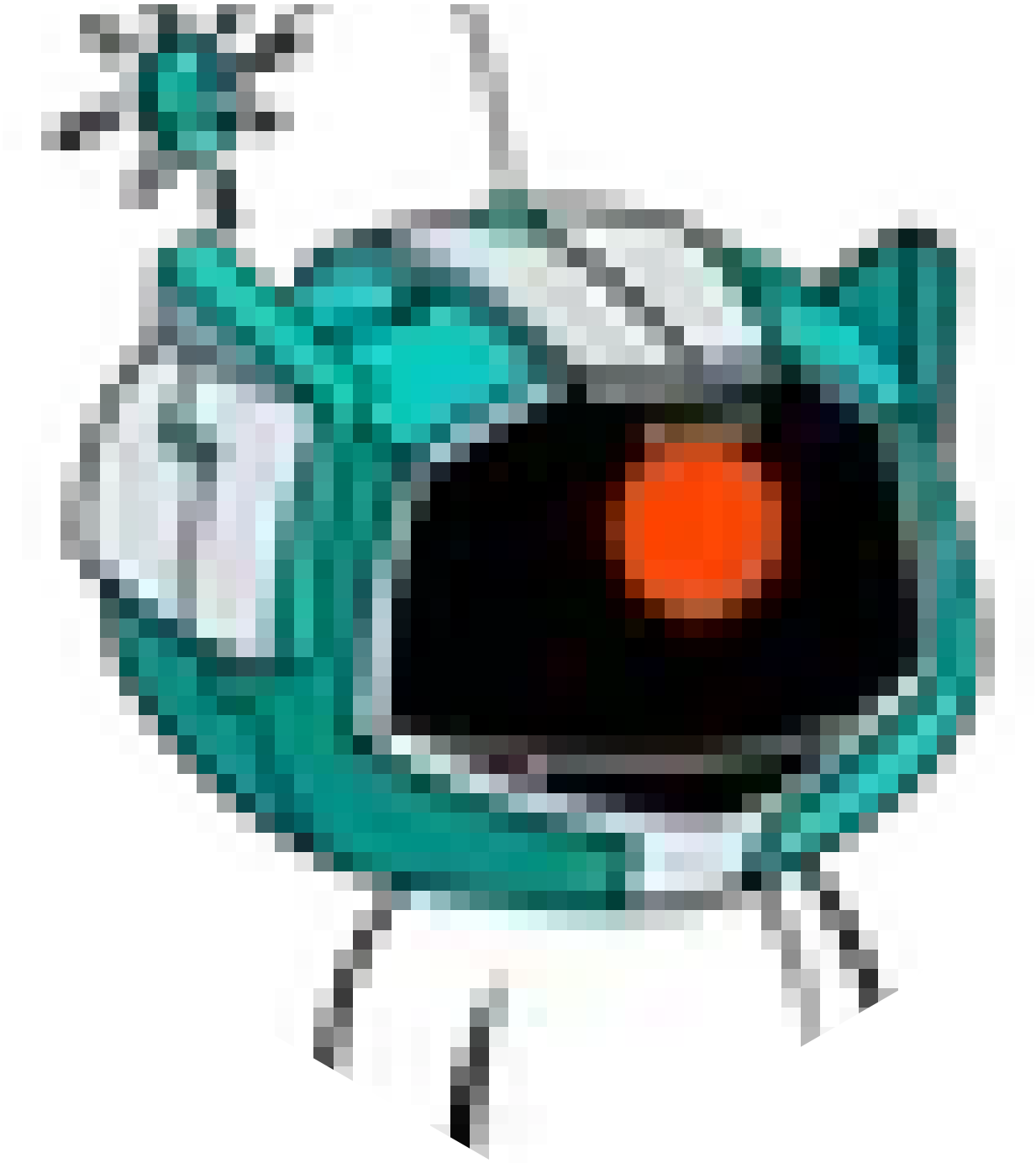
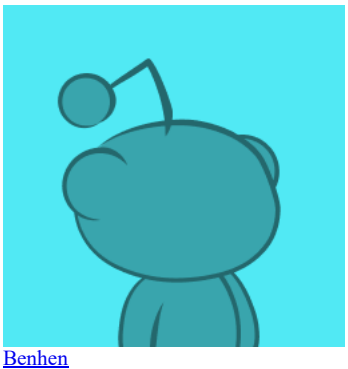


JomaxZ
â€¢ 15y ago

I once walked in on my friend (an atheist when I was Catholic) doing something like talking to himself in the mirror in a low, *different* voice. It was only brief, but I imagined him actually being a demon, or possessed, or an evil person disguising himself. I only have a fragment of a memory of this, but I remember being creeped out by my imagination of demonic goings on...



Benhen
â€¢ 15y ago

He was probably practising his "cool" voice. That, or he's the Anti Christ.

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g_e_r_b
â€¢ 15y ago

Practising your James Hetfield voice in front of a mirror may be evil but does not actually qualify as demonic. Practising your Justin Bieber voice in front of a mirror does, however.

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Rinse-Repeat
â€¢ 15y ago

Waking up to two male cats yowling and spitting/fighting with each other....right under my bed. They infiltrated the crawl space of our house and were going at it right under our damned bed.

Creeped me out....wow, skin was crawling

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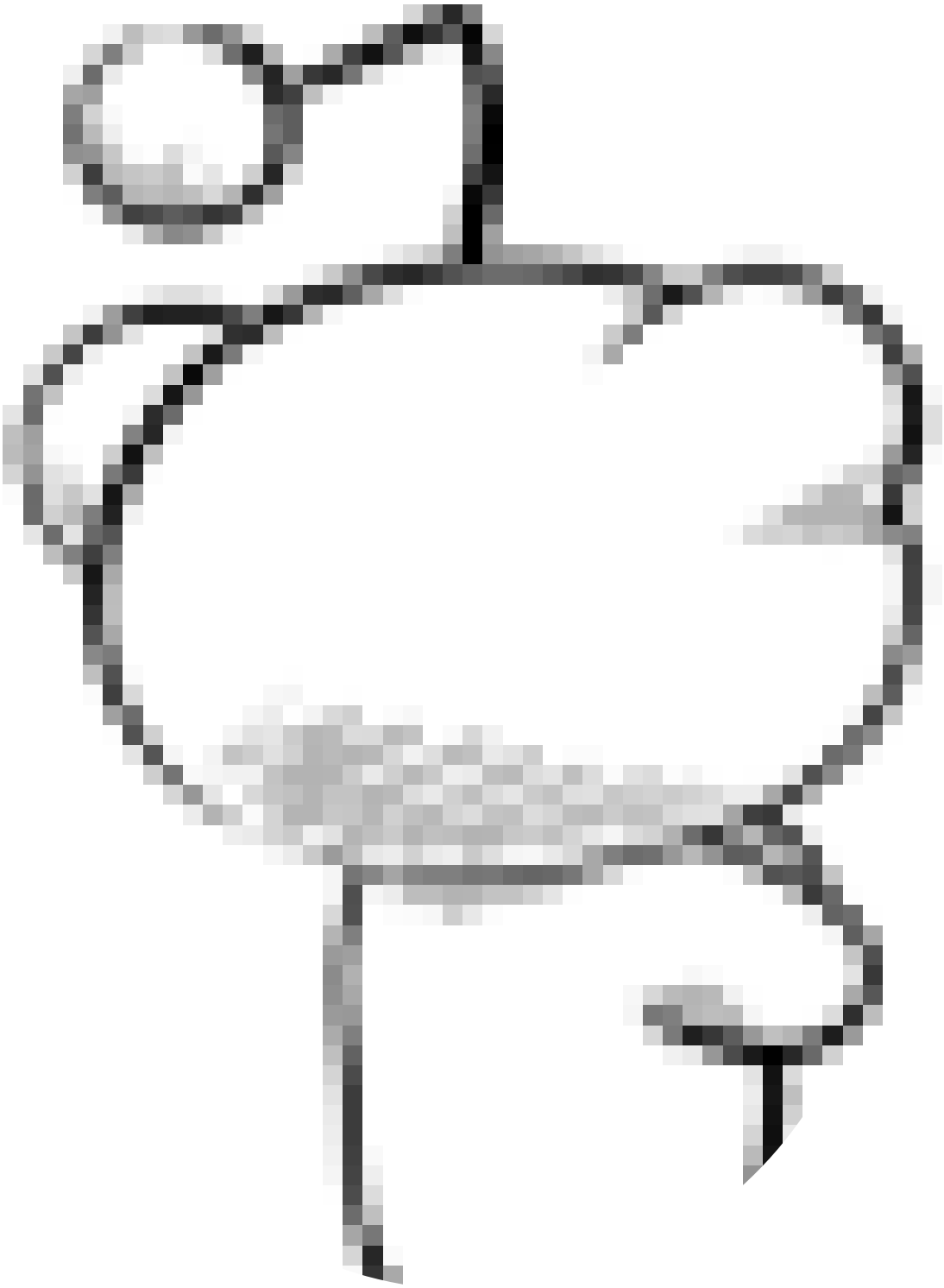

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â€¢ 15y ago

Just had my wisdom teeth removed yesterday. The top left tooth had roots stretching so long they grew into my sinus cavity. When the tooth came out, a communication channel opened up between my mouth and my sinuses.

Weird. Ass. Feeling. Oh yea, and it's bound to make me sick if these antibiotics don't fight off all my mouth germmies yet. I still can't brush my teeth!

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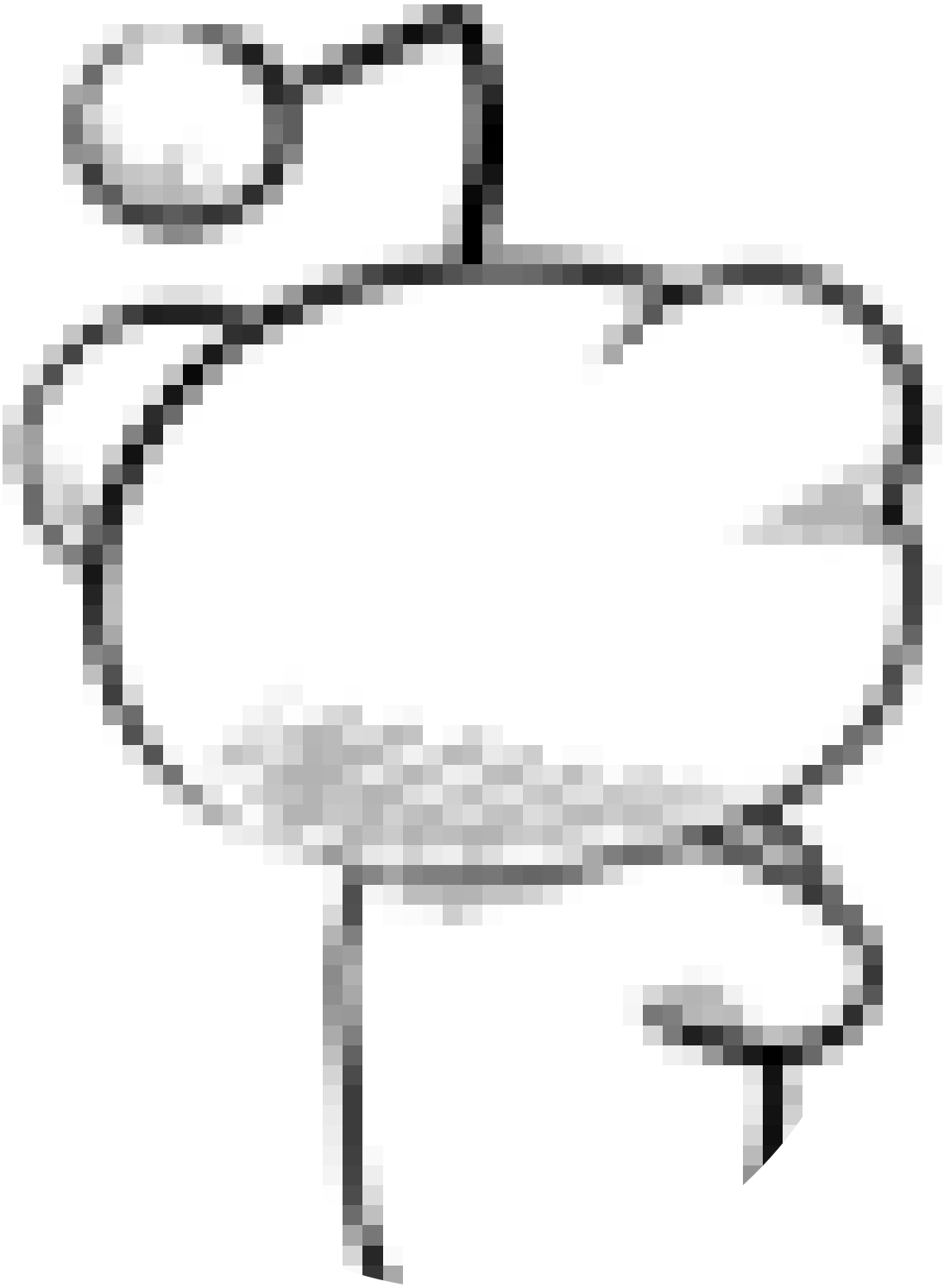

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â€¢ 15y ago

I moved to a new city when I was five and for the first two weeks in our new house, I slept in a room with nothing more than a bunk-bed.

After about three weeks or so, I was laying in bed and opened my eyes. In the middle of the barren floor was a tall, black, shadowy figure. I was so frozen with fear, that I laid around for the next hour contemplating what I should do, finally, I began screaming at the top of my lungs until my dad came into the room. The first thing he asked me, though, was not something I wanted, or needed to hear.

"Did you see it too?"

"See what?" I replied pretending not to have seen "it."

During my stay in that house, my entire family, except for my young brother, saw all the same "things." It wasn't until we moved out that we told each other about it. Since then, I have stopped believing in ghosts and the paranormal in general. How this is, that's beyond me.

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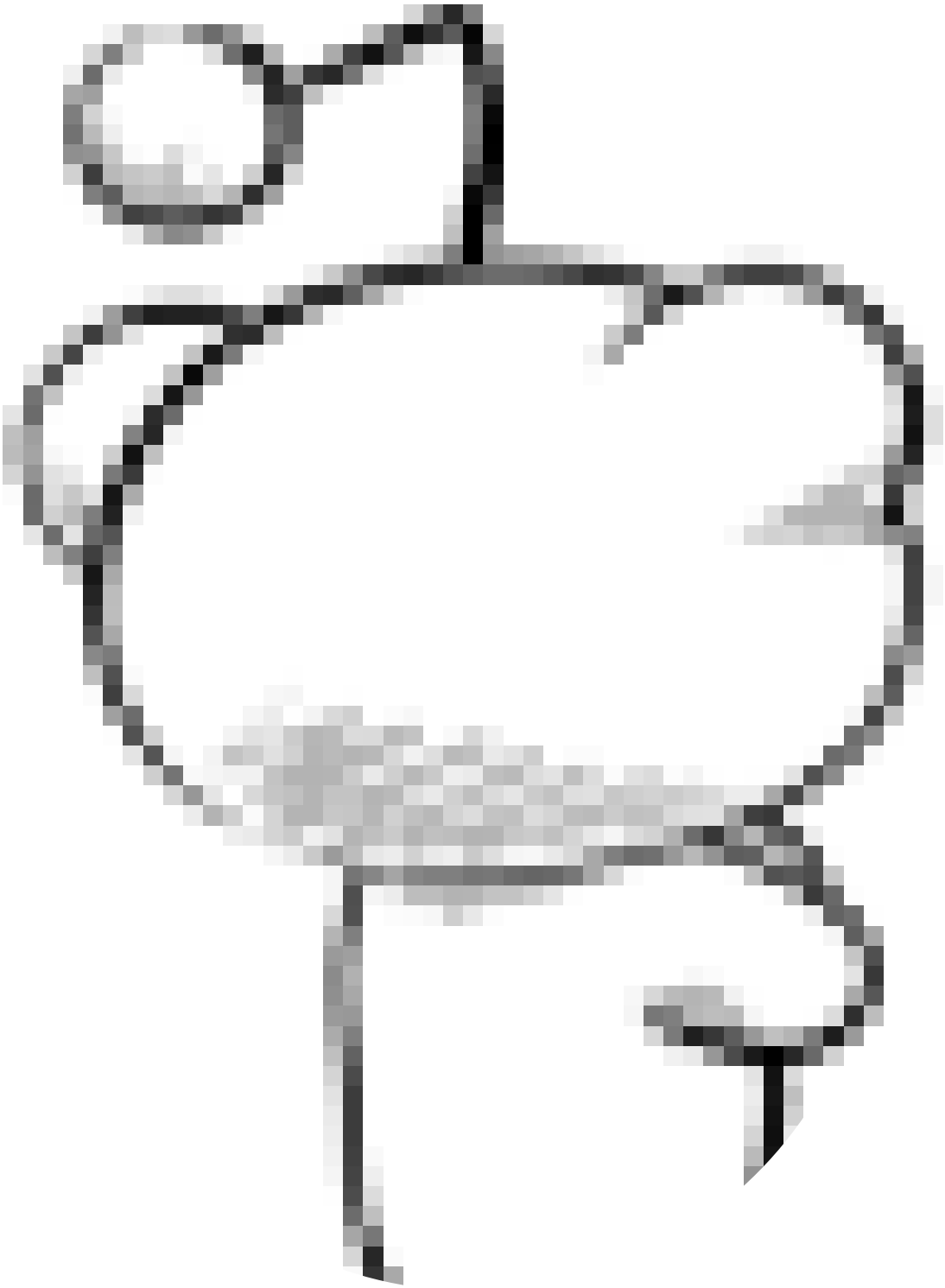

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super-rad
â€¢ 15y ago â€¢ Edited 15y ago

I'm so glad this thread came up. Back in high school, I was riding in a car with my gf and another friend. It was late afternoon, and we were driving past this huge field near my house, and out of the woods, we see this huge creature stumble out. It was about the size of a bear, but looked like a very mangy dog. It's fur seemed to be patchy or matted. It stopped and shuddered/twitched, and then spread wings. We all freaked the fuck out, and my friend and I yelled at my girlfriend to stop the car so we could see what it was. She kept driving though, as she was more frightened than curious. I forgot where we were going, but when we got there, we told everyone what we saw, and they just assumed we were fucking with them. The next day, I was driving past the field and I saw two animal control trucks scouting the area.

I know this all sounds like bullshit. I would think the same, if I hadn't seen it with my own eyes. This was probably about 7 or so years ago now. I recently brought it up to my friend when I was home for the holidays, and he remembered it just as I do. It's such a crazy story, I was thankful to know I hadn't invented this in my head.

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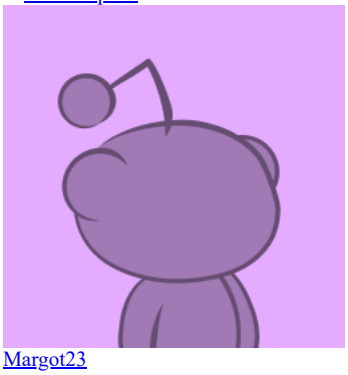

Margot23
â€¢ 15y ago â€¢ Edited 15y ago

This past November my mother, sister and I went out to an island near Tacoma to look at some property. The realtor wouldn't be available the day we got into town, so we had to find a place to stay on-island. We selected a "bed and breakfast" from the island's website and booked a room.

When we got there we discovered that it wasn't really a bed and breakfast. We would be staying in the modified walk-out basement of an a-frame house. It was damp and cold and felt like no one had been in to clean in ages. The book shelf was filled with Bibles and religious shit, and plenty of Glenn Beck.

Still, as we shoved our way through the door (whose frame had expanded due to moisture), we thought it'd be cool to wake up and look out across the lake.

There were multiple doors into this basement apartment. The primary door (the one in the expanded frame) looked out across the lake. Then there was a door at the top of the staircase into the rest of the house, a door with a chair in front of it in the bedroom, and a door right across the hall from the bathroom. The door by the bathroom opened into part of a garage, the door in the bedroom wouldn't open (it didn't feel locked. Instead it felt like this was another expanded door). We could tell, though, that it went somewhere inside the house and not outside. This door was labeled "potting shed." The door at the top of the stars was locked.

My Mom went to bed early, and my sister and I tried to watch the TV. It wouldn't work, so we called the "innkeeper"--who turned out to be some random guy with his thirteen year old daughter. He got the TV to work, and my sister and I stayed awake for another hour trying to watch "Sharktopus" (It was the only thing on).

When we finally decided to go to sleep we opted to not to pull out the musty futon, and instead pile in with our mother in the queen-sized bed. There were no blinds in the windowed room. We locked the door and sought the bedroom.

It was still cold and damp despite our attempts to blast it out with the heater set at 85, so I decided to sleep in my clothes. At some time in the night, though, the room finally warmed up, and I decided to go out to windowed room to grab my PJs. I changed right there in front of the window. The moon was full and everything was brightly lit.

Once up I decided to pop a squat, so I wandered off to the bathroom and started peeing. Half way through I heard a door slam. I sat there peeing and thinking "the front door was locked. It sounded like the front door. It must have been mom. She must think I'm outside. It was ple--" and then the bathroom door pushed open.

It was Mom. It was Mom in the house with me, asking if I was just outside. "No. Shit! NO, I WASN'T." I wipe, leap up (first time I've ever not washed my hands), and we check the apartment. Locked. Locked. Stuck. Same as it ever was.

But someone was definitely in that apartment while I changed. While we slept.

Of course, now we're trapped on an island (the ferry wouldn't start again until morning), someone was just in the apartment while we slept, and cue FREAK THE FUCK OUT-age. I'm twenty, but I felt like I was a little girl again.

Still, there was nothing that could be done. We were in a small community, trapped, and very, very tired. We shut the bedroom door and tried to sleep.

For mom it came pretty easily. My sister, who had never woken, slept between us. I lay awake staring at the stuck door in our room. Finally I drifted off again to the worst nightmares of my life. Recounting them now seems silly, but that night was the first night I've ever tried to scream in my sleep and actually had something come out. My sister had to shake me awake twice.

Since that night my sister and I refer to the island and to that dank, horrible basement as "the place of which we do not speak." We laugh now, but that night? That night was the first time I've ever been rendered so completely irrational by terror.

EDIT: spelling, and other grammatical nonsense

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RAWRstatus
â€¢ 15y ago

I used to live in a (what i thought was a haunted) appartment. So one night, i was alone at home, laying in my bed watching some movie with earplugs in. Suddenly i hear this really loud rumbling noise, at first i thought someone was messing about outside of the appartment.

But when i removed my earplugs i noticed it was coming my appartment. It was loud as hell and i didn't know what it was nor did i want to know what it was.

But i had the sudden urge to pee really badly and was contemplating on wether i should pee outside the window from my 8th story appartment. Didn't wanna do that, so i just said to myself man the F*ck up and just go the to the bathroom and pee like a man.

Opened my bedroom door and the rumbling noise became much louder, now i notice it was coming from the bathroom. So i open the bathroom door, seeing the tap almost all the way open, water dropping exactly in the hole making a really loud noise. Mind you that i had earplugs in and the bathroom was 2 closed doors away, so you know how loud that must've been.

I was now scared as hell, nearly peeing in my jammies. My knees were really shivering and i still needed to pee. Ever tried to pee while having shivering knees? Yeah... That didn't go so well.

This is the only time that my knees were shivering because i was that scared. The strange thing about this; is that right before i go to my bedroom i always check all the taps afraid of something like that might happen.

TLDR; Alone at home water tap was open, making a loud noise.

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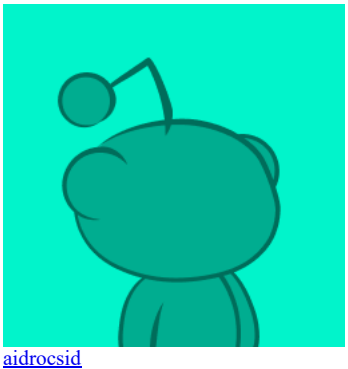

aidrocsid
â€¢ 15y ago

A few years ago I lived in a shitty one-room apartment in a building full of veterans, drunks, and crackheads. I was there with a friend when someone knocked on the door. Opening it, I discovered that behind it was a strange looking man accompanied by an odd high-pitched buzzing noise. He looked up at us and asked "Do you guys feel weird?" at which point I had one of those walls-coming-down moments that many psychedelic enthusiasts might recognize and immediately slammed and locked the door in his face.

Weird. Scary.

jakeinmn
â€¢ 15y ago

If anyone's ever experienced sleep paralysis, thats always fun, especially if you get visited by a shadow.

Every time I've ever taken sleeping aid, I've been under SP and had some sort of screaming shadow loom over me, staring at me with open eye sockets with a face so pale wearing a cloak of darkness that seems to turn everything grim.

Two nights ago, I took a nap, and whenever I would look around, I would see the figure in the distance. Whenever I looked away, he would appear closer, and if I looked at him or acknowledged him, he would turn his head to the side.

I ended up screaming as it progressed with him getting closer and closer until he screamed at my face.

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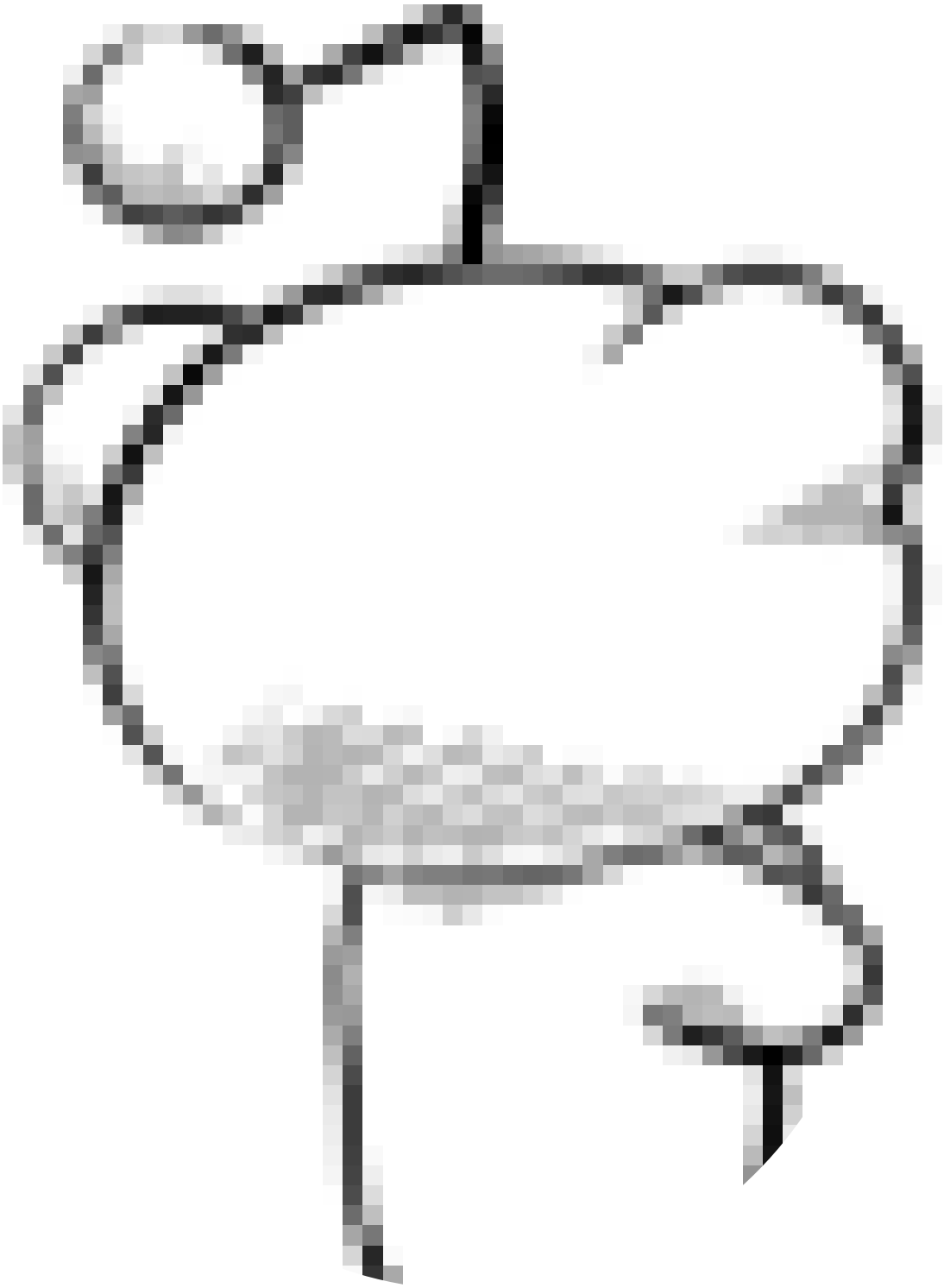

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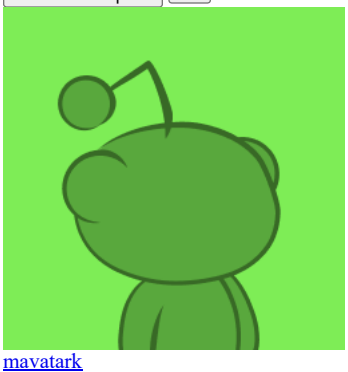

mavatark
â€¢ 15y ago

My grandfather owned a ranch in Colorado that i used to go to as a kid (3-5 yrs old) until he eventually sold it and i couldnt go back. I used to have a lot of fun playing with all the animals and adventuring until one day that scared the crap out of me

My sister and I (she was only a year older) were running around and we saw a little barn / red shack that we had never been into before. it was about 5pm and we went inside to check it out. upon walking inside we instantly realized the the interior was MUCH larger than the shack itself. it was long long, all white room with a desk at the far end with papers scattered all over the floors. Other than that it was really bright and blinding white. I ran out crying with my sister straight to my parents, who regarded it as me just being a scared little kid (i was 5).

The next day my parents checked out what we were talking about and they found nothing. it was just a small shack with a bunch of animal feed in it.

i have never returned to the ranch (im 21 now) and i dont really plan on it. my sister doesnt like to talk about it and i still have dreams where i can see the room in my head

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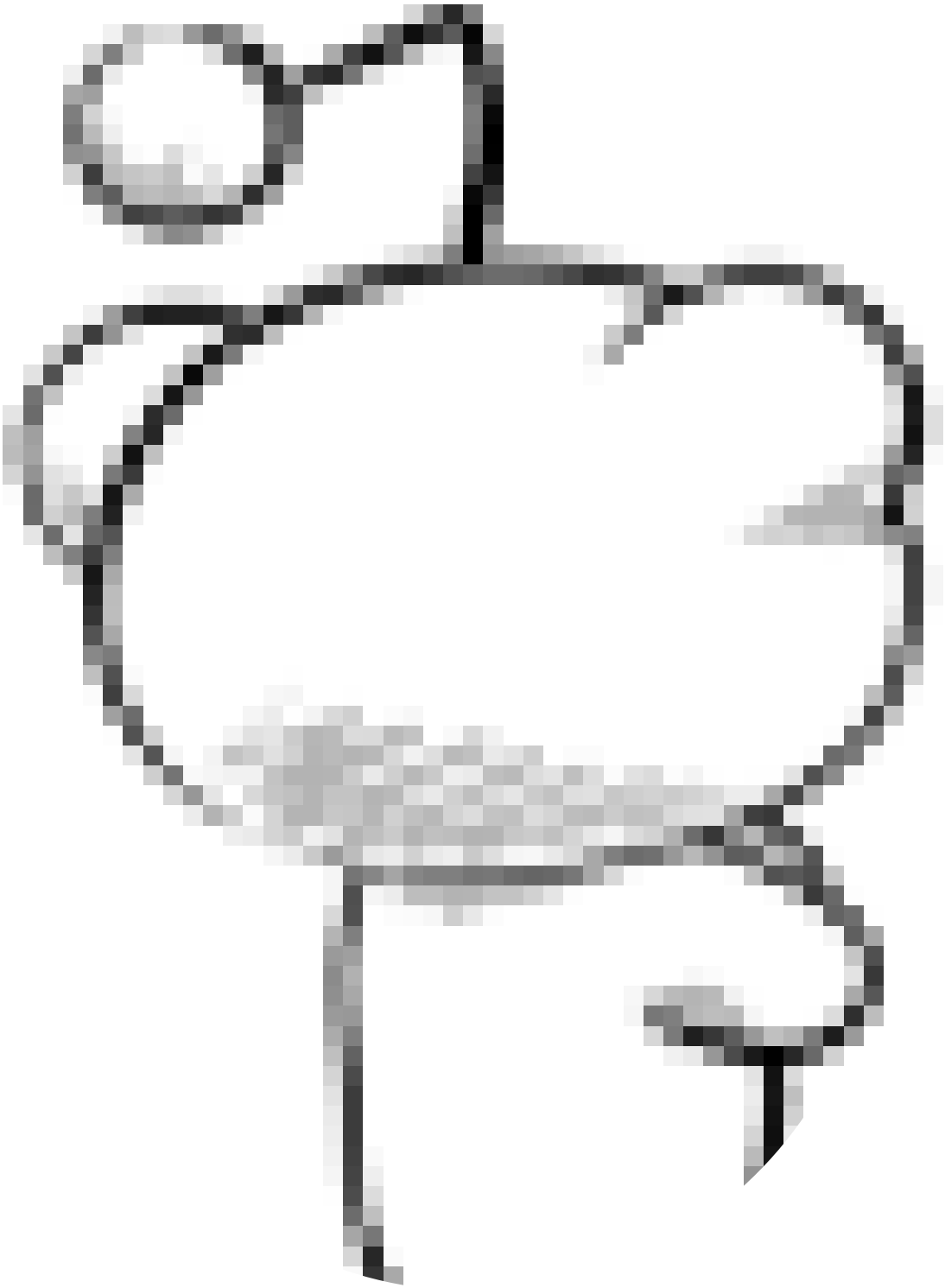

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â€¢ 15y ago

My gf and I were sleeping when all of a sudden both of us woke up because her body was freezing. We just sorta lay there with this odd feeling and we make small talk; both of us are as uncomfortable as hell. After about 5 minutes she tells me to turn on the light. I get up and pull the string on the ceiling fan light and it doesn't turn on. I pull it again and it turns on. As soon as I do this, she starts to yell at me to throw her, her clothes. We put our clothes on and then leave the room.

While outside of the room we just decide to leave the house. Something didn't feel right. I opened the door for her and I go to shut off the living room light and I see this dark shadowy warrior looking thing right in front of me. I don't really see it, but I feel it (if that makes any sense). I shut off the light anyway and run for it. We are halfway down the block when I turn around and feel it on my front porch and it sorta just screams at me. Immediately, I get sick and my body begins to get cold from the inside out. We hopped in her car and drove away.

I honestly would not believe this story if it didn't happen to me. Since then, there has been minor incidents where I feel it but never to the extent it was that night.

td;lr: Demon like thing sorta attacked me and my gf

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Baconnaise
â€¢ 15y ago

I was a freshman in high school. We took the train to school so I'd ride with my older sister who was a senior and her friend. Once in a while we'd get off at stop before going home to go to a McDonald's for an after-school snack. Well, one day, we stopped at the McDonald's and couldn't sit in the main dining room bc it was closed for cleaning. So, we had to sit around the corner in the back where it was difficult to see anyone coming in to the restaurant.

Anywho, we take our trays and go around the corner and there's this weirdo guy who looked like Don King. He didn't have food and was just sitting there with an empty cup in front of him. We didn't think anything of it and took our seats and starting eating and talking. I sat with my back to the guy and my sister and her friend sat in front of me, looking in the direction of the guy. I didn't notice at the time but a few times during our conversation, they'd stop talking and look down. We finished our food and stood up to put our coats on to leave. As I stood up, I noticed this guy was like 3 feet away from me now standing with his hand out to me. I gave him a weird look and realized that wasn't his hand out. He had his pants unzipped and there was his dick just peering out at us. We skeedaddled out of there as fast as we could. I later find out from my sister's friend that he was jacking off the whole time we were there.

That was the only time I did not bus my own tray at a fast food place and I don't regret it.

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rollfizzlebeef
â€¢ 15y ago â€¢ Edited 15y ago

When a friend and I were waiting for Spiderman 2 outside of a movie theater, a man was standing nearby staring at us. I kept making awkward eye contact with him because he wouldn't fucking stop staring at us, eventually I realized that he was masturbating trying to conceal it poorly with a magazine held in front of his crotch. I immediately told my friend and we both got up to run into the lobby. As soon as we ran, he ran the opposite direction.

Another creepy thing was.. In an art class in middle school, this girl just all of a sudden started screaming at the top of her lungs, fell out of her chair and was kicking and shaking on the floor. Just screaming a non-stop horror movie scream, loud enough that teachers and students from other classrooms across the hallways came running in to make sure everything was ok. We were all sent outside and the screaming went on for at least another 5 minutes before she was taken away and/or passed out (we still don't know since nobody could see what was happening from outside). I still have no idea what the fuck happened to that girl or why she was screaming because she never came back to school and the teachers wouldn't tell us anything about it.

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PsychoDuck
â€¢ 15y ago

I was sitting in the living room with my sister and her fiance. It's somewhat late at night and the curtains are open on the large window facing the park. I glance at the window and I see what looks like a heat signature peering in at us. You know, like what a person looks like on one of those thermal cameras, with the different colours signifying higher or lower temperatures.

I mention what I just saw, and my sister says that she, too, noticed its presence, but didn't see it. She just sort of felt it. Her fiance saw it as well, but I don't remember what it looked like to him. It was different from what I saw.

In short, something appeared outside our window, it appeared to all three of us in different ways, and it was looking as us. Nope, not creepy at all.

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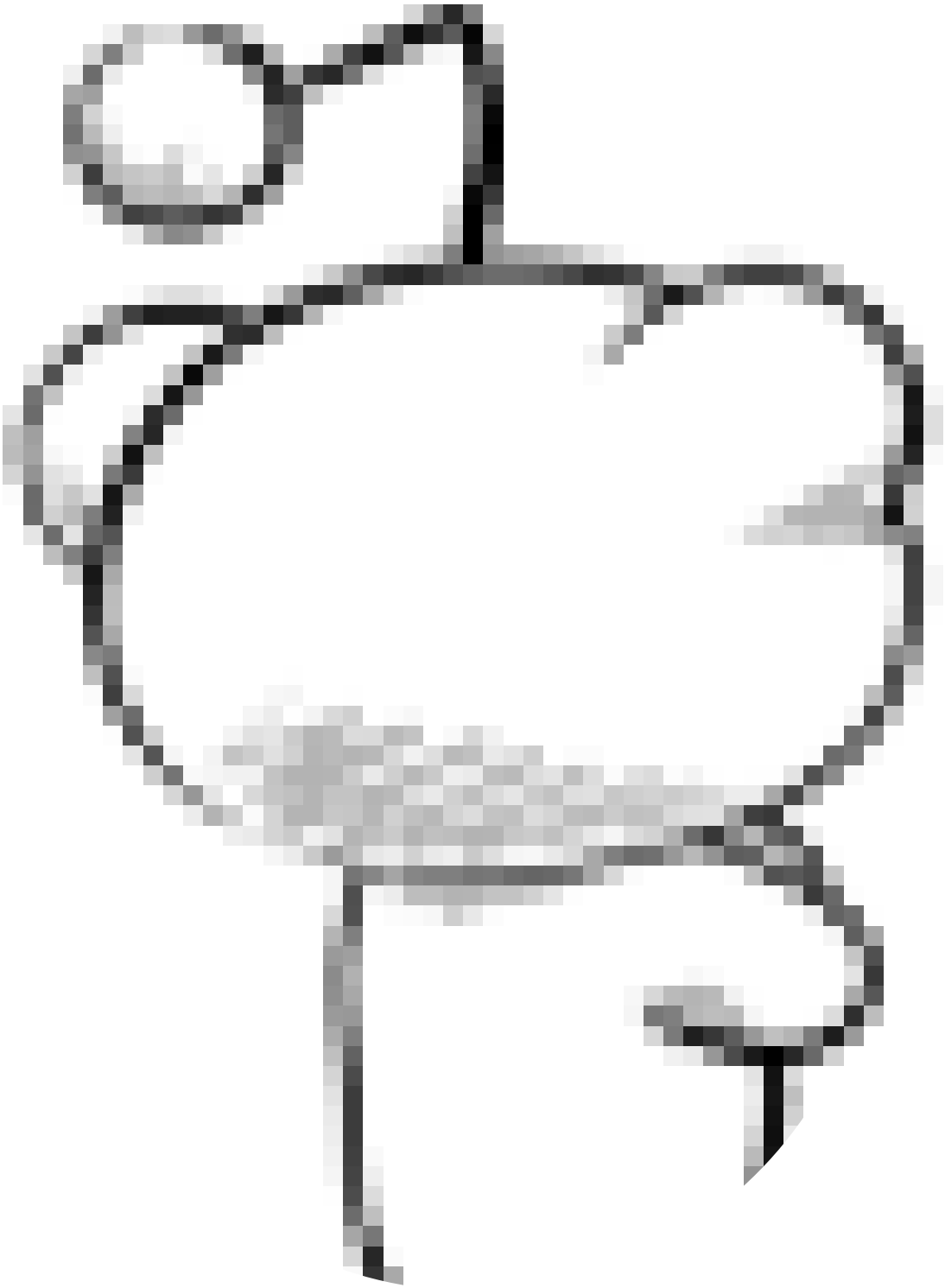

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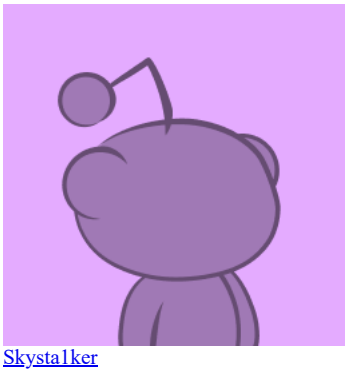
â€¢ 15y ago

Ok, heres a story from December 27th, 2008. I was 15 years old visiting my 20 year old sister in Chicago with my parents over xmas. For one of our presents we got tickets to the lil wayne concert at the United Center. So we get dropped off by our parents on the opposite side where our seats were. So once we get in the arena, we walk around to our seats. Concert was amazing, everything went fine. Then after the concert a lack of judgement on our part was to walk right out of the arena and not remember that we actually came from the opposite side. We tell our parents we can take the bus home and itll be fine. So we walk to the bus stop, waiting an hour plus for the bus to come. So we get on the bus, but b/c we came out the opposite way we came in, we took the bus farther out of the city rather than take Madison in to Chi.. So while we are standing for the bus, an undercover cop squad spots us and thinks " WHy are those white kids going out there?" (found that out later that they had saw us) and so we finally get on the bus, packed full with darker skinned people. We feel somethings not right, so we ask the lady behind us if the bus was going to the city. She says no and the whole bus laughs at us. We promptly got off at the next stop. We get off, I wanted to go into a diner and just go in the bathroom and call our parents to pick us up. My sister says lets just wait for the bus, so we were walking across the street to bus stop and this car flies right by us and does a U'ey. "They yell get in the mother fucking car! Do you want to die out here?" Being a 15 year old from a small town in Minnesota all I heard growing up is dont get in the car with strangers, I pull my sister in to the street saying "no dont get in! I dont believe them" She is positve theyre infact cops and says its fine. So we get in, I hear the police scanner and relax. On the ride home to my sisters apartment, they tell us if we saw the man get off behind us. No? we say, turns out he was a 'higher' up member of a gang in the neighborhood we were in. The undercover cops tell us he was just calling his boys to have a drive-by of us to initiate new members and then he would just take our belongings. They also tell us we were so lucky they were there, b/c they wouldnt have been there if it hadnt been for them responding to a murder just two blocks farther than we were.. Needless to say, I bawled my eyes out in my mother arms that night..... Im still thankful to this day!

TLDR; After a concert, took the Chicago bus to the ghetto. Undercover cops saved us from being robbed/murdered.



Skysta1ker
â€¢ 15y ago

let that be a lesson to you: Never go to a Lil Wayne concert.

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russianout
â€¢ 15y ago

The little girl bird stomper tale reminded me of another "fowl" story. When I was a kid my grandparents lived on a farm down the road from ours, so Mom and I would drop in.

One time we pulled in to Gran's drive as she was slaughtering a few chickens. Gran was a pleasant person who loved to laugh and always had a smile for me, but on this day she was in kill mode.

She would capture a bird, grab it by the neck and start windmilling the thing like you'd crankstart a Model T Ford until either she broke its neck or the head came off. If the bird wasn't dead, she'd grab it and and crank it's neck somemore.

I was about 6 and just numb/horrified at the sight. When my Dad dispatched chickens he would do it in the most quick and civilized way I knew, with a hatchet. One quick stroke and it was over for the bird. My sweet Granny looked like a barbarian.

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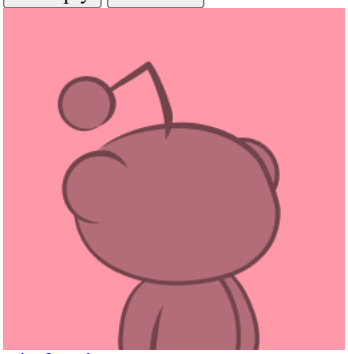

missfrenchpress
â€¢ 15y ago

I was 14 and riding the metro in Paris (I lived in the suburbs at the time). I was alone and it was in the evening. This creepy looking man sat across from me and his knees were almost touching mine (the metro seats arent that far apart). While CREEPILY staring at me he began to open my knee outward with his leg over and over as I kept putting it back and shifting. I was freaking out so at the next stop I got out and got back on on a different car. -shudder-

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I_am_a_mormon
â€¢ 15y ago

Wow, I am a little freaked out now...

For me, the creepiest was when i was younger, i had a 2 bed hotel room to myself. I went to sleep, and when i woke up, i was in the other bed. The first bed remade perfectly, and i was tucked in. Even my glasses were on the other bedside table. Especially strange since i never move in my sleep and im a pretty light sleeper. Also, accepting a piece of gum (i was around 10) from a stranger on an airplane, thinking (no idea why, he seemed like a cool person) that it had drugs or something. Looking back on it, it was pretty stupid but it really creeped me out.

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holycrap8
â€¢ 15y ago

one night while i was with my band on tour in north carolina we decided to go exploring in an abandoned bulding behind the venue we played at that night. completely hammered, of course. there were no lights in the basement but we had a camera, so we took pictures randomly to try to make our way around the darkness. the next day we noticed something funny on the ground while we were looking through them. there was something that looked a lot like a decayed dead body on the floor of what was apparently a bathroom we had drunkenly wandered through. haha, i dont go exploring abandoned dark rooms while im drunk anymore.

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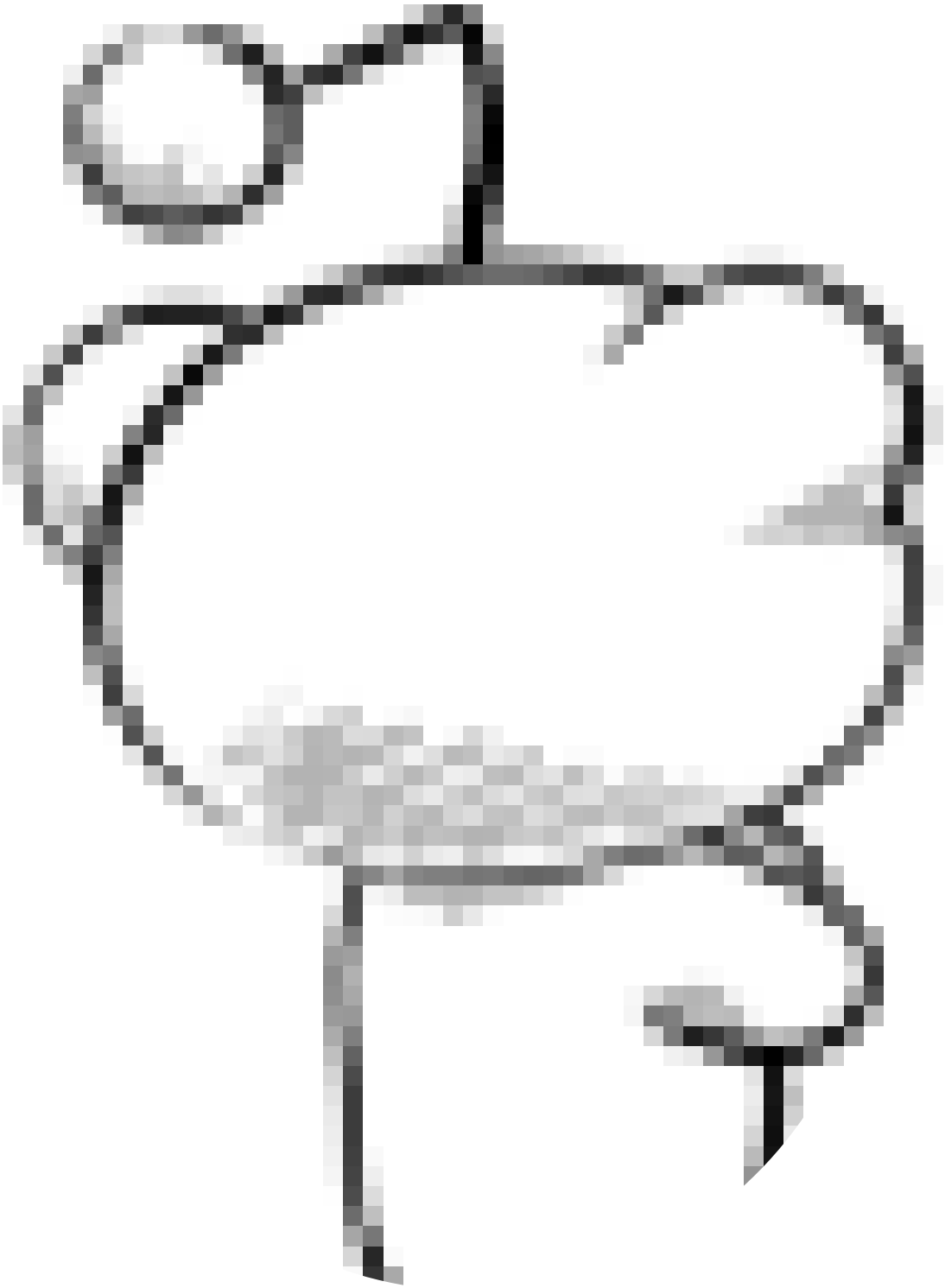

DICKSUBJUICY
â€¢ 15y ago

This is a story a couple real good friends had told me and although it sounds completely unbelievable I know these guys and I can tell they weren't lying, and their absolute fear was terrifying in itself. They were about 14 at the time and had been playing around in a hotel that was in the process of being built. It was just getting dark and no one else was at this place and its was in kind of a secluded suburban area. On the second floor of the building they came across one room that had had the door closed, the only one closed, and in the room there was a light on. The door itself did not have a handle yet and it was just a hole. As they tried to open the door it wouldn't budge. After banging into it with out it moving my friend looked inside, he saw nothing, then he put his fingers through and felt a hand grab him. He jumped back fell on the ground and they said they saw these really sick long green fingers coming out of the hole just like sprawling around wildly. They both darted down the hallway and jumped outside through an unfinished wall on the second story. As they ran around the building they saw the light in the room go out just as they had come around. From there they ran through a small patch of forest to another subdivision feeling like something was chasing them.

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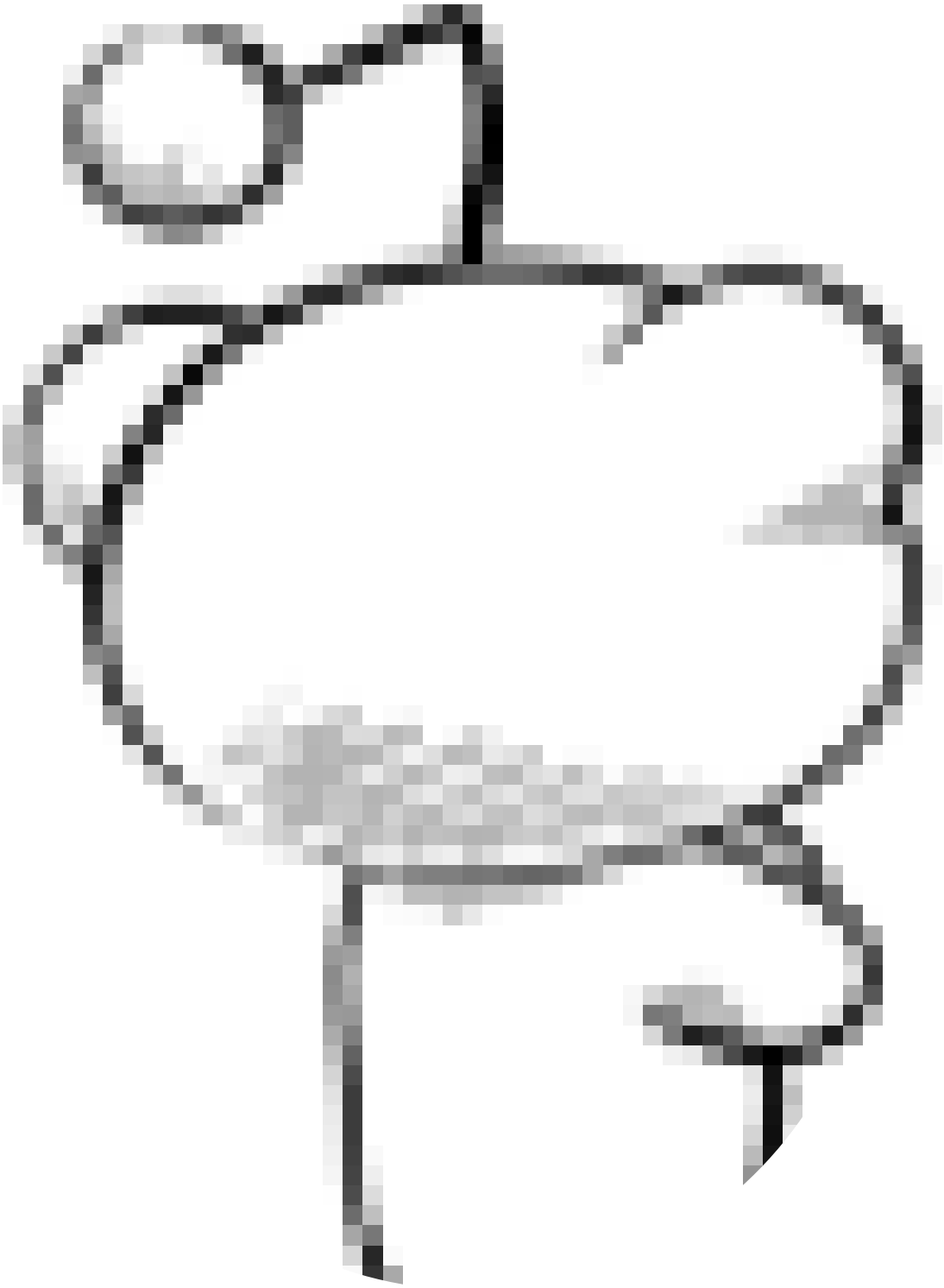

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â€¢ 15y ago â€¢ Edited 15y ago

I'm going to start by prefacing that I do not think this actually happened as I remember it happening, but damn, it was creepy as hell. My then-girlfriend (and now wife) and I were asleep. I am unsure of the exact time, but it was after 1 AM as that was when we went to bed. I was suddenly awoken by the sound of something shifting on my dresser. I was startled and disoriented, but I noticed right away that the room was much brighter than the pitch black I usually require to fall asleep. I rolled over so that my back was no longer facing the wall and that's when I saw it. The thing looked to be about six feet tall, and vaguely human in shape, but its features were obscured, despite the relative brightness of the room. I distinctly remember seeing it place a small picture of me and my girlfriend back on the dresser and turn toward me. Frozen in fear, I dared not to move. And that's when I felt a wave of calm come over me. Even though no words were spoken, I felt as if it was telling me that I should just roll over and go back to sleep. So I nodded my head and said "Okay." aloud, rolled back over and shut my eyes. When I awoke the next morning, wondering if I had just dreamed it, the picture of my girlfriend and me was lying facedown on the dresser.

Now, like I said, I don't truly believe any of this happened. I've been known to sleep walk, on rare occasion, but it does happen. So I'm sure that the picture was disturbed because I had gotten out of bed and disturbed it. Chances are, I was not actually awake for any of that, but it definitely felt real. And there's still the tiny bit of me that is convinced my rational mind is wrong and that I definitely caught something non-human spying on us as we slept.

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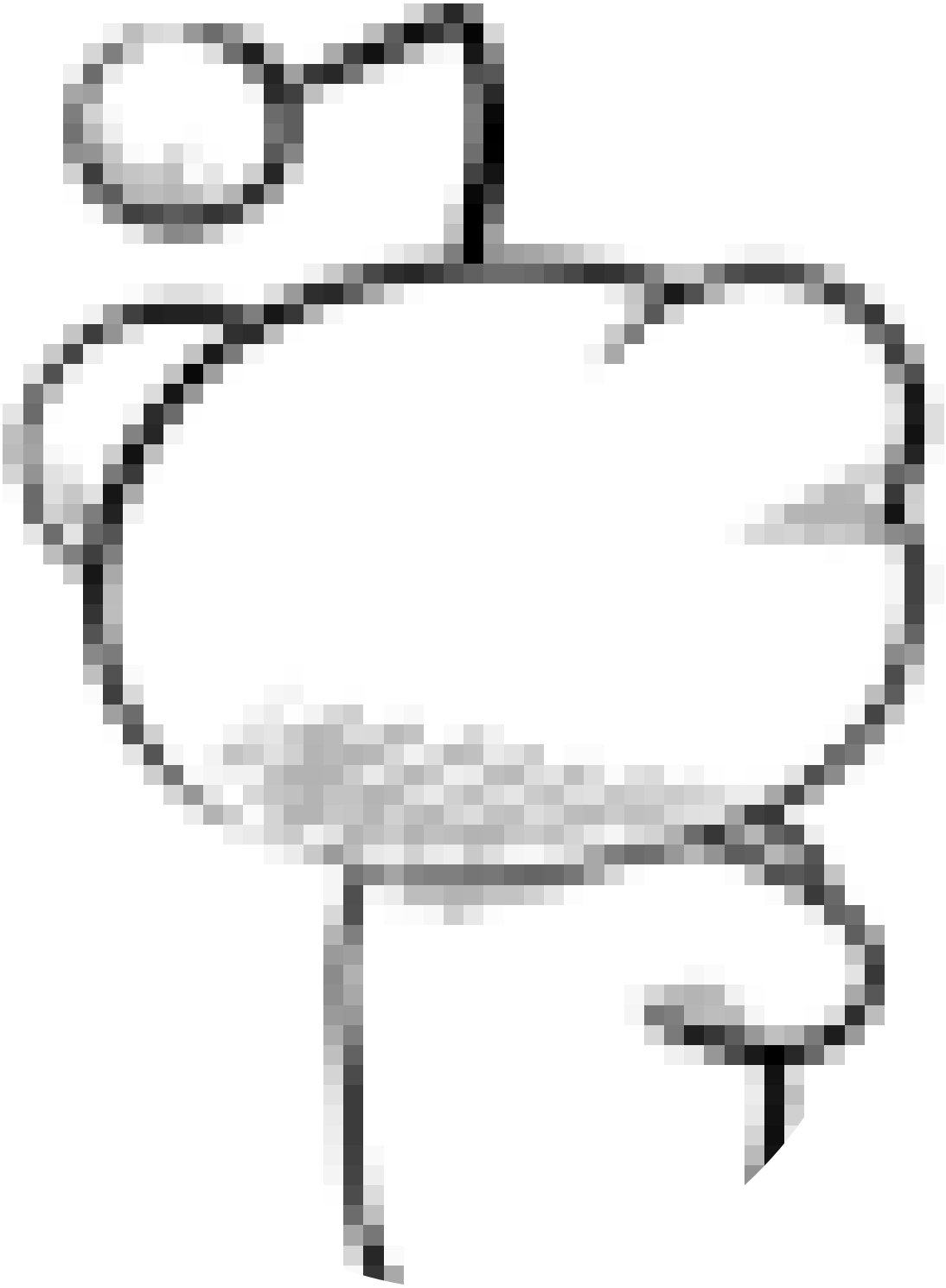

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â€¢ 15y ago

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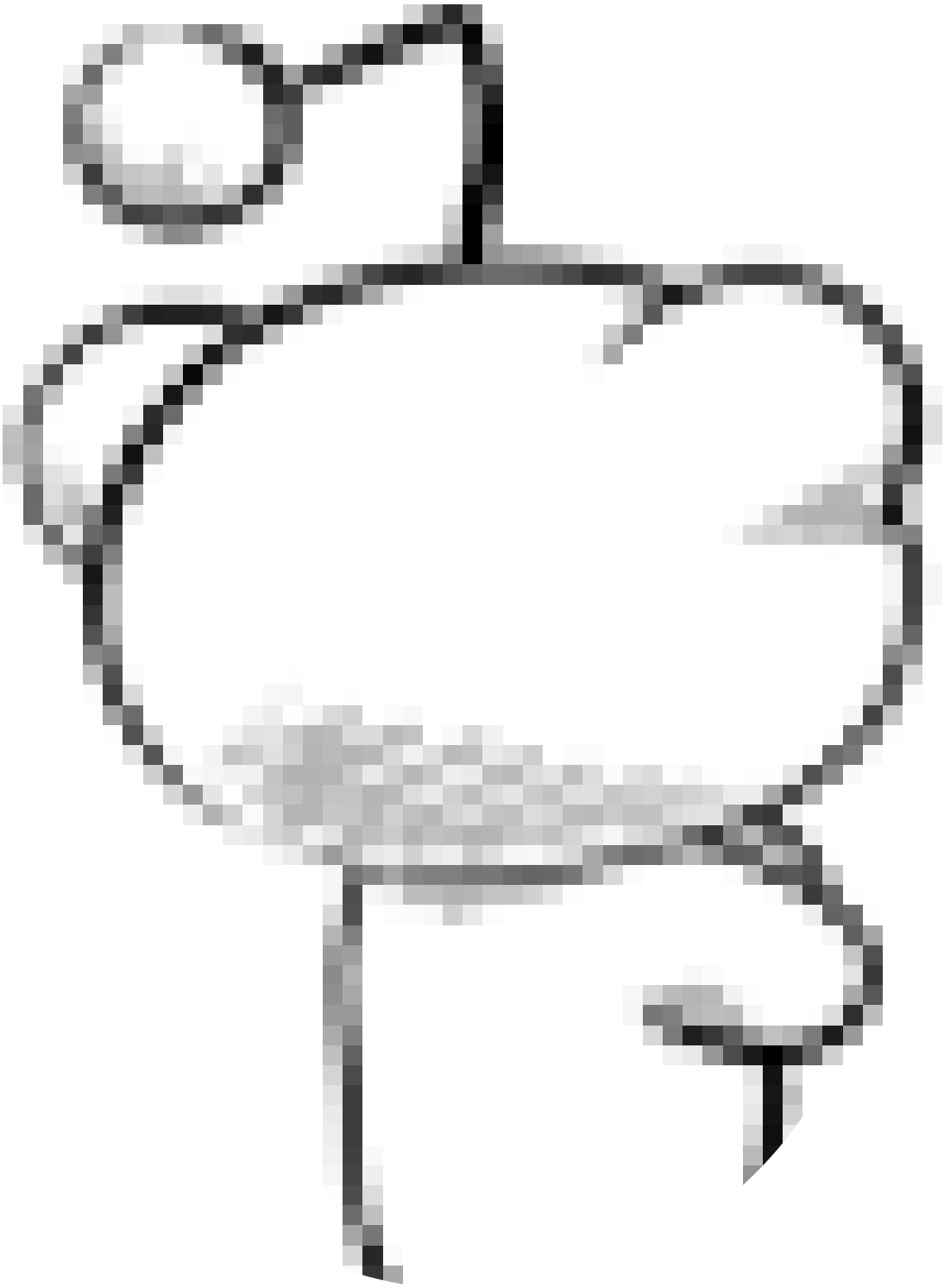

aazav
â€¢ 15y ago â€¢ Edited 15y ago

The recounting of my life in a haunted house on Wing Lake Rd. in Birmingham/Bloomfield Michigan. Â© 1999

Part 1 of 2.

The address is on Wing Lake Rd in Birmingham/Bloomfield Township, Mich. First or second house on the right when entering Wing Lake Rd from the south. With a gravel driveway, the house was painted yellow when I lived there in 1982. At that time, I was a sophomore in HS, about 14 or 15, didn't drink, do drugs and was a normal 15 year old kid.

The first night my family lived in the house, all the lights went out in the house except in the garage below the small attic and the attic. The door to the small attic would slowly open with a creak and then within a minute, slam shut.

Often, when in the house and after standing still, I would get a feeling like someone cold was walking up behind me and putting their hand right over my shoulder. Quickly turning around would make the feeling go away then it would settle in again. Like someone was right behind you and you turn around and they are not there.

When eating dinner, the sound of someone bouncing a ball would be heard over our heads. Like when you drop a ping pong ball and it quickly speeds up its bouncing but this would go over several minutes.

Twice when entering the garage, a large rusty 3 inch nail fell out of a nailless, stucco ceiling, leveled out and zipped in front of me, hitting the garage divider, bouncing off a box and hit the floor with a ping. Then it disappeared. This happened to me twice and to my father once, but he was able to pick up the nail. The amazing thing was that the nail took exactly the same path both times it happened to me. There was no hole in the ceiling left by the nail either.

A pattern was developing that only these things would happen to men, not women. I never figured out why until after I had moved out of the house.

We had a yard man who lived in Wayne or Pontiac, Mich and was recently unemployed from one of the car companies. Curious, I asked him if he noticed anything funny happening to him in the house. He denied any odd happenings until he was painting the room to the small attic and the radio station changed on him while he was listening to it. After this experience, he informed my mother that when we had any house work he'd call us, and not to call him. After a while he calmed down but was pretty shook up.

Twice while sleeping, odd things happened in my room. The first was reminiscent of the old Pepto Bismol commercials where the man in the commercial would bulge and wobble due to his discomfort. One night, I woke up in the middle of the night and saw my closet doors doing this. Realizing that there was nothing I could do to change it, I closed my eyes and went back to sleep. That to me, is a very strange reaction and after we left the house, we wondered if we were insane to live there for a year.

The second incident was a simple "there is someone walking in my room". I could hear footsteps and boards creaking as if someone was entering my room. There were no depressions in the carpet and only 3 audible steps were taken into my room. Again, I just went back to sleep.

While playing on the lake ice with my friend Quigley and his dog, we decided to play at my house. I warned him that it was haunted but we'd make the best of it. When we approached the house, it took some effort to get the dog into the front yard but a taunting with a tennis ball eventually got the critter onto the grass. Finally able to grab the dog, we took him off the grass and onto the front porch where he fought against us strongly. From there, Kevin took the dog by the collar and I opened the front door. His dog froze, looked up the staircase inside, whimpered, backed off the foundation taking us with him and almost dragged us off the lawn. We couldn't hold on and the dog just stayed in the street, never coming close to the house or the lawn. Baffled and not seeing any spectres, Kevin and I entered the house and got cookies. After the cookie break, we went upstairs and as adolescents started wrestling and beating each other up. While wrestling about the room, we fell on my solid pine bed and the bed snapped in half. Now, I had that bed for 12 years and it had taken a beating but it could have just broken. Kind of embarrassed, we both went downstairs and Kevin left with his dog.

I had another friend named Justin who had a beer can collection like I did. I kept mine in the small attic and therefore did not go there much. Knowing that if I invited Justin over, the ghost would pay more attention to someone new, I told him about the haunted house and we went over to check out my beer can collection.

Justin reacted rather well for the first ten minutes except that I didn't have ten minutes of beer cans to see. He often got a surprised look on his face and tried to brush something off his shoulder. Three times I asked him if he wanted to leave until he strongly told me that he would tell me when he wanted to go. He just walked back and forth between the same racks looking at the same cans. 3 minutes later, he asked to leave. Going down the stairs, I asked him if he felt the ghost touching his back. Abruptly, he turned to me and without answering my question, told me never, EVER to take him back to that room again. Years later, I described to him exactly what happened to him (that feeling from paragraph 3) and he was amazed that I was exactly right. "Like you're walking down a deserted road with no one for thousands of miles and you know there is someone right behind you." Nonchalantly, I told him that I lived there for a year and was well accustomed to the feelings of that house.

When we moved to the house, we had a cat. The cat would normally be a "house cat" and stay around the house with a few late night jaunts. The critter's behavior changed and it rarely spent time around the house and finally left. Don't really know why but animals did not seem to like this house.

The problems of living in that house were not shared with our neighbors. Surprisingly, a neighbor from 3 houses up the block would ask me how I was doing and how things were going whenever he would see me. Only later, I would realize that he was asking me "are you doing ok in that haunted house?"

Once, my father and I entered the room next to the room that went to the small attic and felt a presence. We decided to lighten up the atmosphere and started paying attention to the ghost and actively speaking about being nice to the ghost and maybe "take a ghost to lunch." 1/2 hour after we started, without a word, we stopped. An ominous hostile nature hinting "stop NOW" was the general feeling that came about the room. During that time, the feeling on my back could be shrugged or whisked away with a brush of my hand. 1/2 hour later, we both got up and left. I asked my father who was a former secret agent and not a wimp, "let's never do that again." He quickly agreed.

Coincidentally, at the time that we lived in the house was when Poltergeist was released to theatres. I definitely went to see that movie.

After a while, it was obvious to the family that I was having trouble living in the house. Once I asked my dad if anything happened to him that he hadn't told me about. He recounted a story of a few weeks earlier where he was sitting on the porcelain throne and the wastepaper basket flew across the room without his permission.

My definition of an area influenced by a poltergeist is if inanimate objects fly around the room without you asking them to.

Continued...

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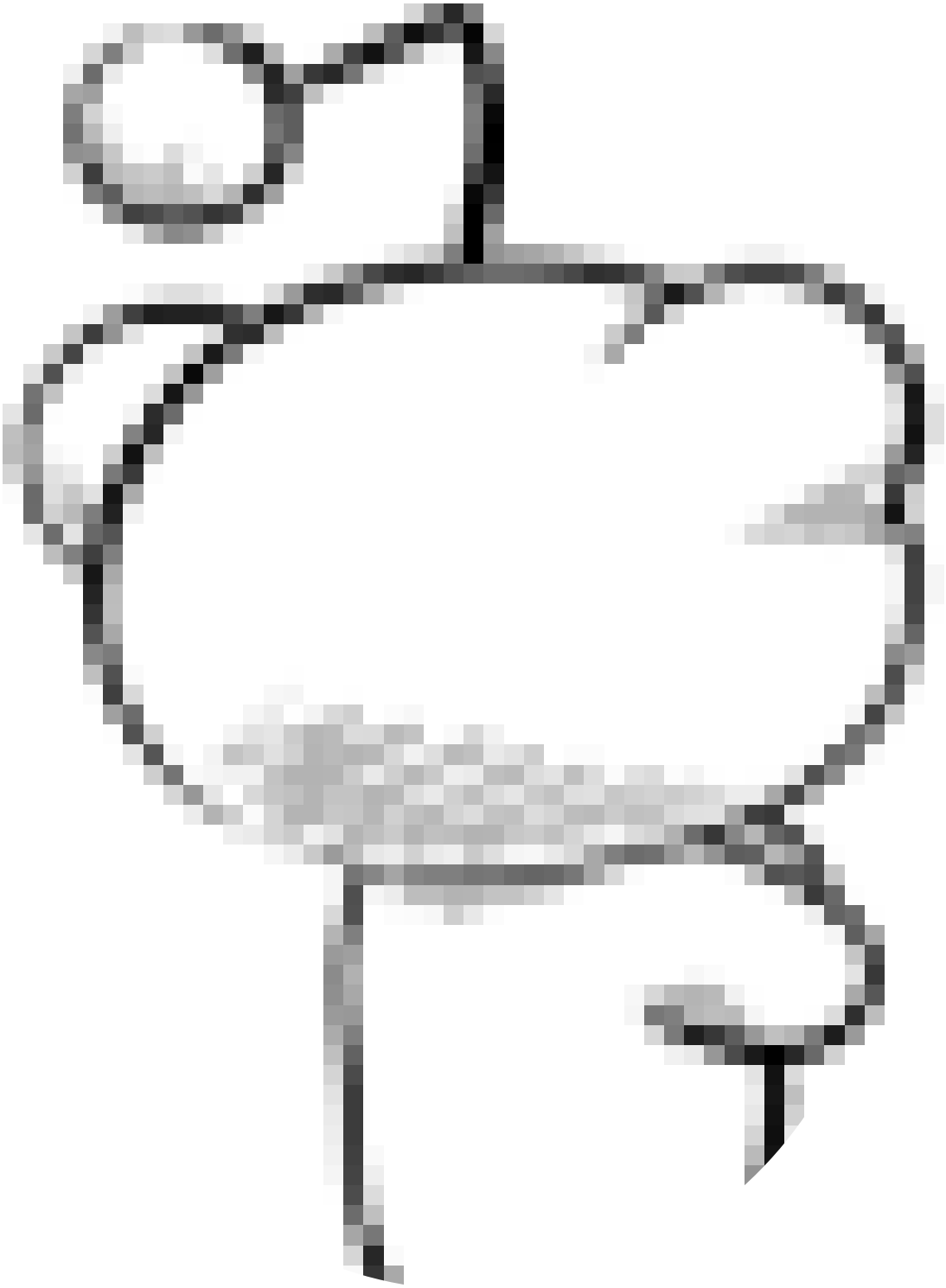

aazav
â€¢ 15y ago

Part 2.

Up until that point, no one had seen our poltergeist and we were set on staying in that house because it was ours. It's just what you do. Late one night, I laid down to sleep for about 10 seconds and then suddenly opened my eyes. What I saw could not exist in a three dimensional world. In a period less than two seconds long, a gray object entered my room and flew up into the ceiling above it. I actually get chills just recounting this story. The object seemed to be a gray blob with enough "tv screen fuzz" so that is blended in with the background but was still visible. When it entered the room, it came in 4 to 6 feet and went straight up into the ceiling but entered at two separate points. It did not stretch, it did not visibly separate, it just entered the ceiling at two separate locations at the same time without deforming itself. Slightly stunned, I realized that "I'd seen it" and that this was not a window reflection of car lights. Realizing that there was nothing I could do about it, I went to sleep and told my parents about it the next day.

However the final incident was the killer. I had left Justin, my beer can collecting friend's, house across town where I had stayed while my parents were on vaca in Hilton Head. At the time I left, the weather was lovely and sunny. But in the driving 5 miles to our house, the weather turned sour and when we got to my house, large 40 foot trees were moving like they were getting whipped around, the sky was gray and it just didn't make sense that the weather could change that much in 5 miles. I have never seen anything else like it since.

Expecting to meet my parents, to my disappointment they were late and I was to face the house alone with this big storm brewing. Walking up the gravel driveway to the back of the house, I could swear the house was looking at me, I had to get inside, pass the door to the basement and then I'd be ok in the kitchen or dining room. Once inside,

and to my horror, I found the same situation that had happened on my first night was happening now. The lights were out in the majority of the house.

I figured that the lights in the kitchen would work since it was directly below the room to the small attic. I tried the lights in the den. No dice. After 45 minutes and starting to panic, I started to feel the cold presence come up behind me and all I could do was move about the kitchen to get it away from me. If I left through the dining room, I would have to go out the front door and I know I would have looked up the stairs to the second floor. Somehow, I was terrified that something was waiting up there and if I looked at it, it would be game over. I could go out a window in the kitchen but that was too difficult. The back door seemed like the only way out and I would have to go by the green door down to the basement, open one door and then push open another. It got darker, stormier and I got even more scared. At this point I realized that I could call the realtor because she said if there was any problem living in the house ( I suspected she knew something but hey, I'm a strong kid). Almost in tears, I called her and told her the situation I was in - wind whipping around the house, most of the lights out, and some cold spirit trying to walk up behind me alone without my parents. Hanging up the phone, I ran towards the back door, expecting the cellar door to burst open. Fumbling with the internal door, I was able to pull it towards me and then I ran again and pushed the second back door open as I ran outside.

The sky was a more violent gray, wind whipping more fiercely and I swore the different windows of the house were looking at me but there was nothing I could do. Cold and wet, I went back inside after 15 minutes, unsure why I went back inside the house. Inside, I yelled at the spirit to leave me alone, stop following me, I really don't know but I was in the kitchen for at least 2 hours before I heard my parents' car pull up.

Next day, the electrician said that we had partial voltage coming to the house. I asked him if that would have dimmed all of the lights instead of knocking half of them out in the house. In any case, we moved soon after that to a house in the subdivision below the south course of the Oakland Hills Golf Club. We had no bizarre occurrences like in the previous house and we all realized just how foolish it was to stay in the yellow house. We felt like as soon as we left, we wondered just why the hell we stayed there. It seemed like someone wanted us to stay there to act out its aggressions on.

Once I went back to Wing Lake Rd., and talked to the neighbor who always checked up on me. I asked him about the history of the house, if anyone died there or was buried in the backyard. He told me there was an older couple that lived there and had a rough and violent relationship. He told me that someone may have died or was murdered in the house. I remembered a small patch of what seemed like fish tank gravel at the end of the driveway and the solution occurred to me. "She's buried at the end of the driveway isn't she" I asked the neighbor. "Yes, I think she is" was his response. I had really wished that he had told me this before.

All I can come up with is that the older family that lived there before us, had lived an abusive life and no matter what happened, the wife hated men. She took that to the grave with her and that grave was on the property. Her spirit was still in the house and influenced us to stay there while she took out her aggressions on all the men in her house.

As a result of living in that house, I have a new saying. "You never know what it's like unless you've lived through it yourself."

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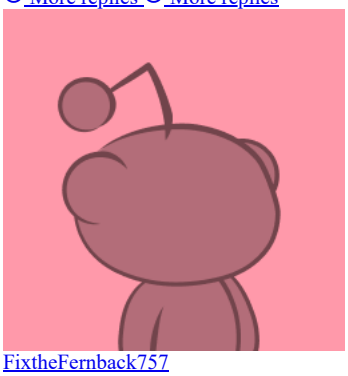

FixtheFernback757
â€¢ 15y ago

True story: My aunt bought my baby cousin a toy tractor with 3 buttons with different sound phrases. She started hearing the famous lines "if you build it, they will come" echoing around the house. No one else seemed to have heard it. She began hearing periodically over a month.

She went nearly insane and was very stressed. She finally discovered that if you held down all 3 buttons on the toy tractor, it would recite the phrase that she had been hearing for the past month.

TL;DR: My baby cousin is a troll

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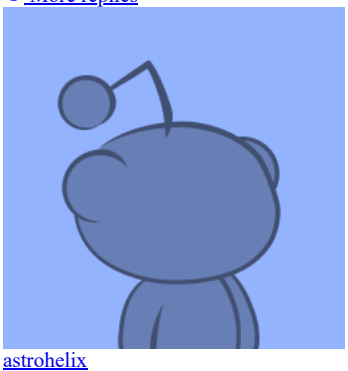

astrohelix
â€¢ 15y ago

Fuck you all. I'm buying a gun.

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LausXY
â€¢ 15y ago â€¢ Edited 15y ago

I have a few stories. I usually don't like to tell them all because people think you are making it up.

I have always been afraid of the upstairs of my grandparents house. Every since I can remember I have used the bathroom as quickly as possible, I would do my buisness, unlock the door, wash my hands, then flush the toilet and run as fast as I could, because I felt something would hear me. I slept in my uncles old room. Every night the TV would bang, just every now and then a loud bang like someone was hitting it. It terrified me to the point I wouldn't sleep in that room. One night my little sister was sleeping in my bed and I was on a camp bed on the floor. The banging started and my sister became very scared, the bed I was lying on moved like someone was underneath poking up.(This was horrible, it was literally like someones hand was pushing up from right underneath me) My sister was crying and the banging was going on and I suddenly shouted "Stop it! You're scaring my sister" It was silent the rest of the night. I haven't stayed in there for years, but I would still hear the bangs, just not as vicious or often.

My other story is linked to this one. My friends mum, who is a great believer in the supernatural, told me, when I told her how scared I was, to tell it to stop.. which I did.

Anyway, one night staying over at my friends house, I was lying on the floor trying to sleep and a cat came in, climb on me, purred a little, then left the room. The next morning I told them at breakfast that the cat had come in last night. They both looked at me wide eyed and informed me the cat had died..

EDIT) I remembered important details that I left out. I've also heard my name shouted from upstairs in my grandparents house. It sounded like an angry woman, I went running down the stairs thinking it was my Nana but she hadn't said anything, my sister who was upstairs didn't hear it,

The last bit and most important that I can't believe I left out is I was having family dinner in the house, when we got to the topic of creepy stories/supernatural. I told them all about my experiences in the room, my uncle sat listening then told me after he had had the exact same things happen when he was younger in that room, he told me it wouldn't bother me if I told it to stop.

evegetsrevenge
â€¢ 15y ago

When I was younger I used to have insanely intense nightmares. They were never straight-forward terrifying either, things would always just be slightly wrong. The worst thing was the paralysis. The one nightmare that I remember the most happened when I was about 5. I woke up, completely unable to move, to see someone standing in the far corner of my bedroom. I realize that it's my mom and I tried to call out to her when she looks at me, drops her jaw and just howls at me like a wild animal. This went on for what seemed like an hour. I'm 27 now but I'll never forget the wild empty look in her eye and the way her jaw opened just a little too much to be natural.

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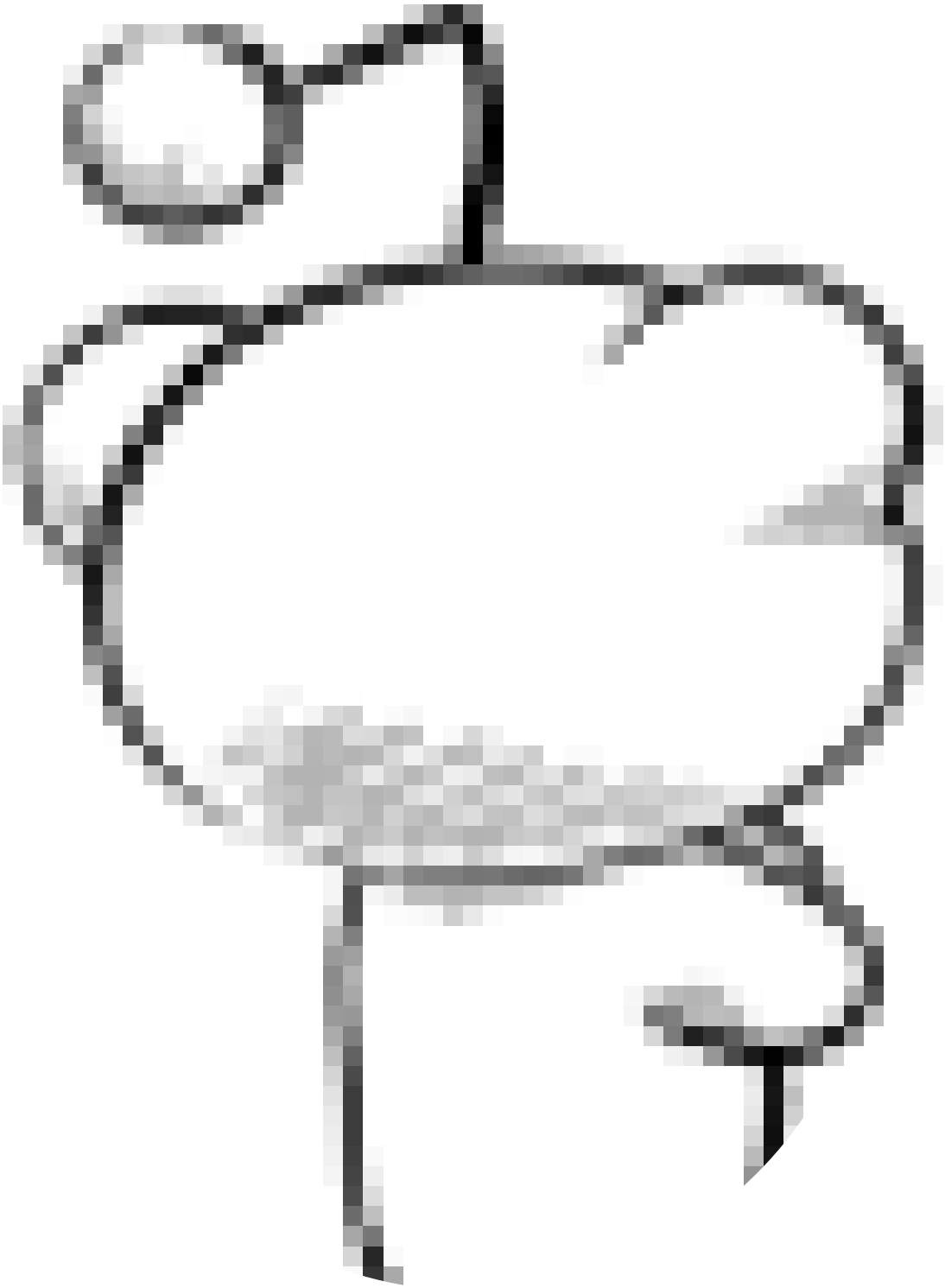

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â€¢ 15y ago â€¢ Edited 15y ago

Back when I was about 10, I was standing with my little brother (7 at the time) in the driveway being a kid and doing nothing in particular. Out of nowhere, a massive Astrovan-sized flaming object comes streaking through the sky. I was sure at the time it was a meteor because it looked rough and rocky, however, thinking back, it didn't leave any smoke trail.

I had NO idea what to do but stare at this speeding (between 60 to 100 mph), burning, mammoth flying object 100 feet over our heads. I was so dumbfounded that all I managed to say to my brother, who was watching it as well, was 'wait for the crash'. It crosses out of sight at the tree line a quarter mile away and we don't see or hear a thing. Not a ground tremor or impact sound. Nothing.

This was the suburbs, someone would have noticed if a meteor came crashing down in their cul-de-sac. I can still see that thing in my mind as if it was yesterday.

edit: word duplication

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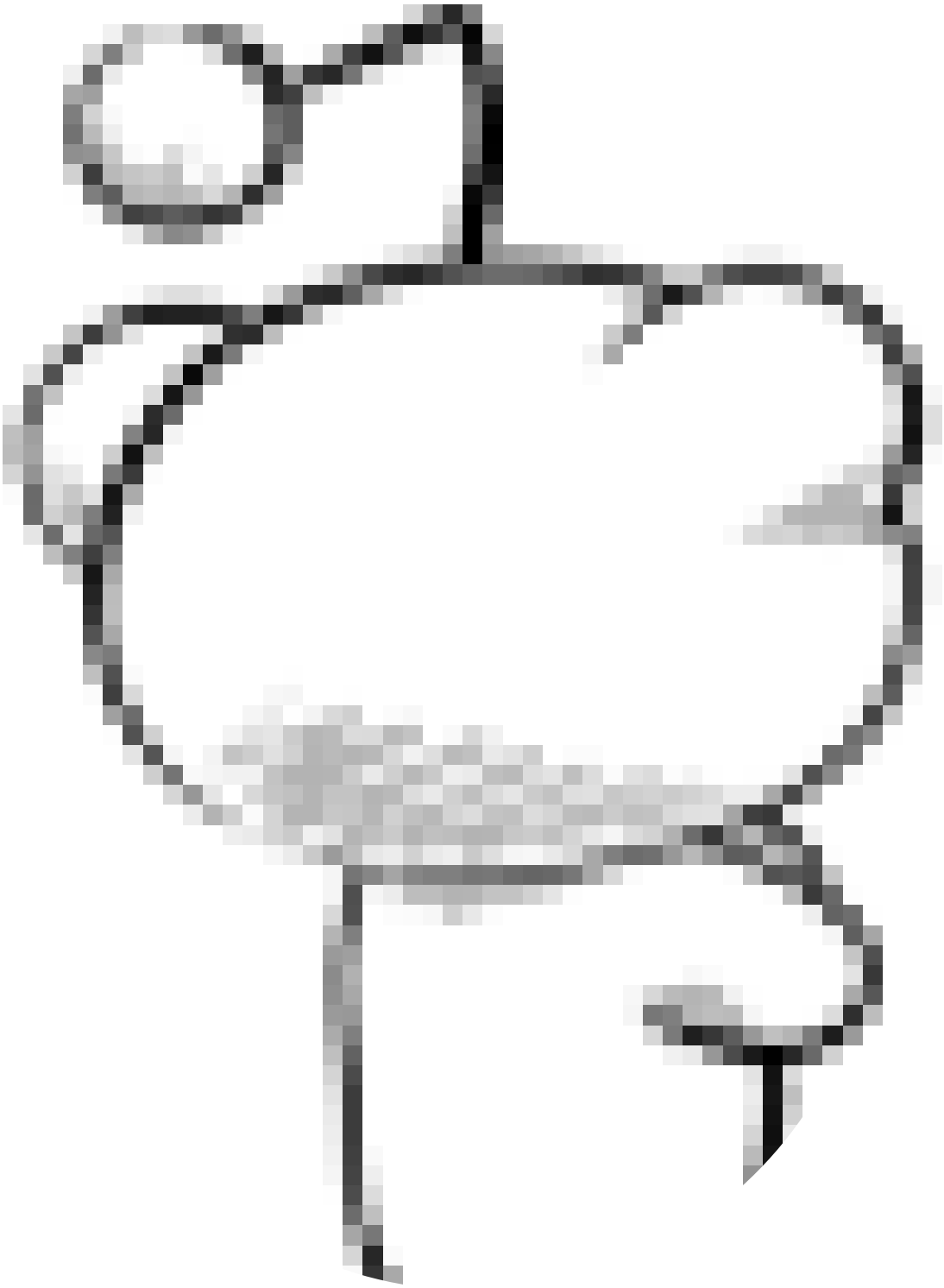

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â€¢ 15y ago

about 10 years ago my grandmother had just died overseas. That night for some reason (I can't remember) my mom and I slept in the living room under a painting, there was a photo wedged in the frame of the painting of my grandma. I was still awake, thinking of her and crying and all of the sudden the photo slowly falls right on me.

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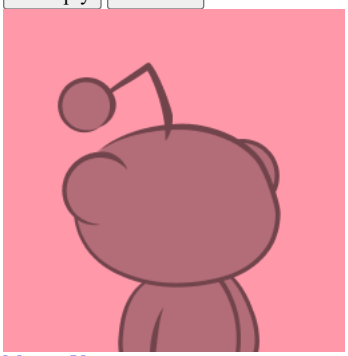

MeenusVegeenus
â€¢ 15y ago

Got into a hotel with the girlfriend and two friends of hers on spring break one year. Just as we entered the room and were about to put down our stuff, we hear a little girl say "Hi" to all of us. Not muffled, not distant, not coming from the next room. In the room with us. Like, next to the lamp. That close. We all stopped and looked at each other, looked around, saw nobody, and warily continued the trip as if nothing had happened.

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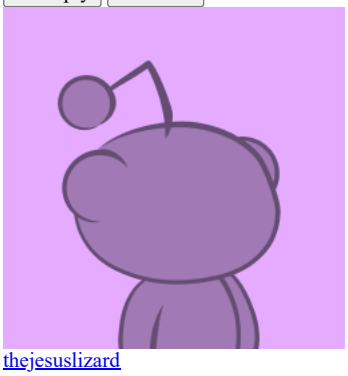

thejesuslizard
â€¢ 15y ago

When I was around 6 years old I had one of those spring attached rocking horses. One night while I was falling asleep I had one of those mini-nightmares where you fall asleep for one second, and then wake right back up. During that nightmare the horse had come down from the ceiling and passed through me as I lay there. I woke up and screamed and notcied my mom was still there tucking me in. It weirded me out that the nightmare happened so quickly.

My brother was in the room, so he overheard me talking to my mom about the dream.

The next day I run up to my room to play He-man (I know this because that is all I ever fucking did), and the rocking horse starts violently moving back and forth by itself. I fucking lose it and run downstairs.

Verdict: Brother hiding under bed, tied fishing line to the rocking horse, scared the shit out of me.

elephant-skin
â€¢ 15y ago

I am the cause for someones creepy story somewhere. I will tell my side of it. Its Halloween. I am wearing a zoro costume walking to a party. I am on a small street in University City, Philadelphia. A bit past 40th street. A friend calls me and asks me if I have a 2x4 for his costume. I say, "no, but I'm passing this alleyway full of stuff, I'll take a look for you". So I dig through this alleyway looking for something that would work. I find something that is a bit of a stretch so I go out of the alleyway to lean against a light pole to call and ask. Right before I walked out of the alley a car had parked across the street. A girl gets out as I am on my phone. She gets out of the car and opens her trunk then notices me as I walk out of the alleyway and lean against the phone pole. I am directly under the only light pole on the street. I only notice her after I lean against the pole. Its a very dim orange light and my zoro hat and cape must have me looking like a dark shroud of a human figure. Her eyes go wide like a deer in the headlights, she looks scared as hell. Meanwhile I am still talking on the phone, trying to talk loudly so she can tell I'm just having a casual conversation about the results of my search through a pile of trash. She continues to stare in my direction wide eyed and I decide to walk quickly away from her.

Reply Share

EByrne
â€¢ 15y ago â€¢ Edited 15y ago

My buddy used to live in a creepy old house in Salem MA with a couple of roommates, and everyone always said that it was haunted. I was visiting him and staying the night, and we got absolutely hammered at some local bars. I didn't think I'd blacked out, but it was definitely borderline.

The next morning, I wake up on the couch with only a vague memory of what happened, and I was profoundly creeped out. My friend comes out and asks me me if I remember what happened last night, and I lie and say that I remember it and that I was just messing around with him (he had to live there, after all). He then proceeds to rant about how creeped out he was, and explains:

1. I got really quiet towards the end of the night, to the point that he was asking me if anything was wrong (I remember this).

2. He got up in the middle of the night to get a glass of water for his girlfriend, and found me standing in the doorway between the kitchen and the living room, physically blocking it off. I should mention here that his bedroom as adjacent to the living room, so he would have had to go through that doorway to get to the kitchen. He asked me what was up, and I slowly turned to him and said "you really shouldn't be out here. What do you need? I'll get it for you."

3. He asked me what was wrong, and I said that something was there, and that it was not happy. (I vaguely remember this) When he asked where it was, I pointed to a specific spot in the kitchen, and he freaked out and said that others had pointed out that exact same spot before. This was also the place where random, unexplained stuff had happened, including chairs spontaneously stacking themselves (I remember this clearly).

4. A little while later, I walked into my friend's room and handed a glass of water to his girlfriend, and then turned around and walked directly back out, ignoring her attempts to talk to me (I don't remember this at all).

5. When my buddy came out later that night, I was still standing in the doorway, and was completely unresponsive to him (no memory of this). When he came out again early in the morning, I was sprawled out on the couch across the room from the doorway (this was where I usually slept). He said that I reminded him of the enemies in Morrowind after they roll down a hill: just crazy random ragdoll physics, limbs all splayed out in random directions. He said it looked like I'd either been thrown or passed out in the a classic drunken heap.

I'm normally a happy drunk (unless I drink too much whiskey, then I'm more of a happy-angry hybrid), and I'm also an atheist who doesn't believe in ghosts or anything like that. It was only last month, when my buddy moved out of that house, that I finally admitted that I wasn't messing with him that night. He had assumed as much already, but even thinking about it in hindsight creeped us both the hell out.

ANOTHER ONE

Remembered another one, which happened when I was 12-13 or so. I lived in rural New England, a few miles up a dirt road on a mountain a few miles deep in the woods. If you backtracked about a quarter mile from my house and took a separate turn, you would come up on an old, abandoned resort-type place that was situated on a bunch of open, clear-cut land with a barn and stone walls blocking off the woods. When I asked my parents about that place, they mentioned that it was used in the early twentieth century, during the influenza outbreak. It was widely believed that clean air could either make the infected better or could, at worst, make their last days easier and quarantine them. In hindsight, this makes no sense to me. Logistically, who's going to be the guy who volunteers to drive a bunch of lethally infected people up to the mountains in Maine? Still, at the time, I believed it without question.

One day, my best friend and I got the great idea to check the place out and go exploring. It was only between a quarter and half mile away, so we strapped on some snowshoes and headed out. Getting there was easy, since we didn't go deep enough into the woods to lose our sense of direction or anything. Once we came up on the property, I noticed a wooden shack a hundred yards or so away, which creeped me out because it seemed to be the only construction that was in the woods, as opposed to the surrounding pasture.

We passed it by, since it looked dilapidated and generally uninteresting. We proceeded directly to the resort area, and went about looking for spooky stuff. We found it immediately in looking through a murky window at one end of the place to see the pool, which certainly looked like it hadn't been cleaned in decades. It was just brown water,and the whole place had flaking sky-blue paint that seemed very anachronistic, for some reason. Unnerved, we quickly circled around, eventually ending up standing in front of a bathroom. It was one of those rooms where the only window was right above the shower, to keep the room from fogging up. I heard my buddy inhale sharply, and he started mumbling a bit, causing me to pay closer attention. That was when I noticed what had caught his attention: in that little window, there was a lineup of soaps, shampoos, lotions, etc. That moment served to snap us back to reality, realizing "oh shit, we're trespassing. Worse still, we're trespassing in the middle of the woods on someone who apparently chose to live in an asylum for dying people."

As we look around, we see more signs of (modern) life, most notably a motion light on the garage/barn. We also see that the garage door is open, and there's a truck in it. Whoever lives there is probably home. We immediately strike out for the woods, only vaguely making a point of going back the way we came. I'm no snowshoe expert, but if it's possible to run in them, then that's news to me. So we were laboring just to move anything resembling speed.

Before we know it, we're standing in front of the wooden shack that we passed earlier. We stand outside and stare at it; we both know that we should be fleeing, but we're 'safe' in the woods by now. My curiosity gets the best of me, and I hop up onto the front porch (snowshoes more or less prohibit delicate movement). I feel the boards beneath me sink perilously. Feels like the place is on the verge of collapse, so I quickly pull open the door (which feels only flimsily attached to the frame) and see one room with cracked floorboards, a rusted out wood stove, a bedframe, a rocking chair, a desk, and a quilt on the floor.

The whole scene strikes me as deeply morbid, and I back up off the front porch so quickly that I trip on my own snowshoes and fall into the snow. All that I see as I'm lying there, vision upside down, is my friend staring at me quizzically, looking intensely worried. I scramble up, start urgently making my way the way we came, and motion frantically for him to follow me.

When I get home, I mention what we saw to my grandfather (who lived with us, and whose older sister died during the tuberculosis outbreak for which this place had allegedly been built). He speculated that that cabin was probably where the sickest people went off to die, so that the others didn't have to witness it firsthand. Once again, I have no idea if that's true or not, but I never went back there, and in fact I never even looked the place up online. Every time I go back to visit my dad, I drive past the road that the resort is on, but I never turn that way.

3 more replies

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poodpood
â€¢ 15y ago

As a child, we lived on a remote farm where a lot of unexplained phenomena occurred. Animals would be found ritually slaughtered and the barn would glow at night an eerie blood red. The scariest was the flying girl. My brothers and I were walking through a field on a summers day. We noticed in the next field a young girl, maybe 8 or 9 clawing at her legs, we stopped and stared and she caught sight of us. Immediately she rose up about three feet in the air and flew, screaming towards us but disappeared about 3 yards from us, we ran home and told my parents, they knowingly nodded. It was years later that we found out the farm had been built on the scene of a terrible highland battle where many hundreds of Scottish clansmen had been slaughtered.

Reply Share

irmese08
â€¢ 15y ago

Red glow ain't *eerie.* A green glow, that's eerie. Green and violet means ya got fairies, which is *uncanny.* But red? That's *hellish.*

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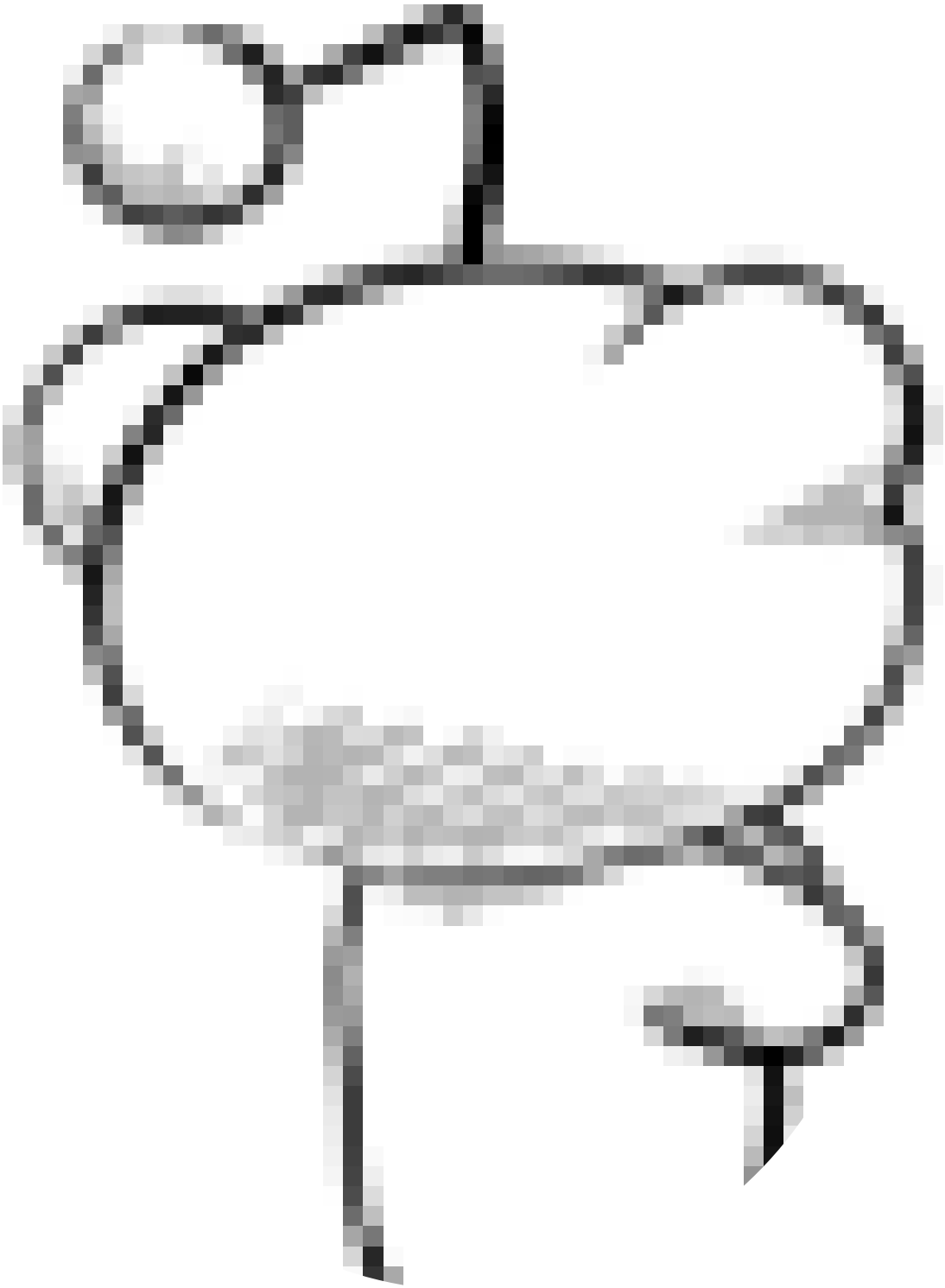

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â€¢ 15y ago

Comment deleted by user

5 more replies

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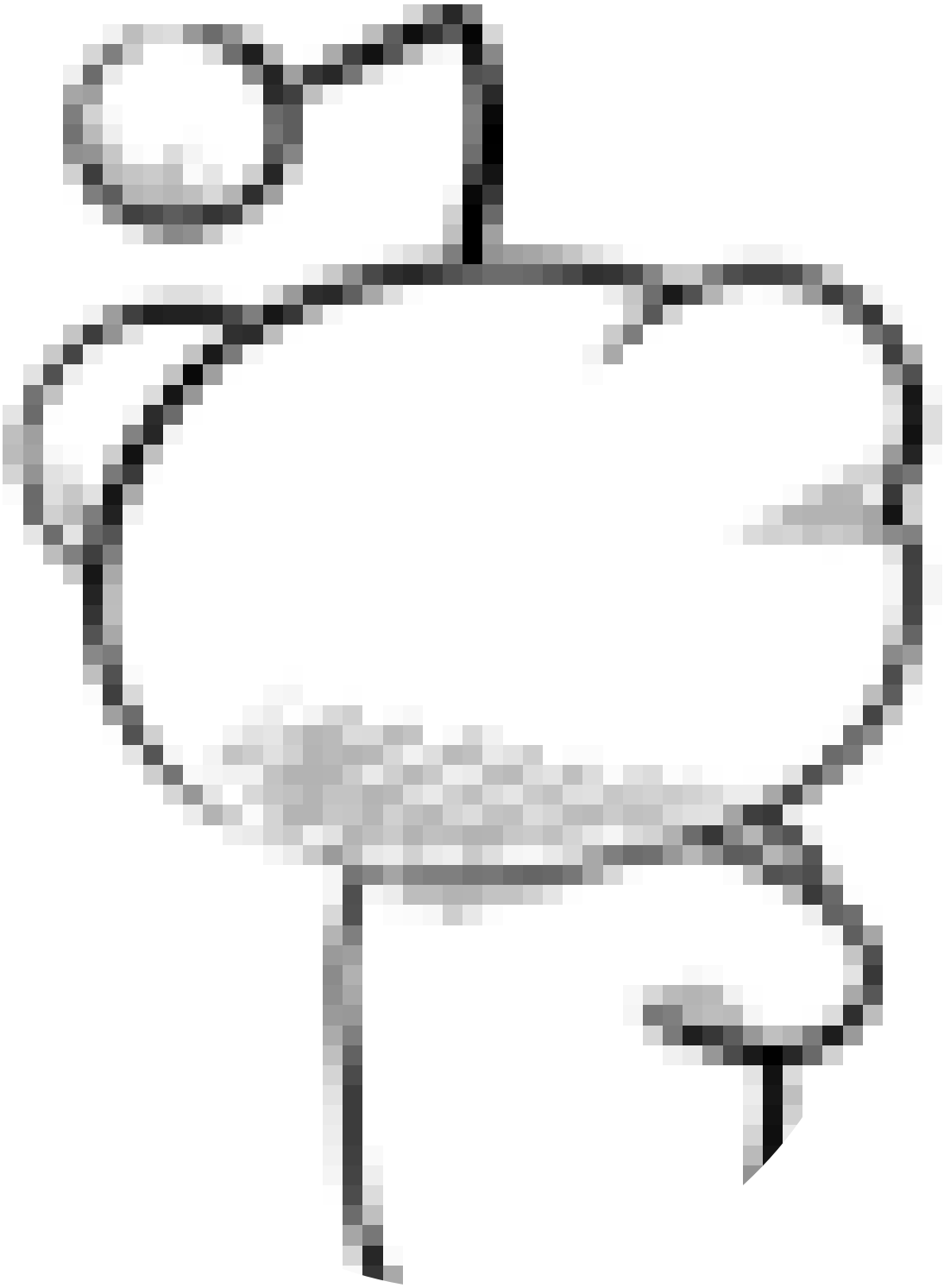

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â€¢ 15y ago

There's an art, or rather a knack to flying. The knack lies in learning to throw yourself at the ground and miss.

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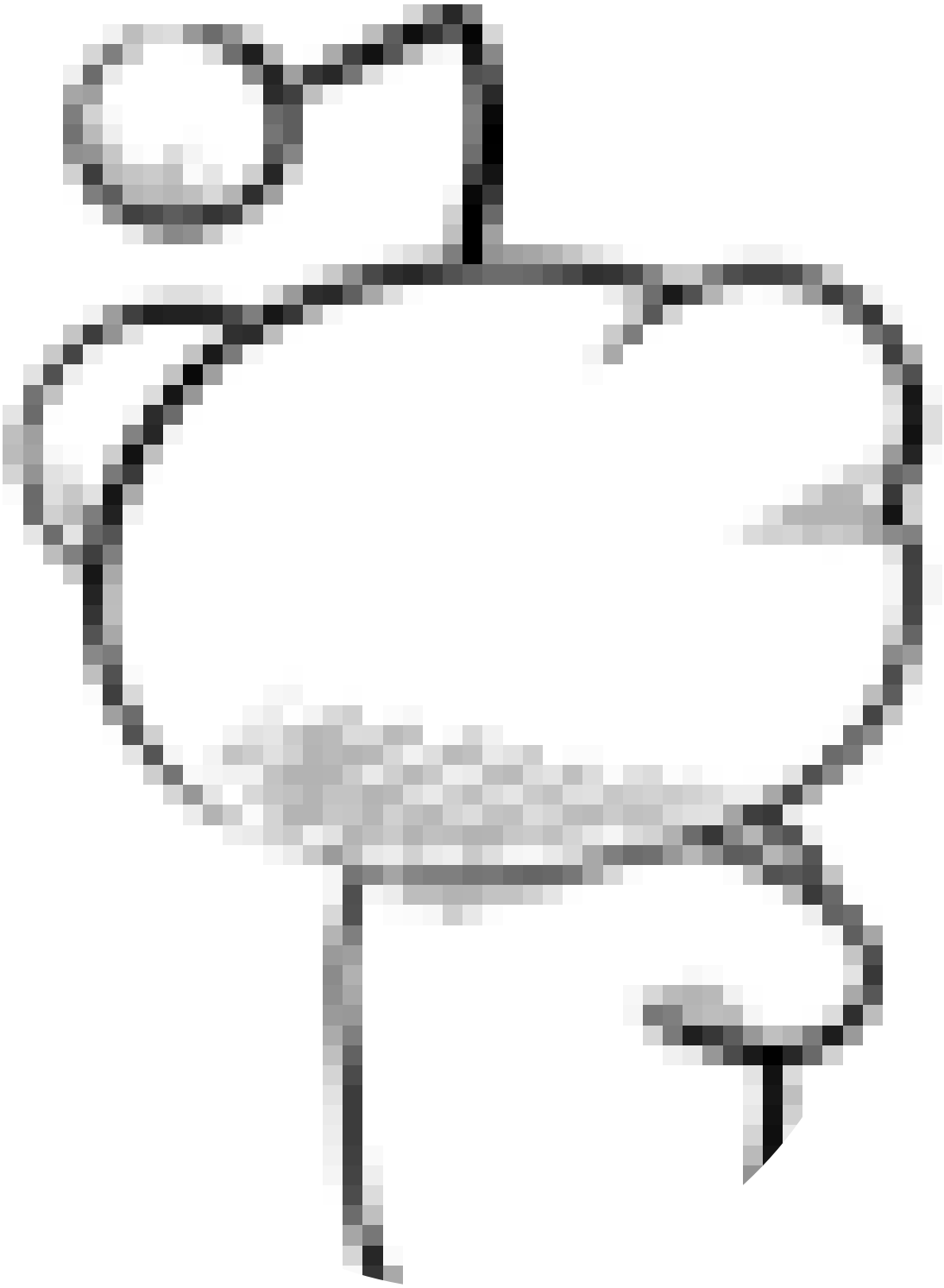

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â€¢ 15y ago

Wait - this stuff happened *regularly*? Did anyone visiting your house ever see this stuff? Did you take pictures of the animals for proof?

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einsteinonabike
â€¢ 15y ago

Dammit man, I was doing fine until reading this comment. Now I have goosebumps while sitting in a well-lit office with several people around.

makeitchemical
â€¢ 15y ago

Great. I live in the Scottish borders in the middle of nowhere and I'm currently sitting in my bedroom surrounded by farms and ancient battle grounds reading this, when I need to get up for work in 6 hours. I don't see me getting any sleep.

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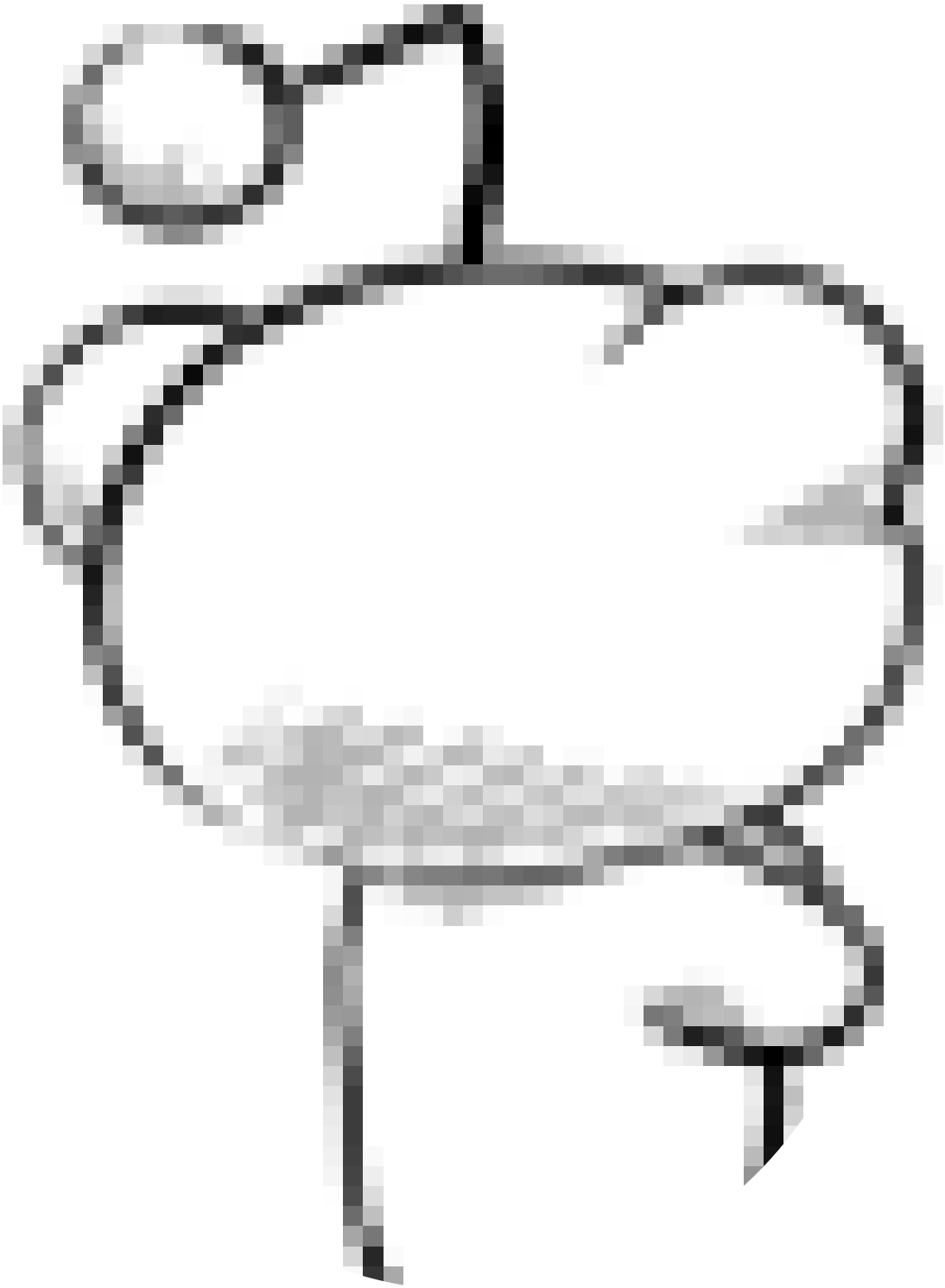

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â€¢ 15y ago

Comment deleted by user

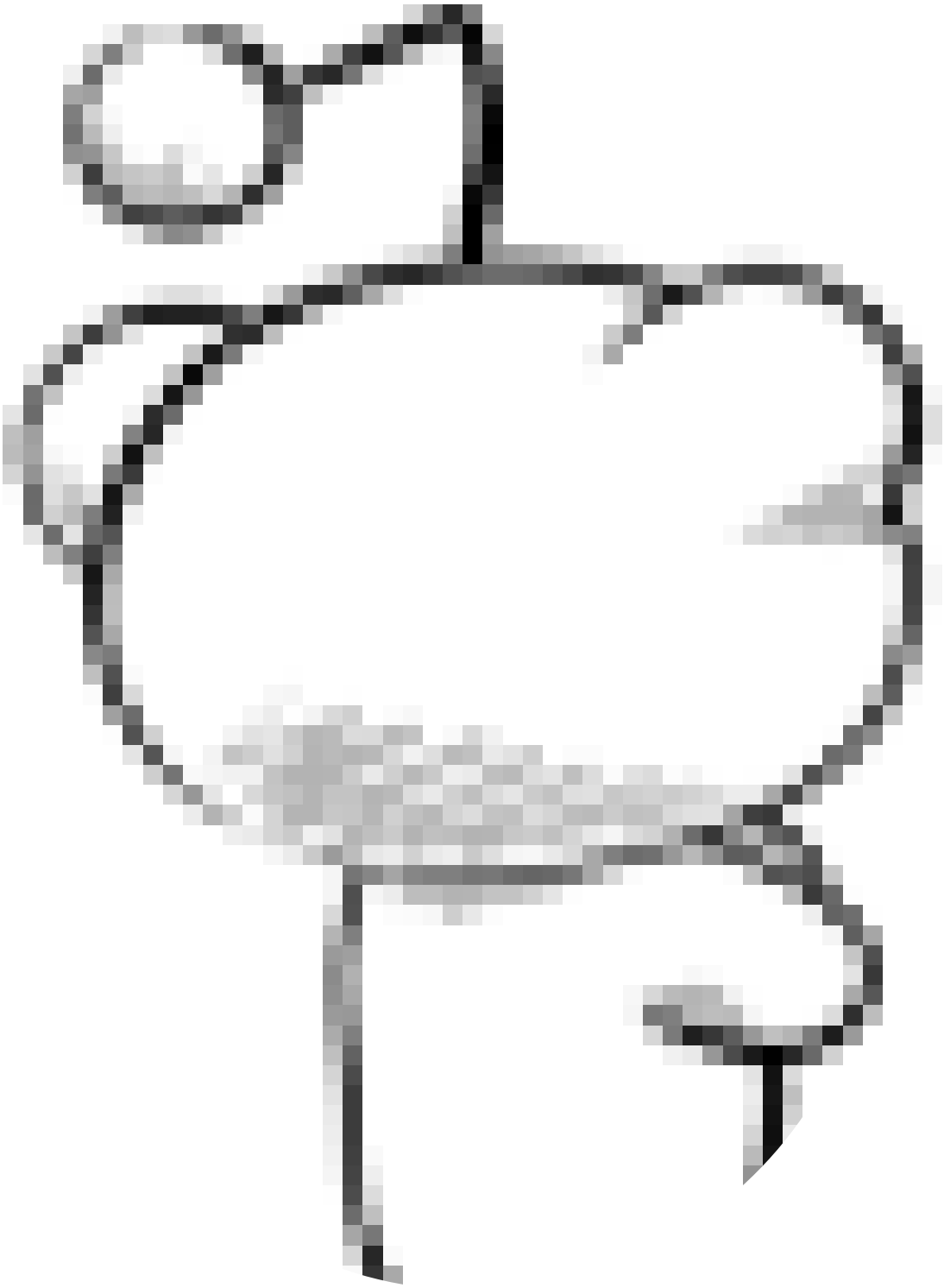
mirrordog
â€¢ 15y ago

Uh

1 more reply
1 more reply
More replies

4 more replies

4 more replies



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â€¢ 15y ago

when i was about 8 years old, my parents left my brother(15 at the time) and I home alone for a night. we were downstairs and we had just watched one of those random creepy episodes of Unsolved Mysteries and then it was time for bed. my brother screamed that there was a monster in the other room, shut off all the lights, ran into his room and under the covers. i of course followed suit and got under the covers. then he pulled the covers tight and farted. i threw up all over his bed.

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srideout
â€¢ 15y ago â€¢ Edited 2y ago

heavy squealing entertain rude grandfather amusing icky piquant cable person

Reply Share

rabidmoon
â€¢ 15y ago â€¢ Edited 15y ago

Two of the creepiest things that have ever happened to me:

- Some guy asked me if I wanted to smoke a joint with him at a party. He was probably 26, I was like 16. The joint was laced with PCP. I FREAKED out. If it's happened to you, you know exactly what I mean. The fact that people do this drug for fun is just unbelievable. Later when I was passed out in a guest bedroom, I woke up and the guy and his friend were in the room talking. I didn't think very much about it at first. Then they both started rubbing my legs. I was frozen for a second and then I heard a whisper, "Take her pants off." Luckily I was able to stand up and walk out of the room and they didn't try to stop me. Creepy situation to be in anyway, but knowing these guys makes it even worse. They were so very, very disgusting.

- 1999, sitting on my friend's couch. Her really nice, older neighbor from downstairs is over as usual and he's telling yet another one of his mind-numbingly boring stories. No one is listening. Suddenly he says very loudly, "So I took a knife... and stabbed my mother 27 times!" Everyone in the room is stunned. Finally I say, "You... stabbed... your mom?" Guy says, "Yeah, she didn't die." Me: "Did you get in trouble?" Him: "Yeah, I served time for it." He takes off shortly after and as she locks the door behind him we all jump up and start going crazy. "Omg! Why did he stab his mom!?!?!" "I don't know! I wasn't listening!" "Me neither and then I was afraid to ask!" "Omg! He comes over all the time!" If you had told me at the time that someone I knew had stabbed their mother a bunch of times, he would have been one of the very last people I would have guessed. Seriously. And that's what made it so creepy.

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ZaneRockfist
â€¢ 15y ago

I thrive on shit like this even though I know it is all a farce.

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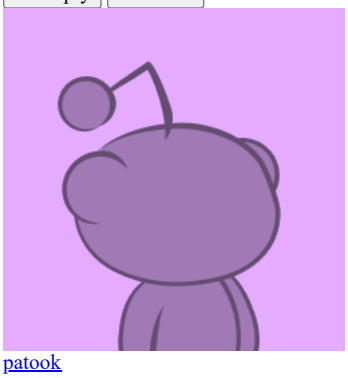

patook
â€¢ 15y ago

It's real enough to the psyche. External objective phenomenon or not, people have been experiencing unexplained weird shit for as long as we've been human.

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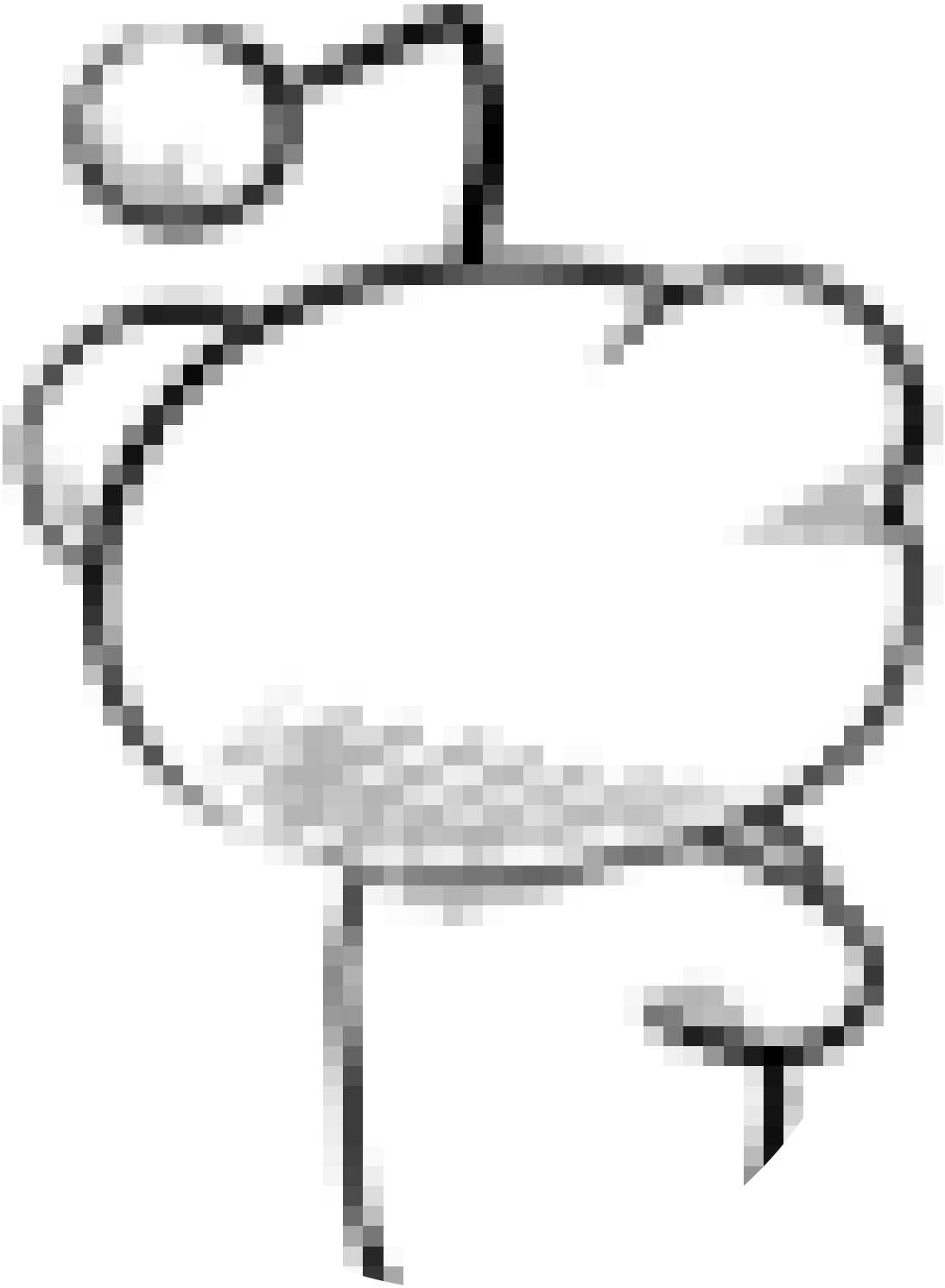

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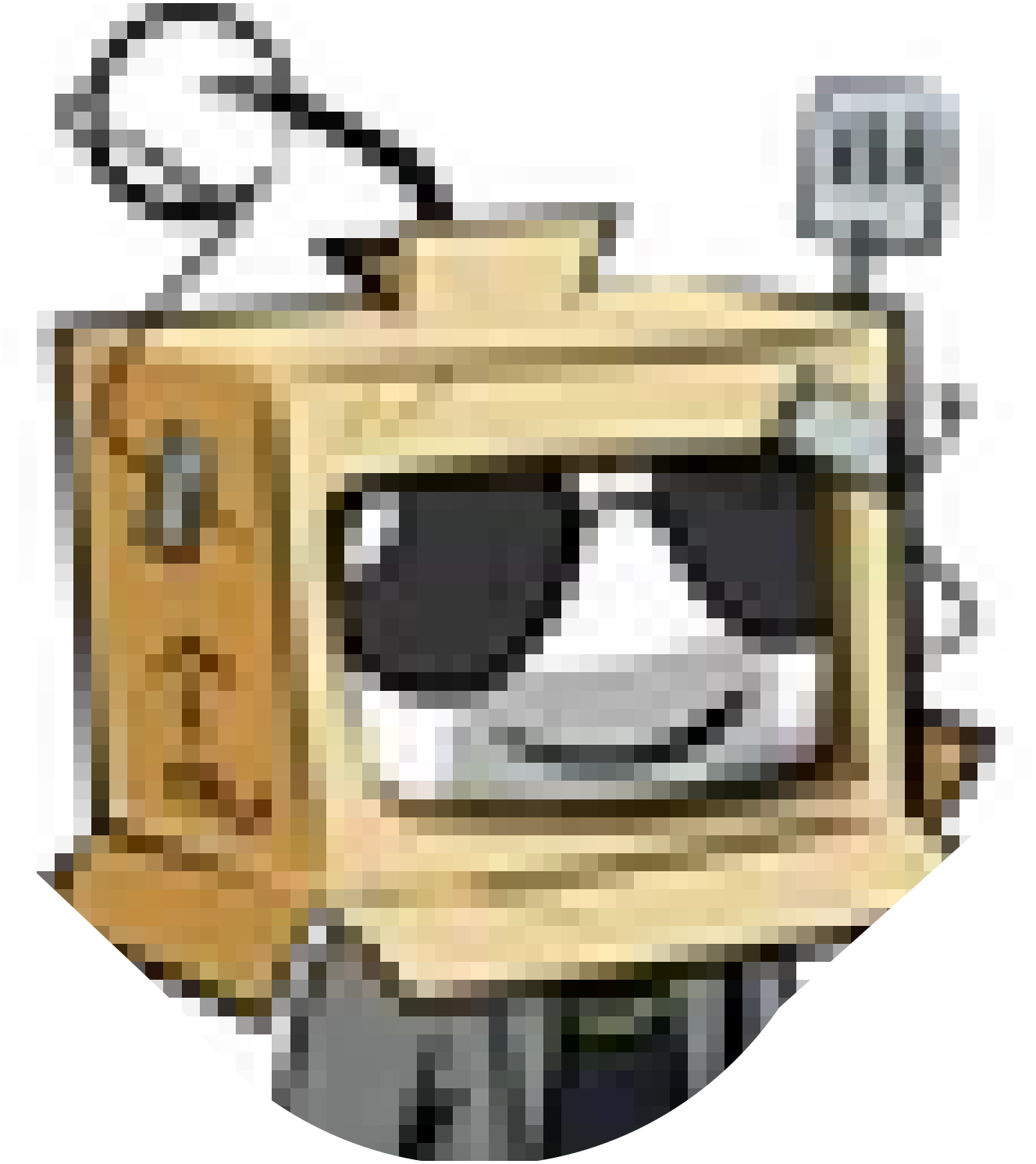
â€¢ 15y ago â€¢ Edited 15y ago

Our old High school janitor used to be a short, squat man named Dave who did seem to be a bit 'slow'. He always wore the same exact T-shirt and overalls, didn't trim his beard, worked the night shift, wore a pair of battery-operated radio antenna headphones every waking moment, spoke with a weird drawl, and was generally a creepy guy.

One day, I was on the bus and he gets on at the mall. I guess he recognized me as a student, cause he came and sat right next to me and began acting less 'slow' than ever before. He acted manic and very alert, saying things like 'the world turns ya know, again with the shit tomorrow' and generally repeating himself. At this point I'm kinda like "Thank you strange man, good bye now" and I think I left.

The next day at school he finds me in the cafeteria and is back to slow Dave. He starts washing the table that we're sitting at and says, "So, porpoise, didn't we have fun last night?" I replied along the lines of "What do you mean..? Talking on the bus?"

He stopped wiping and gave me a *dead* stare. "No. After that." I told him I had gotten off the bus and he stared some more at me. My friends were starting to notice this weirdness. Dave didn't say anything else, leaving abruptly. What's creepy is I really *don't* remember getting off the bus, or what I did that day, or who I saw, or anything, after I saw Dave.



whatisthishere
â€¢ 15y ago

You sure you didn't mishear him say, "did you have fun last night?" Like, you had told him on the bus what you were up to, and he was just asking how that went. Then you acted awkward when he asked, so he felt weird and left. Sounds more reasonable then you doing something with him and forgetting, or him imagining being with you.

10 more replies

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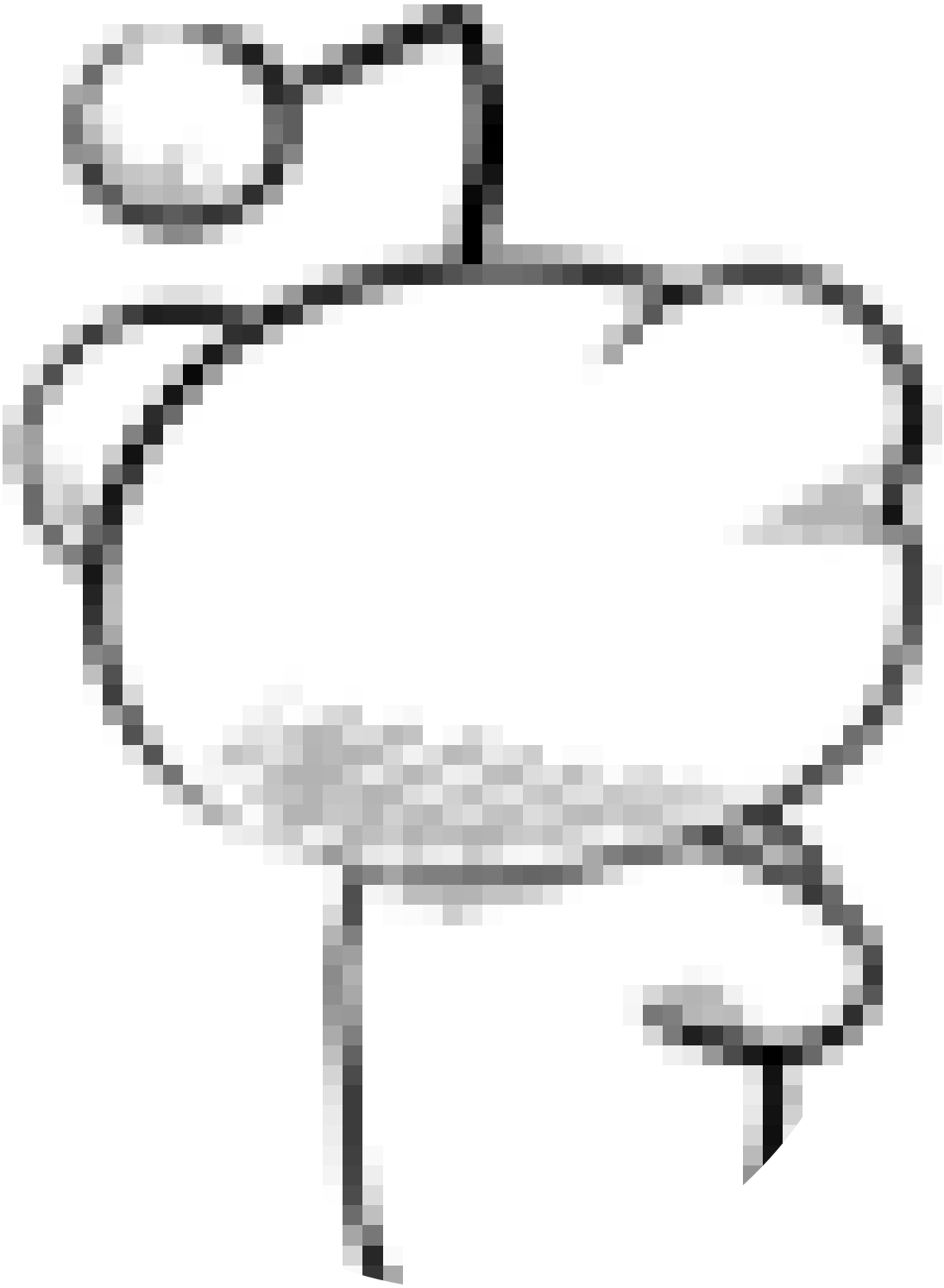

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â€¢ 15y ago

I was coming home after a long night and a man followed me off the transit bus at. It was 4am. I was keeping my eye on him until he walked far ahead of me and it looked as if he had gone into his home.

What he actually did was stop in some random driveway right by the sidewalk and pulled his pants down laid on his back with his legs over his head and started licking his dick making this really weird sound.

This is the oddest thing I have ever seen in my life. Probably the creepiest. Alone at 4am with a perv.

wftisit
â€¢ 15y ago

got a few of these, not sure how to rate which creeped me out the most:

1.) when I was a kid my house had a crawlspace that would always flood. my dad, being a do-it -yourselfer installed a set of sump pumps down there on all the corners. It frequently stopped working, and to build my character, he sent me down there to belly crawl through the muck and fix them,get them restarted, etc.

I *hated* going down there, I thought it was because it was dark and creepy (which it was) and filled with spiders that would land on me and sometimes bite because I couldn't see their webs , complained, and so he installed lights. well, there was this one section, that I would have to still carry a flashlight for because for some reason, whenever I went over there the lights would dim to barely visible. I always had this immense feeling of dread and felt as if someone was down there with me. My brother, when he got older sometimes got tasked with doing this and had the same complaint. Years later, when we sold the house, we ripped out all the carpet, and the plywood was covered in blood in that spot, the blood streaked to a spot in the living room and then stopped. It looked very much like someone had been killed and the body had been dragged and then carried out.

2.) while on an internship I would drive to see my gf an hour away. once on the return trip home I remember looking down at the clock and adjusting the radio. when I looked up again I was 30 minutes further along the road with no recollection of driving the route, and the same song was playing, though the clock was 2 hours later.

3.) went to get ice cream with same gf in the town she went to hs in, saw a creepy looking guy wandering around aimlessly, come out later to see that he had commited suicide by laying his neck on the train tracks as a train approached.

4.) my 2.y.o. son talks about ghosts talking to him (like in 6th sense), however, for the most part, they are always friendly. what is creepy about it is this: a.) he says things that even though he is super perceptive there is no way he should know, or would have heard us talking about, b.) once while visiting my grand-in-laws he started talking about his deceased great-grandfather, indicating that he was there in the room with us. c.) he regularly talks about ghosts in the cemetery when we drive by, although we've never told him what it is, or visited one - he often says they're hiding over there, and whats that noise (that we can't hear), and says they're talking.

we try to redirect his attention and down play this because neither of us believe in ghosts, but it is still quite creepy because he is so insistent

2 more replies
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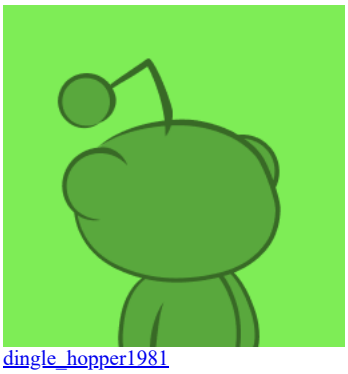
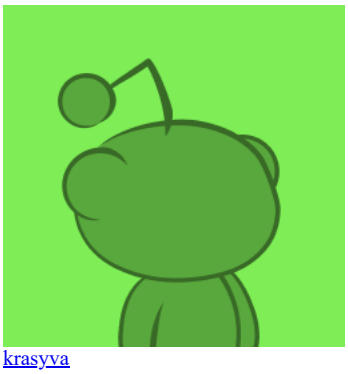


dingle_hopper1981
â€¢ 15y ago

Here's another one about my sister's old apartment in Ireland. She lived in a really big old house that had been split up floor-by-floor into little flats. Weird stuff would happen there all the time, like we would see glowing orbs and lights floating around, or shapes of birds flying through the room from the corner of our vision, or at night she would hear the glasses in the kitchen moving around and clinking together (every night she would make sure to check they were well spaced-apart before going to bed, but they clinked together anyway and would always be moved in the morning), or things had been moved around the sitting room during the night. It never really bothered her. One night though, she was lying in bed (her boyf was beside her asleep) and heard the glasses in the kitchen clinking, nothing new, but then she heard the living-room door handle being turned and the door opening. The carpet was very thick below the door so you had to pull it pretty hard to move it, so she knew it wasn't a draught. There was a little hallway between the livingroom and her bedroom door, and she heard the door being closed, clicking shut (again you had to pul it pretty hard to close it properly) and then footsteps walking towards her bedroom door. She was lying in bed going 'oh fuck oh fuck oh fuck don't come into my room' and the footsteps stopped outside the door, and in the half -dark (there was a street light outside) she saw the bedroom door handle turn. At this point she buried herself under the duvet and was completely fucking terrified. She heard the bedroom door open, close and (there was a little step inside the door, you had to step down onto the bedroom floor) and someone stepped down into her room, about 2 feet away from her bed, then walk over and stand at the end of her bed. At this point she was completely freaked out, and then she told me she had the realisation 'what the fuck? Why should i be scared of a stupid ghost? it's not like it can bloody HURT me or anything! Pfft.' and she just went to sleep. The next morning she mentioned it to her boyfriend, and he was like, 'the footsteps in the room? yeah I heard it all too. I looked but there was no-one there. It was only a dumb ghost.' They both laughed it off and the ghost never came into her room ever again.

TL:DR: invisible someone walked through my sis's apartment and stood beside her bed



krasyva
â€¢ 15y ago

In my room I have a bathroom connecting, so usually when I go to take my shower I have my TV on and the lights are all on.

A month ago I was taking a late shower and I had the door to my bathroom cracked. I guess I hadn't noticed it shutting, but when I got out of the shower and opened the door to get into my room, the door was locked. I proceeded to budge the door open and when I did, TV was off. Lights were off. Laptop was off, so was my phone. I went to open the door to my room and it too was locked.

I couldn't see anything, so when I turned the lights witch on I was almost too terrified to turn around and see if something had been in there. I turned, there was nothing. I unlocked my door and checked around for anything or anyone out there (I live with my mom) and there was nothing. Lights all on, the house seemed in order.

Till this day I'm still confused and disturbed as to why the hell that happened.

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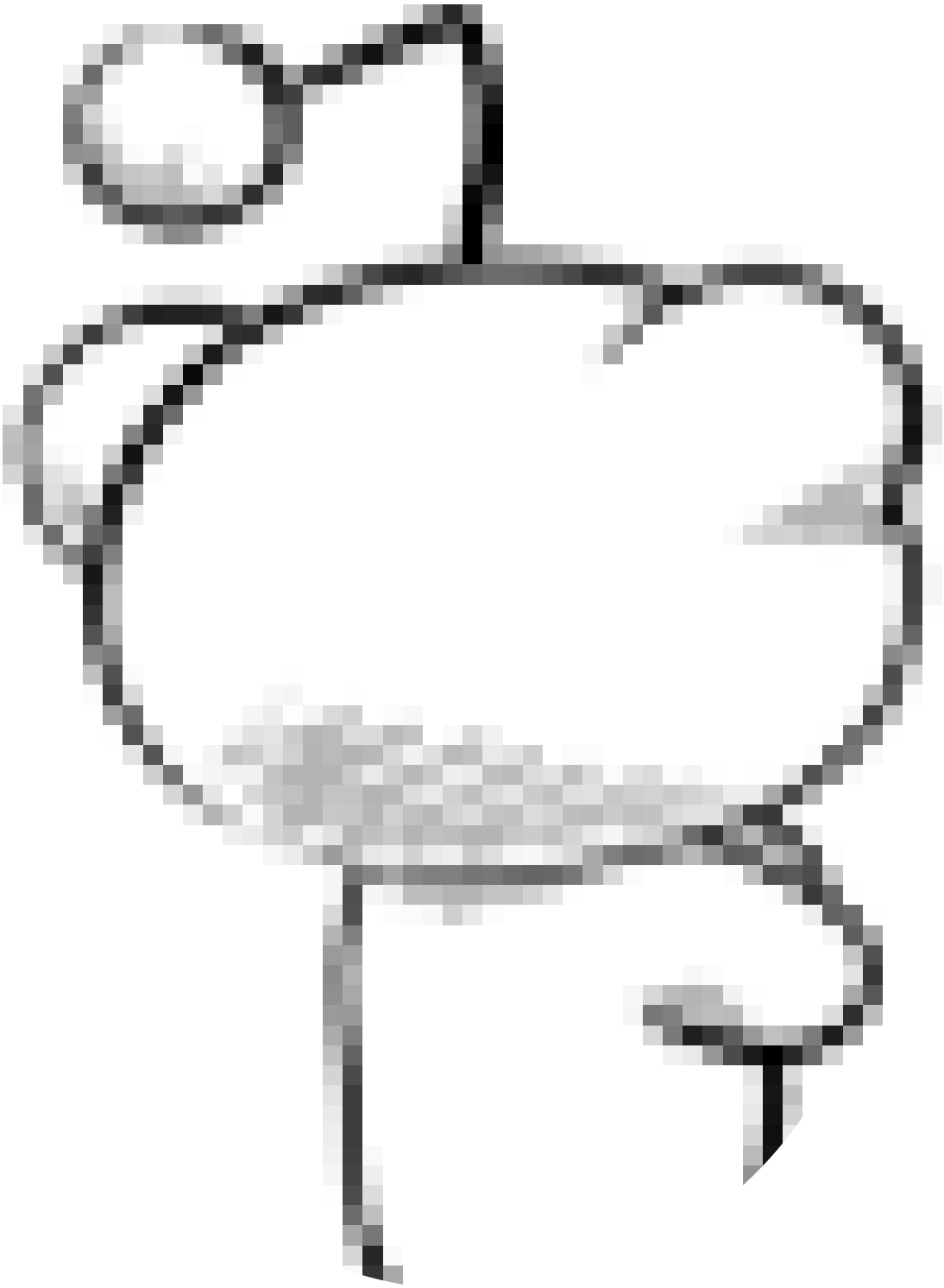

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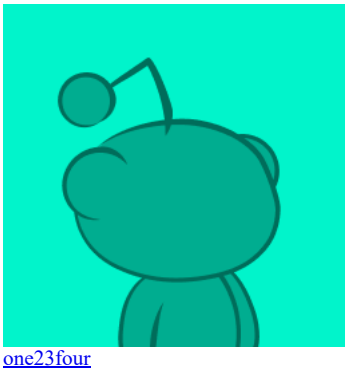
â€¢ 15y ago

I was home one night in my room, 8 years old, and I saw a dude with a huge beard and trench coat walk slowly by my window, without looking in.

Turns out some homeless dude was walking by my window, but every time a scary movie shows one of those out of focus shots of something moving by a window or doorway, I'm reminded of how bad it COULD have been.



one23four
â€¢ 15y ago

This was during the sniper days in Northern Virginia. My cousins and I were dropping off a friend at his house around 3 in the morning. On our way back home, we saw a pineapple with a note leaning on it in the Middle of a stop sign intersection. The pineapple wasn't there on the way to drop him off. We contemplated checking the note, but we pussied out because I mentioned that it would be funny if the note said "Don't move!"

OneHelluvaGuy
â€¢ 15y ago

When I was in high school, my brother and I had just been driving around smoking a joint, and we stopped at a gas station for munchies. As we sat in the parking lot, chilling out for a few minutes, a woman walked up to the passenger's side door and laid her hands on top of the car. I couldn't see her face, as she was taller than the car, but she then started speaking in what sounded at the time like tongues (and what I now figure was probably just Spanish), and speaking quickly and long-windedly. It sounded very much like a prayer. My brother and I kept silent, too stoned to do anything, giving each other wide-eyed, "What the fuck?" looks. After a few minutes, the woman shut up, lifted her hands from the car, and walked off.

We had to sit in silence for a few minutes before we gathered enough courage to even leave.

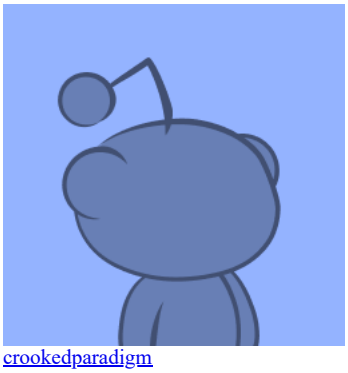
melkislove
â€¢ 15y ago

I used to collect music boxes when I was a little girl. I had probably 20 and they were all displayed on a bookshelf in my room.

There were several different kinds, but I had a couple that were boxes and only played when they were wound and the box opened.

I was fast asleep one night when my bedroom light suddenly turned on by itself (the light switch was still off, though) and one of the music boxes started playing by itself even though it was closed.

I started screaming as loud as I could until my dad came into my room to check on me... I got rid of all of my music boxes the next day and never received another one again.



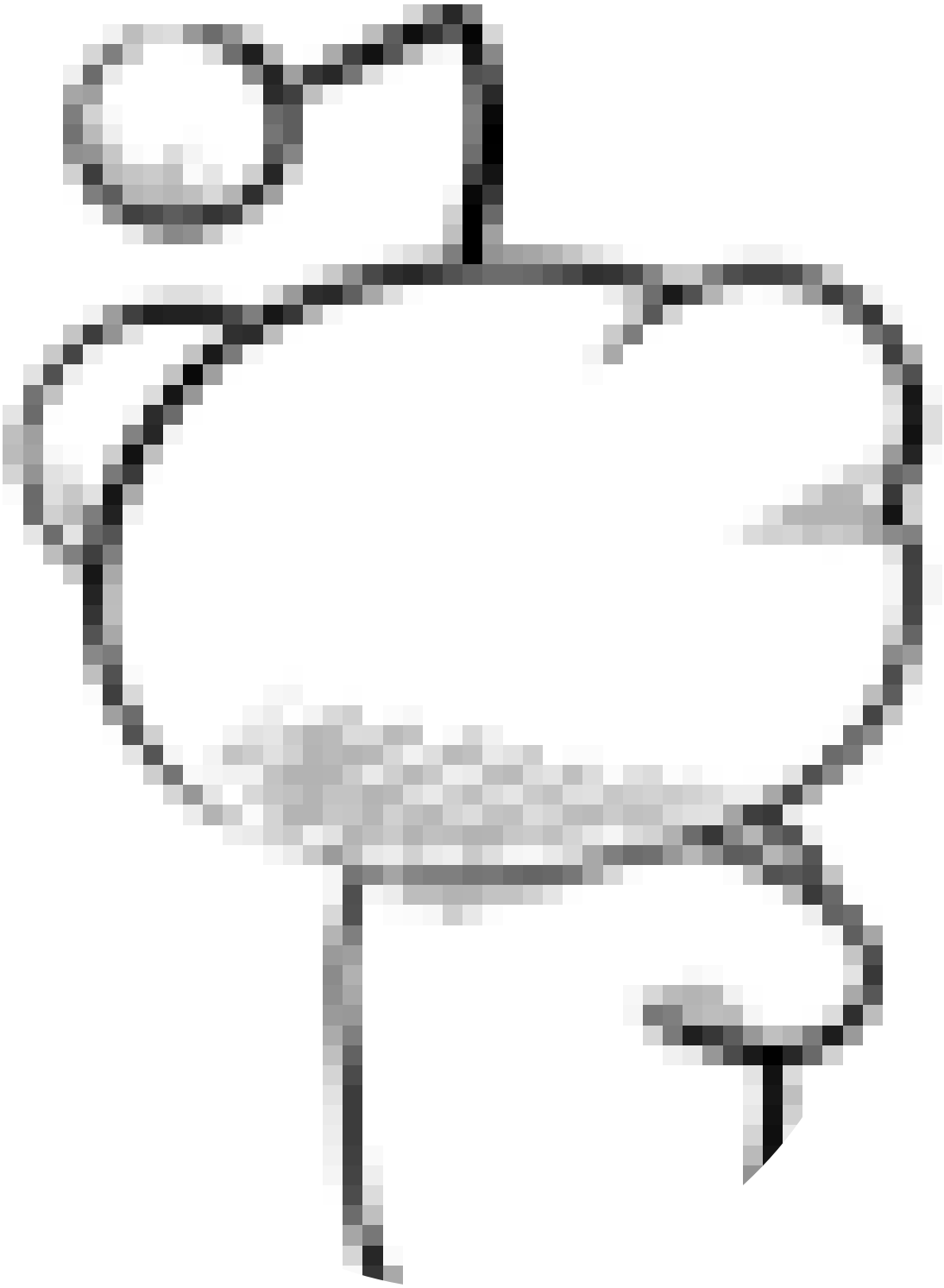
crookedparadigm
â€¢ 15y ago

I had what I think was a night terror when I was young. In the dream I awoke in my bed and knew something was immediately off bexcause I woke with my head at the wrong end of the bed. Everything I saw was from the first person perspective. My room was warm and muggy and things were eerily quiet. I went to my door and listened at it and heard nothing. When I opened it, my entire house was ablaze. Everything, everything was on fire. I could feel the heat on my skin and the smoke in my lungs. My vision went fuzzy and I collapsed. I woke up in my bed sweating, pretty par for the course for nightmares. But my mind fabricated more than that. I woke up coughing, smelling like smoke and my skin was hot to the touch. Still freaks me out to this day.

4 more replies

4 more replies

More replies



[deleted]
â€¢ 15y ago

I think it's called an out of body experience. I can trigger them on myself quite easily by just lying down in bed, putting my hands in front of my face and just thinking about myself, life, stuff and reality. It sounds really stupid and is really hard to explain but when I speak during these things I'm just like "holy fuck, I'm alive and I'm a human being". My voice sounds different too, I guess it's what I sound like to other people.

No I am not high.

6 more replies

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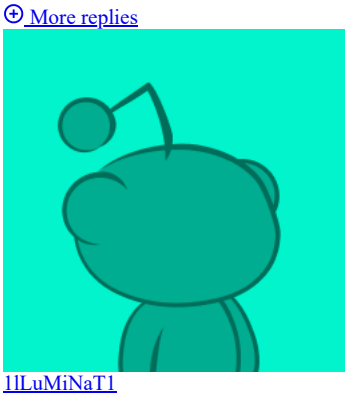


1lLuMiNaT1
â€¢ 15y ago

When I lived in L.A. I had a small apartment on the top floor with no AC but my bedroom had a little balcony with a sliding door. On warm nights I would leave my sliding glass door open so the screen door would let in air to my room. Sometimes when it was really windy out, the wind would force my bedroom door (connecting my room to the rest of the apartment) to blast open in the middle of the night and startle the shit out of me.

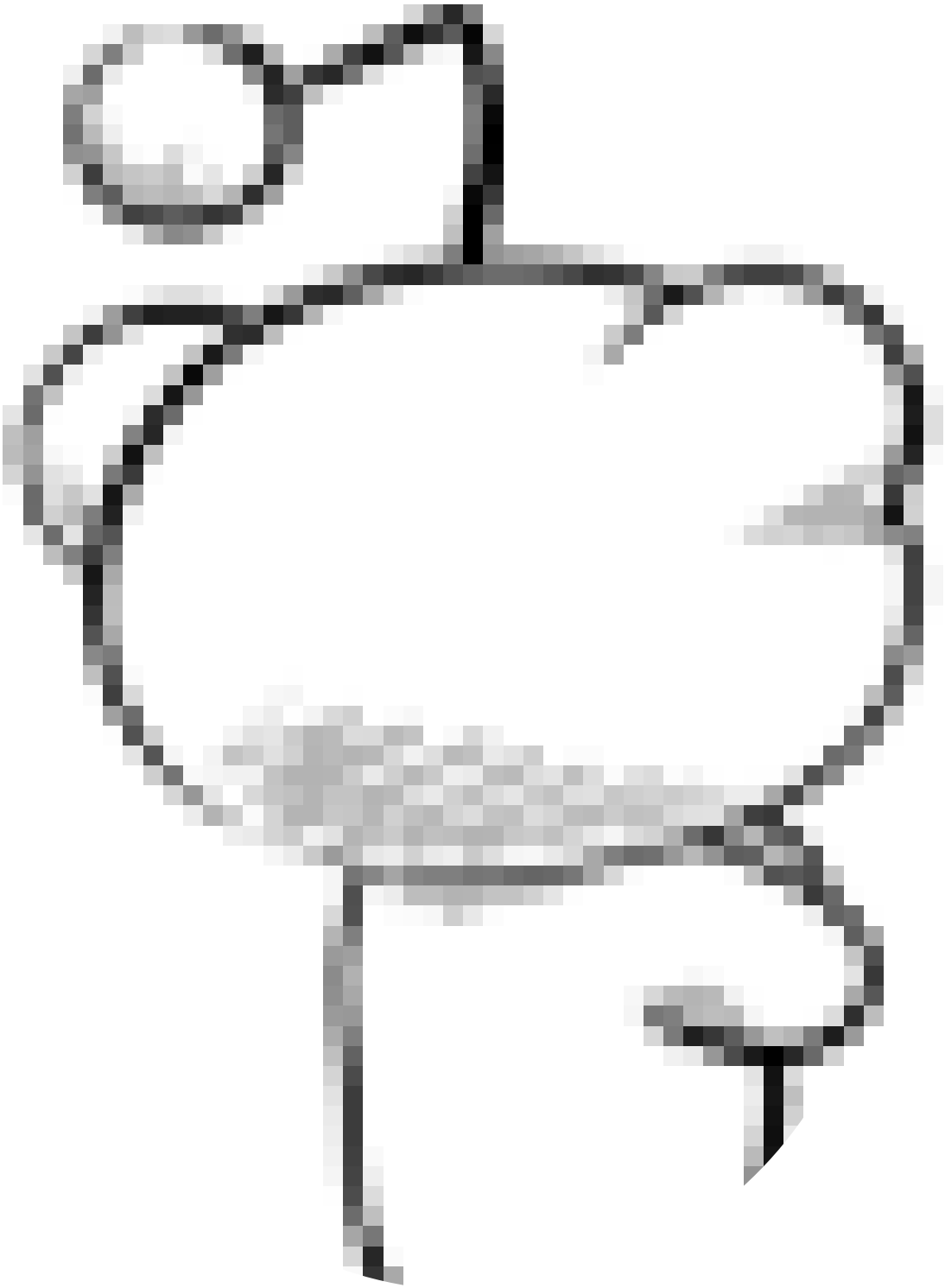
One night, I was laying in bed on my back and looking up at my ceiling. The attic and storage access area was right above my bed and there was a piece of wood the you could lift up to get into the attic. I had always thought it was kind of creepy that the entrance to the attic was right above my head because neither I nor my roommate really knew what was up there. So as I was drifting off to sleep laying on my back I opened my eyes and saw that the wood cover was slid sideways and I could see the dark entrance to the attic. This was strange because I had just looked at it as I was first laying down and didn't notice anything. As I stared into the dark opening I could see what looked like two eyes staring back at me intensely. I was instantly frozen in place with fear and stared upwards. A face began to appear and grew more vivid as it approached the entrance. I could make out two big eyes and what looked like an older woman's face looking directly at me. The face was getting closer and closer to the entrance when my door blasted open with the wind from outside. I jerked up to a sitting position in bed startled and looked up at the ceiling and the attic opening was covered like normal. I ran out of the room and into the bathroom with goosebumps. Spent the rest of that night and the following week sleeping on the couch in the living room.

Still to this day I'm not sure if I dreamed the face or not but I didn't sleep well for a while afterwards. The face still haunts me when I think about it. Two big eyes staring intently at me and getting slowly closer. I've always had a vivid imagination though so I'm sure it was all in my head.

1 more reply

1 more reply

More replies



[deleted]
â€¢ 15y ago

So i'm reading this thread, it's 1:30 in the afternoon, sunny day, and I hear gunshots outside; six in quick succession, hear a guy running past my house grunting, run outside to find him out on the street bleeding after getting shot in both legs. I guess that's kinda creepy

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3 more replies
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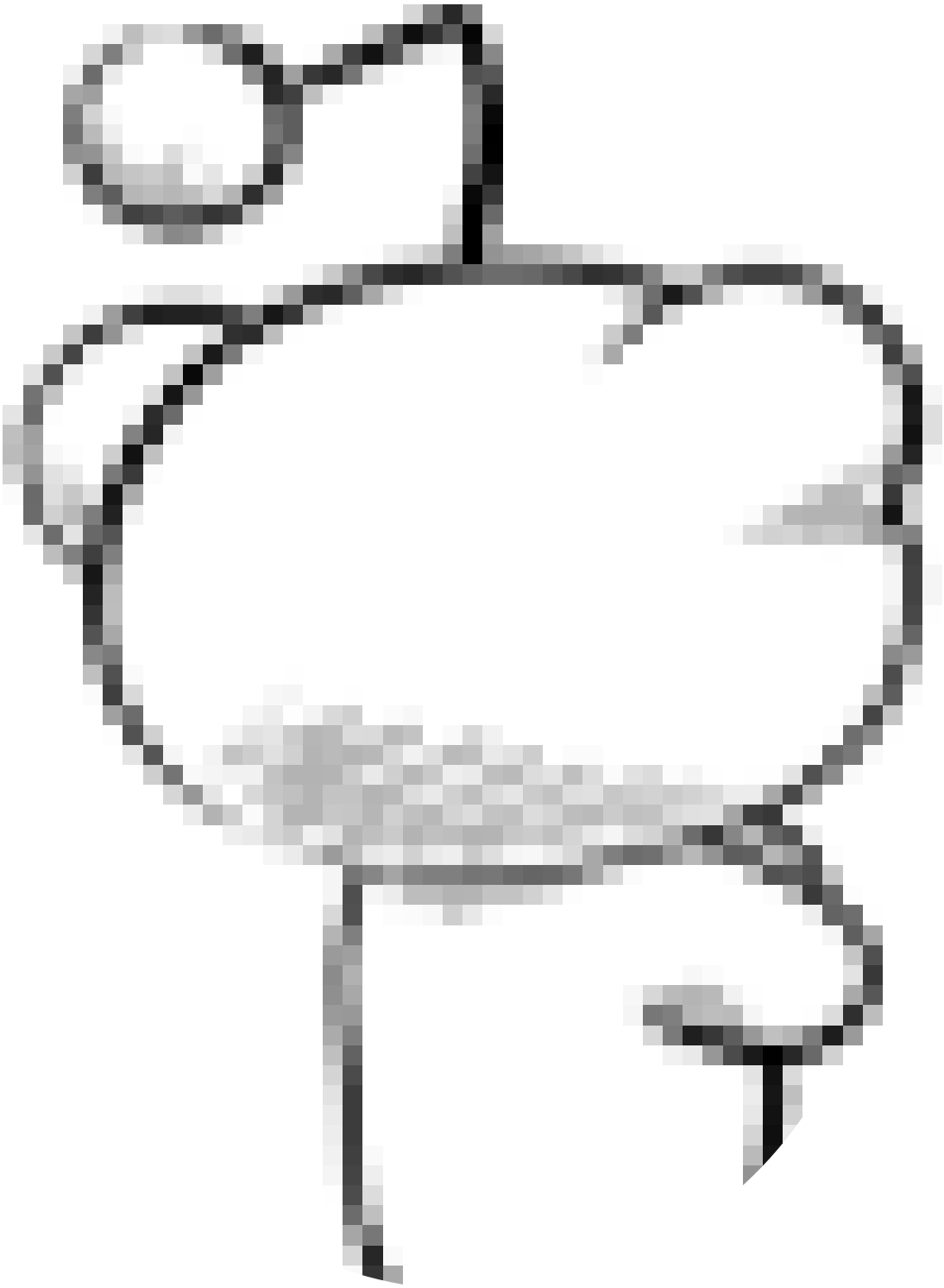

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â€¢ 15y ago

Lady in white in the middle of a forest road at midnight walking towards my moving car. Her face was blacked out and she didn't have shoes and I couldn't make out her feet. My girlfriend was in the car with me and she saw the same things.

I slowed down and came within 4 feet of her and still couldn't see her face. My girlfriend told me to just keep driving. So I did.

Not another car or house around for miles.

Apparently there was a legend about her in that area. Something about an old insane asylum.

Housing development had taken hold and the forest was knocked down. Never saw her again.

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5 more replies
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redpistols
â€¢ 15y ago â€¢ Edited 15y ago

I was 16 years old, living on a farm in rural Kentucky. It was midnight and I was driving home from a friends house.

To say that I had "back country roads" growing up is an understatement. I could lay down in some of those roads for hours without seeing another car.

This is what made me take notice when a pair of headlights came into view behind me. Don't get me wrong, it wasn't totally out of the question, but I was somewhat surprised and kept my eye on them.

They got closer and closer and I realized they were riding my ass pretty hard. I slowed down to let them pass, but they didnt. I got kind of heated at this so started speeding up, and they followed suit.

So I drive about 15 minutes and am getting close to my house. I make a few turns and they are right behind me and at this point, I'm feeling kinda anxious. I make one more turn before I reach the road my house is on, and they're right there, tailing me the whole way.

My parents were out of town and the house was empty. I began to somewhat panic and decided to pass the house up. I could have hopped out and ran for my shotgun inside but I really didn't want the driver to know where I lived (if he didnt already).

So I kept driving. He tailed me for another 15 minutes when I passed an all night gas station where, thankfully, a city cop was hanging out at.

I almost ran my truck through the gas station window and jumped out and made a b-line for the cop, yelling a bunch of cuss words and saying shit like, "there's a fucking redneck psycho trying to kill me"

The cop was a complete dope and his eyes were kinda folded. The driver behind me pulled in and ran inside. He came straight for me with a base ball bat and pushed the tip into my chest.

He explained that I had tried to break into his truck in his driveway. He said he knew it was me and that he had friends see it too. His face was flush red and he was a big ol corn fed hillbilly. The cop was just leaning against the counter the whole time, wouldn't intervene or anything. Finally, he began to chime in a bit and clear up the situation.

I told him this guy was off his rocker and had been tailing me the whole time, but again, the cop seemed disinterested. He blew off the case and said that if the man thought I broke into his truck, he needed to call the police (WTF!!!!!!) and file a report.

The redneck spit on the floor and stormed out. I asked the cop what the fuck I should do and he said just to go home. GO HOME?! WITH DELIVERANCE WAITING FOR ME OUTSIDE??!!

I asked him for an escort or anything, but he kept on telling me to relax and go home. What a dick.

At any rate, I ended up driving about an hour to the nearest notable city, staying on the lighted highways the whole time, where I had a friend living and stayed the weekend with him. I was shook up the whole drive there and kept looking in my rear view.

1 more reply

1 more reply

More replies

ACarsonMedia
â€¢ 15y ago

Weird things started to happen in our section when I was back in college. In our apartment the front door would open and you could hear someone walking down the hall towards a dead end storage closet. When we would go to see who it was there was no one there. This happened at least once a week. Our bathroom light would turn on in the middle of the night, TVs would turn off by themselves, and radios would turn on.

The weirdest thing that happened was one night I was half asleep when my roommate sat up and asked, "What did you just say?" I rolled over mostly asleep, "I didn't anything." He swore he heard a voice from my side of the room. He laid back down and things got quiet when I heard, just a whisper coming from the center of the room between the two of us. I heard "They will come for us [unintelligible] paradise [unintelligible] the smoke."

I laid still for a second, not sure what to do. Finally I asked, "Nick, dude..." Before I could finish my sentence he got up, hit the lights and walked quickly out only saying, "Lets get the fuck out of here".

If someone tells me they saw I ghost I usually call bullshit, but I can't explain what happened those months in college. After the semester ended the incidents slowed and eventually stopped. We thought it was only us until more people from the section started telling us strange stories. One girl saw a man wearing a flannel shirt and an axe in her room, she freaked out and he vanished. One girl ended up with bruises and swore she heard footsteps behind her anytime was would wake up and use the bathroom at night. Most everyone had an incident with lights, tvs, or radios.

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2 more replies

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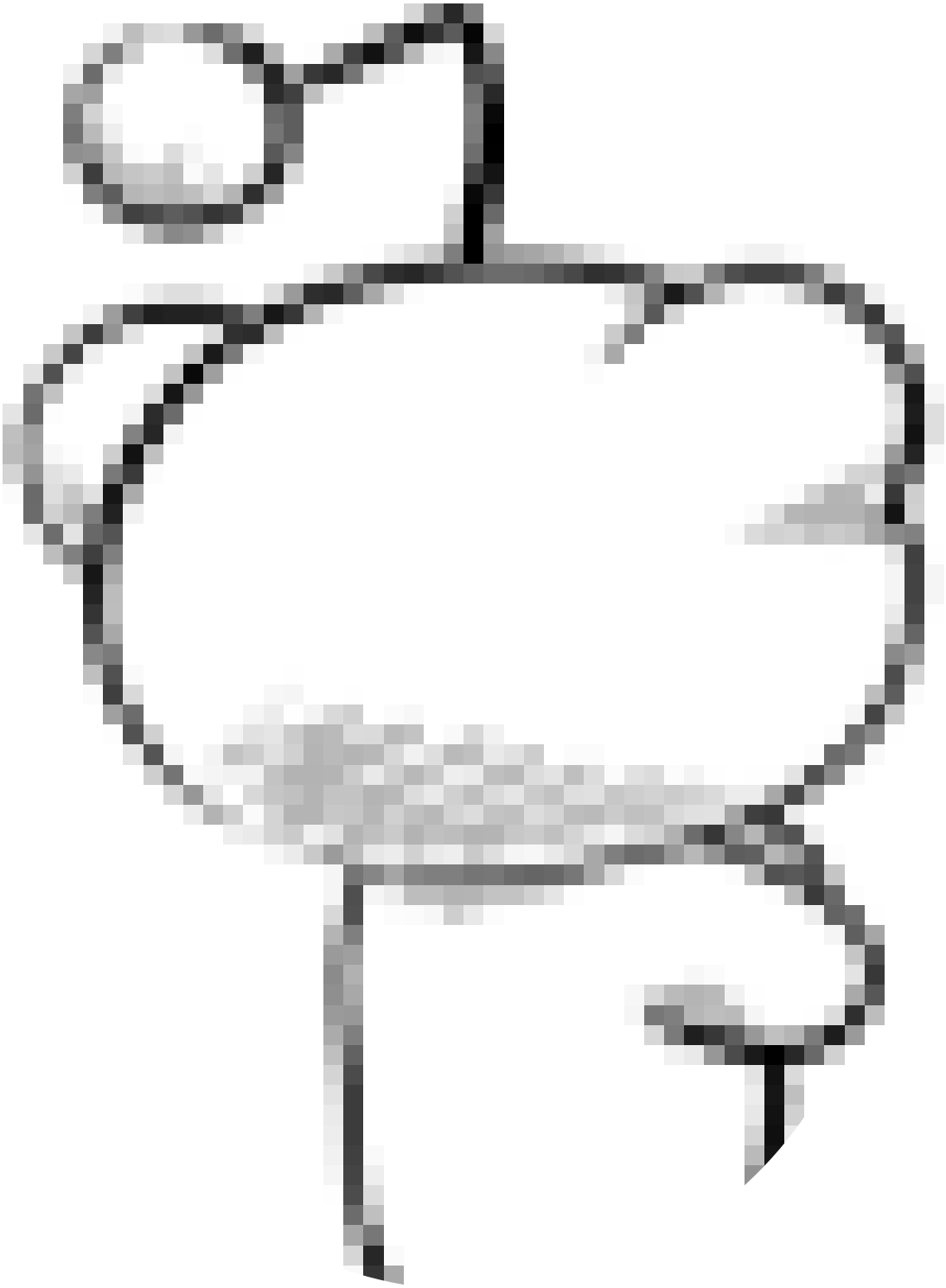
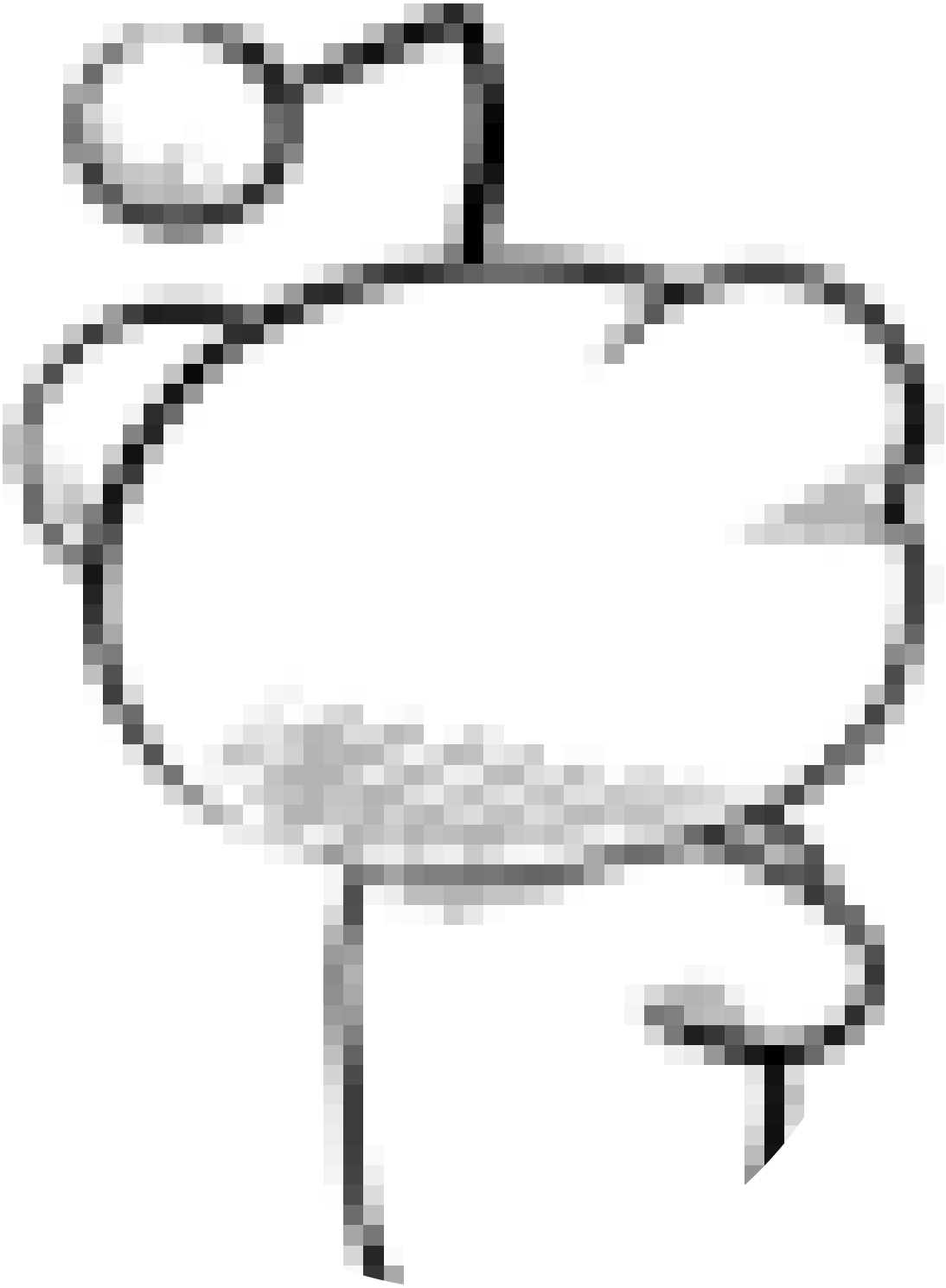


olialm1
â€¢ 15y ago â€¢ Edited 15y ago

Last summer I got off work kind of late, took my dinner (I work at a restaurant), but stopped at a grocery store because I wanted to eat chips with my sandwich. Anyway, as Iâ€™m walking in I noticed a man staring at me. I was a little weirded out when he made eye contact, and was still watching me when I turned around to lock my car with my clicker. I tried not to give it much thought but figured he was staring because I looked stupid and had my entire work uniform on - name tag, apron, all black outfit. When I came out of the store and got closer to my car I noticed a note shoved under my door handle. I tend to be paranoid as shit always on edge, and I thought â€œthis motherfucker is going to pop out of the bushes and kidnap meâ€ so I got into my car as quickly as I could. The note said â€œyou caught my eyeâ€, and as I was leaving the parking lot I noticed a car behind me. I drove towards my friendâ€™s house and this damn car was STILL behind me. I drove aimlessly around a few blocks and decided to call my friend and have him come outside (heâ€™s a big guy - 6â€™4 and 200+ pounds), the car finally passed me, and I got a look at who was driving. Lo and behold it was the fucking creep who was watching me go into the store.

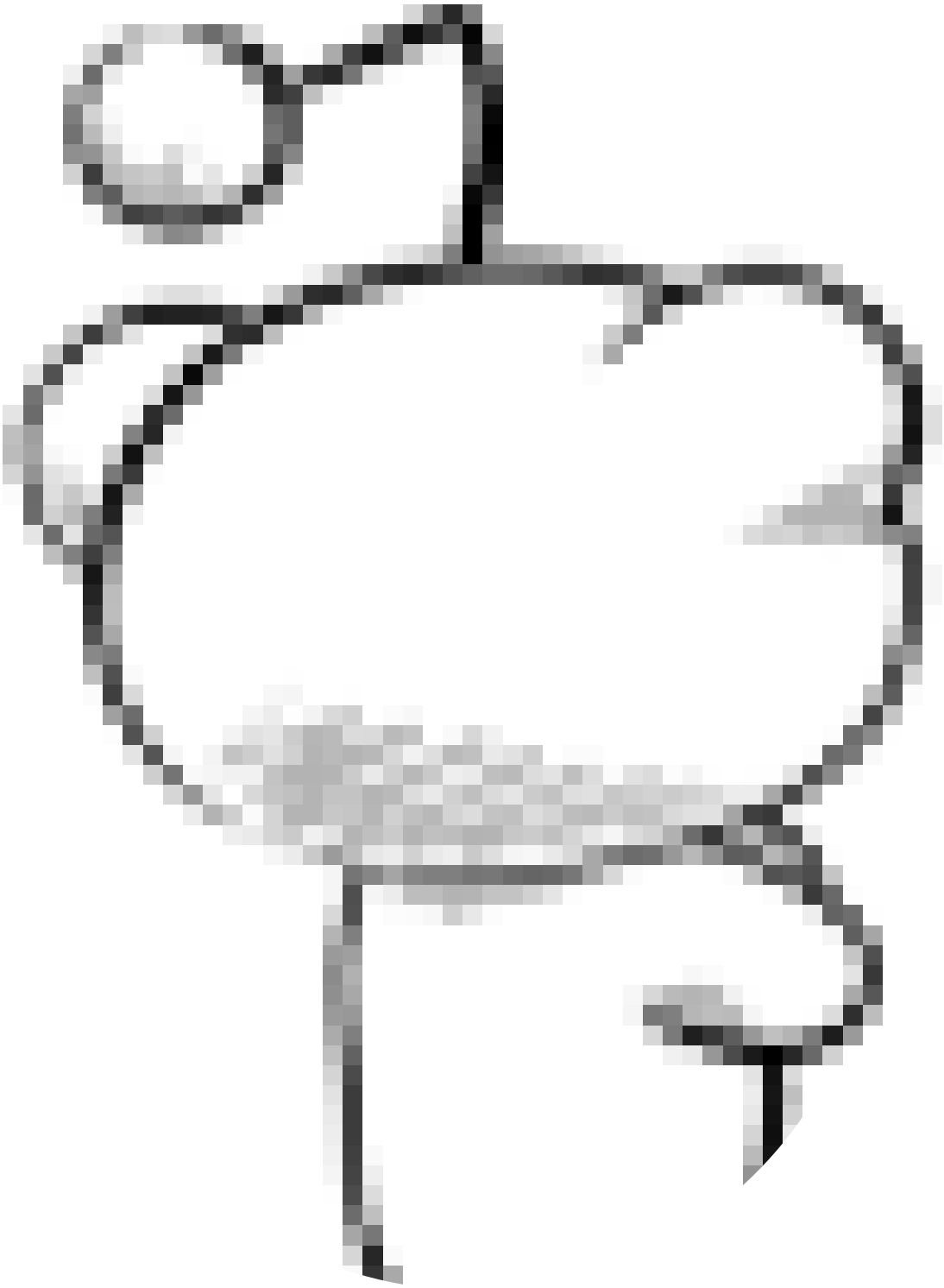


Charun86
â€¢ 15y ago

When I was younger I went on a camping trip. The tents we were staying in were quite spacious, and you could easily stand up in them. So I was sleeping on a military cot when all of a sudden I wake up for no apparent reason. There was a kid wearing tighty whities standing up in my tent staring straight forward. I don't know what to do, so I say "Hey, what are you doing?" in a whispered tone. He doesn't move or say a word, so I attempt to touch his hand to make him aware that he is in the middle of my tent in his fucking underwear. Well, my hand goes right motherfuckin' through this dude's hand. I actually pinched myself to make sure I wasn't dreaming. After about 30 seconds he walks out of the tent, and his footsteps didn't make a sound. FUCK THAT SHIT

2 more replies
2 more replies

More replies



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â€¢ 15y ago â€¢ Edited 15y ago

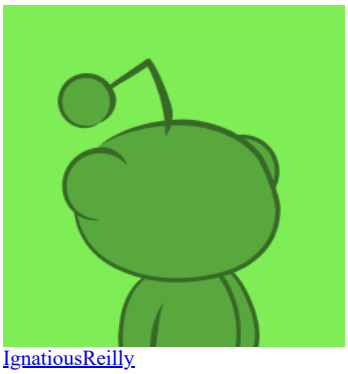
I'm a paranoid kind of guy, and hate hearing odd noises especially at night. I've occasionally heard shit that turned out to be the wind banging something against my door, or something fell when I thought someone was breaking in. So one night, I am up and its about 2am. I hear something fall. This time, I don't go get my gun as I normally would. I figure it was probably just me being paranoid. I get down to the kitchen and see a baseball bat hanging out of my window. Cops came, dogs picked up a scent of at least three people (two prints, one driver). Not sure if it was just vandalism, or an attempted burglary.

ryandg
â€¢ 15y ago

When I was seventeen, I was in serious recovery after re-constructive surgery on my arm/shoulder/back and was heavily medicated for the pain. Well, one thing lead to the next and I was an addict consuming large amounts of pain medication every day. I had to quit cold turkey after what happened to me one night.

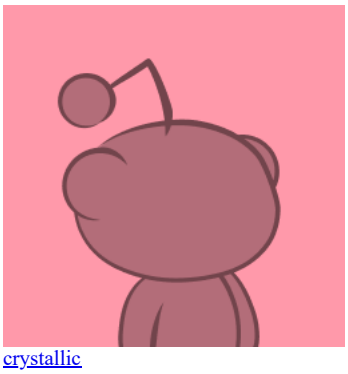
I had to sleep upright in a chair every night. I woke up on my chair one night feeling that something terrible was about to happen. My concept of reality was so whacked, that I didn't know what to do. I say this being somebody who had taken a lot of mind altering drugs, but this truly was different than an LSD or Mescaline trip for example. I felt as that I had woken up in a nightmare, realized this, and couldn't get out of it. I then felt the distinct presence of something hovering outside my window. Then, I had what seemed like an image transmitted to my brain that showed a black robed entity walking slowly up the stairs with the intention of killing me. I sat there frozen for what must have been 5 minutes that seemed like a lifetime, absolutely unable to move my body or speak, and knowing that any second my life would be taken from me and there was nothing I could do about it because of my inability to do anything.

I regained my ability to speak and move and starting yelling for help and woke up my parents. It was creepy and sucked.



IgnatiousReilly
â€¢ 15y ago â€¢ Edited 15y ago

The house I lived in until I was 8 had a very large yard (6-8 acres) surrounded by forest. Until I was six, the possibility that anyone other than me and my younger cousin went into the woods (let alone emerged from them from a different direction than my house) had never crossed my mind... Until my great-grandfather (who was such a stern man that I'd never actually spoken to him), sneaked up behind us while we were playing one day and whispered "Hey boys, watcha doin' out here?" You can imagine the effect this had on a five and a six year old.



crystallic
â€¢ 15y ago â€¢ Edited 15y ago

The creepiest non-paranormal thing would be when I was doing my college placement at the emergency vet clinic. This lady came in with an obese cat who had one of those stub tails. Because the cat was too fat to clean the tail, it developed an infestation of maggots. The stub reminded me of swiss cheese. Because I was the placement student, I was given a pair of tweezer-looking things and told to "get as many out as I can" before they gave the cat something to kill the maggots.

Oddly enough, it was kind of soothing. It's weird, but I rationalized that each one I got out was one less that the cat had to deal with.

Reply Share

SinfulShadows
â€¢ 15y ago

When I was in first grade, my family lived in this giant old house. One evening I was watching the Jetsons, (the episode where there is a cranky machine or robot in a basement.), and after it was over I felt an odd empty feeling. Anyway I got up to leave the room and to do so I had to cross between two couches, one horizontally in front of me and a vertical one to my left. When I got between the two corners of the couches, I suddenly couldn't move, and felt pain shoot down my entire body when I tried to push forward. I tried a few times until the pain hurt so bad I started crying. Finally I ran to the door on the other side of the room, and ran downstairs to my parents. They later brought me up and had me walk between the two couches and everything was fine. I never found out what stopped me from moving and caused me pain, and I doubt I ever will.

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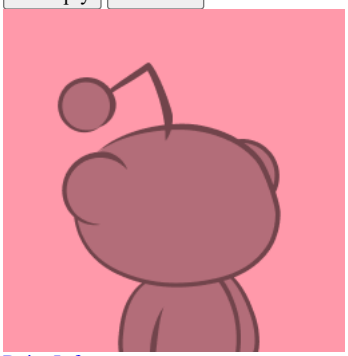


RainyInferno
â€¢ 15y ago

Not entirely creepy, but going to bed downstairs on the couch and waking up upstairs in bed kind of still bothers me.

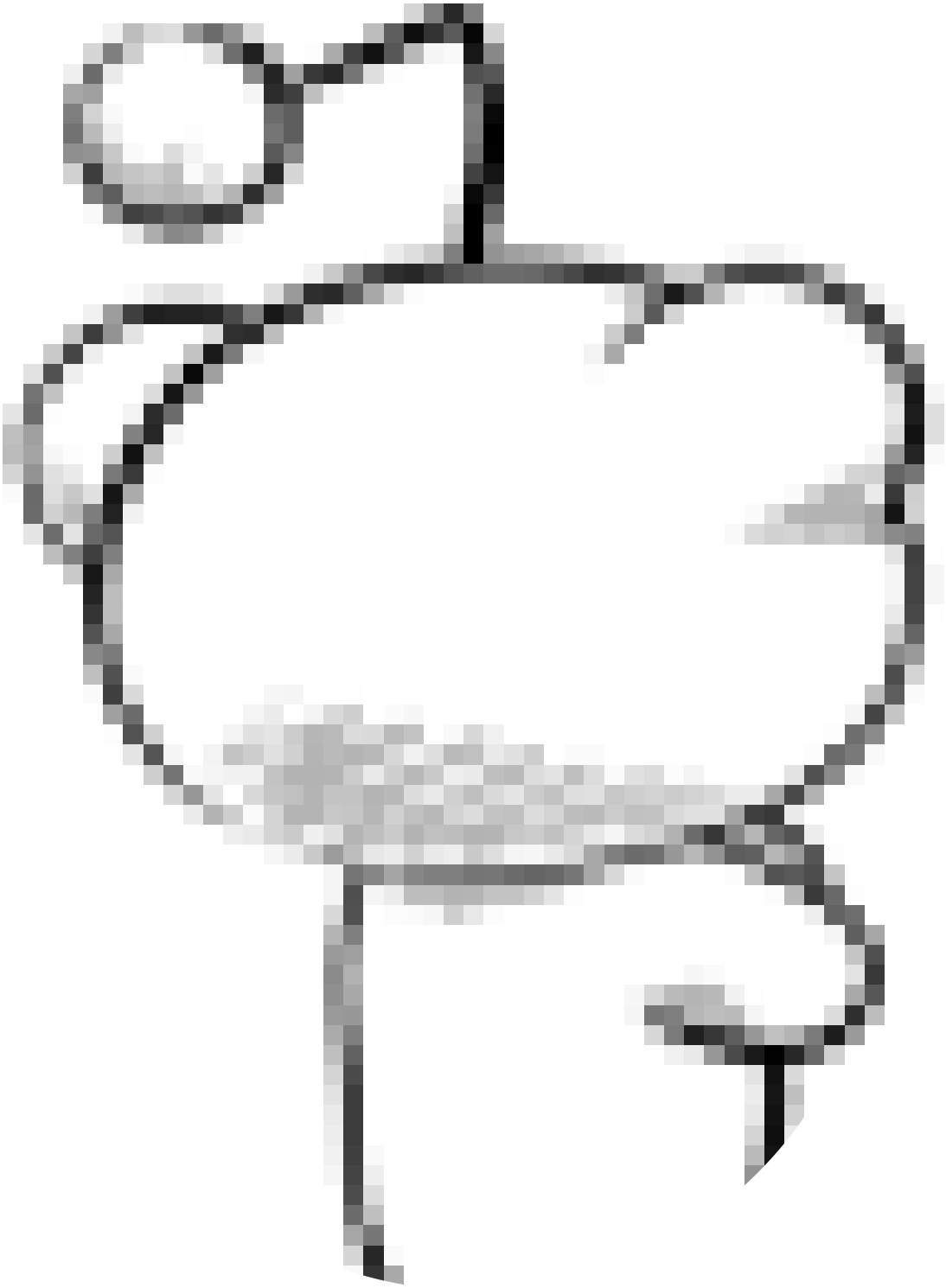
I asked everyone if they carried me upstairs, and they said no.

I have never slept walked, and I don't remember getting up sleepily in the middle of the night.

1 more reply

1 more reply

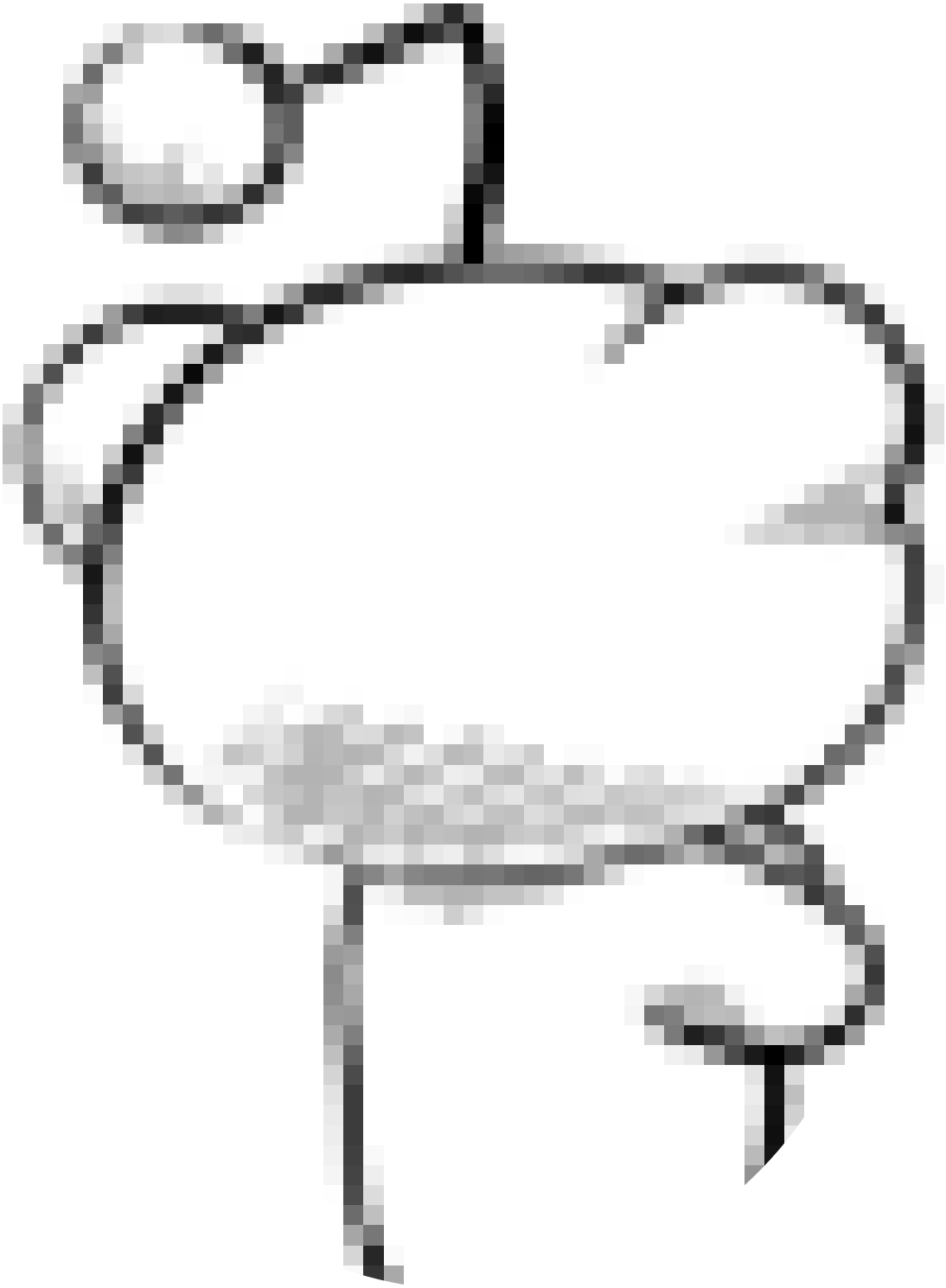
More replies



CynofChaos
â€¢ 15y ago

One night my mom was late coming home from Bingo. (That's creepy enough...that she was addicted to Bingo) Turned out she got lost. We lived in base housing and it was only a 15 minute drive from the church to our house. She claimed she was utterly lost but thankfully, she heard a voice in the backseat giving her directions. When she looked at the rear view mirror, she claimed she saw an angel. A very handsome male angel that couldn't be seen when she turned around, but was visible when she looked in the mirror.

As a child, I was dubious about her conclusion--she had been going to Bingo for years. As an adult, I think she's just fucking crazy.



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â€¢ 15y ago

When I was 11, I was on a family trip to my dad's hometown in Mexico. Whenever my parents would take my brothers and I there, they would just let us do our own thing. One night, I was walking back to my grandma's house with my brother, cousin, and two local kids. We were passing a school playground, when one of the local kids was telling us that when the devil comes to people, you may hear his hooves. It is getting very dark and there is no street lights. As we're walking, we all hear the sound of hooves and become very uneasy. My brother then points out that a swing in the playground is swaying back and forth by itself (it was not even slightly windy). At that moment, we immediately started running and didn't stop until we got back to my grandma's.

1 more reply
1 more reply

More replies

chadius333
â€¢ 15y ago

This happened to my friend's mom when I was around 10 years old and creeps me out to this day.

My friend and his family were pretty well off and lived in a big house by the lake. The neighborhood was all built on old Indian land and we used to scare each other by talking about how the house was built on an Indian burial ground as it was built on the highest point in the area. I don't really believe in ghosts but for some reason, I always felt really uneasy being upstairs. I can't really explain it, I just never felt like I was safe when I was up there. Anyway, one night, my friend's mom was home alone (and pregnant, for what it's worth). There was a pretty big storm and she was carrying on doing laundry or whatever. She starts walking by the staircase to the upstairs, which is basically a big open wall into a huge office and the stairs go up and wrap around the upper perimeter and there are doors into two different rooms. She looked up and noticed a black (cloaked?) figure standing at the furtherest door. She freaked out as she thought someone had broken in. She was about to make a dash for her gun (this is normal in Oklahoma) when she noticed the figure floating around the upper hall towards the staircase. At this point she is completely freaked out and just starts praying. When the figure reached the staircase, lightning struck the house and she basically blacked out.

You have to second guess the person's sanity when you hear stories like this but I guess the one thing that keeps this story etched in my mind is that the lightning strike that hit the house just before she blacked out, burned down the second story of their house that night.

Reply Share

Downvoted_Defender
â€¢ 15y ago

Well not me but my girlfriend.

The place we are at now is on a busy street and there's a fair amount of pedestrians walking adjacent to our house. So about a month ago she is getting changed with the window open and I guess someone thought they should come in off the street to get a closer look. She turns around and see's head start poking up past the window and she freaks out, grabs the cat and runs to me in hysterics in the lounge room. So I sprinted outside to see if I could find who it was. No luck, nothing in any direction.

I was adamant that she call the police and let them know that she was a victim of a peeping tom in case anyone else on the street reported anything later that night. She was still pretty shaken up and couldn't really give a good description except for the person 'being dark and having black eyes'. The police are pretty understanding and thank us for calling them.

Five minutes after the police leave, my indian house mate comes home drenched in sweat wearing thongs (flippy flops for you Americans) a singlet and shorts. I asked him where he's been and he says he went for a run, although he never goes running and he's walking up from the bottom of the backyard when going to the shops doesn't require anything in that direction. Besides which who goes running in thongs. Since all I have is circumstantial evidence I wasn't about to make anything of it and screw with this guy (he's engaged and his fiancÃ©e lives with us) but I am fairly certain that my house mate went for a walk down the road to get some food, saw my girlfriend getting changed and decided it would be cool to creep up on the window for a closer look.

The guy still lives with us and his fiancÃ©e until their lease expires.

3 more replies

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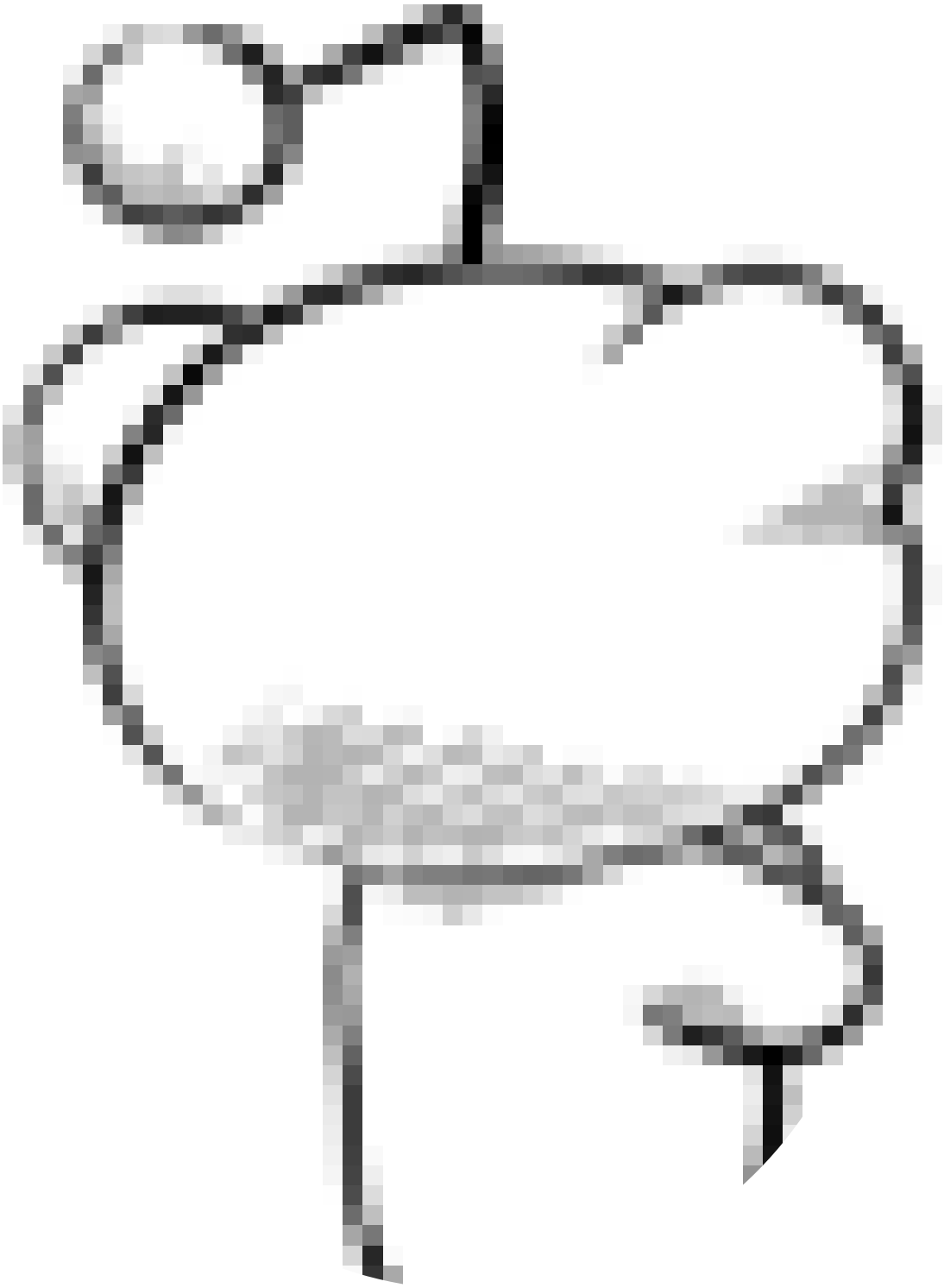

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â€¢ 15y ago

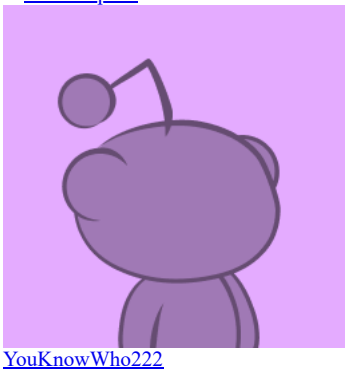
This doesn't really match some of the horrors I've read about in the last 10 minutes on here, but when I was 18 my (now) Aunt's 40 year old sister got me drunk on her sister's wedding day and tried to have sex with me.

It was disgusting and really, really creepy, but it didn't affect me in any way. It's just another gross story from my life.

3 more replies

3 more replies

More replies



YouKnowWho222
â€¢ 15y ago

Well, this certainly isn't as creepy as a lot of peoples', but I suppose it's worth mentioning.

It's around 11:30pm, on a school night. I'm still in high school, so I'm about to head to bed. There's a computer located in the living room of my house, maybe fifteen or twenty feet from the entrance to my house. I go to shut down the computer and lock the front door, my two weimaraners at my heels, when I hear something.

My door makes a pretty audible shifting sort of noise when it's opened. It doesn't creak, it's just sort of like a progressing "cush" noise, like cuuuuuuuushhhhhh. I hear that, and immediately turn to the front door. Someone is halfway through the door when my two dogs also turn and bark up a storm. The door shuts quickly, and the car parked in front of my house (which I had just noticed through a small window next to my door), drives off. I tell my parents, and go to bed, making sure to lock the door, even manning-up enough to look out the little window for any signs of life.

The next morning, my mom, who would give me a ride to school, and I noticed a wet, gross condom just outside of our front door. They had probably been trying to throw it in.

A week or so later, I'm at a friend's house. It's him, me, and another friend. We're going to bed, we're all in the same room, and we decide to talk about the creepiest things imaginable. Then I mention what happened to me, realizing I hadn't told them. As I'm speaking, my friends' eyes grow wider, and they starting freaking out a little bit.

One friend mentions that upon leaving to go to school one day, he had exited his house and found several condoms all over his car. That wasn't too creepy or anything, but the coincidence was strange.

The creepier perspective came from my other friend. He had been gone during the time (it had been about a week) that the one friend with the car and I had encountered the Rubberman, and he recalled his mom telling him something when he had gotten home. She reported a condom being stuck to his window from the outside. Now, the way my friend's room is laid out makes this a little more creepy. You enter his room and one wall is literally a window, looking out to a golf course. The condom had just been placed on that window.

At first, we decided it must be another friend, just messing with us, but there was a problem with this solution: almost none of our other friends knew where Window-Friend's house was, and those who did know, didn't know the layout of his house or which was his room.

Maybe it was all just a coincidence, but it really gave us the jitters before going to bed.

tl;dr: Someone harassed some friends and I using condoms to invoke fear in us.

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TheKidd
â€¢ 15y ago

When I was 15 I was in the Sea Cadets. We were on a weekend camping trip at a state park. There was a bonfire and me and a buddy of mine were late getting there. It was fucking dark as hell and a flashlight doesn't do shit in that kind of darkness. We heard some growling and other strange noises coming from a treeline close to our path. We walked faster and the noises seem to follow. We decided to turn back and skip the bonfire. When we got back to our cabin we told our CO what happened. Later that night they busted some guys who confessed that they were from a different division (of the Sea Cadets) and wanted to have a little fun by tying us to a tree and beating on us. Just to "scare us a little".

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nature1
â€¢ 15y ago

About two weeks ago I heard the worst noise I have ever heard in my entire life. Let me preface by saying that I live in what would be considered a very rich, relatively crime-free area - anything reported is usually petty theft. I had just shut off my laptop, and was laying in my bed with my pillow over my head, still very much awake. Then I started to hear some faint noises coming from outside, in the distance, so I began to pay attention. Immediately I heard a woman making a blood-curdling scream, a man yelling loudly, and a very loud dog barking. I thought somebody was being killed, it sounded so bad. Nothing was reported the next day, and I believe that I must have heard it. I don't have a history of hearing noises, and I am not on any medications... It sounded so real. I started shaking after I heard it because it shocked me so much.

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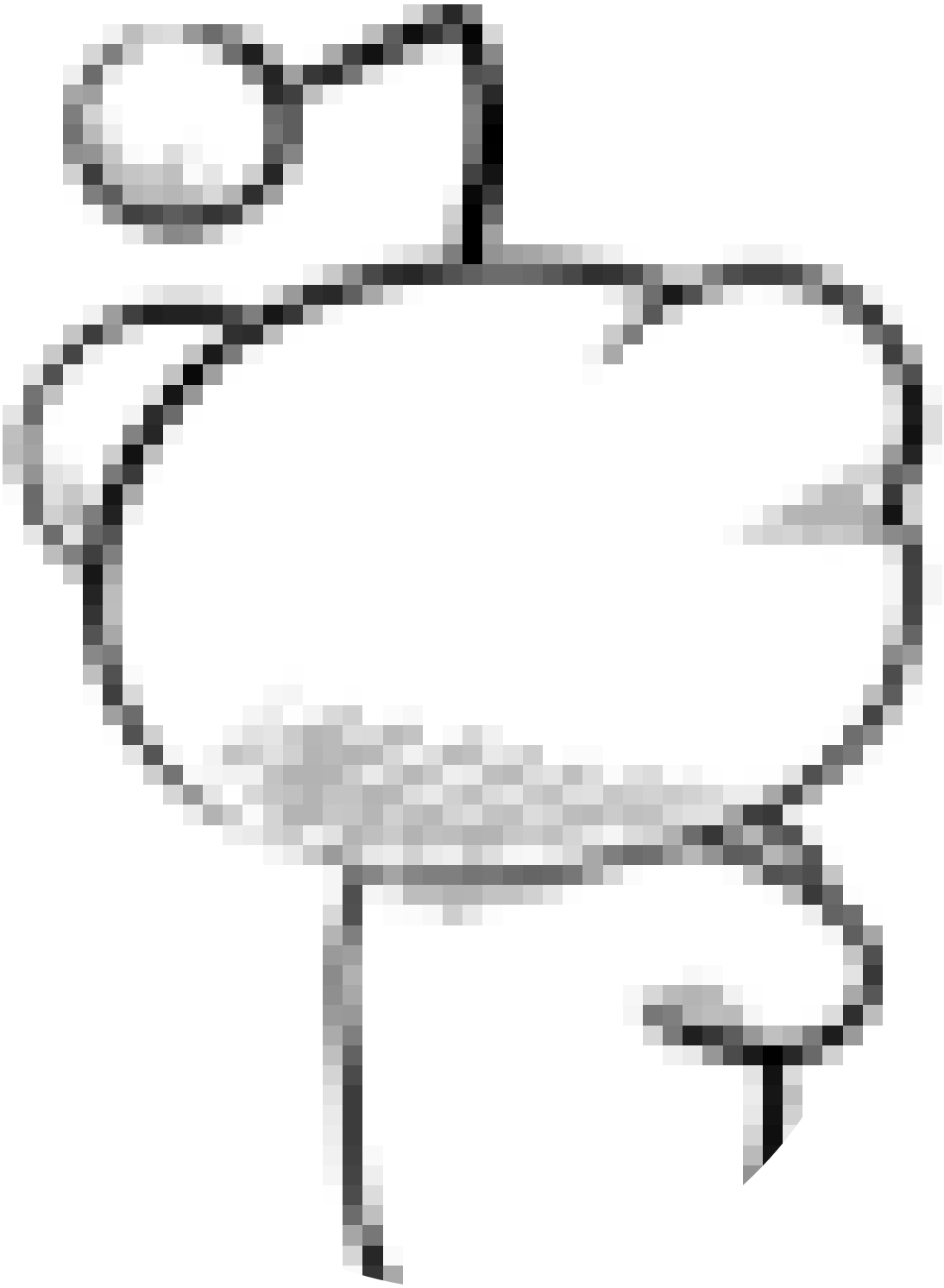

[deleted]
â€¢ 15y ago

My mum was driving by some old mansion, by where I live. This house had been built probably at the very beginning of the British Empire, about 700years ago. I didn't think anything of it though. And was just looking at the front garden. I see a guy standing there, asif he was about to salute somebody. Only instead of using the whole half of his hand to his forehead for the salute, he had three fingers, by his mushtash for the salute, and it was a big mushtash, curled at the ends. The guy was completely white, there was no colour to him, even his clothes were as white as the background you see this text on. I looked away and thought 'WHAT THE FUCK', then looked back, and he was gone. I told my mum about this, and she said a priest had actually been to that house to exercise it.

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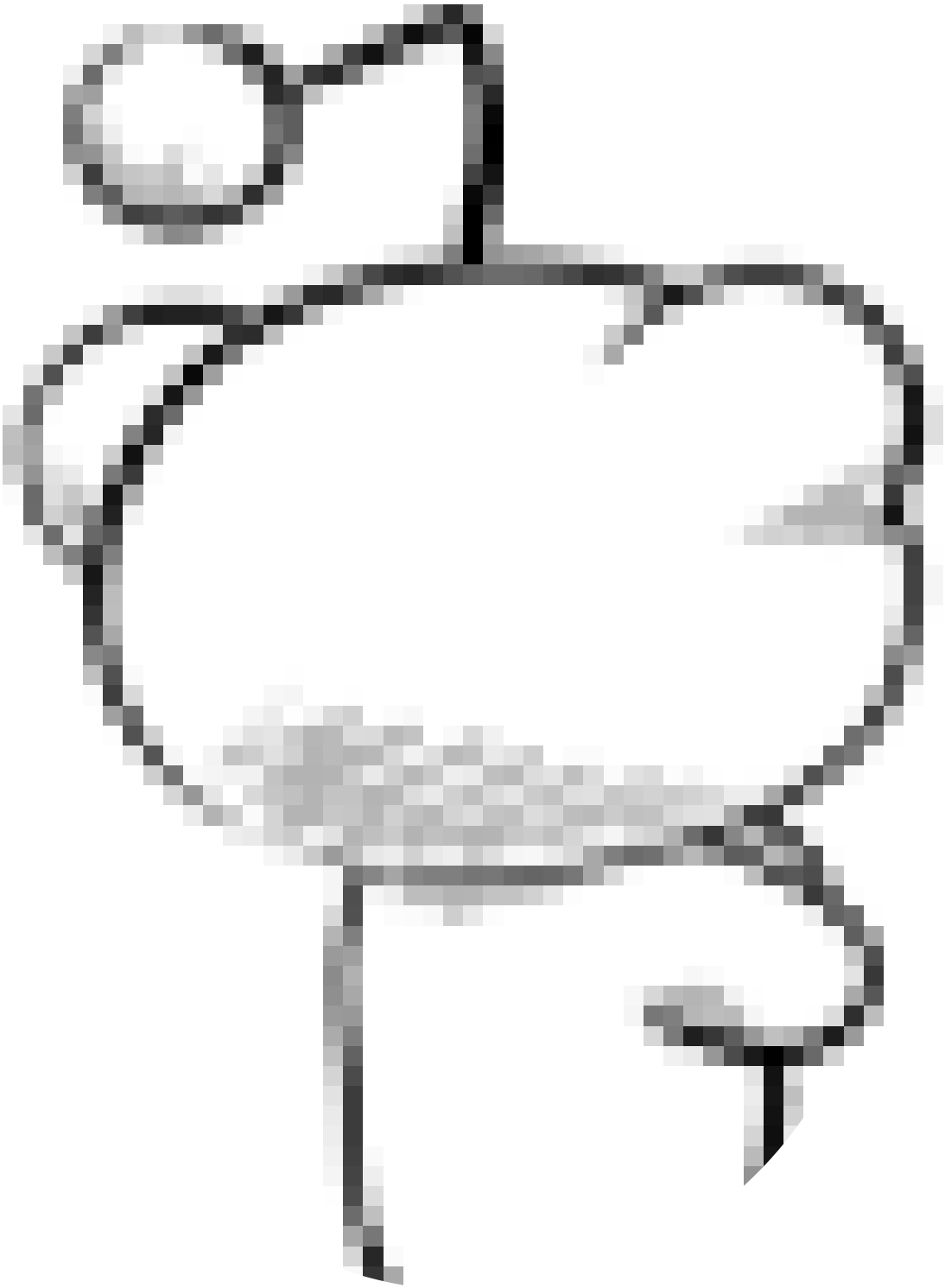

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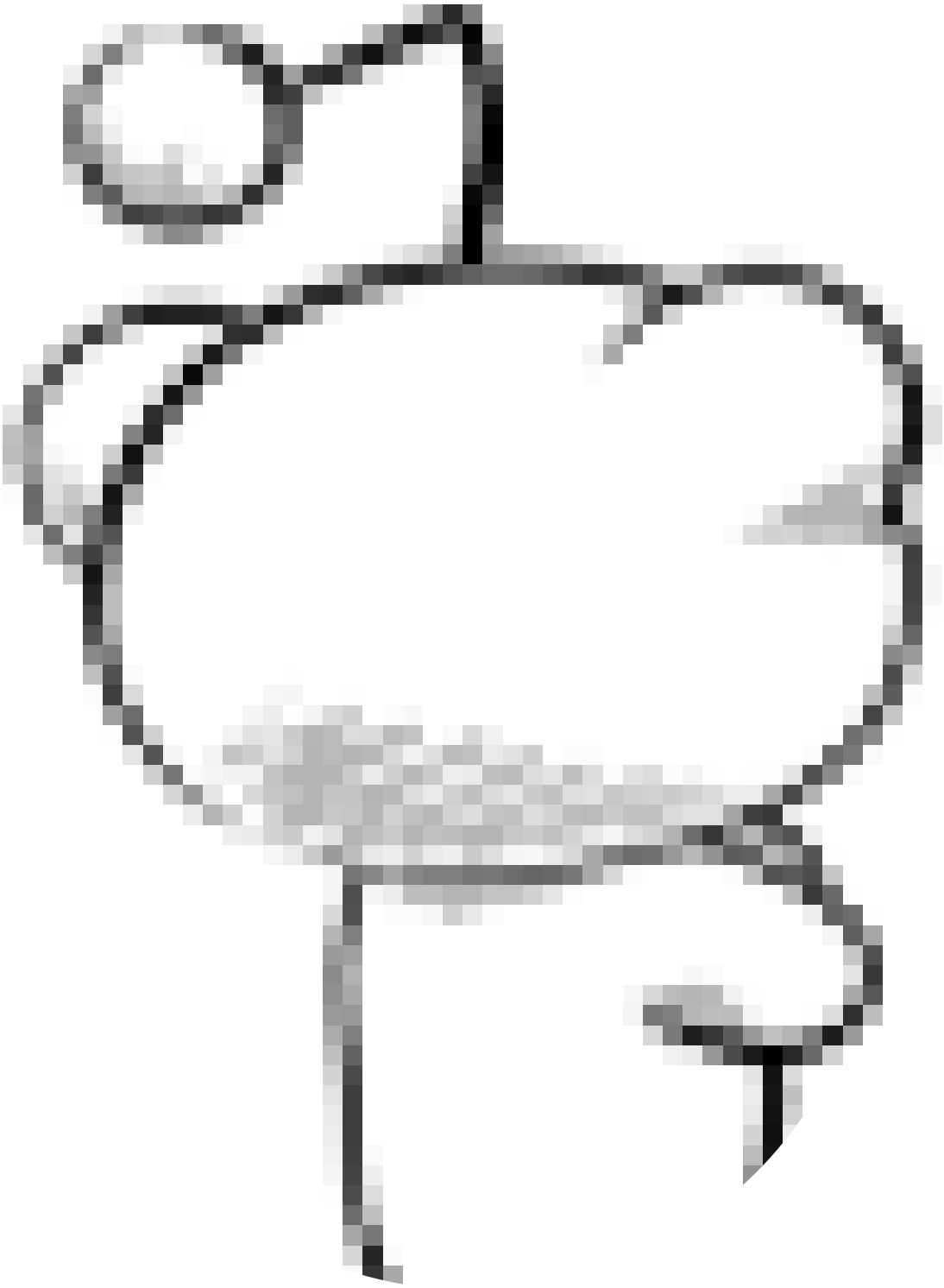

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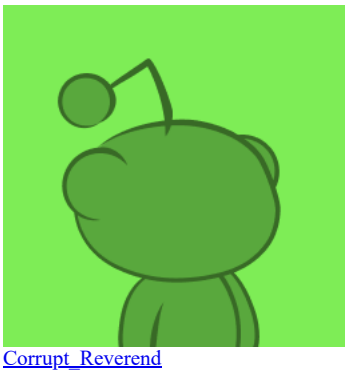
â€¢ 15y ago â€¢ Edited 15y ago

I once had a girl I fooled around with fuck with my head. I had unprotected sex with her once and she started claiming she got pregnant. But then conveniently when no baby bump came she claim she miscarried it and buried it in her back yard.



Corrupt_Reverend
â€¢ 15y ago

Back in high school, my friend and I were up in the mountains and decided to explore an abandoned boy scout camp. We walked all over and it was all sort of surreal. All the bunkhouses boarded up, swimming pool empty save for green slimy algae that filled the bottom, old run down amphitheatres that almost looked like ritual sites. Then once we had sufficiently explored the area and the sun was sinking behind the trees, we started to make our way back. We were somewhere near the bunkhouses when we both just stopped and looked at each other. We both had an inexplicable feeling in our stomachs; hair standing on end, mean case of the heeby jeebies. We both slowly turned around to find a man in jeans and a white t-shirt standing where we had just walked. We both jumped a little looked back at each other then back to the man, except he was gone. I must have looked ghost white at this point and when I turned to ask my friend what the fuck we just saw, he was already on the dirt road, running as fast as he could. That's when I decided I was justified in being scared shitless and joined in on the 2 mile sprint to get to the cabin we were staying at.

Now for the creepy part... a couple years after our ghostly run-in, I was sitting in a doctors office reading the local news paper when I came across an article about two people who were caught after murdering a man years before. The murder took place about half a year before the camp incident. The real kicker? They had buried the body in the dirt road that we were walking on when we saw the white t-shirt figure! Yes, we walked on top of the body of a murder victim in a shallow gave just moments before our ghostly encounter.

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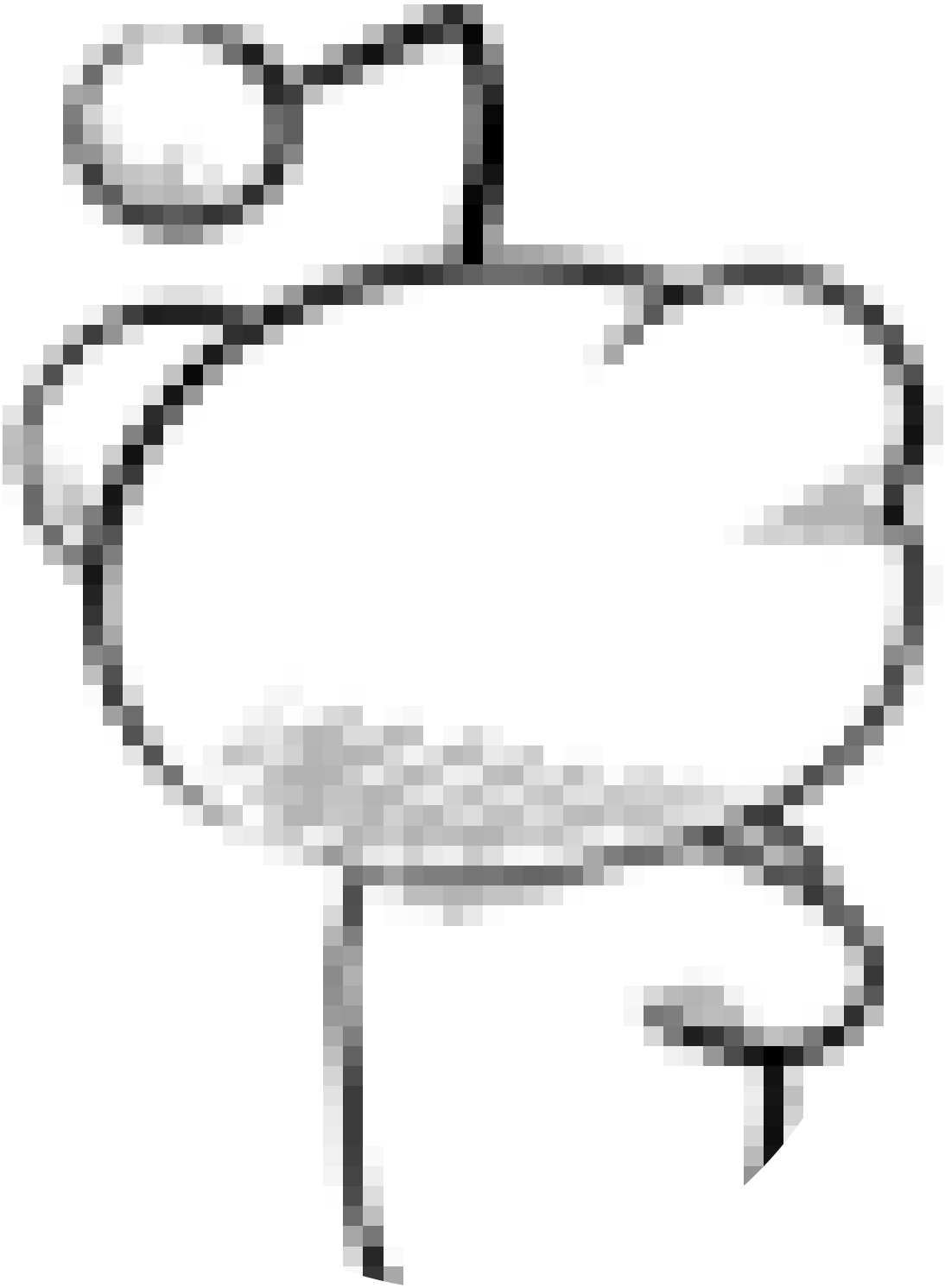

Clydesdale
â€¢ 15y ago â€¢ Edited 15y ago

I actually have two that are about equal creepy factor.

The first was one of the clearest memories I have from early childhood. I must have been 4 or 5 at the time. Time for bed, parents are getting ready in their room and I'm shooed down the hall in my pajamas with my stuffed dog..named Smooth Buddy...heh. Anyways I turn the hall to go into my room, which is directly ahead. There was a turquoise dresser facing the doorway in my room (Yes Turquoise..this was the 70s and my mother had some curious ideas on decoration). Anyways I stop as soon as I turn the corner because on the front of the dresser is a shadow. A shadow of a small man, just the height of the dresser itself. What was odd, other than the it behind a shadow man on my dresser, was that 'he' was 'dressed' in what I now recognize as a stereotypical vaudevillian outfit. How can a 'shadow' be dressed I hear you ask? Well, it was wearing a 'hat' that fit the bill and the torso was striped..light and dark and he had a shadow cane to top it all off with. I stop dead in my tracks, wide eyed...and the fucking thing starts to 'dance' back and forth on the front of the dresser, shadow cane twirling and all. Well, I swing myself back around the corner and flatten myself against the wall. After a moment I peek back around and he's still there, dancing back and forth. At this point I call to my parents, who were in their bedroom getting ready for bed, and my Dad comes over...don't remember what he said but it was some typical soothing parent BS and of course he sees nothing. When I look back around this time it's gone. Never saw it again but it's clear as day in my mind. Freaked me the fuck out, I can tell you that and I had a really hard time sleeping that night.

So, number 2... When I was 14, give or take, I was taking to a friend on a phone around 9pm or so in my parents bedroom. The house was a fairly standard ranch with an L shaped hallway. At short end of the L was my bedroom, same one from the previous incident, and my parents bedroom was at the bend in hallway at a 45 degree angle or so.

My grandmother, who lived nearby and was often over, was over that night watching TV with my parents. So, there I am taking to my buddy..the lights in the hall way and rooms were out so the only light was coming from the kitchen and family room. I'm talking and at one point I watch my grandmother walk by the door and into my dark room. I even said "Hi Grandma.." She didn't acknowledge me at all, just kept on in her sort of shuffling step into my room. I didn't think anything too much of her walking into my dark room, she would occasionally go and lay down on my bed for a bit while over, and have a nap etc..she was in her 70s after all. What I did find odd is that no light or anything ever came on. I was on the phone for another good half hour and never saw my grandmother come back out of my room and I was pretty much watching the hallway the entire time since that is where the only light was coming from... I get off the phone and go into my room to see what's up since she never came back out... Nobody there. Plenty freaked out I go out to the living room and there she is, watching TV. I asked if she had gone into my room at all and said no, she had been sitting there the entire time. I had a few other odd experiences in that house but could be explained by more mundane causes..and it was not an old house. My family were the first owners of it, so it didn't have some kind of strange or sordid history etc.. So..either paranormal or a very very active imagination. The reason they stand out so much in my memory is because I -saw- these things, as clear as day. Most of the other memories surrounding both time periods are pretty much a blur of events...but these two times...burned into my memory you might say.

EDIT: So after dredging all this up I IMed my mother and I asked her if she ever had any odd experiences in that house and she said one...get this..and we've never talked about this before:

Me: You there?

Mum: yeah

Me: Odd question, but did you ever have any strange experiences, only what can be called Paranormal, at the old house on X road?

Mum: once

Me: Oh?

Mum: I awakened and thought I saw someone leaning overme in a stripped shirt and I screamed bloody murder

Me: WHAT?! Holy shit.

Mum: I was in bed

Me: I saw something like that too!

Mum: gee

Me: I ever tell you about the 'dancing man' on my dresser?

Mum: no

Me: The reason this is coming up is because of a question someone asked on a website as to what you're creepiest experience was...here..just a second >pasted story to her<

Mum: maybe same dude

Me: Heh That's just crazy.

Mum: weird though

Me: Quite.

Mum: my mother said it was a phantom

Me: That incident is burned into my mind...was freaky as hell.

Mum: heh

Me: So, when was this you saw this thing? Ballpark?

Mum: Mother was still living with us so it must have been before you were born

Me: Hmm.

Mum: I am not really sure if mother was with us or not, but a long time ago

Me: Any details on the 'thing' ? Was it a shadow like thing?

Mum: it was like a real person leaning over me right above me with arms on both side of me

Me: But the shirt stood out?

Mum: horizonal wide stripes, bushy hair and a top hat

Me: Huh....

Mum: but all in shadow

Me: That's crazy. Mine was definitely vertical lines...but the hat..and shadow.

Mum: almost like a clown

Me: So, it just vanished?

Mum: I guess, scared the hell out of you father

Me: Heh.

Mum: for me it was shear panic and I couldn't stop the scream

Me: I assume Dad didn't see a thing?

Mum: no

Me: Dam..that is just way too like the thing I saw..that's crazy.

Mum: mine had very long arms

Me: Well, the thing I saw looked like a midget almost....the outfit is what stood out... the shirt and the hat..and the cane.

Mum: probably my imagination or like Mother said, a phantom

Me: Considering what I saw seems pretty darn close.

Mum: yeah

Well that's just freaking crazy....going to give myself nightmares now..thanks OP!

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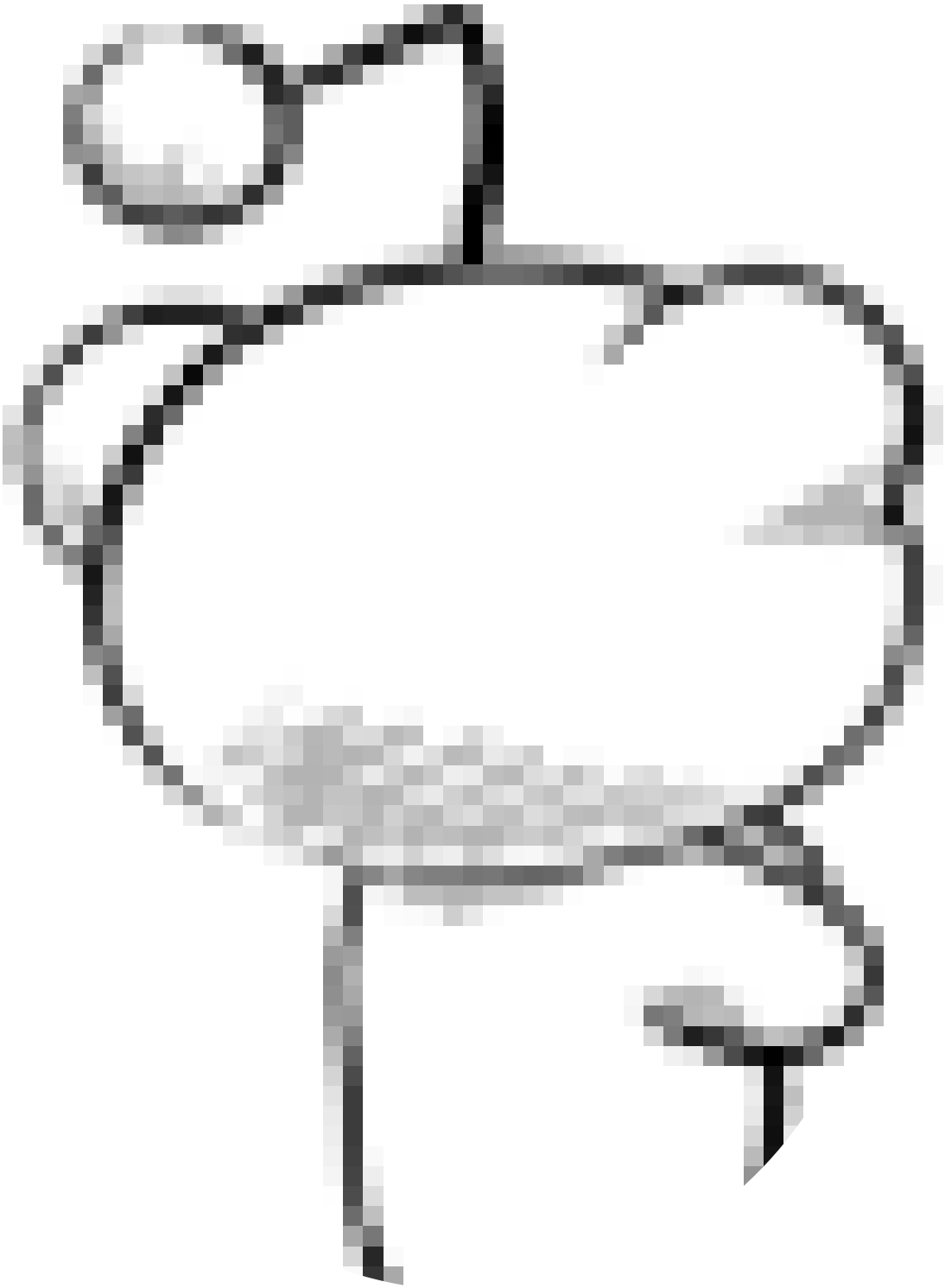

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â€¢ 15y ago â€¢ Edited 15y ago

I have a lot of these stories, picking the creepiest is difficult, but here goes.

In high school, we had a pretty cool auditorium with a history of ghost stories. I have tons of them from being a theater techie. If you've ever seen Bill and Ted's Excellent Adventure, that's my high school. They filmed 4 or 5 movies there when I was attending, and I am actually an extra in many crowd scenes along with a lot of my childhood friends from back then.

Anyhow, that Auditorium was very haunted and many superstitions surrounded it for assorted rituals on opening nights and different phases of production. I could go on and on and on about that place and my experiences from grips being burned thru where there was no source and no access to lighting panels rewiring themselves while we were 10 feet away to oleo's dropping, and gyod that place had some interesting energy and history. Its been torn down and replaced with a new auditorium. Many books could be written on strange occurrences that people had there, I myself had a few dozen over my time in high school and being involved in fine arts.

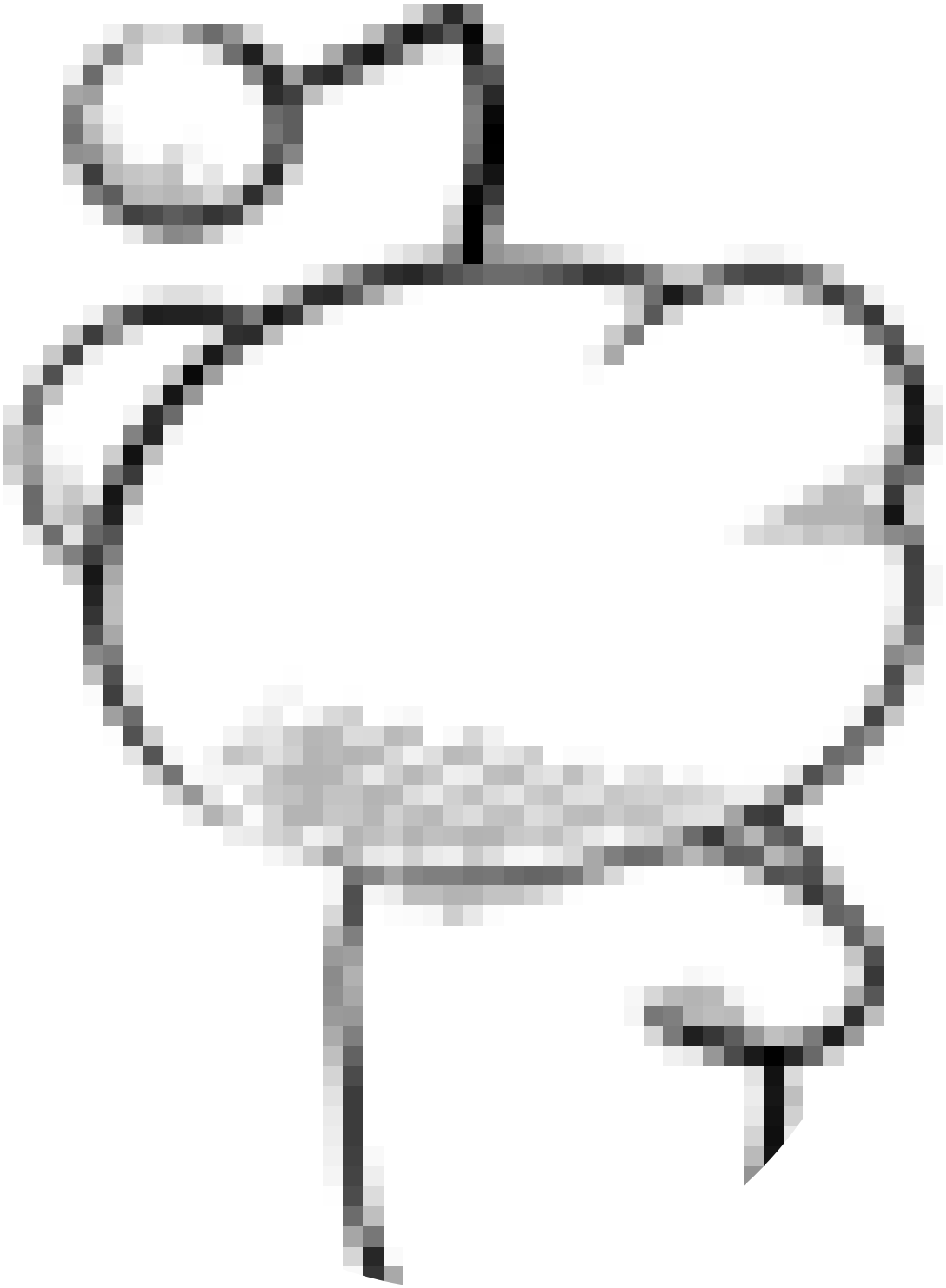
The creepiest for me involved a play in the round. Meaning the audience sat on stage and the auditorium itself was backstage. During this particular play and its rehearsals, we would hear some strange noises in the auditorium. Like what sounded like boulders falling from the sky or big trees being snapped. Lots of lights burned out, and people were generally a little tense because all these randomly inexplicable noises in the auditorium.

A few nights before the final dress rehearsal and the opening. Myself and a few friends were getting things ready, and again we heard the boom Boom BOOM and crackity crackity CRACK noises coming from the auditorium. There really wasn't anywhere anyone could hide out there except behind a seat on the floor or in the balcony. Access to other parts of the theater were all backstage and anything up front by the ticket area and office were behind a few walls and doors.

Noises, lots of creepy strange noises, night after night, rehearsal after rehearsal. They seemed to move all over the auditorium. There was no sound system in the auditorium, we used PA systems on stage. This particular rehearsal was really active before everyone showed up. It was especially loud and clear too. We had friends who liked to play jokes, hell we all did, we were in high school, so the 6 of us who were there getting ready locked the place down and started going thru the house looking for the offending party playing jokes on us.

Row by row, we went thru that auditorium. Eventually someone found a stash under a seat near the middle stage left of the audience. It was a Bible, a pile of small stones, and some small broken twigs. this is where is got creepy and still sends chills up and down my spine. I am not a religious person in any sense, I am very spiritual however. The bible. Revelations was re-written. Blacked out, line after line, page after page, and a different story written penned in from the devil's perspective. Scary shit at the time, still creeps me out thinking about it.

After our discovery, we held a lords prayer as is typical in theater, and it stopped. /shrug. Still sends shivers up and down my spine, 20+ years later, even more than the serial child molester, chester, who chased me thru the neighborhood for hours with cops trying to find both of us the night he was arrested at the end of the cauldesac I lived on near my parents house with me hiding in a bush holding my breath.



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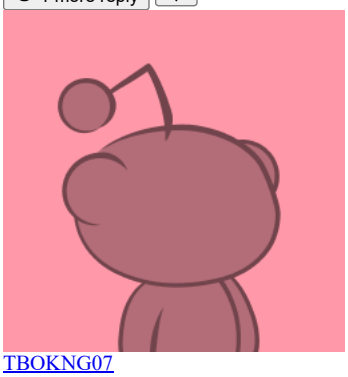

TBOKNG07
â€¢ 15y ago

Uncle did UC work for the DEA and took away several million dollars from a drug lord in Mexico. Was about 14 at the time and parents were divorced but my mom is a nurse in the ER and she would get phone calls saying they knew my brothers and I were home alone, what time we got off school, when she got off work bunch of crazy shit. Had to have an officer sit outside my house for weeks just till it stopped.

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SerialCow
â€¢ 15y ago â€¢ Edited 15y ago

Not many people will see this, but I haven't really told anyone these stories before.

For my entire life I have lived in the same apartment building with my family. I live in a college dorm most of the time now, but you get what I mean. My grandmother on my dad's side owns the apartment and my dad takes care of the grounds and takes rent checks, etc. Once, when I was 12, we were moving from one of the upstairs apartments to the downstairs apartment directly below the old one. We began moving our stuff downstairs on a Friday afternoon and didn't finish by night time, so we locked the upstairs apartment (that still had some of our things in it) and slept downstairs where most of our large furniture was. Some time late at night I wake up to footsteps above me. They were loud footsteps, like someone was running. At first I thought it was one of the cats running around, but then I realized it couldn't be them because they were in the downstairs apartment with us. I listened closer to the footsteps. I was able to discern two pairs of footsteps: one was really heavy, like a grown man, and the other was light, like a toddler. It sounded like the toddler footsteps were running in and out of all the rooms and down the hall of the apartment above us. I thought that was really creepy considering there was no way someone could be up there. The next morning I told my mom about what I had heard and she said "See, Mike, she heard them, too!" and my dad just rolled his eyes. He said he didn't hear anything last night and we were just being silly. I don't know who could have been up there.

Here's another story from those apartments that my mom told me. We were living downstairs this time, I think I was 13 so my younger sister had to be about 3 or 4. I was out at a school function or something one afternoon when there was a pretty bad storm. There was thunder and lightning, which don't happen that much where I'm from. My mom was in the living room lighting candles, not because the power went out but because she likes candle light on rainy days, and my little sister was playing on the floor in the kitchen. My mom heard her talking, walks in and sees my little sister sitting on the ground looking up and telling the air all about her day. My mom asks her "Hey, who are you talking to, babe?" and my little sister says "Grandpa Bill." Grandpa Bill had been dead since my little sister was about 1 year old and she didn't really spend that much time with him when he was alive. My mom didn't really know what to do so she grabbed something out of the fridge said "Oh, well tell him hi for me," and walked out of the kitchen.

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Zeusophobia
â€¢ 15y ago

Going to the prison today to see a friend who's doing a long term sentence

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jonaas
â€¢ 15y ago

This wasn't frightening at the time, more just confusing, but whenever i look back on it, it scares the shit out of me.

In middle school i played soccer. One night, at practice, we were having a scrimmage where we split the team in 2 and i was goal-tending for my side. We had an extra man, so i was doing a lot of standing around that particular night. It was cold out so we were practicing in the school gym; a normal gym with that crazy echo that makes everything hard to hear when a team of kids start shouting.

To the point: While watching the action on the other side, i suddenly heard extremely loudly, and as clear as you can hear something, someone yell my name. Before i could turn to see who it was, i felt like I had a soccer ball kicked to the left side of my face. It hit me hard enough to knock me over. Or I thought it did, as i got up i looked for someone on the sideline who may have kicked a spare ball at me, but there wasn't anyone, anywhere. So i looked for the ball. No ball either, the only spare balls we had were still in the coach's netted bag. Only other ball was still in play on the other side of the gym. All of this happened in less than 30 seconds I'd say, no one had seen anything, and there wasn't a mark on my face.

What was it? hell if I know, i'm too much of a skeptic to say it was a ghost, or a spirit or some other such nonsense. What the hell would have caused me to hear and feel that though? It really felt like i had been hit with something though.

2 more replies

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half_robinhood
â€¢ 15y ago

Our cousin who had fell from a wall 12 feet high and hit his head, since then he had some issues to say the least...

One time our aunt(this cousin's family) were visiting us and we all were sleeping in the same room....

Middle of the night, I hear my brother screaming and trying to kick the cousin out...and I ask him what is going on....

So he tells me..

"I woke up with him/cousin standing by my feet, just staring at me, once I saw him before I could recover from the shock, he says please ask these people to leave me alone and stop shaking his bead, and then he points to the direction of his bed and some non existent people there....I start to tell him go to sleep...suddenly he falls on my bed as if someone pushed him really hard.....and then the cousin start laughing in the deepest voice ever..."

I somehow missed all this...but my brother to this day would not be left alone in the same room with our cousin

1 more reply

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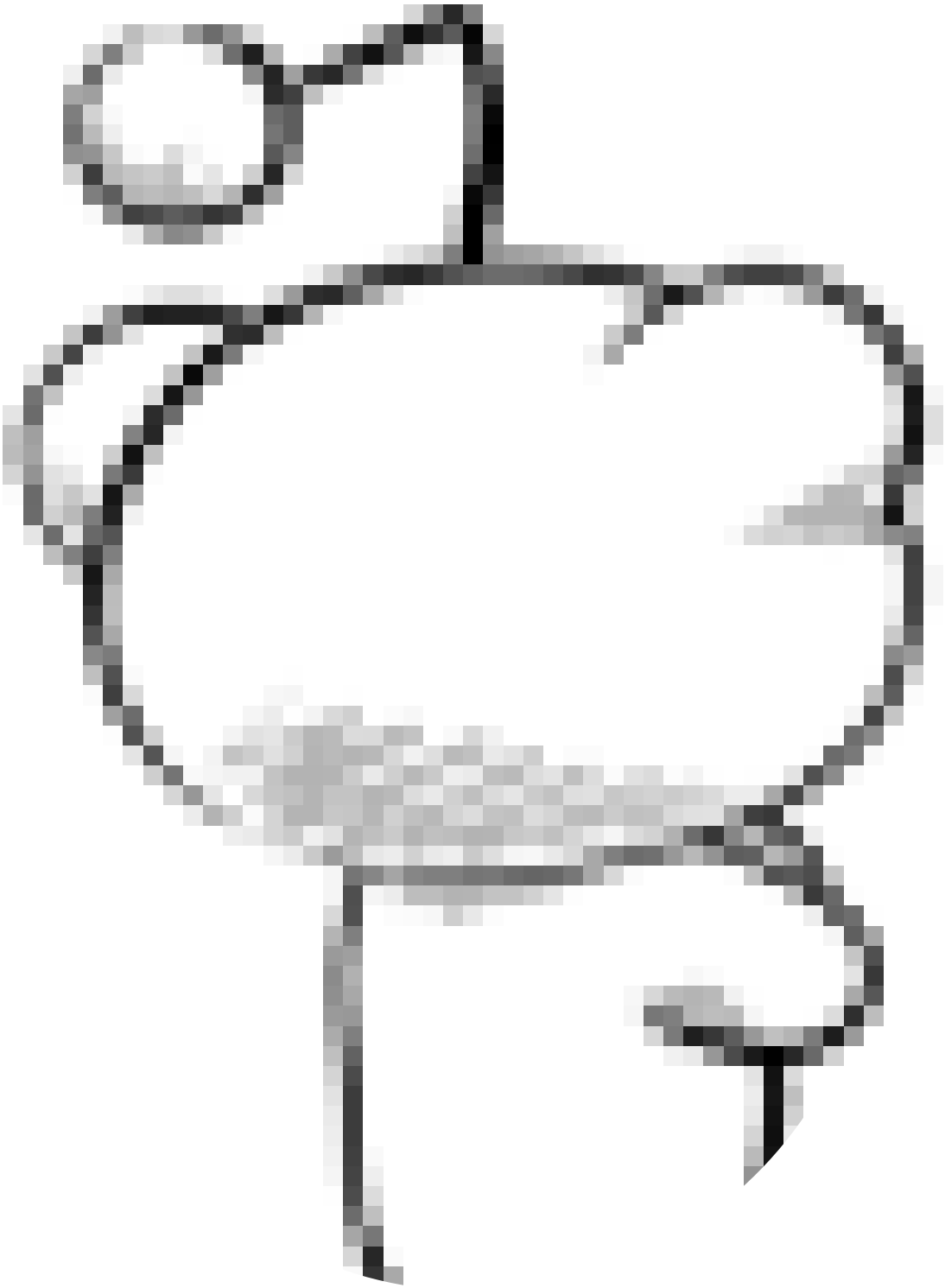

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â€¢ 15y ago

When I was 16, I was walking to a park near by in order to meet my boyfriend. A man in a Cadillac rolls up and attempts to cat call. I ignore him and keep walking. He stops me in my tracks with his car and gets out, masturbating furiously.

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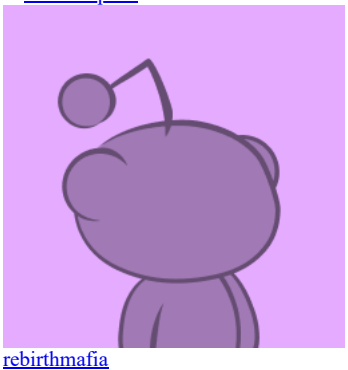

rebirthmafia
â€¢ 15y ago

When I was 7 or 8 I used to live in a little subdivision that was still somewhat under development and surrounded by fields, some for farms other for housing development. My friends and I decided one day to adventure into an old farm field that led to the woods to see whats out there. I remember specifically where it was because this really really bitchy lady lived right next to where you got to the field.

So we get back into the field and it's mostly over grown and we head toward the woods area. Coming up there is a noticeable drop off into what could be a creek so we decide to explore. Approaching the drop off point and we see something pale and what looked like a persons feet, one of my friends yells down but no response. We had thought about investigating but we fucking booked it and on the way back were seen by the bitchy lady who screamed at us and threatened to sue us (I don't know why) even when we tried to tell her what we found.

The next day the cops where by her house with an ambulance, it was a body, I never really found out how but someone had apparently died there..... I don't like to explore to much any more....

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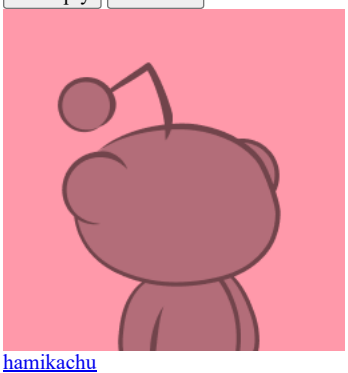

hamikachu
â€¢ 15y ago

I'm realizing, as I read through these, that I actually have had many a creepy experience.

One, isn't really creepy, but actually pretty cool. When I was younger, 12 or 13, I used to go to this summer camp, where I met one of my best friends. She was the only person I kept in contact with from the camp, and after several pen-pal letters and phone calls, we made the arrangement to have a sleep over. (She lived about 40 minutes away from me). It wasn't until the second time I stayed over that she was showing me this 'attic' like room on her second floor, right next to her bedroom. Nothing creepy about it, just a bunch of boxes for storage, Christmas decorations, whatnot.

But there's a second room, further in, and there is one wall, then a foot of space between the second wall that extended all the way to the perpendicular walls. There are three steps leading down into this second room. As I am walking through this honestly, very creepy doorway, I start to get a feeling of extreme familiarity. There's not much in this room, a window facing her driveway, and a painting of a barn. As soon as I see the painting, my mind is plunged into the memory of a dream I had months, or even years before that day. I remembered walking through that door, down the three steps, seeing the painting of the barn, propped up against the wall by the window, out of which (in my dream) I could see a white pick-up truck. So naturally, I start flipping out and saying shit like, "What the fuck, I've been in this room before, I've seen that painting of the barn!"

So, I run over to the window, thinking I would see the white truck because now the dream was coming back to me. I couldn't see it, so I asked her if her dad used to have a white truck. She told me, "Yeah, he does, but he doesn't drive it anymore, it's parked over by our barn." Sure enough, there was the same white truck.

Honestly, it didn't scare me that much, I just thought it was extremely cool, like 'fate' had brought us together to become friends. The foot of space between the two walls was always creepy as fuck, though.

TL,DR: I saw my best friend's house in a dream years before I ever even met her.

I also used to live in an old house, where I swear I saw some sort of ghost(like) apparition, but nothing that scared me, at least, not at the time? More like waking up and thinking, "Oh, hey, ghost. In my room. Cool. Going back to sleep now." Happened twice, at least. No one had died in the house or anything, but a girl was born there. Kinda... weird. But the house was old, and creepy as shit if there by yourself. I would never turn all the lights off, just like tonight, sleeping with every single light on.

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Pangurbanthedog
â€¢ 15y ago

My first post but had to join in, I have worked part-time in a theatre for a very long time and with its' indoor garden and location near the inner city - I have seen a lot of weird crap: from having undercover cops dressed as homeless people following the neighborhood rapist, Swat teams removing people, to the guy who has aliens shit his pants and who is looking for action, fighting Trannies, and it goes and on. But the creepiest thing is the building....most recent incident downstairs in one of the backstages - standing about 10 feet away from a door - there is no noise, no air wind and the door slams shuts as though a gaint hand has just slammed against the door. I go out to get something, come back and the door is wide open again! It is the dead season, and there is no other staff anywhere in the building.....so I stand there and watch the door and again it slams shut. I take the hint and bugger off. God I hate when the building does that. My CW once spent the night, and was so traumatized (funnily enough by random non-automatic flushing toilets) that he will never work/sleep past midnight and he was a former gang-banger with an impressive history of not responding to anything.....

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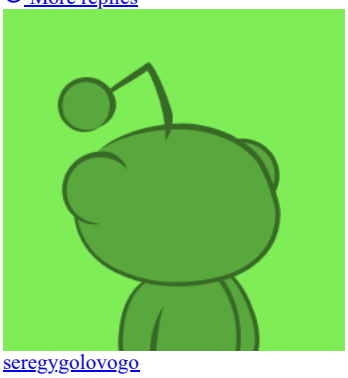

seregygolovogo
â€¢ 15y ago

I used to sleepwalk. When I was about ten years old, I moved to the country with my parents. I woke up in the middle of a corn field wearing only my tidy-whiteys.

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JumanjiT
â€¢ 15y ago

I was a total hard nose sceptic until I spent some time in the house my wife bought before we became engaged. She said that she had some weird experiences such as seeing shadows moving in her peripheral vision or having her dog become spun out whilst following something unseen around the wrap around verandahs of the house. The house was originally used as a grand residence in an old mining town and was later used as a Lutheran church. All facts confirmed by the towns history group. Two different occasions had me as a believer. My wife and I were relaxing in the large lounge area which was used as a hall when we heard and felt heavy footsteps in a sequential way from the back of the external verandah to the front. We both stood up and walked forward peering out the three double French glass doors as the footsteps passed heavily, rattling even the doors. Nothing was there. Several weeks later we were sitting mid Sunday afternoon together watching tv with her dog sitting on her lap. Suddenly the dog leaps up and let's fly with this guttural growl with his hackles at full height. My wife is bewildered and is standing when a pen clip down on the timber floor shoots across the floor with the sort of velocity which would suggest it had been kicked fairly hard. This was not a rolling action and there was no gust of wind at the time. The pen had fallen off a large timber tv cabinet and our efforts to re-create the experience with vibrations or opening doors were to no prevail. We just assume the resident wanted us to know he was there. One of the creakiest things I have ever experienced.

emwo
â€¢ 15y ago

my mind likes to fuck with me, so I dunno if it is creepy or just being skeptical.

First time was when I was a kid ( maybe 8?) I had a dream about walking down the street with my mom going home and seeing a woman in a blue dress on the street with blood on the ground. Yeah, just a nightmare. I forgot about it completely till in 4th/5th grade I was walking home with my mom since the car had been confiscated, and low and behold after we heard a really loud screech. I asked my mom what it could be and she thought it was just some driver being stupid.

Walking a few blocks down however I recognized the speed bump and the tulips on the persons lawn and I started panicking when I saw the body on the road. Paramedics hadn't arrived on the scene yet but there were a few people trying to see if they got a response from her. Her right leg was crossed over her left, there was no car in the area (probably hit n run) with such a pretty blue sundress and brown hair with an itty bitty pool of blood. For some reason that memory won't leave my memory.

Few years later around 13 I also was walking to my friends house after school with another friend when I remember seeing a teenage girl. Shoulder length black hair, big blue eyes, she was wearing a slayer shirt. She looked like she was around 17 at the time. No big deal but we just walked by this girl, right? We held eye contact for a mid second though and smiled, but the only thing was I had a terrible feeling at the pit of my stomach. Life continued but her face wouldn't leave my thoughts for a few weeks. Though a month or two later on the news she came up on the news in a car accident, and only way I recognized her was from a picture where she was also wearing that slayer shirt.

No big deal, I have'nt experienced it since until about a few days ago. My friends had given me a ride home that day, and a girls face flashed at me in front of a stop sign. It caught me offguard and random so I gasped, though the face was imprinted on my memory. Blond hair with lighter highlights, (it looked straightened) , bright green eyes, few freckles on her right cheek and a nose piercing. Maybe it was just a flashback to a post I read on reddit? Yeah, why not.

We're going home and right off the freeway I look at the car next to us waiting at the light then my heart just sinks, and the chick only glances over once. It clicked right then, golden locks, green eyes, and she was texting at the wheel. Driving a really dark blue car (yeah didn't pay attention to the car, probably a civic or something) I have had a bit of trouble sleeping cause of it, not really sure why though.

I guess they're not really creepy but just uneasy if you're experiencing these things. :\

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vanishingstar
â€¢ 15y ago

There's a couple I feel that are worth posting, two of which I can't explain, and one that I can that spooked me pretty terribly.

1. I went to music college for about two years some time ago. It was a very small school (just over 100 students), and there was always paranormal folklore about the basement. Some of these included stories about hearing instruments or voices through the other side of the door, but entering the basement and seeing absolutely nobody around. So, something similar happened to me. I was coming in for work-study one Sunday morning - just a front desk job, nothing interesting - and I was heading downstairs to grab some homework from my instrument locker when I heard a cello playing. Naturally, I assumed that one of my cellist friends had got in the school before I did (the doors unlocked with an ID, and were set to be open to students at 1pm on Sundays) and was practicing in the basement. Now, the basement is separated into two large compartments - there's a huge room with cello and bass lockers, and another with personal lockers. As I entered the cello-bass-locker room, the music stopped, and I didn't think anything of it. Except I thought something of it when there was absolutely nobody downstairs, and no cello resting on the ground, in EITHER room. I was pretty spooked at that point, and it didn't help to realize that I was the only person in the building. There was nobody else in the building, I didn't hear cello after that, at least not until I saw my cellist friends show up to practice downstairs. To this day, I'm not sure what happened.

2. Another music college one. A fellow double bass player and I were asked to play music for one of the staff members' weddings. (For clarity purposes, I am referring to this fellow bass player as M.) We decided to practice our duets downstairs in the basements - that's where our instruments were stored. Now, I need to explain this basement a little bit. The larger room with the cello and bass locker is a rather long room, and it is quite difficult to see to the other end without the lights. Closest to the lockers is a huge, frequently-used metal door that leads outside to a ramp. This is for transporting heavy cargo. So, M and I are practicing when suddenly, we both stop and stare at the other end of the basement. I feel that it is significant that both of us stopped, and not just one of us; we agreed that we thought we saw something move in the darkness on the other side, but we passed it off as just our imaginations. A few minutes later, after resuming our rehearsal, we heard rustling, this time accompanied with some moving. And alas, in typical horror-movie fashion, we both felt a cool breeze - something that should NOT be happening in the basement because that huge metal door was closed, locked, bolted, and there was no reason for there to have been a draft in a totally enclosed area underground. At that point, we were too creeped out to continue, and we bolted after putting our instruments away.

3. I was sleeping over at my girlfriend's parent's place one night last summer. It wasn't anything new - I've slept there before on multiple occasions, though she and I have had to sleep separately because of her parents. They own a pretty two-story house, and all of the bedrooms are on the second floor. I slept on a couch-bed in their living room. I normally have a difficult time sleeping on this bed - it's not exactly the most comfortable bed, so I sometimes find myself waking up in the middle of the night and staring into near total darkness. Nothing new. Except one night, I was woken up by bells ringing violently. I was absolutely terrified. Now, I tried to calm my nerves by thinking, "It's just the cats, it's just the cats!" since, well, they own two cats. Buuut, I still didn't know where the hell the bell noise was coming from, because I've never seen *any* bells in their house, and due to my half-awake, half-asleep state, I assumed the worst: THE BELLS ARE TOLLING FOR MY DEATH. I thought I heard something whisper in my ear, and I was half-expecting a scythe to come down on me or something. I somehow fell asleep that night. I woke up the next morning and ... there were bells hanging off a door handle 10 feet away from me. Damn cats.

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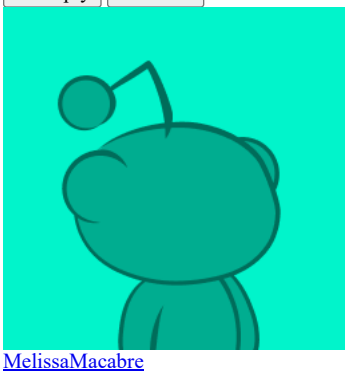

MelissaMacabre
â€¢ 15y ago

r/nosleep. The best thing to ever happen to scary story whores.

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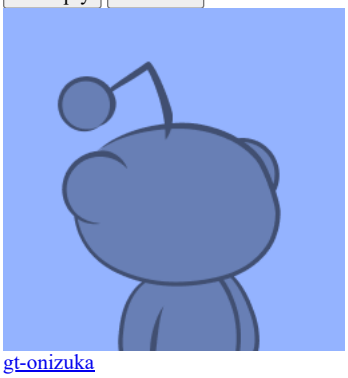

gt-onizuka
â€¢ 15y ago

This post reminds of a TV show "Are You Afraid of The Dark?"

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LazagnaAmpersand
â€¢ 15y ago

Watching that guy get beheaded on video. Scarred me for life. Although it might be more easily described as Disturbing than Creepy.

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iquitmyscene
â€¢ 15y ago

I can honestly say I read every single post on this thread.

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musicvideoangel
â€¢ 15y ago

When I was young, I lived in one of those houses where it feels like you are always being watched. I had those moments often where I felt something behind me, my breath would stop, and I would be too afraid to turn around. One day, when I was around 9 or 10, I was home alone, reading at the kitchen table. The table faced the stairs going to the second floor. I heard a massive bang that shook the house, the sounds of footsteps stumbling away from it, regaining their footing, and then starting to walk down the stairs. When I checked upstairs, nothing was out of place, certainly nothing large enough to make that sort of bang. I ran out to my living room, and then heard footsteps walking up the basement stairs. I hid in a corner until my family got home.

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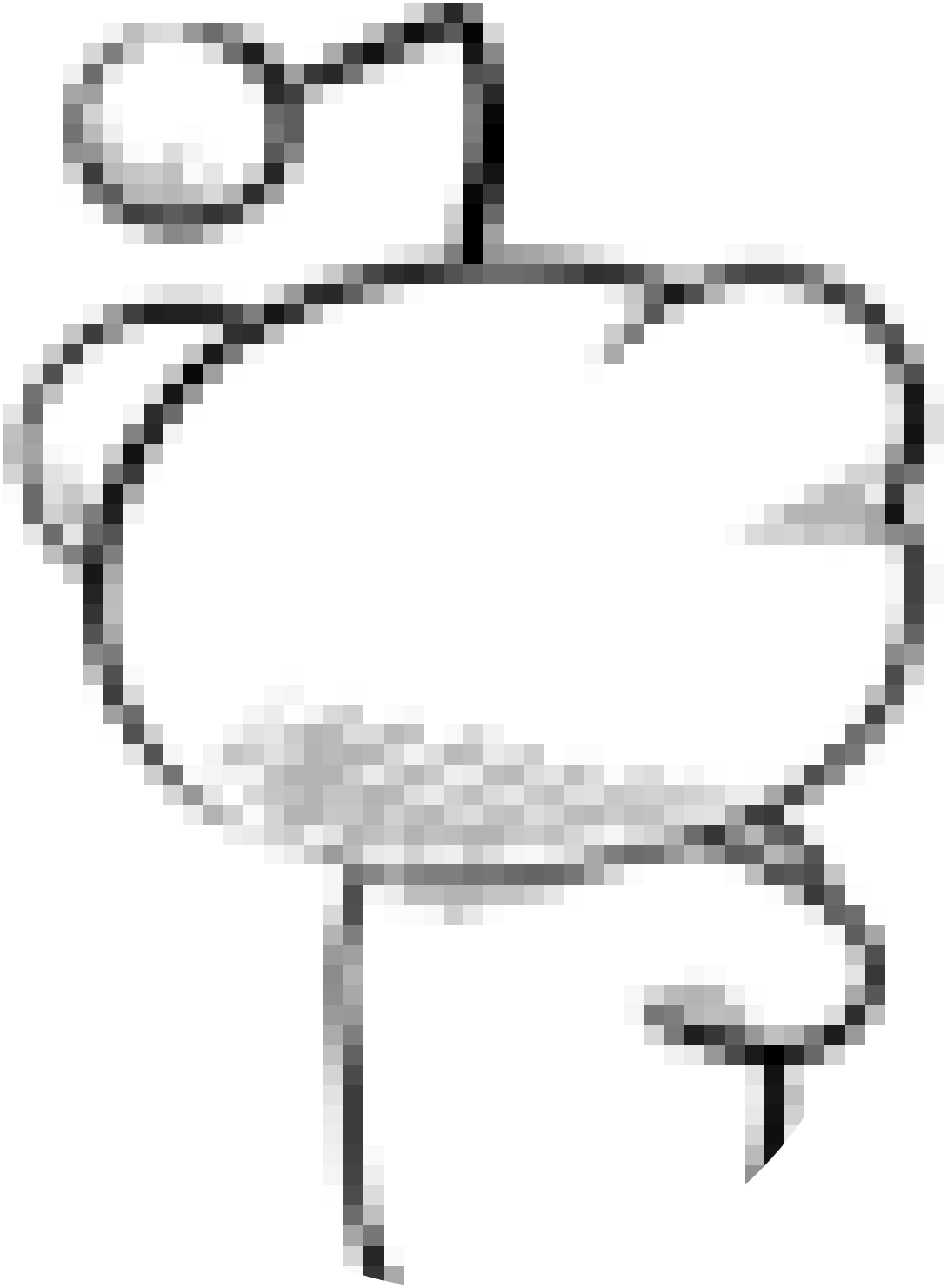
lourensloki
â€¢ 15y ago

I was around 6 years old, and our nanny decided to take myself and my sister (just a baby) for a walk around the block. I have to note, this was in South Africa in the late eighties, so it was still apartheid times.

A few guys came up to my nanny and told her that if she doesn't stop working and living with us, they are going to find us all and burn us alive.

I still remember it very clearly, obviously nothing came of it.



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â€¢ 15y ago

When I was about 16 I was home alone, which was weird in my family. I was sitting in my room and heard something walking outside my room in the hallway brushing against the wall almost as if it was leaning against it. Then it got to my door knob and it started jiggling, then just silence. I shit my pants.

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MagnumD
â€¢ 15y ago

Thursday night around 9p.m, I had an experience that has changed me forever. Walking out of a building on my schools campus, I put on my Snoop Dogg headphones and start the Pandora application on my phone. I'm mulling over the difficult physics exam I just took. The music hasn't started yet so I can still hear, but all sounds are muffled. I am in a few steps into a courtyard when I notice people walking up the stairs about 100 feet in front of me. I hear a loud bang, the people on the stairs turn around quickly, but just start to laugh. I figure it must just be their friend, out of my sight, who tripped on their way up. They continue up the stairs and closer to me with smiles on their face; I'm glad someone is enjoying their night. Out of the corner of my eye, I notice something strange. There is an unusual neon object coming into my vision from behind the trees. The object is only partially blocked by the trees as it is slightly higher than their tops. At first glance, it appears to be a glowing neon green blimp. A basketball game is just now starting at the stadium, so an unusual advertisement would not be strange. The object seems to be gliding through the air at a pretty slow pace. I think a car might be pulling this glowing mass. The object is making its way over the intersection and I don't know how it is getting past the street lights without the rope getting caught. The object is almost in full view, but I still can't tell what they want me to buy. Full view now, this is no advertisement. It can't be what I think it is; it's not possible. All of the sudden, the glowing thing, which I can only describe as what many people claim UFO ships look like, accelerates at a rate I never thought possible. The ship accelerates forward for a moment, dips down, and then shoots into the sky. It is almost exactly what movies look like when the captain says "warp speed". The tracer light is all that can be seen for a brief second. From the moment the ship begins to accelerate, till it is out of sight, is less than a second. It's a relatively clear night, so there aren't many clouds obstructing my view, but the sky (or what appears to be clouds it must have disappeared behind) flashes the same color green as the ship, like lightning flashes blue behind clouds. I am stunned at what I believe I just saw and my mouth falls open. The people are almost near me and I am in a state of shock. Their faces are no longer smiling, and they are looking at me with worried eyes. They didn't see it, but I did. I feel very alone. How will I ever explain what I just saw? What was it that I think I just saw? I start to walk again, never taking my eyes off the dark sky. Suddenly, I don't feel so alone anymore.

tl;dr: A life changing experience from something I witnessed

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dingle_hopper1981
â€¢ 15y ago

I already posted my banshee story, but I got loads more. My old all-girls grammar school in Tyrone in Ireland was an old convent school like something from an Enid Blyton novel, except with nuns. There was the old 150 years old+ school building, the convent part where the nuns lived, a church, graveyard and crypt hidden in the grounds, for all the nuns who had lived and died there over the decades. the grounds are pretty big, filled with trees and gardens, and a road going through the place. At night people would sometimes walk through the grounds along the road as a shortcut to the other side of the town, but not very often, as the place is really creepy at night. About 15 years ago (while I was still a pupil there) a friend of mine decided to take the shortcut through the grounds at about midnight on her way to our house. She saw a nun in a habit coming towards her on the road. Thinking it was little old sister Francis out for a night-time walk (a lovely lady who talked to everyone, she passed away about 5 years ago now :( ) she walked towards her and said 'Hey sister francis, what are you doing out here at this time of night?'. The nun didn't reply, but continued coming towards her. Then she noticed the skirts of the nun's habit were about 6 inches off the ground, and she was floating. Also, it was breezy, but her robes didn't flap or make any noise. My friend freaked the fuck out and ran back out the grounds the way she came in, and tore hell for leather the long way across town to our house. It took us ages to calm her down. The next monday in school I saw Sister Francis pottering about and told her what happened. she said 'Oh she must have seen Sister ___" (Forgot the name). The story was about 100 years ago a nun had slept with a priest and been allowed to stay, but was the black sheep, so to speak, but after she died she was buried in the graveyard in the grounds. Some of the other nuns objected to this and after a year of so her body was moved to a graveyard outside of town. Apparently loads of people had seen her ghost, floating through the convent grounds, looking for her grave.

TL:DR My friend saw a floating ghost nun in the grounds of my school.

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mattzm
â€¢ 15y ago

Ok, new creepy thing happening to me right now: I can smell burning toast. No one is making any in the flat, there is no source of flame I can find. There are no open windows.

WTF...

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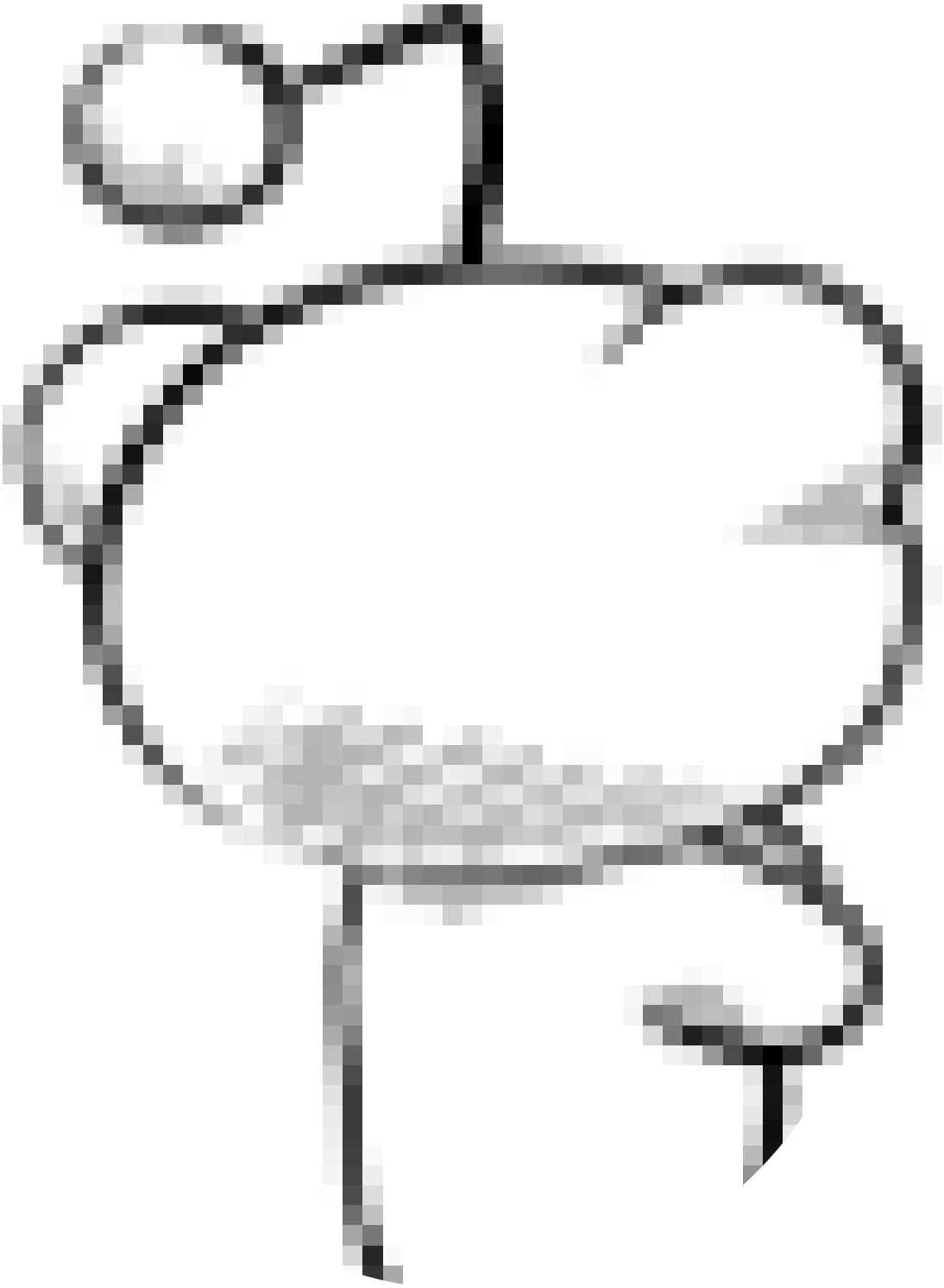

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â€¢ 15y ago

please come back and verify you lived through that

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Manigeitora
â€¢ 15y ago

Back in high school, on a saturday morning, I was laying in my bed trying to get back to sleep (it was like 8am). My mom was out with our dog at the vet, my brother had work, and my dad was golfing, so I was alone in the house. It was a pleasant 70F outside so neither the AC or heater were on. Yet less than five minutes after I woke up, I heard what sounded like a really heavy breathing sound coming from right outside my door. I just laid there and listened for a while, wondering what in god's good name could make a sound like this. For what seemed like ages I simply lay there and listened to it. When I finally mustered up the courage to stand up and go to the door, the noise stopped as soon as my foot hit the floor.

To this day I have no idea what that noise was.

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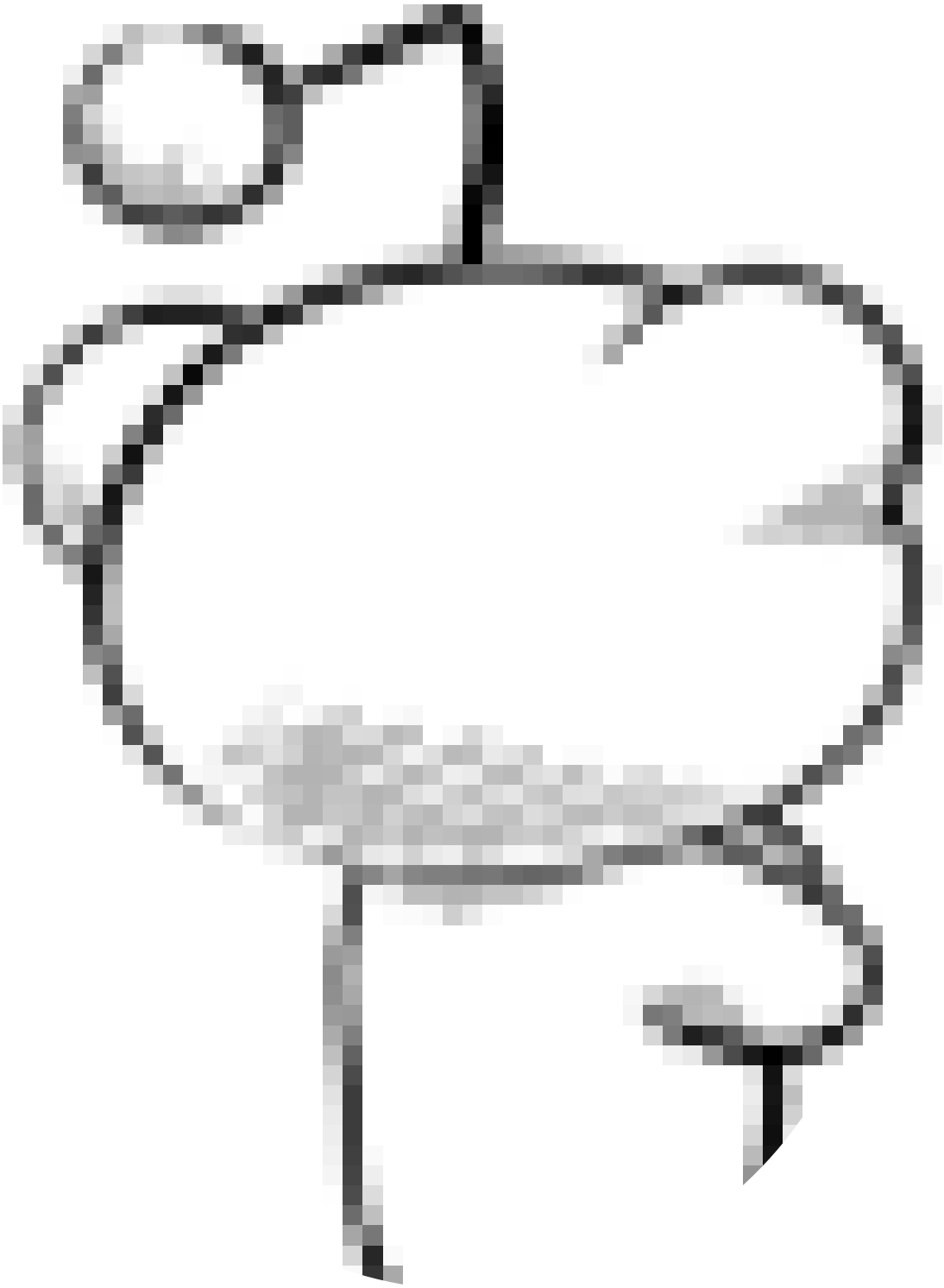

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â€¢ 15y ago

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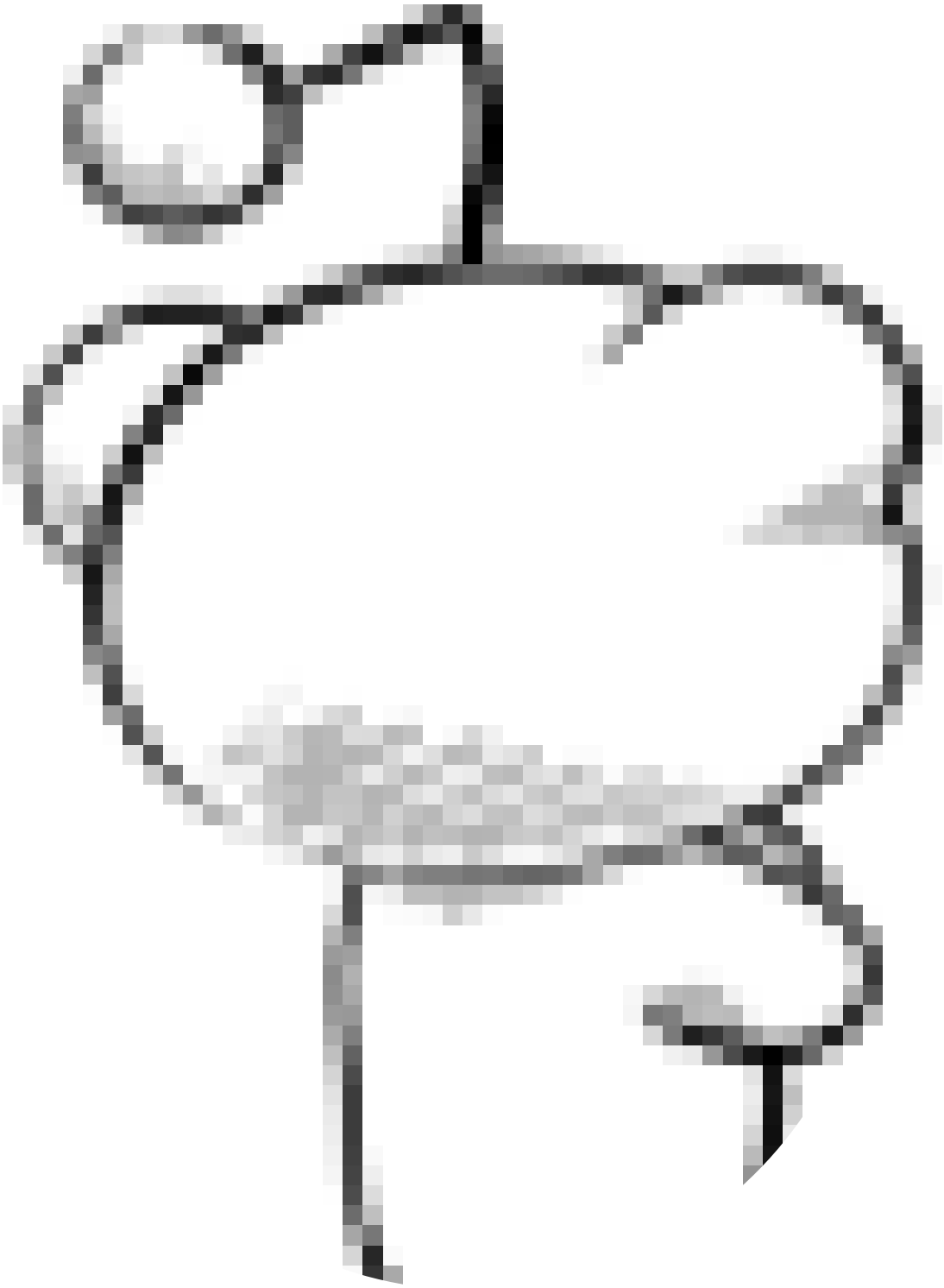

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â€¢ 15y ago

I lived in an apartment/condo complex in a fairly nice area of town and my unit was in a sort of hallway on the 2nd floor. Two years ago I woke up around 3:30 A.M. (I was normally getting up around 6) and I was immediately alert and for some reason thought to go check the front door. As I was reaching to lock it, the handle turned and the door started to open; I pushed on it hard to slam it shut and lock the door. I looked through the peep-hole and saw two guys walking away and one of them said something like "oh that's not my friends house" or "that's not the right place".

No idea if they really were just looking for friends: if you're a good enough friend to just walk in at the wee hours of the morning, you're probably a good enough friend to know which apartment is theirs.

I do like to imagine two would-be thieves testing out doors, finally finding an unlocked one only to have it forcibly push back at them without a sound.

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burntflowers
â€¢ 15y ago

Let me tell you about some evil fuckers I encountered a few years ago.

They'd come out at night, sneak into my room and feed on me while I slept.

Once I'd been bitten, the symptoms started. I tore at my skin and became paranoid. I saw them everywhere. Sleep was impossible. They'd be there. I'd wake up and know they'd fed on me again and there was nothing I could do. I became a zombie.

We had to call in help. Someone who had dealt with them before. He slaughtered them all and lined the entrances to our home with a special powder to keep others of their kind from entering our home.

Slowly my paranoia faded, my wounds healed and sleep returned.

Bed bugs: The zombie vampires of the bug world. May you never encounter them.

2 more replies
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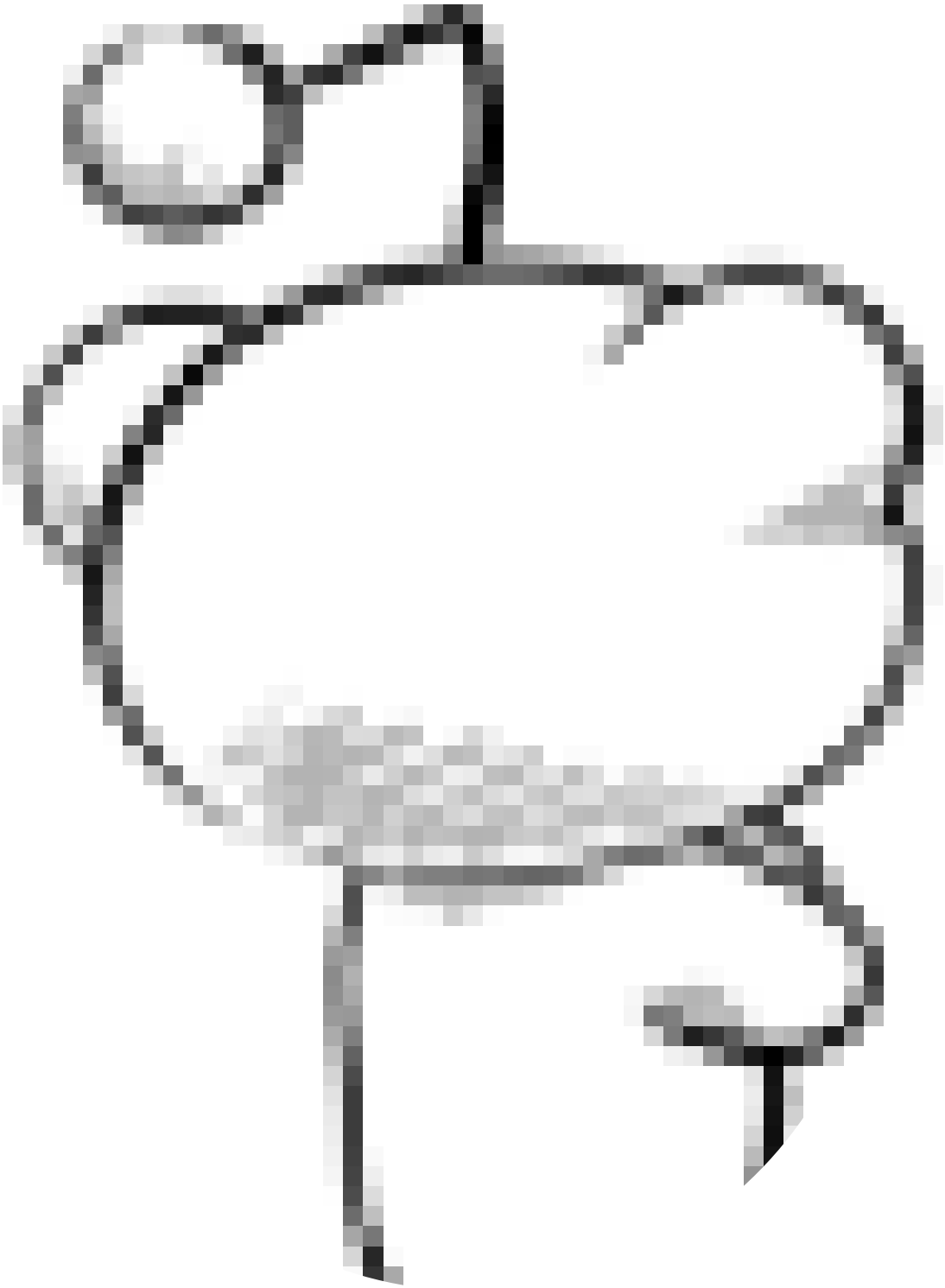

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â€¢ 15y ago

I was home alone once and the doorbell rang, so I looked out the peephole and a man and a woman, both black, dressed in all black and carrying a black umbrella (because it was storming) had come to my door. I didn't answer, I just sat and watched them. They didn't even move, they just stood there for 15 minutes and then turned, walked down my street and left.

Also my great grandmother and my mother used to call each other every Sunday morning, my mom would call one week and Nana would call the next. Also Nana would call at exactly 8:04 because her clocks were 4 minutes behind ours. Anyway, my mom calls Nana, and the next Tuesday Nana dies. So the following Sunday we're eating breakfast and at 8:04 the phone rings with an unknown caller, and whenever Nana called it came up as unknown as well. So we answer it and it's just grainy sounds for a while and then a woman's voice says 'Enjoy your trip to paradise!' and it hung up. It scared the shit out of me.

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arthurpark
â€¢ 15y ago

i got a note in the mail on my 21st birthday.

it said, 'i owe you this, trust me. happy birthday!' and enclosed $30 in cash.

To this day, i have no idea where or why this came from.

2 more replies

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jrhop364
â€¢ 15y ago

I am horrifically afraid of everything, my girlfriend is not. She is hardass and loves scary movies.

We're sitting there on her couch, just hanging out. We had recently watched Paranormal Activity and I had freaked the fuck out and she laughed at me, but now we were just hanging out and then I tell her "Y'know, if you have ever been haunted by some malevolent spirit, you should tell me now so I can get the fuck out."

She goes, "Well, please don't leave me because of it, but..."

and I'm like "Oh hell no. Oh hell no."

She tells me about how her house has been haunted as long as she can remember, she remembers seeing this old man with a red irish looking beard who plays her Piano, and Cats. They have ghost cats.

I called bullshit and told her she was just fucking with me, she smiled and said "Alright, whatever you say."

One of my friends come in later because we're all gonna watch some movies and they're all getting here. My friend's there for a bit and he stars sneezing and his allergies start acting up. He asks if they have any cats, she doesn't.

But then she looks at me, and she's like "Told you they're here."

Those fucking ghost cats are fucking with allergies and fuck it's scary to me.

I'm not going to go to her house often anymore.

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oddgrue
â€¢ 15y ago

I used to teach high school. There was one kid who was always very quiet and after looking at his homework it became very obvious that he could barely read and write. He was a terrible student but agreed to after school tutoring so I could help him with his reading and writing.

One day, he wasn't in class. When I got to his name in roll call, the other students mentioned that he lost it in art class and had stabbed some kid near the eye with scissors.

I had spent many afternoons alone with this kid. It's just weird how you never know who's on the edge of snapping.

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revscat
â€¢ 15y ago

I saw a UFO when I was in college.

I was at my girlfriend's apartment, and we were both up late studying. I went out on to the balcony to smoke, she came with me, and we were chit-chatting and looking at the stars. Her apartment was on the third floor, facing a pool, and across from that was another building from the same complex.

I catch some movement in the sky just above the building opposite us. I look at it and see this equilateral triangle, perpendicular to the ground, with a light just inside each corner, the lights just barely brighter than the surrounding stars. It was moving slowly, and was making no noise.

"Hey, look at that!"

"What?". She couldn't see it. It was hard to see, the body of it being just a but less black than the night sky behind it.

"There! Right there!" I point and move closer to her so she can see down my arm.

""Yeah! I see it! What is that?"

For some reason her confirmation caused me to get chills up and down my spine. We watched it in silence as it glided past, maintaining a straight path for about a minute before turning and moving away from us and disappearing nto the night sky. It never stopped being perpendicular to the ground.

I have no idea what it was. It wasn't a B-2 or an F-117. It was moving very slowly, slower than I think possible for jet engines to operate.

It freaked me out quite a bit, whatever it was.

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celticeejit
â€¢ 15y ago

Sleep Paralysis. Dream i am paralyzed. Wake up. Still paralyzed. Wake up from that. Still paralyzed. When I finally wake up for real - i leap out of bed in a cold sweat. Experience this about twice a year - (for the past 20 years)

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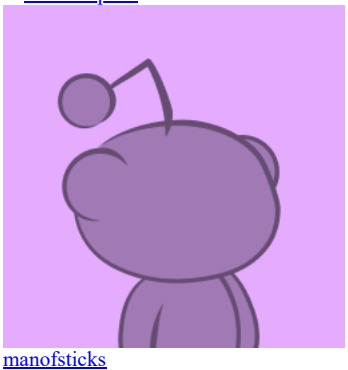
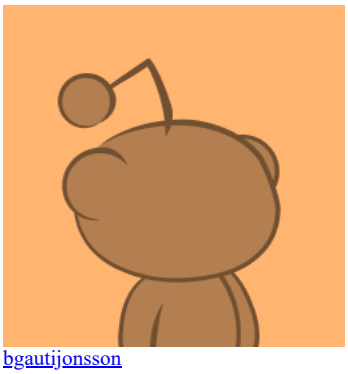


manofsticks
â€¢ 15y ago

My high school did a thing for my junior and senior years, where we had 15 minute "fun" classes that we got to choose. I chose a ghost hunting class, and we had optional after school field trips for it, which led to many creepy instances. A good 90% of the time on the trips, there was nothing solid at any of the places we visited, just a general "extremely creepy" feeling. But there were a few cases where genuinely weird things happened.

Once we were in a building, and half the group was upstairs, and the other half was downstairs. I was in the downstairs group. The upstairs group came down at one point, and asked us what happened, because they heard loud banging and crashing coming from below them. None of us had heard a thing.

Another time, we were in a house, and after we left we reviewed video footage. There was a small mist-like orb in one section of film that slowly traveled down a hallway, and then turned and went into a room. A few months later we went back to that house, and while in the basement, I very distinctly heard someone breathing behind me, when there was no one there. That one time was the only time during any of the ghost hunts when I was genuinely scared.



bgautijonsson
â€¢ 15y ago

In Iceland there are 13 santa clauses called JÃ³lasveinar or Yulelads who come each on a different night and put gifts in your shoe which you've placed at your bedroom window. At the time this happened I was young, maybe 10 years old but I knew that it was my mother who put the gifts in my shoes.

Now, the santa clauses have a mother called GrÃ½la who steals naughty kids and puts them in her soup.

One night I was lying awake pretty late and I heard someone opening the door to my room and I thought "oh, great! here comes mom with my present." I was facing the wall in my bed and the door was on the other side of my room so I could see only the shadow of the person, but I'm telling you: That was not my mom. That shadow looked exactly like GrÃ½la's shadow would have looked like in real life and I was scared shitless by it.

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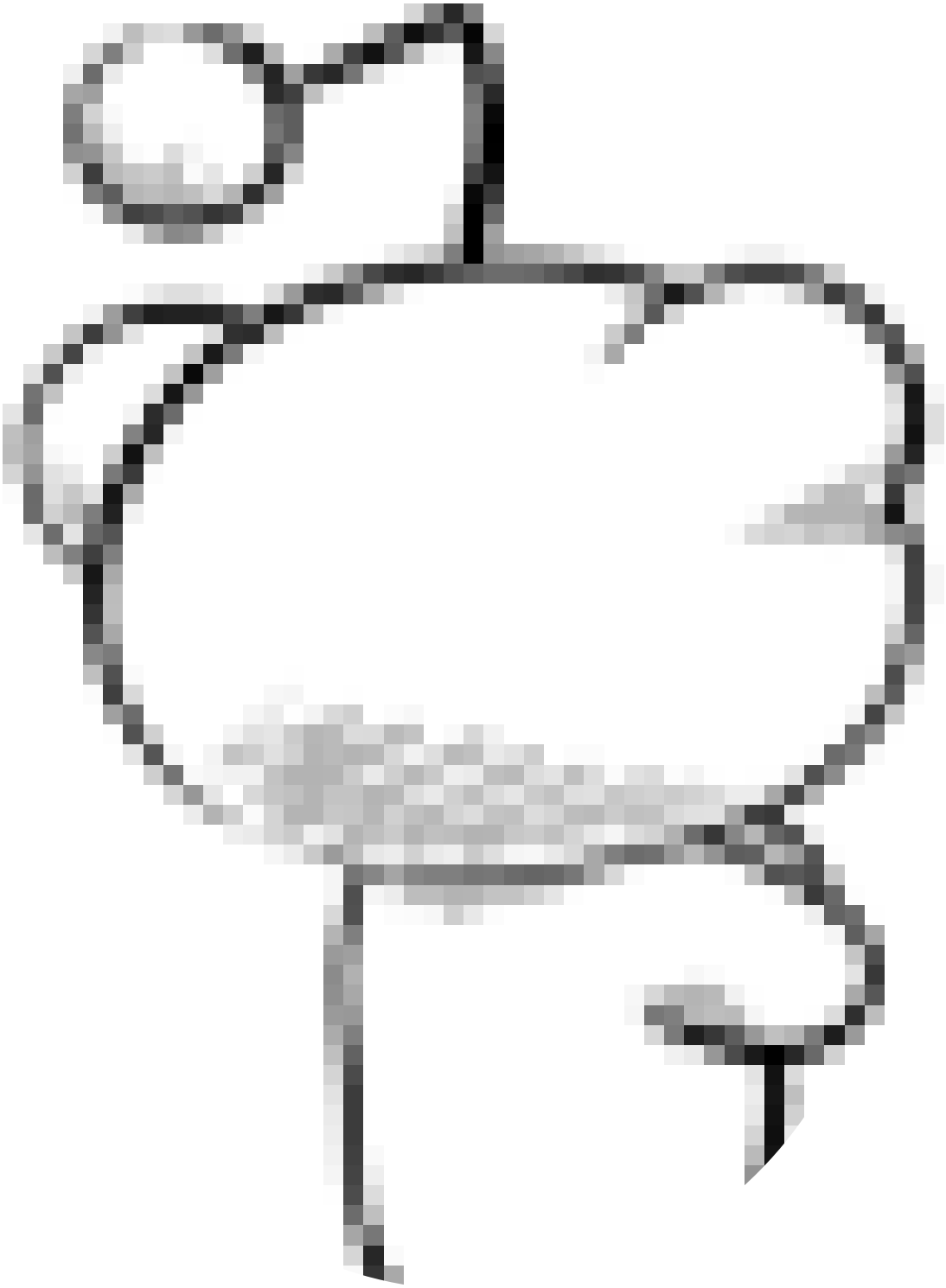
Spiel88
â€¢ 15y ago

I have an instance that really stands out in my mind. When I have a high fever, I hallucinate. One night, when I was much younger, I awoke to voices talking to me. When I didn't immediately get up, the voices grew louder, more numerous and more aggressive. Eventually, they would die-down a bit, and I'd try to sleep. However, immediately as I put my head down to sleep, the voices started yelling at me again. It got so bad that I ran from my room, and buried my head under my parent's pillows. The voices wouldn't stop, and my parents' voices only made things worse. I shouted to them (my parents and the voices) to shut-up, and that was when I could swear one of the voices said "We will never stop." Eventually they did because I think I passed out.



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â€¢ 15y ago

One time my computer was lagging really badly, so I started swearing at it (because obviously that makes it run faster). After about a minute or so of my vocal fury, my computer, point blank, said "It's not my fault" in a stereotypical computerized voice. It was quite possibly the freakiest thing I've ever experienced.

8 more replies
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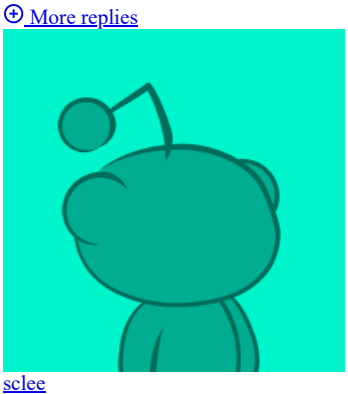

sclee
â€¢ 15y ago

A couple of years ago, I was home from college, sleeping alone in my house. My sister's old room is directly across from mine, and she had a couple of those tickle me Elmo and sleep with me Ernie dolls. As I'm fading off into sleep, I hear the Ernie doll say "I'm tired, I'll take a nap. Yawnnn!" Those dolls need to be squeezed pretty hard for them to work. As I'm laying there, terrified that some axe murderer is screwing with me, I hear the doll a second time, "It feels good to lay down. Yawnnn!" At this point I'm about to pee my pants. I've seen enough scary movies to know that I shouldn't go check it out, so I locked my door, grabbed a knife, and spent the rest of the night trying to sleep while imagining a deranged killer outside my door, waiting.

2 more replies

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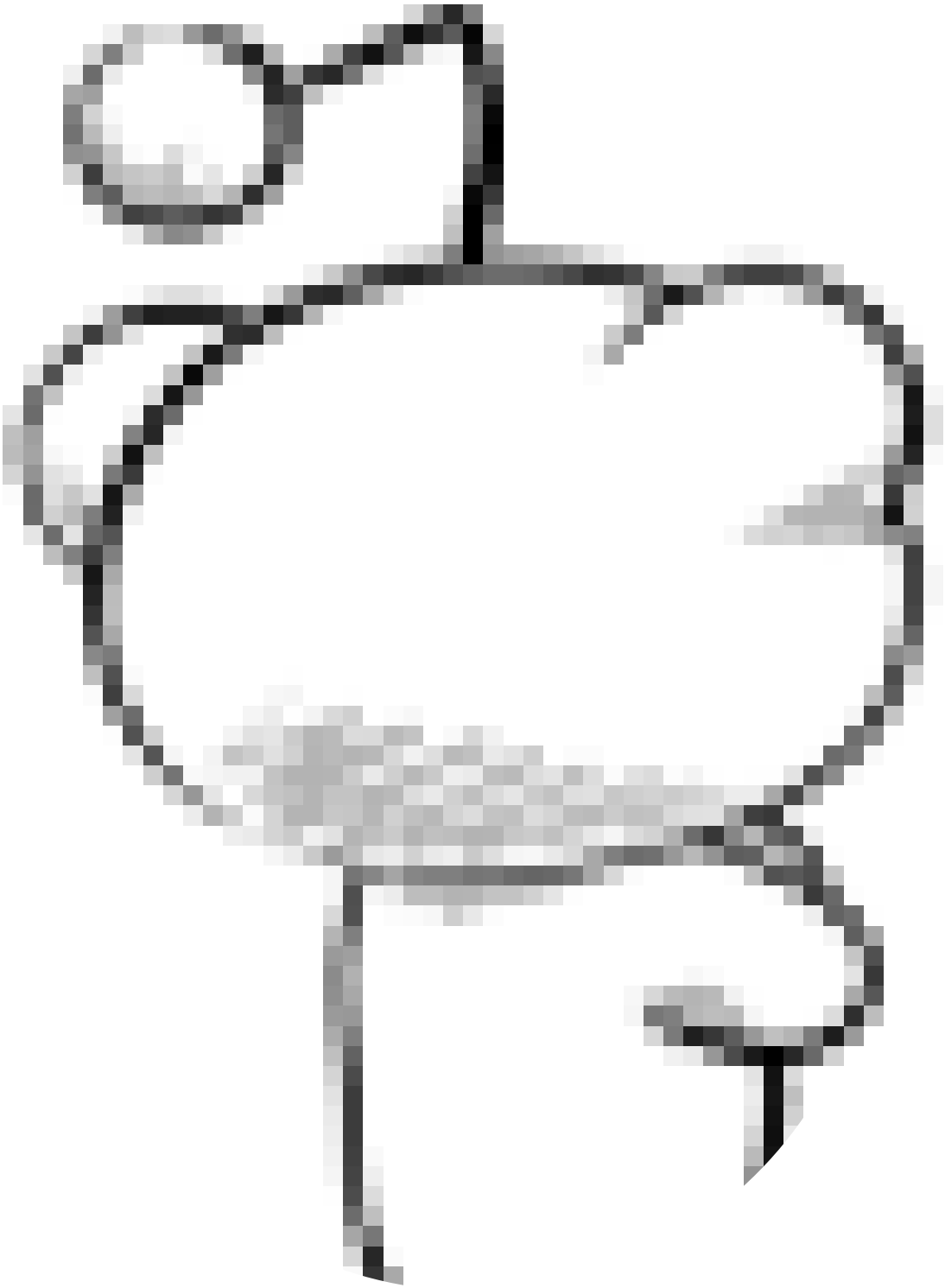

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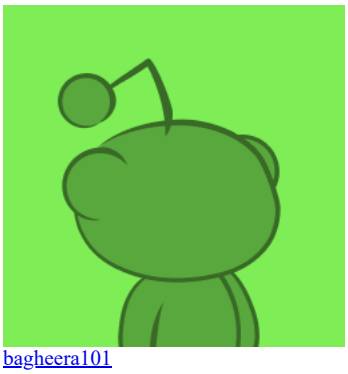
â€¢ 15y ago

On a family trip with my mom and younger brother. During the long drive, we started telling ghost stories. My mom told the one about the man with a hook for a hand. Right after she finished, we passed a guy jogging on the side of the road. Yup, with a hook for a hand.



bagheera101
â€¢ 15y ago

Last year in uni residence, the girl in the room next door to mine committed suicide, and it affected me deeply. I'd been crushing pretty hard on her and had never really gotten up the courage to talk to her, so there was plenty of guilt/regret/you name it.

Starting the day she died, weird stuff happened. I had to go off-campus for a volunteer meeting, but something felt so deeply wrong all day. I couldn't quite place it and put it down to the fact that it was November 11th, Remembrance Day here in Canada, and there were lots of veteran memorials and stuff going on.

After that, I never had any bizarre, direct experiences myself, but I remember the feeling of being next to this deeply negative zone, feeling a lot of "empathetic pain" like someone nearby was in pain, and at least a couple times a week, feeling watched -- most commonly when I was going to sleep, but also at random times throughout the day. Oh, and the bathroom door was immediately across the hall from her bedroom door, so I often felt really weird just walking nearby it.

A few months after it happened, while the being-watched feeling was still going strong several times a week, I was talking to someone else on the floor whom I didn't know very well. She asked if I'd experienced anything weird, and I tried to stay vague since I didn't want to be seen as paranoid (and I was starting to think of myself as paranoid too, haha). I was regaled with several stories from various floormates about odd happenings since November -- here are a few.

--A balloon drifted along one girl's ceiling, along the edges of each wall, around and around. Not randomly, but methodically; no gusts or drafts or anything, just like it was being pushed.

--One girl woke up from a weird dream with handprints on her wall -- faint but clear, and not her hand size, and her door had definitely been locked.

--Yet another girl woke up with scratches up and down her arms, and no plausible explanation at all for why or how.

(Edited to add: I think the girls who had those experiences weren't very nice to the one who died, or at least, weren't friendly... just a hunch, but knowing them, it's quite likely.)

You get the picture. I was so very happy to get off that floor and into a different rez building this year.

2 more replies
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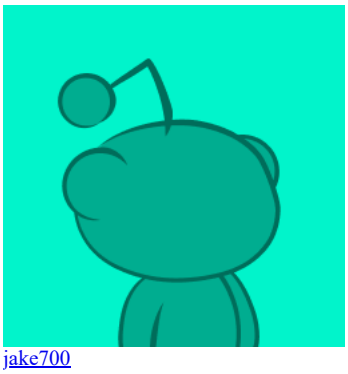

jake700
â€¢ 15y ago

Woke up extremely suddenly from sleeping once when I was about 15, and immediately looked out my door which was open for some reason (I usually sleep with it closed). I saw a figure which looked like my mother, so I called out her name, but she just stood in the doorway and wouldn't look at me. Since she didn't answer I called out my sisters name and asked what she was doing, and when I did the figure turned its head and looked at me. It looked like a relative of mine but was gray and hazy, and was sort of floating in the doorway. It started to move away so I jumped out of bed to chase it but when I went around the corner it was gone, and nobody was there.

HotCharlie
â€¢ 15y ago

When I was a kid (sub-10 yrs old), I stayed one weekend with my aunt and uncle in their old farm house. They were both fans of Unsolved Mysteries at the time, which, if you've ever seen it, alternated between True Crime stuff and the paranormal/alien shit. The particular episode we watched that evening happened to be devoted to alien abduction, the reenactments depicting alien heads peeking through bedroom windows and such.

Spooky stuff, for a kid. I slept that evening in their converted attic space, soundly so, until some ass-early hour when I awoke to some presence, breathing, directly in front of my face. I was too terrified to open my eyes, so I just lay there, as still as I could, until I eventually just passed out from fear.

Relaying the story over breakfast, I was met with uproarious laughter. It was their cat. It did it all the time.

1 more reply
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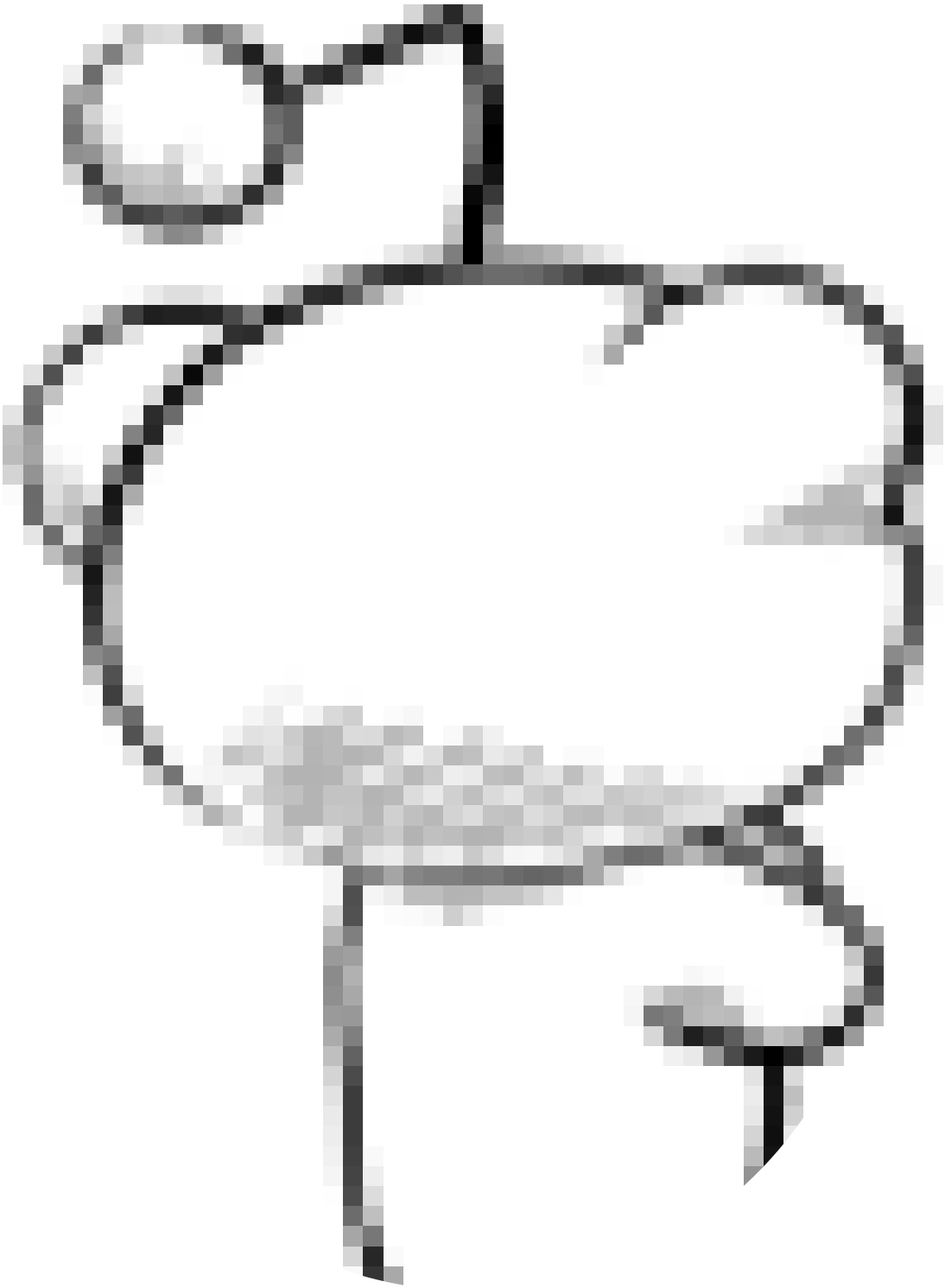

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â€¢ 15y ago

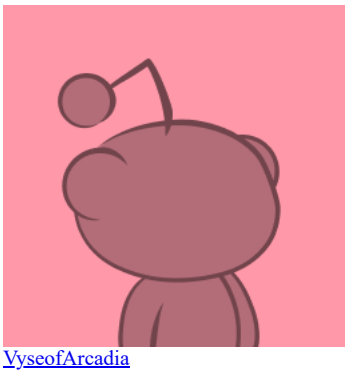
When I was six or seven, we lived on a farm in central Missouri, in an old farmhouse. While my parents were fixing up the upstairs rooms, my sister and I shared a room on the ground floor. One night I woke up hearing men's voices outside the window, and looked out and could see bright lights, like car headlights or something, outside. The direction that the window faced wasn't one where a car would be. It faced part of the fenced yard, and past that a big fenced garden, and past that a pasture that had a couple of gullies in it that caused my father much worry.

I called to my sister, who woke up and said, "It's just the guy from the shed."

For some reason, that answer satisfied me, and I went back to sleep. The next morning, I thought about it and asked my sister to explain. She denied ever saying it, or remembering me waking her up, or there being people outside talking. The shed on that side of the house was a tiny thing that once housed a Delco generator, and was full of junk.

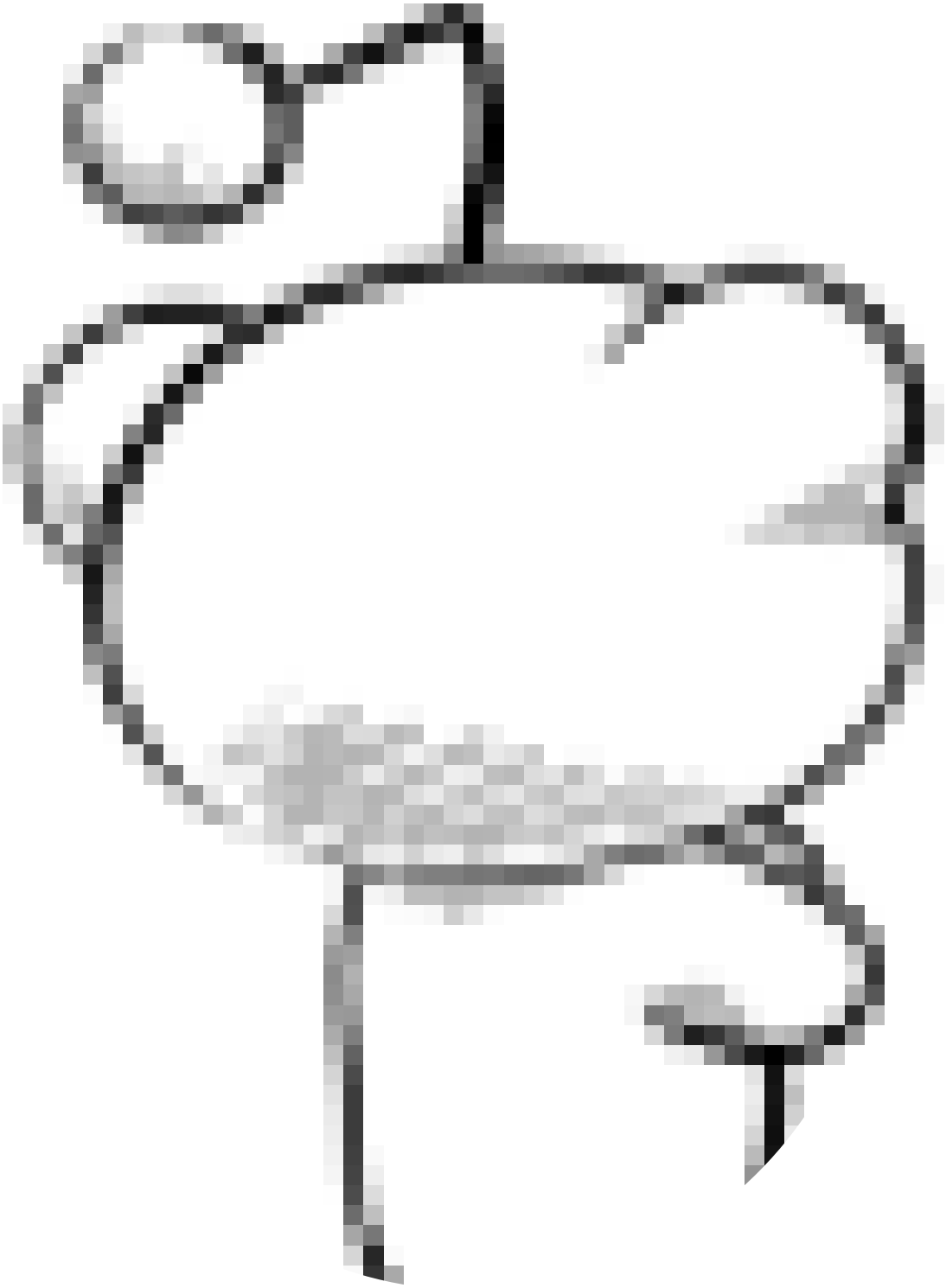
I asked my mom who had been at the house, and she said that no one had been there.

Probably just a dream, but it stuck with me.



VyseofArcadia
â€¢ 15y ago

Last summer I had a large banana spider drop onto my shoulder whilst mowing. I'm pretty arachnophobic. I freaked out for quite some time.



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â€¢ 15y ago

When I was 15, my dad booked a 5-day holiday chalet for my family and the neighbours' kids. On the second floor was a large toilet/bathroom. I am not the freakish type but every single time I had to use this bathroom, I could feel something staring at me from the top corner. The feeling was so intense that I did not dare close my eyes when I washed my hair or face.

On the very last night, the 5 of us were done playing Risk in our room and were headed downstairs to watch TV. I was second-last to leave the room and when I past the bathroom, I saw an arm, like someone was hiding behind the door. It was covered in what looked like dirty green mud. I dashed down and decided not to say anything so as not to frighten the girls. However, once downstairs, my friend who was last to leave the room and was behind me coming down told us he saw a green arm behind the door.

Everyone freaked out and decided to sleep in the same room that night. My bed was closest to the room door. I couldn't sleep and spent the whole night staring at the door.

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EatATaco
â€¢ 15y ago

I don't believe in ghosts or the supernatural so this really freaked me out and I still have no explanation.

It was a typical overcast, windy, fall afternoon. The wind had knocked the power out to my house (this happened quite frequently) and my brother and I, home alone, were sitting in the kitchen joking around with each other.

All of a sudden we hear a loud bang upstairs and it sounds like something real heavy is being dragged all the way across the top floor of the house. The whole time both my brother and I are absolutely silent just staring at the ceiling.

Finally it stops and we are both obviously spooked. After a few moments I say to my brother "hey, go upstairs and check that out." He is like "fuck that! We go up together"

So we both slowly head upstairs. Now, it is important to note that from where we were in the kitchen there is no way to exit the house without passing by us unless you go out of a window.

When we get upstairs we see no evidence of anything heavy having been dragged anywhere. The only evidence of something having happened is there are leaves scattered along the ground as if they had blown in through an open window and I am sure they were not there before because I was at the computer by that window when the power had gone out and I would have noticed the leaves on the ground. However, the window that they would have blown in through is locked. We quickly check all of the windows and they are all locked. We look all around the upstairs and find absolutely nothing.

We were both so freaked out that we sat out on the front stoop of the house until the lights came back on.

To this day I still have no explanation of what happened but, AFAIK, nothing was stolen and there was no way for anyone to have snuck past us.

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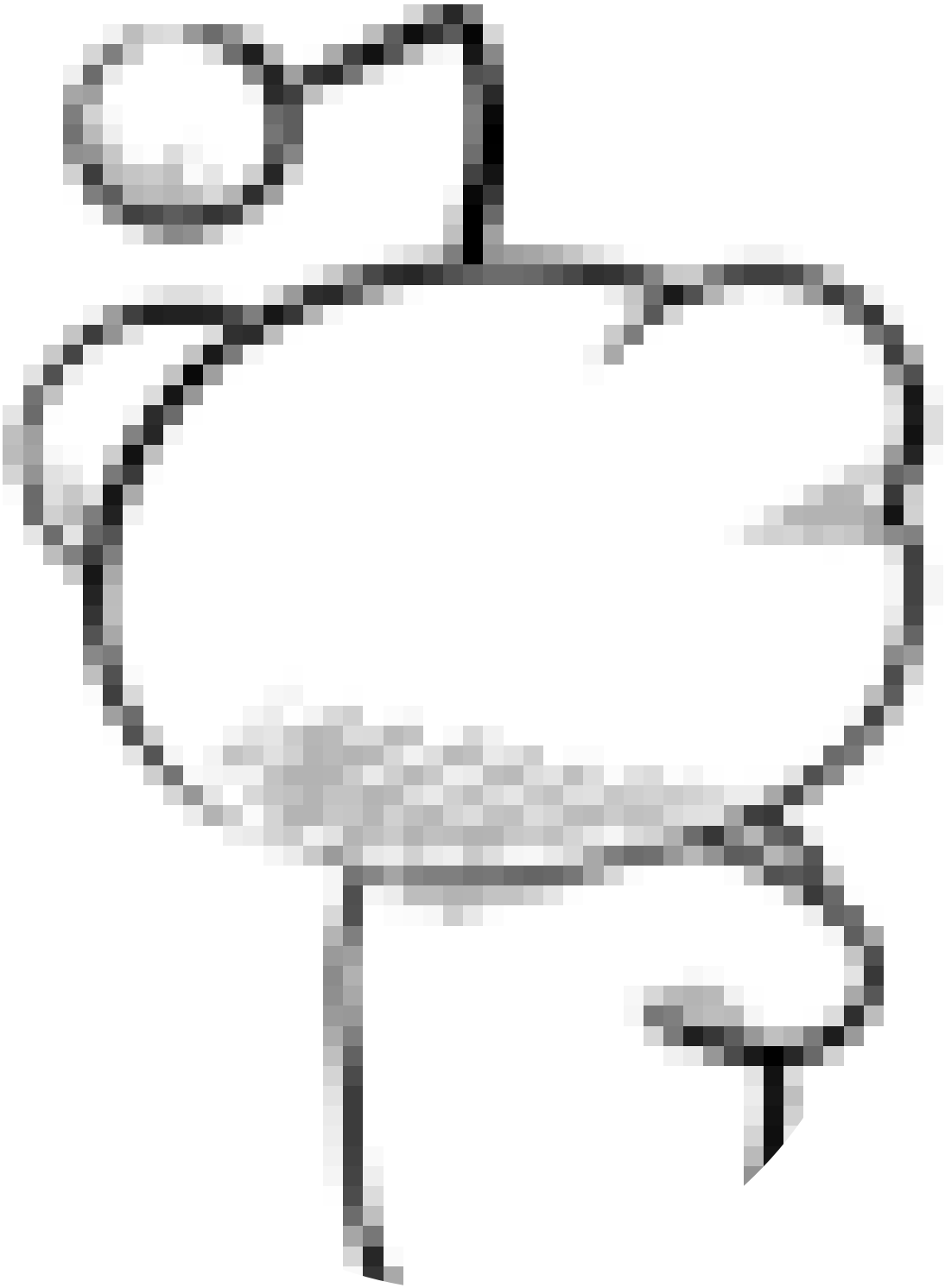

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â€¢ 15y ago

I was set up on a blind date by "friends" who think I should have a boyfriend instead of being by myself. I don't know WHERE they found this guy - he wasn't a co-worker or neighbor -- but one look at HIM told me they thought I was so hard-up, I'd hook up with ANYBODY as long as it was an adult male. The first words out of his mouth when we met at the restaurant was "I'd like to take you out to show you my double-wide."

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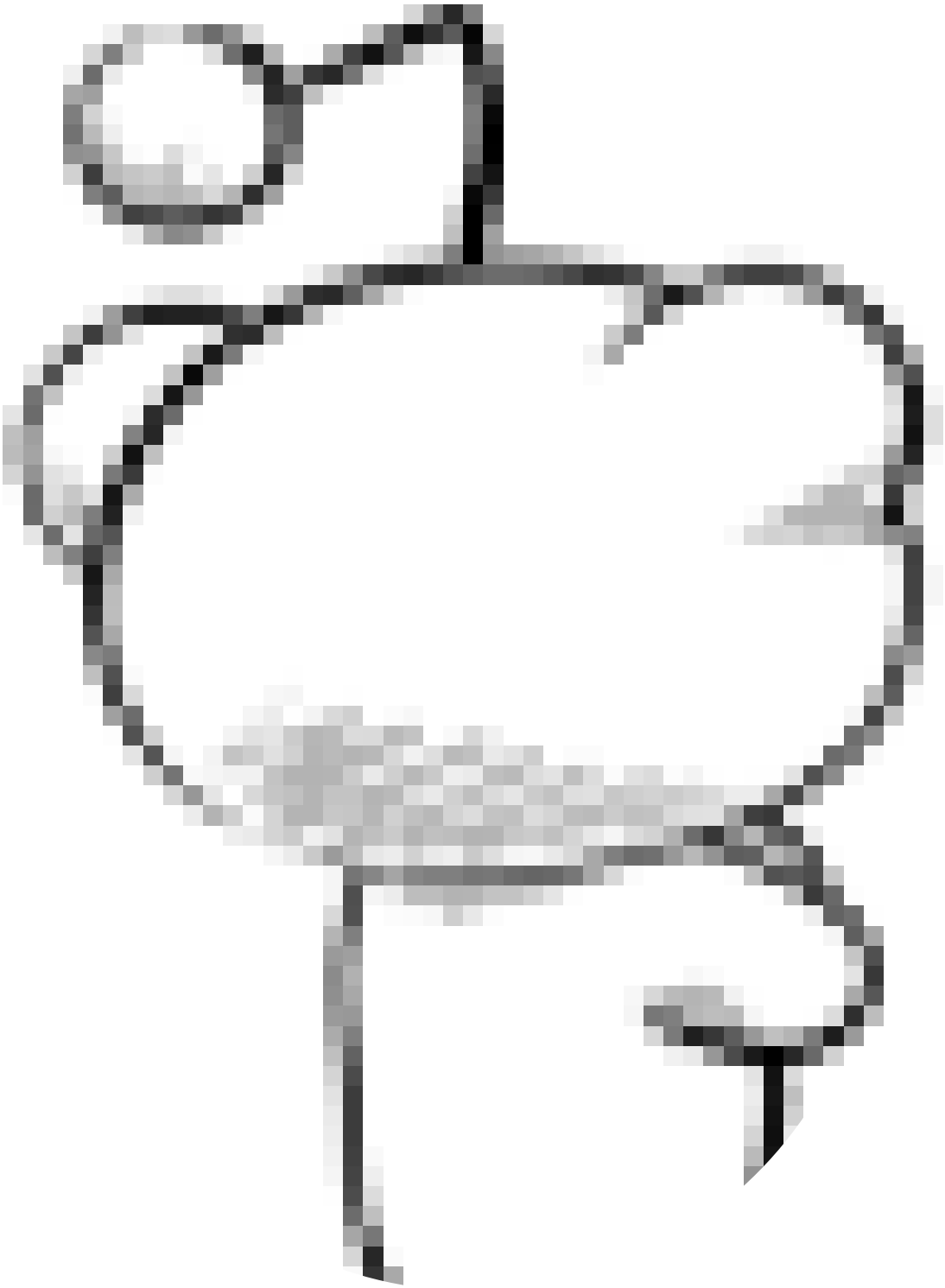

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â€¢ 15y ago

when i was about 10, i was at the laundromat a block from my apartment doing an insane amount of laundry with my mum. it was a weird laundromat, in the side of an old industrial building that used to be a diaper factory.. but we went there because it was cheaper than the in-building laundry and had giant machines.

i always saw some weird ass shit there, hobos washing their clothes, crackheads, etc. but i never thought much of it until this day.

so i had loaded the machines, and i'm wandering around the place because i'm bored. there were a couple 2-3 house type washing machines that were REALLY cheap. only hobos used them because they were small and crappy. they had their own little alcove of sorts.

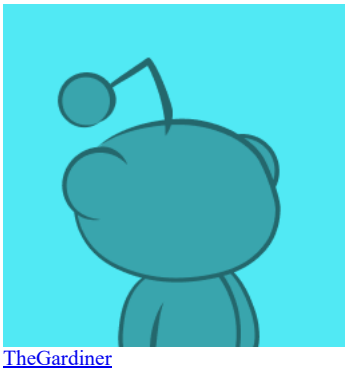
so i'm back there, and i look up from my gameboy or something(palm pilot maybe).. right into a guys penis. his erect fucking masculine meat marauder. right in my face.

didn't even know what to say or do, big creepy muscular guy with a ZZ top beard going :3 with his ham cannon pointed at me. i just turn around and walk away like it was nothing, but a couple people saw it.

we just left, and left our shit there. the guy followed us into a family owned mini mart across the street, where a bunch of construction workers and the crazy gun toting owners cornered the guy, who was STILL trying to shove through them to get to me. police were called.. and he sprinted out of the place and hid in a port-o-potty. i'm not clear why, but when the police arrested him he was mostly naked.

turns out the fucking guy was a convicted child rapist. the only reason he wasn't in prison for life was that all of his offenses were in different states, even spanning into canada and shit. i remember the prosecutor being fucking pissed. they couldn't nail him for more than 6 months even though he had raped or somehow molested something like 12 kids.

had to go to court, and through a bunch of bullshit over this.. and it turned out he lived a couple blocks from me. never moved. only got away from him when my family moved for unrelated reasons. dude had the most disturbing smile, i still to this day randomly see him around town.



TheGardiner
â€¢ 15y ago

ok, so this story has pretty much every possible cliche in it imaginable, but i will describe it exactly as it happened (another cliche). is there a way to say something at the beginning of this to make it trustworthy? even before writing this i know it's gonna be called bullshit. anyways, here we go... about 10 years old, playing road hockey with my best friend on a quiet saturday morning in april or early may i think. we lived close to the lake, so there was some nice early morning fog type mist hanging around. on one end of the street, about 300ft away, a woman appeared and started walking towards us. no one else anywhere. i noticed her right away, but kept playing. she had on this red silk pajama type deal, and a robe of the same colour and material unfastened overtop. as she walked towards us, i noticed that her hair and clothes were billowing in the wind. of course, it was perfectly still that morning, and there was no wind at all. she walked right up to us, we stopped playing. she did not even look at me. at all. but her eyes were totally fucked. i cant really explain it. they werent physically abnormal as far as i can remember, but they were just SO intense and powerful. like they could pierce steel. anyways, she places her right hand on my friends right shoulder and says 'don't be afraid'. nothing more. i wish i could remember her the timbre of her voice. she turns around and starts walking away. WE CONTINUE PLAYING LIKE NOTHING HAPPENED. this is the weirdest part. we didn't mention it at all. anyways, she starts walking back, but makes the same distance in 3 or 4 seconds. like this CHUNG CHUNG CHUNG CHUNG. place your hand in front of you, and then extend it all the way in 3 or 4 movements. it was like that. so anyways, i told this story over the years, and then finally realized that i had NEVER spoken about it with my friend. i asked him about it one day, and said 'hey, remember that crazy lady? what did she say to you? calmly, he told me 'don't be afraid'. we never saw her again. backstory: his sister had recently died of leukemia, and he apparently - according to his other sister - was seeing her all over the house. whenever i asked him about this, he would simply ignore the question. as if he didnt even hear me ask it.

rumdiary
â€¢ 15y ago

I dreamed someone was walking up behind me and had started to prod around the back of my neck with their finger.

I woke up and it continued. Both my arms in front of me. I could hear the finger digging into my neck and bristling through my hair. It took about 20 seconds to stop.

I have never been so terrified in my entire life. I have no explanation what the fuck was going on.

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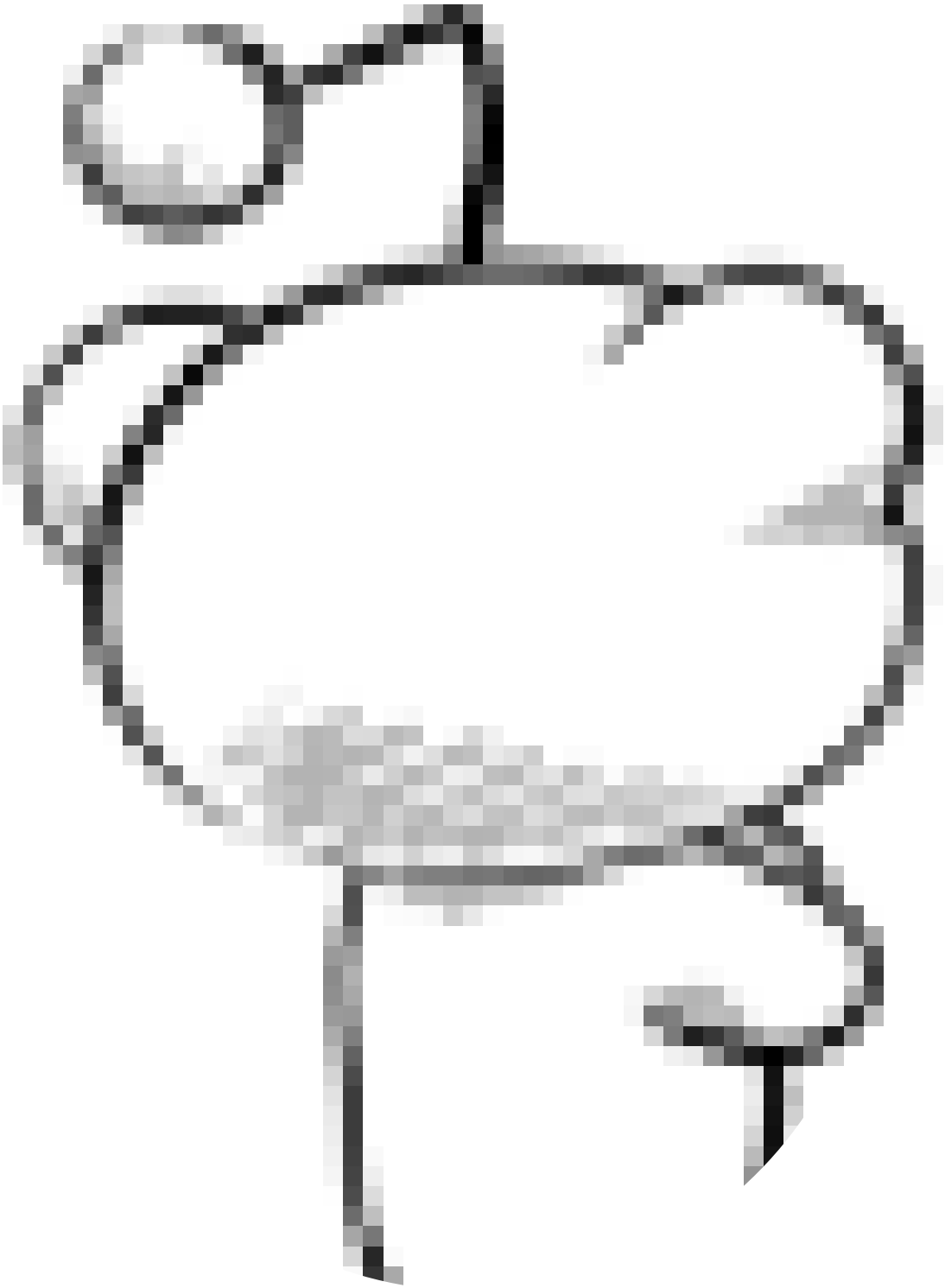

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â€¢ 15y ago

I suffer from sleep paralysis and sleep hallucinations. Both are horrifying.

While falling asleep, during those not-quite-awake-or-asleep moments, I see spiders. They are real as day, gigantic (the size of crabs sometimes), unique spiders, and they move, they crawl towards me at a horrifying pace.

Conversely, when waking up, once a month or so I experience sleep paralysis, which is when your brain wakes up before your body does. When you sleep, your body is paralyzed. When this function fails, we sleepwalk. In some people, though, it functions for too long. The effect is you waking up, able to see and think and breathe, but you are unable to move or speak. Your body feels unimaginably heavy, and you panic trying your hardest to call out for help to no avail.

TL;DR: Z?

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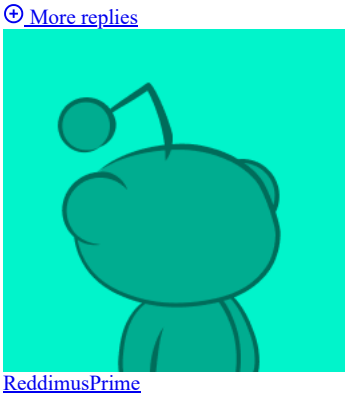

ReddimusPrime
â€¢ 15y ago

I have dreams where I dream about the future. I can't explain them. But I'll have a dream and wake up and think "wow, that doesn't make any sense at all" and then a few days to a month later the event will happen.

2 more replies

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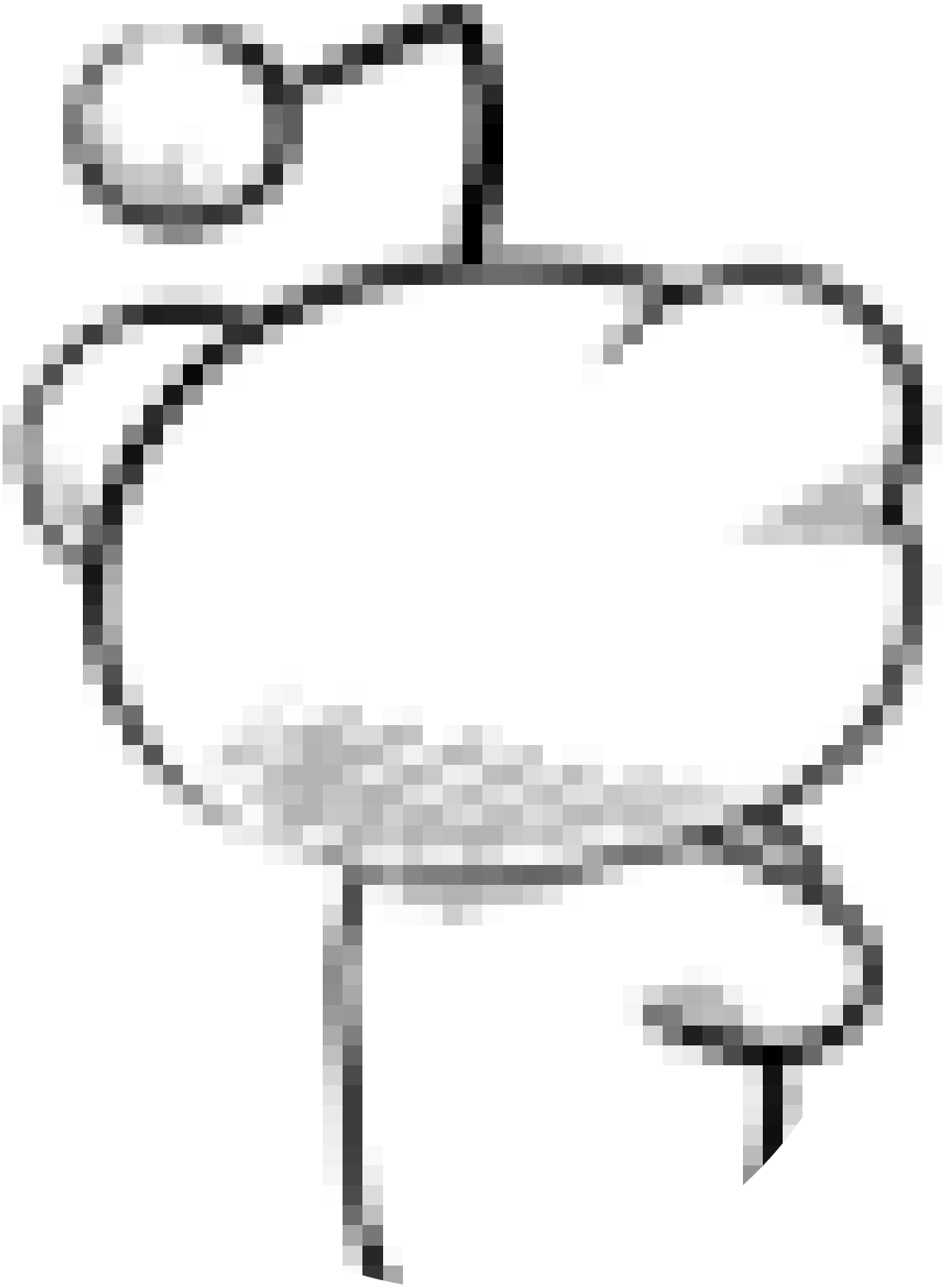

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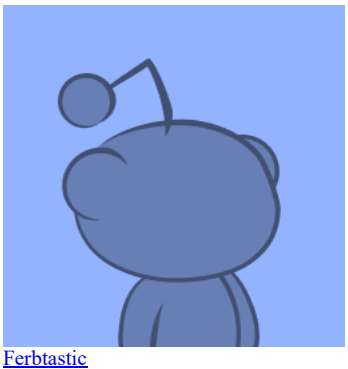
â€¢ 15y ago

When I was 19 I stopped at the local mall to pick up something for my mother for mother' day. I noticed this guy following me in his truck as I walked inside. He slowed down to ask me if I wanted to go get a drink, I said no, and went inside. I quickly made my purchase and went outside to my car.

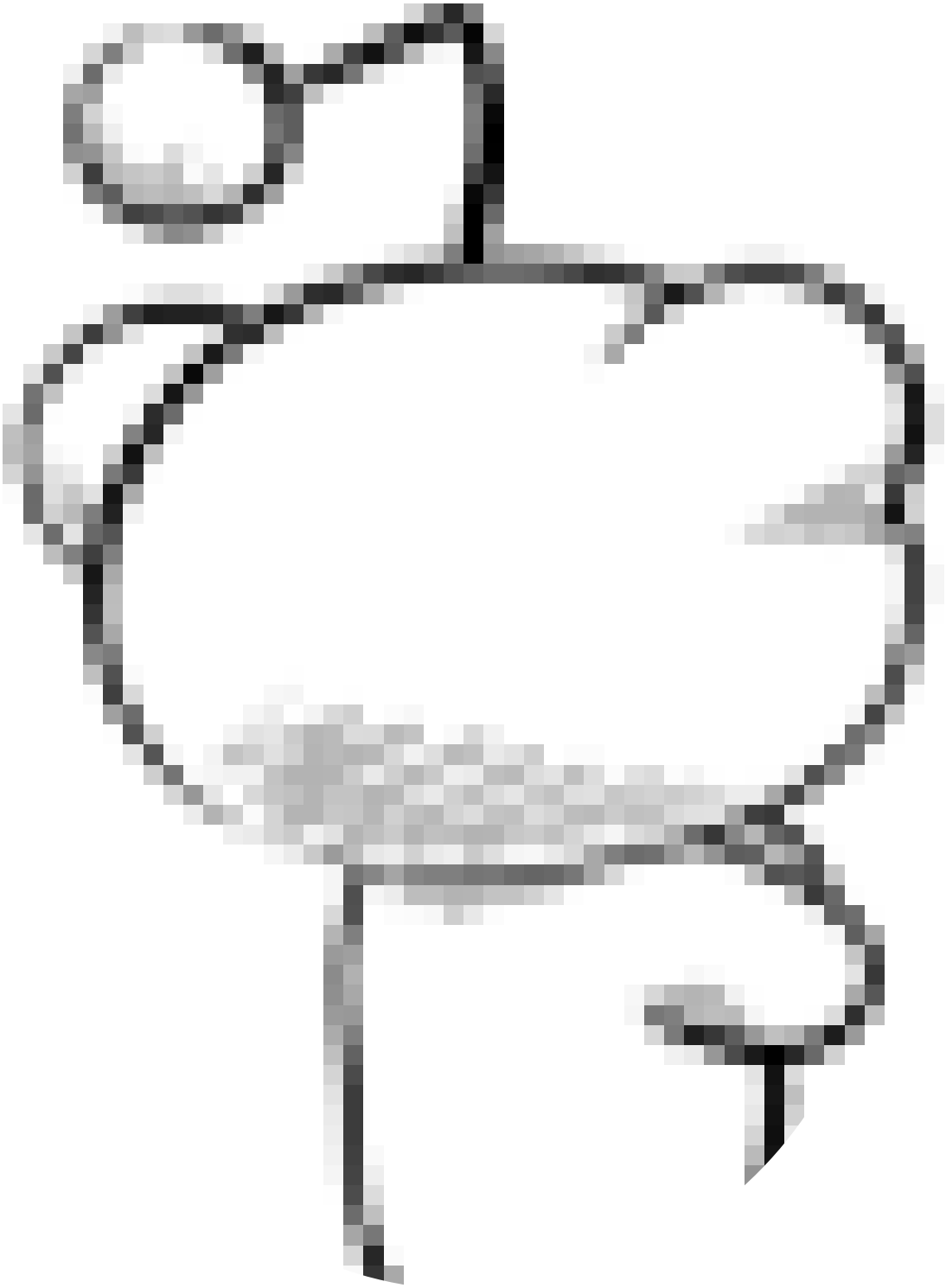
I notice that his truck was a couple doors down from my car, and walk with purpose to my car. I get to my car, sat in the drivers seat and all of the sudden creepy guy put himself between the opening of my car door. He leaned down, put his hand on my leg and said how nice my legs were. I sternly told him to get lost and pushed him away from me, slammed the door and booked out of the lot.

I drove around aimlessly for a bit to make sure he wasn't following me. Later on that evening, I'm watching some sort of 20/20 show and they had a segment on the green river killer. The guy from the mall drove the same truck...BUT, I wasn't living in Washinton state at the time, so it couldn't have been him, could it.



Ferbtastic
â€¢ 15y ago

I once saw a icecream truck driving with its music playing at night. The thing had tinted windows and I couldn't even see if there was a driver. Trust me freaky.



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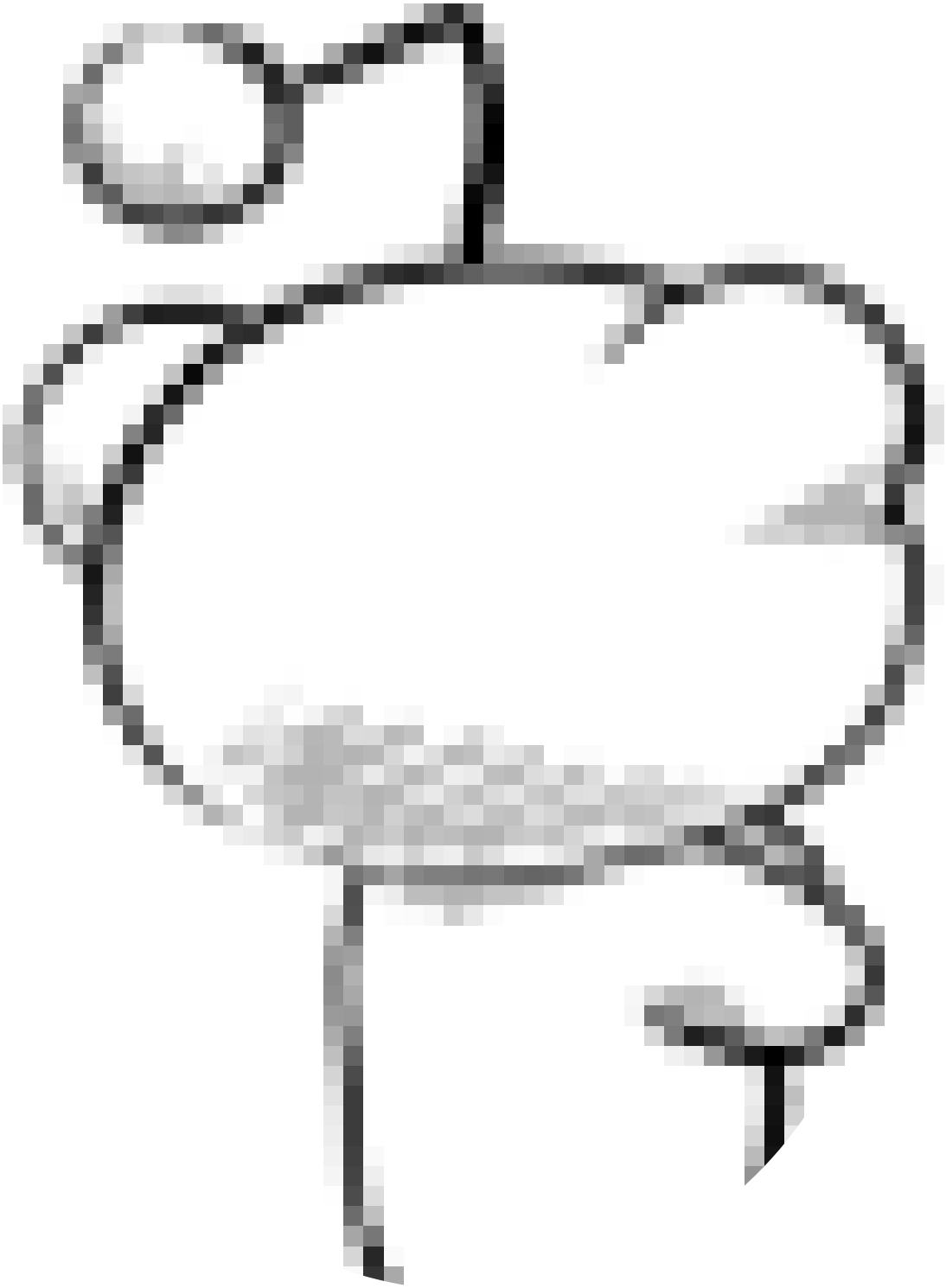
â€¢ 15y ago

When I was in high school, or just after I got out I was driving home late one night to my parents house and I saw a guy walking down this really empty road. He gave me the "I'm hitch hiking" sign and I said, "fuck that" and kept going. I looked in my rearview mirror as I passed him and he fucking started running after me.

Freaked me out.

Another time driving down that same road I looked up and saw 5 fucking horses running at me. They were white, black, red, grey, and another color I couldn't make out. I fucking stopped and watched them get closer and closer until a group of guys in a pickup came and stopped them. Also freaked me out.



KazamaSmokers
â€¢ 15y ago

My encounter with a serial killer on a foggy back road on Cape Cod. I've posted it before, but I'll post it again if anyone is interested.

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joethedreamer
â€¢ 15y ago

My wife and I moved to the house we're currently in about 6 years ago. Over time there's been a couple of strange things. Nothing supernatural/Carol Anne-ish, just weird.

One night I was in the den next to the living room with headphones on while my wife was watching TV. All of the sudden I hear this "thud thud thud" like someone banging on the front door (which sits between the den and the LR). I sat there for a few seconds and got up to see wtf it was. She had heard it too and was sitting there kind of paralyzed on the couch. It was around 10:30pm and we have a gated driveway so you'd have to climb over it to get to the door. I look outside and no one's there. I walk around the whole house and nothing. There's rocks around the whole place so I would've heard someone jumping the wall. A couple days later a neighbor said some strange dude had knocked on her door late at night asking for someone, but they didn't open up.

The creepiest shit maybe EVER for me was a few years later. It was windy as hell and I went to take out the trash one Sunday night. As I'm walking up to the trash cans I see what looks to be a little doll sitting in the driveway. Our front gate was broken at the time and I thought something maybe blew in from off the street. As I got closer I realized it was a kitten...with it's head missing. Like, perfectly gone and someone placed the body right in the middle of my driveway. Still creeps me out to this day when I think about it.

tl;dr - someone/thing banging on the door, look out and nothing is there. Someone/thing left a decapitated cat in the middle of my driveway.

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RGT42
â€¢ 15y ago

Its not really creepy, but my mom claims to have been able to fly when she was a young girl. She said her and her sister (my aunt) could just go out and fly around the Forrest in her backyard. And she said that they eventually tried to tell their other brothers and sisters who didn't fly but from then on out they couldn't fly anymore. I tell her I don't believe her and that it doesn't make sense at all, but I can't ever convince her to tell me its a made up story. I'm much older now and it still makes no sense. although I haven't asked my aunts and uncles about it or anything. Just her.

henderson_hasselhoff
â€¢ 15y ago

I was pretty fast asleep one night but was awakened by something I can only describe as a "pressure" on my whole body. I opened my eyes but I could not move my body at all, so I kept trying to move my fingers and hand consciously and once I got control of my hand I felt in my grasp the eerie resemblance of a human shoulder. For whatever reason, I thought to just keep squeezing as hard as I could to injure whatever it was in the bed beside me. I was absolutely terrified at this point, the only part of my body that could move was my hand and eyes and then I heard in a low and guttural tone "LET ME GO". I released my grip immediately freaking out, and just as suddenly as it happened, I regained full mobility of my body. I was covered with sweat and when I moved my head to see what was there, my bed was empty. Needless to say I didn't sleep for the rest of the night.

Reply Share

SammaRose
â€¢ 15y ago

My parents live in a ranch-style house with a walkout basement in Michigan. My sister and I had bedrooms in the basement; hers was closest to the center of the house, then my room, then these two really creepy storage rooms. The doors to these storage rooms would never stay shut despite the fact that we always made a point of closing the doors on the rare occasion we had to go in there. Things started off alright, with only mildly creepy things happening. Above the storage rooms was a porch with a door leading out to the driveway. There were many times that we would be in the kitchen or the den and would hear this door open and close (it had a rather distinctive noise it made), only to find that no one had come in, and the door hadn't moved.

Another time, my mother was woken up by the sound of someone walking back and forth in the main hallway upstairs, which was tiled and creaked whenever you rounded the corner. Since we had three dogs that stayed inside most of the time, she assumed it was one of them until she looked down on the floor and saw all three of them fast asleep. She stayed still for a minute before my father leaned over and whispered, "Do you hear that?" He got up and checked, but of course nothing was there.

However, the creepiest thing that ever happened to me during my time there happened my junior year of high school. It was the week of finals exams, and I found myself completely awake, so I wandered upstairs to watch TV and ended up falling asleep on the couch. The next morning, my sister came upstairs and gave me a weird look. I asked her what it was for, and she asked me how many times I needed to use the bathroom in one night. I asked her what she meant, and said that she had heard my bedroom door open, the bathroom light turn on (which automatically turns on the overhead fan), and the door close. It sat still for a couple of minutes, opened, light went off, and my bedroom door would shut again. This apparently happened two or three times before she fell asleep.

So glad whatever it was had picked my room...

1 more reply

1 more reply

More replies

sagan555
â€¢ 15y ago

I once had a housemate with a teeth-grinding problem (she wasn't a drug user, nor were she taking any serious mess that I know of). She would habitually grind her teeth every night while she slept. The first time I heard this, waking up in the middle of the night, about 10 yards down the hallway in another room, it sounded like a skeleton was walking down the tiled hallway towards my room. Very creepy sound and very loud. Imagining her face as she's doing it is even creepier.

latinjones
â€¢ 15y ago â€¢ Edited 15y ago

There is or was an abandoned elementary school in Triton Indiana which is close to where I grew up. The rumor was always that the school was abandoned after a crazy janitor killed a bunch of kids. That was BS of course. But the school was abandoned. The trees and bushes around the school were overgrown. All of the windows were broken. Lockers tipped over. You could barely walk in the place there was just so much broken glass and other stuff on the ground. There was a huge gaping hole over the gymnasium. It was in a pretty rural area so it was very dark at night. No trespassing was allowed but late at night kids would park somewhere nearby and walk to the school and go inside with flashlights. There was graffiti everywhere. Pentagrams and other shit like that. I'm not sure why but there were also a few old barns around town that had pentagrams on them as well. People also used to talk about how there were desks set up in the basement of the school and there were "satanic bibles" still on the desks. Also BS because the basement was flooded. Going there was a very creepy and a little surreal. Your hair probably isn't standing up as you read this. "I guess you had to be there"

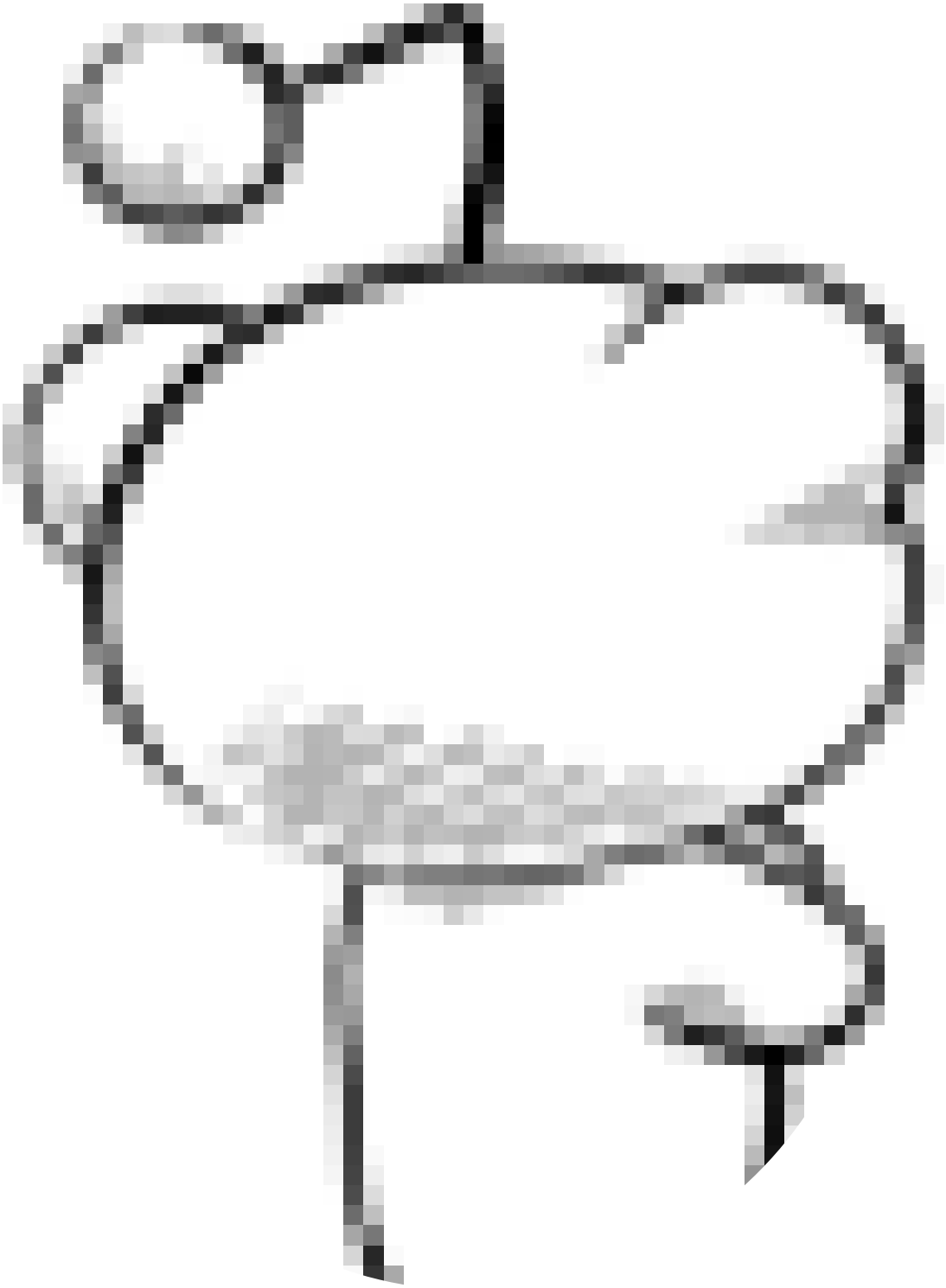
Anybody else from around the South Side of Indy that remembers this? I wonder if it's still there.

latinjones
â€¢ 15y ago â€¢ Edited 15y ago

I worked at subway when I was about 18. This wasn't as creepy as it would have been if maybe I'd been a little younger. I was closing that night and I think I was the only person in the place at the time. There might have been another person but they were in the back or something. Right before closing, this guy (he looked like the stapler guy from "the office" only creepier) came in with this younger lady. She just had to go to the bathroom. When she was in the bathroom the weird guy came up to the register and offered me some candy. He wasn't like, "hey do you want a piece of candy?". He was like, "Caaannndy....". It was a statement, not a question that he said with this weird grin on his face.

Fucking candy! Offering it to an 18 or 19 year old guy. Sure, I'll try that!!! This stuff looked really generic. No label. Looked like a shitty butterscotch wrapped in cellophane. He didn't hold it out to me. He put it on the counter and slid it in my direction and just left it there. I just said thanks and left it there until the lady came out and they left. Then it went in the trash.

I should have eaten it I think.



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â€¢ 15y ago

When I was a wee lad, my friends and I were at church event downtown. We all got terribly thirsty and had to go to the bathroom. Since it was a holiday, all the stores and restaurants around were closed. I began going to each one to see if any of them were open. I found one, located the bathroom, took care of business and got a drink. I went back to my friends and showed them the restaurant. We were all gathering around the bathroom/water fountain area. Suddenly the door of a closet nearby started banging back and forth rapidly and loudly. When the banging stopped, one of my friends reached for the door...it was locked. As soon as she tried turning it, the banging started again. We tried calling to see if anyone was in there, but got no response. We started getting scared shitless as the mindless banging (like the effect and sound one gets when ruthlessly trying to open a locked door) continued. We yelled for the person in the bathroom to get the hell out. As soon as he got out, we bolted for the exit. We were stopped by the owner with a demented smile on her face asking "Is anything wrong?" We ignored her and ran out the door.

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tariqi
â€¢ 15y ago

I was with some friends walking around the mission district in San Francisco. It was a nice summer day, everyone was out, and there was a lot of traffic. My friends and I see this biege crown vic drive past and pull over. Looked to be a decommissioned FBI car (still had the spotlights, bumper guards, etc.). He pulls alongside this lady in a bright pink dress two sizes too small, quite obviously a hooker. He rolls down his window, and she does the typical lean in, they talk, then she gets in the car and they drive off. We just laugh it off and keep walking. A few minutes later, we see them stuck in traffic, but now she's driving the car and we see him pounding some vodka in the passenger seat. Again, we laugh and think whatever. Traffic lets up and we see them drive past. A few minutes after, we catch up to them and see that they have pulled over. The driver door is open, and she has one leg up on the dashboard, and he's going down on her in the middle of the street, cars driving by and everything. All of us blurt out, "what the fuck..." without thinking. He heard, and his head pops up and just gives the creepiest smile and a thumbs up. Fun times.

Haikool
â€¢ 15y ago â€¢ Edited 15y ago

The summer I was 16, my mother got fed up with me and sent me to live with my grandparents for a while.

My grandparents live in the middle of nowhere, all country and trees and forests. I have an oddly religious family, and that being the case, my aunt and uncle decided to build their house next to theirs, only 60 or so feet away.

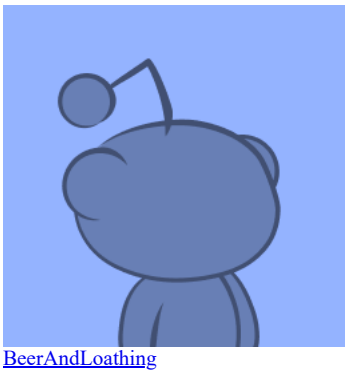
For a change of scenery, I decided to stay the night at my aunt and uncle's house. They have roughly a thousand kids, so we'd all gathered in the living room to watch a late night movie. For some reason, it occurred to me that I wanted to show my cousin, Jessyka, a poem I'd written all of a sudden. Thing was, the poem was in a notebook at my grandparents' house. So I told her, "BRB" and decided to walk the sixty feet to grab the notebook.

I get there, and the door's locked. I think, "Oh, well" and decide to walk back. There's woods all around me, so I speed up. There are two huge glass doors in the TV room of my cousin's house, and there's light cast on the dirt from the movie they're watching. All of a sudden, I see a girl with long hair run along side the window. I saw her clearly due to the illumination.

A cousin of mine has long, flowing hair. I figured she'd followed me outside to try to scare me. So I'm thinking, "AW HELL NAW. DIS BITCH GON TRY POPPIN OUT N SCARIN ME." So I book it for the house as fast as I can.

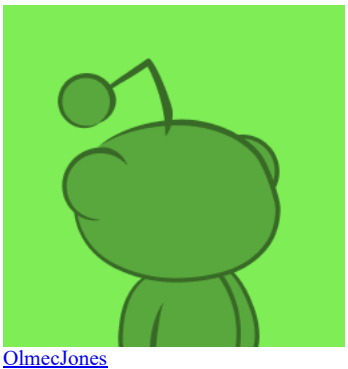
I'm out of breath when If finally get inside. I go to say something then stop, because the cousin with the long, flowing hair is, in fact, fast asleep on the couch. They all are.

Sometimes I wonder what that girl's face would have looked like had I seen it.



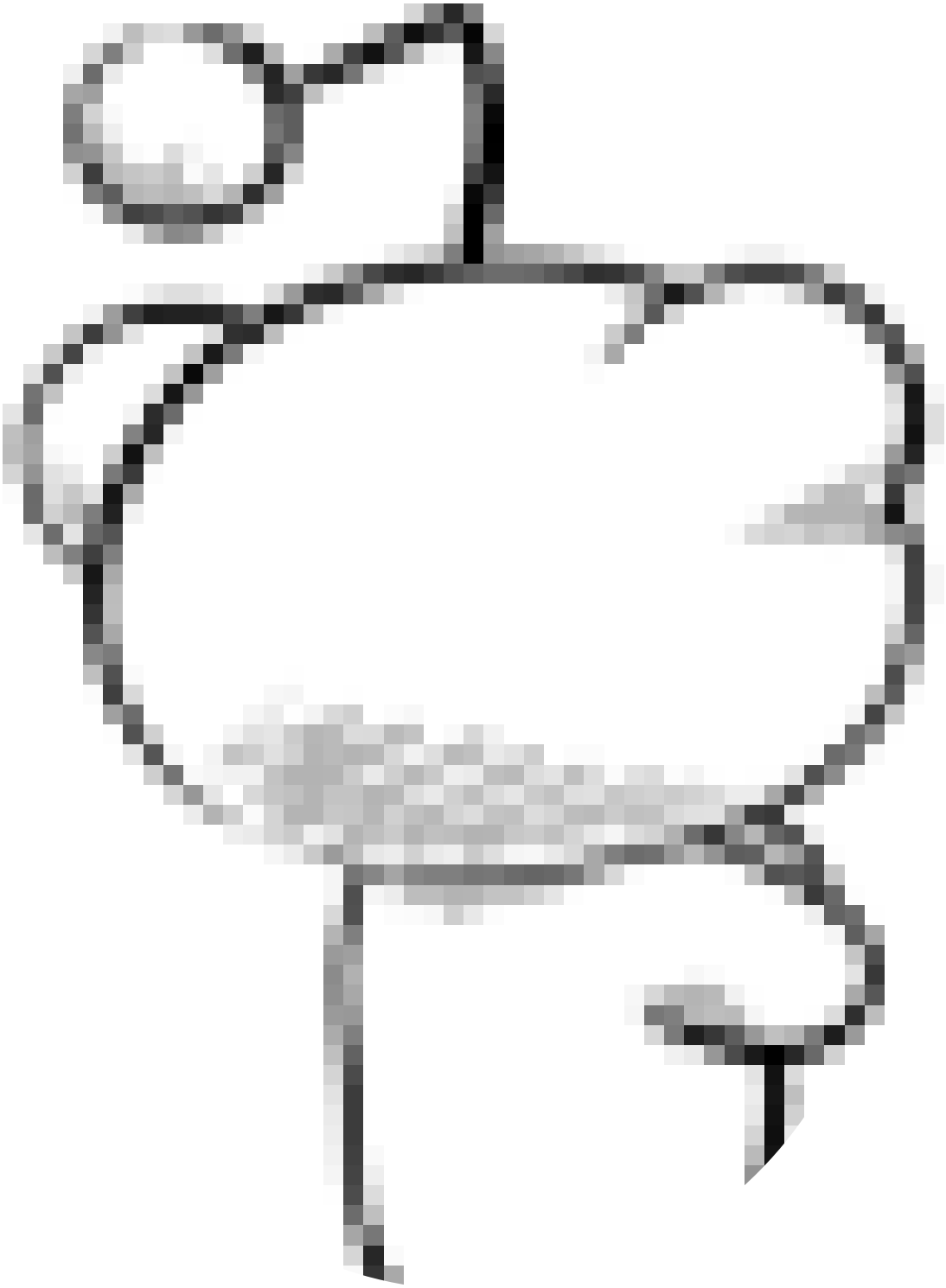
BeerAndLoathing
â€¢ 15y ago

Back in 2003, lightning strikes in nearby national reserves caused bushfires which escalated into suburban fires on the outskirts of my hometown. My friend's house burnt down, and the only thing left uncharred, and in perfect condition, was the fire safety sticker on her kitchen door.



OlmecJones
â€¢ 15y ago

When I 13 years old I woke up from a hazy sleep early one morning to find all the bed sheets and covers on the floor. It was cold and I was shivering. I sat up and looked at the doorway in my bedroom and saw a woman in white. I don't know if it was a white dress or robes or what. For some reason I wasn't alarmed by this and just closed my eyes and laid back down. I then felt the cool rushing sensation of air on my body as the sheets that had been on the floor floated back down on top of me... as though the apparition in the doorway were covering me back up with the bed clothes. I drifted back off to sleep. When I finally got out of bed late that morning I asked my parents if they had covered me back up early that morning. They had no idea what I was talking about and still don't to this day.



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â€¢ 15y ago

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priority_seat
â€¢ 15y ago

Me and a buddy of mine probably caused the creepiest moments of some people's lives on numerous occasions. We thought it was fun to go out to secluded country roads dressed in tuxedos and just stand by the roadside waiting for cars to pass, only I'd be wearing this and he'd be wearing this. People must have stories about us! Crazy days!

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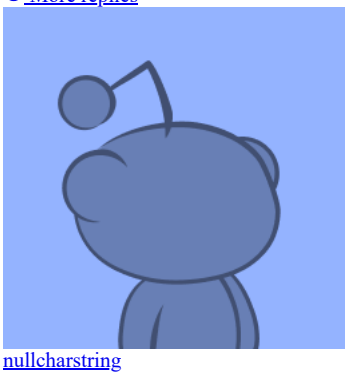

nullcharstring
â€¢ 15y ago

In a dream I wake up in the left seat of a bizjet. I see that I'm over a city and descending. There are buildings on either side of me. I establish a climb and start to panic as I don't know how to fly the plane. I wake up for real.

The next morning I go out to the airport to work on my little plane. While I am there, a small bizjet taxies over and parks across from my hanger. I know the guy that the bizjet pilot is visiting with so I walk over and ask if I can see the inside of the bizjet. He says yes so I go inside. It's the same bizjet as in my dream.

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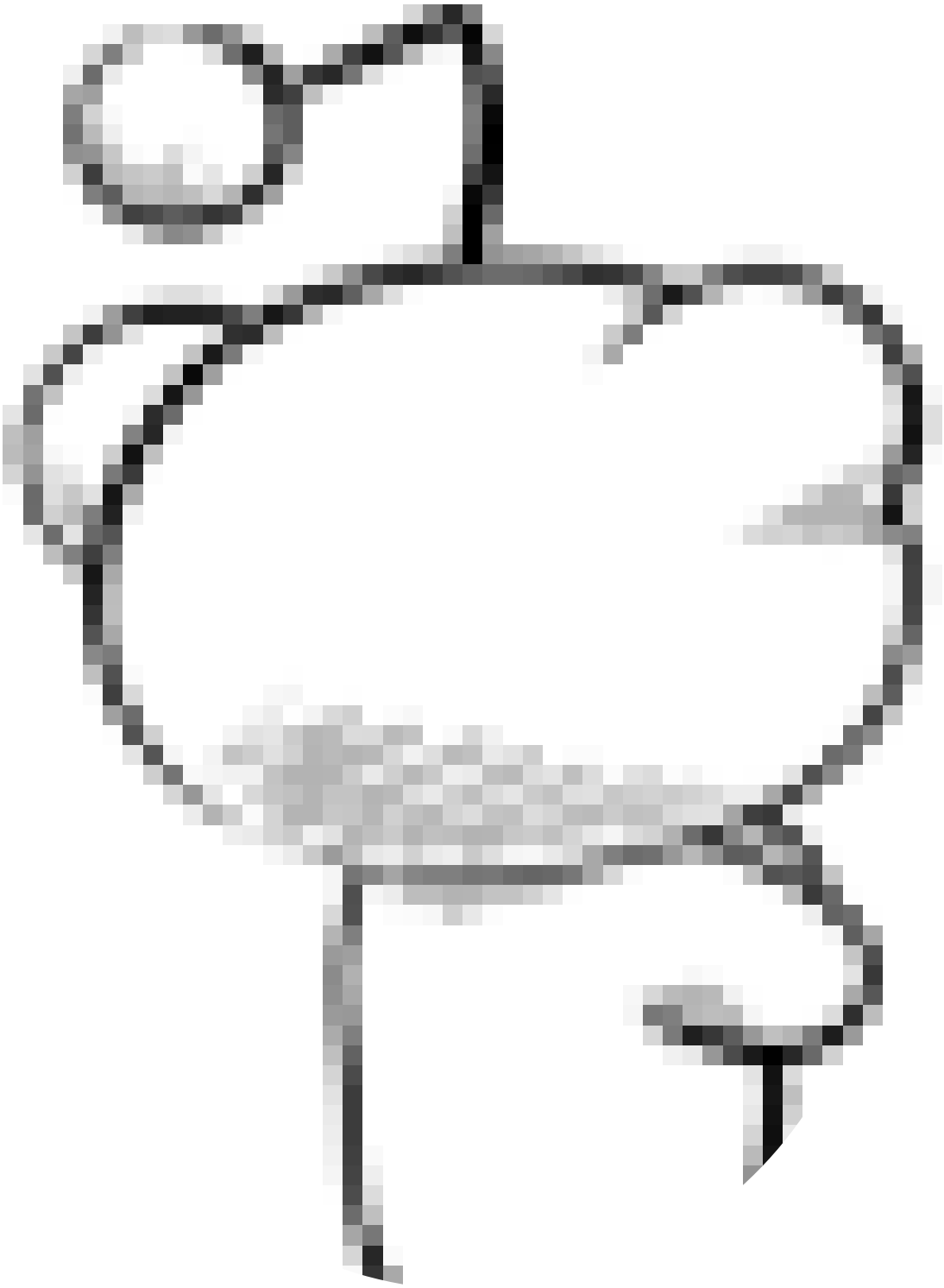

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â€¢ 15y ago

When I was 12 my Mom used to send me to the local market to buy groceries. So one day I was in the market alone and a man talks to me and we chat for a few minutes. He seemed like a calm nice person and we were in the middle of a corridor full of stores so I didn't feel in danger or anything.

Then he starts to ask if I liked toys, specially the (then new) mattel football. I say yes of course I liked them and that I didn't have one. So he offers to give me some toys for free and that the only thing that we needed to do was to go to his home where he "had lots of toys to give out to children for free".

Somehow I did not like the offer but he insisted. He did not become violent in any way he was just very insistent. After what seemed to me like hours he quit trying and went away. I finished my shopping and went back to the safety of my house and forgot all about it.

More than 25 years later I remembered that man and I creeped out when I realized how close I was to become a victim of a child rapist!!!

Hyperion1144
â€¢ 15y ago

Sleep paralysis with hallucination when I was about 10 years old.

I know I was awake, I know I saw a figure standing by my bed, I know he was semi-transparent. I was conscious. I could feel the sheets and the blankets. I was still seeing something that could not be there. This lasted for at least 10 seconds or so, as he slowly moved toward me.

How do I know it was a hallucination? Get ready for the really weird part:

The semi-transparent figure I saw by my bed? It was Jeff, the mannequin from the old Nick show, Today's Special. He was wearing his hat, but was still a mannequin (in the show, he would come to life when he wore his special hat).

Yeah, I hallucinated the Today's Special mannequin guy when I was a kid.

I wondered about it for years, until I learned that it is a known medical phenomenon that someone can wake up (mostly) from sleeping, but still have part of their brain dreaming. The brain will overlay the dream onto the real world.

It can create pretty convincing illusion.

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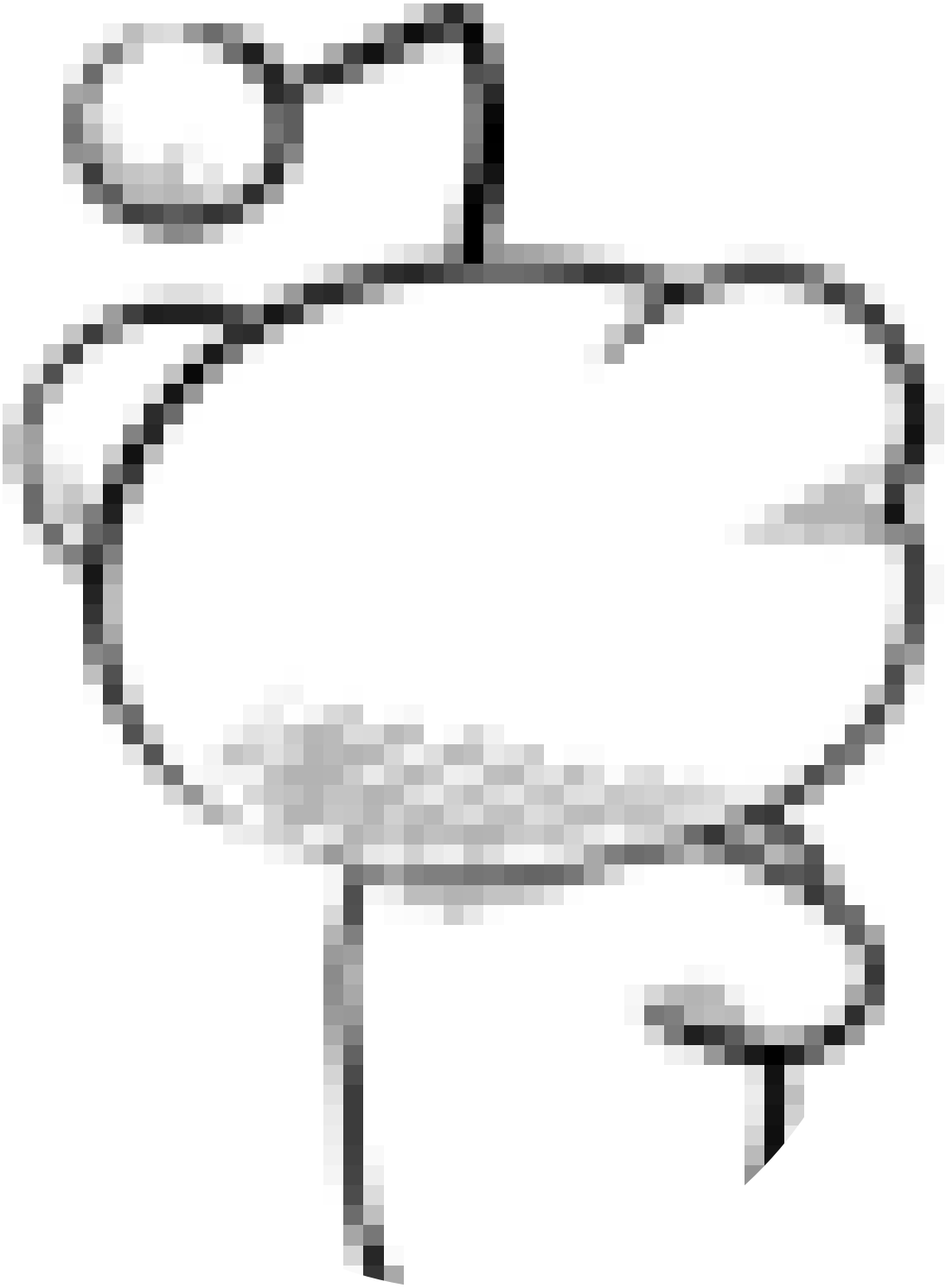
silveritas
â€¢ 15y ago

When I was 11 or so I was out to dinner with my aunt at a California Pizza place. We were eating and just conversing about my teachers when she turns around to a couple who had just sat down and told the woman "She wants you to know that what you're looking for is in the attic." The woman looked shocked, asking her how she knew, things of the sort. Turns out that her estranged mother had died and they needed some sort of paperwork to claim her part of the estate or something like that. I still think that my aunt set it up ahead of time because she's the type who would pull something like this, but it was some damn good acting if it was all a hoax.



asthehourglassturns
â€¢ 15y ago

Some fat guy with sweaty hands tried to pull me into his car through his driver's side window when I was 13 years old. My friend screeched and dude drove off backwards to the next intersection. The worst part about it was that he pulled my hand right onto his junk. It still makes me shudder to this day.

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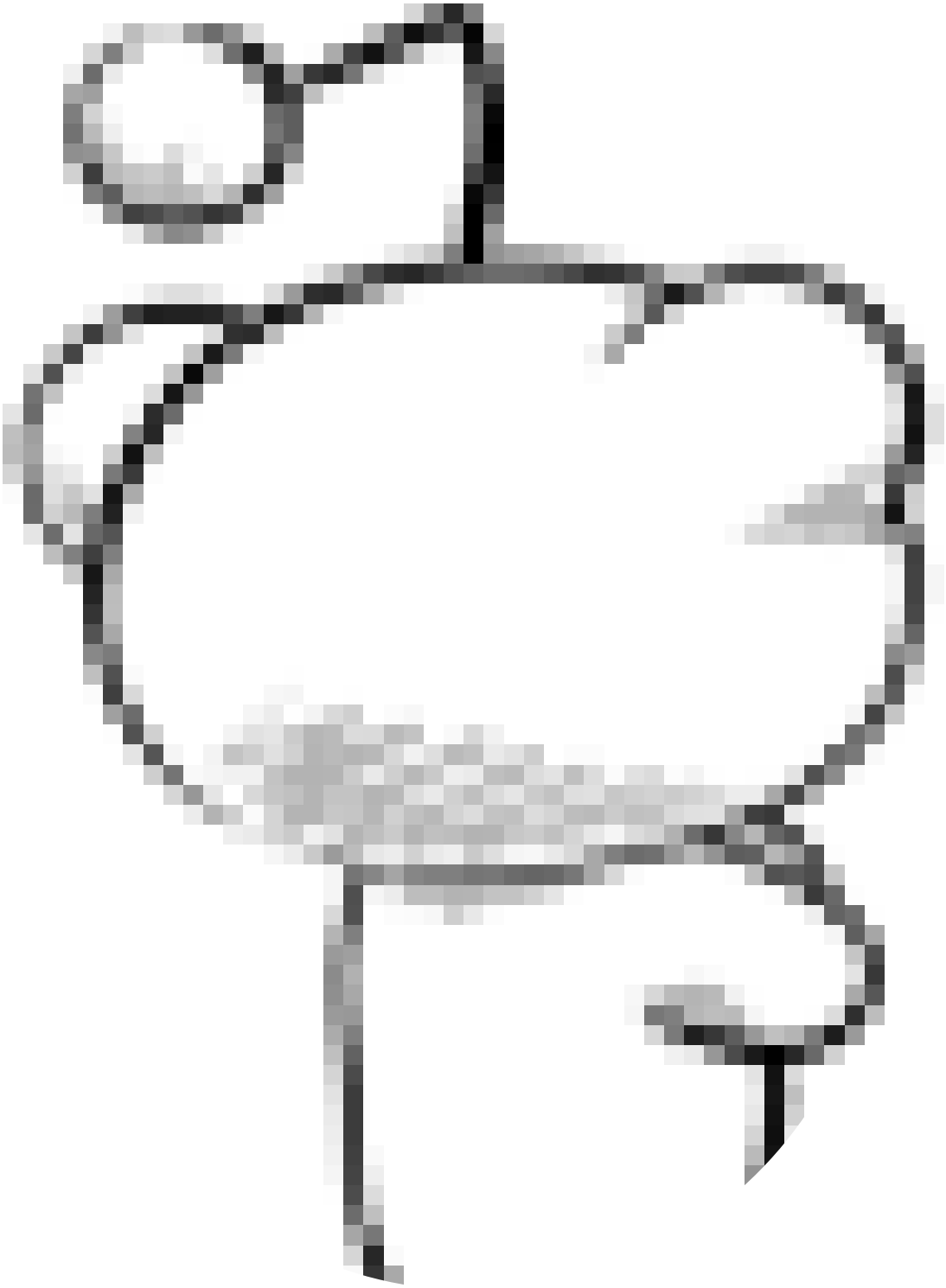
thtoneaznguy
â€¢ 15y ago â€¢ Edited 15y ago

One time I spent the night at my cousin's house over the summer and as it got pretty late I decided to hit the hay. The guest room they had me sleep in previously belonged to their grandma that passed away that same year. But anyway, I ended up waking up in the middle of the night because of a repetitive clank noise of the door swinging open back and forth just slightly. I didn't think much of it at first since my younger cousin had friends over and might be just trying to mess with me. So I closed the door shut, picked up a nearby bag, and placed it in front of the door to stop it from moving. A couple hours later around 3 in the morning I woke up again from the door doing the same thing, I checked the bag on the ground and it was moved back about a foot away from the door. I figured it must've been wind or something pushing the door around, then I started getting goosebumps after remembering my aunt telling me not to open the windows or doors late at night since they have an alarm system set. And it was in fact absolutely locked shut. My adrenaline kept me awake for a good hour until I ended up sleeping in the living room for the rest of the night with the TV and lights on.



analmurder
â€¢ 15y ago

I will try to keep this brief. I went to a coffee shop this past fall to do some homework and use te free wifi. Sat by the best spot, on this raised platform in the corner. Some strange guy walked in, probably in his late 40s. He looks around nervously, and comes up to me (my table has an empty spot) and asks 'mind if I sit here? With you here I might meet some hot chicks!'. I'm like 'yeah, whatever' and he sitsdown, gets on his laptop and webcams with a friend (he was talking rather loudly).

About an hour passes and he tries to make small talk, 'oh whatre you reading? What kind of phone is that? Blah blah blah. Another hour passes, I get up to get a drink and sit back down. He has THE BIGGEST NASTIEST PUPPY DOG FACE EVER on. He wimpers 'what did you get meee?" and when I reply 'um, nothing?" he is silently weeping, and claims he needs pie as medication. I'm like whatever and ignore him, I am almost done with what I was doing. The waitress delivers y drink and says 'oh are you two together? I say flat out in a very clear manner: No, I do not even know who this guy is. Since the ladybwas pretty cute. He looks devestated.

I go back to what I am doing, 30 minutes pass and he looks up at me and says 'you know... It is almost Christmas time... It is always better to give than to receive...' and gives me a suggestive smile. I look at him with a blank look of disgust, gather my things and get out of there as soon as possible. As I am leaving he yells out 'wait dont go!'.

So fuckin' creepy.

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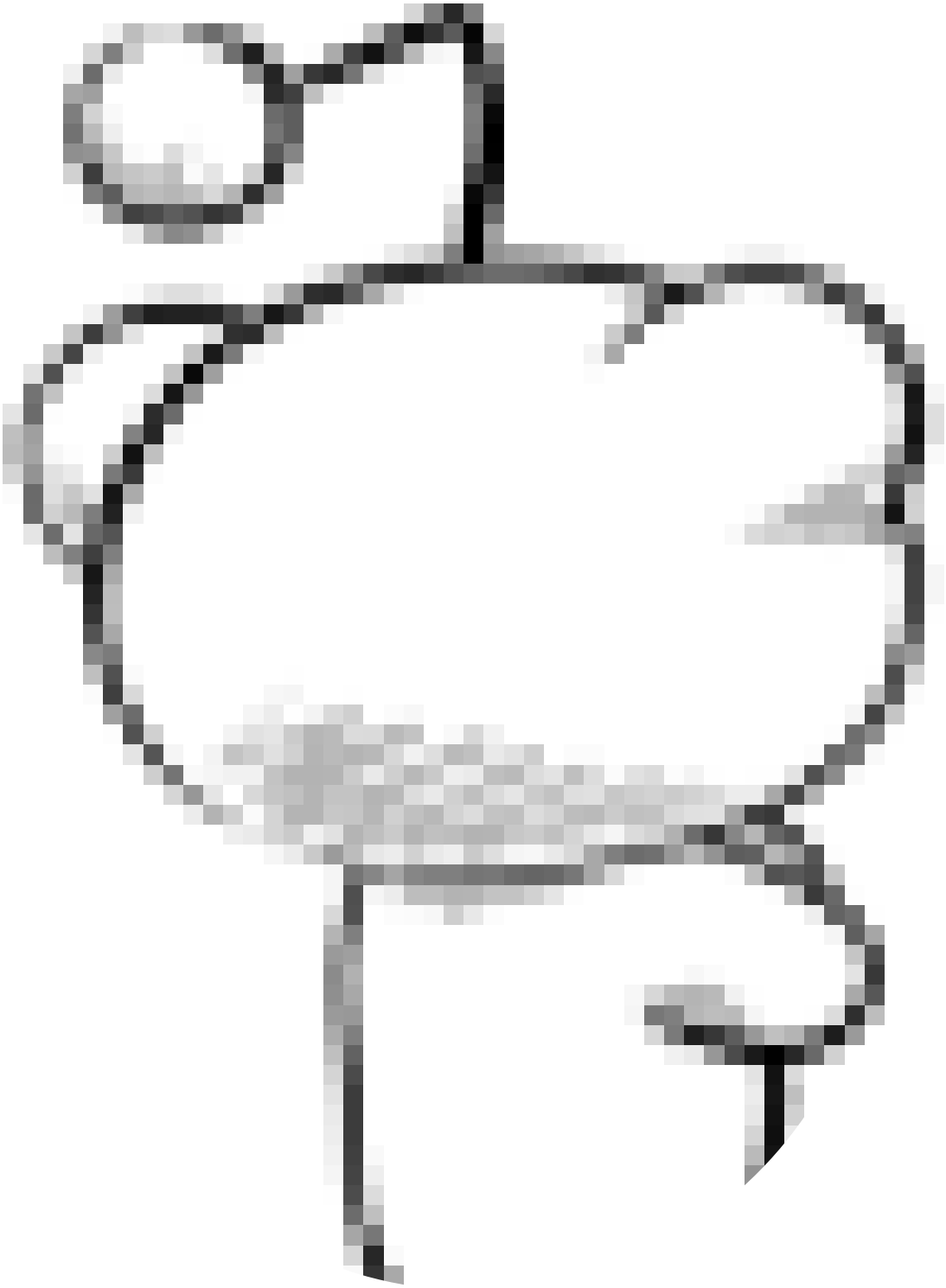

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â€¢ 15y ago

When I was young probably about 7 or so, my younger sister would play and talk to herself.

Sometimes, she would tell us about her friend which we obviously can't see.

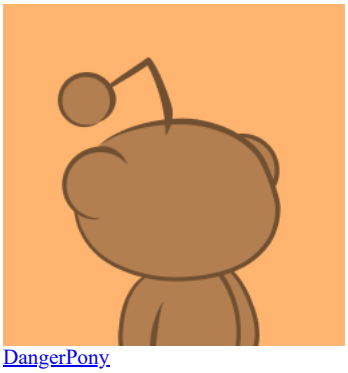
Few years ago, I asked her again and she told me she feel crept out by herself too because she was pretty sure that her "friend" existed when she was young.

I think her friend might be one of these because we have 2 Ku Man Tong statues (3 now since my dad's friend gave him one). My dad collects all sort of Thai Buddhism statues. One would probably think my house is a temple if they've ever been to it.

As for my occurrence, there are a couple of times I've heard little kids calling my name "Naki naki" in my own house. Then, the kids would laugh at me if I got scared.

My dad has one of the statue at his stall too and he had gotten used of the disturbance these little kids did. For example, his stuff will be misplaced the next day when he opens the stall even if he's sure he placed the item accordingly.

Dad told us "they are just naughty but they will protect you when you need help".



DangerPony
â€¢ 15y ago

Took a cab with a mate a few years back at 2am ish. Before sitting in the cab we agreed to a certain amount of money to take us back home. My mate and I had quite a few drinks but were slowly sobering up. During the ride home the cabbie started asking for more money, using his kids and expensive living as a reason. I simply stated we all have expenses to pay and unfortunately we do not have any more money considering we made a deal.

This continued and the situation was getting more awkward as he started getting more direct with his requests for more money while I kept denying him, politely. After a considerable pause, he finally said in a direct voice turning to me that he did have the option of pulling over and killing us both in an alley. This was followed by silence and me not quite comprehending what was happening. (Like a scene from braveheart) After a few seconds of silence I turned to him without any consideration for logic or reasoning and said that he we might pull him over and kill him.

In hindsight; no once was there a thought to leave this death-cab or run from the car at red lights, think we were too chocked to realize at the time that we are getting robbed/killed.

HorribleKarma
â€¢ 15y ago

Summer of 1995 I was entering my sophomore year in college and just moved into the fraternity house after being a pledge for a year. The house was built around 1920 so it had some history to it. Since it was summer quarter, I had the room to myself. The rooms were small and to maximize space, guys had built what we called "decks" in the rooms with sofas and tvs on top and matresses on the ground. the deck in this room was especially low and it took me a week or two to get over the claustrophobia. One night around 3:30 in the morning I awoke to a cat's loud hiss right in my ear complete with warm air on my face from its breath. I swung my arms in defense, but there was nothing there. It was terrifyingly realistic. Worst part was that in retrospect, it didn't feel like I was asleep completely when it happened. Never had anything like that happen before or since.

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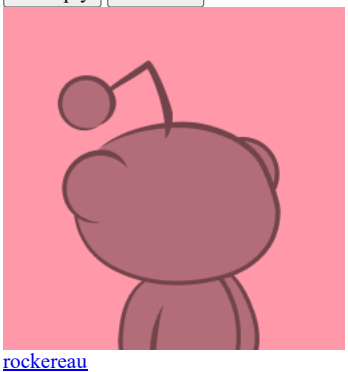

rockereau
â€¢ 15y ago

I left work walkiing out to an empty parking lot in the back at dusk. It's an urban area but there are a few trees in the back where my car was parked. As I got to the driver's side, I noticed there was a hawk standing at the front of my car facing me. It's head was as high as the hood and it was just staring at with that unblinking predatory look hawks have. It brought me up short, stopping me in my tracks. Then it flew up to a lightpost next to my car and continued to stare down at me as I moved to my car keeping an eye on it.

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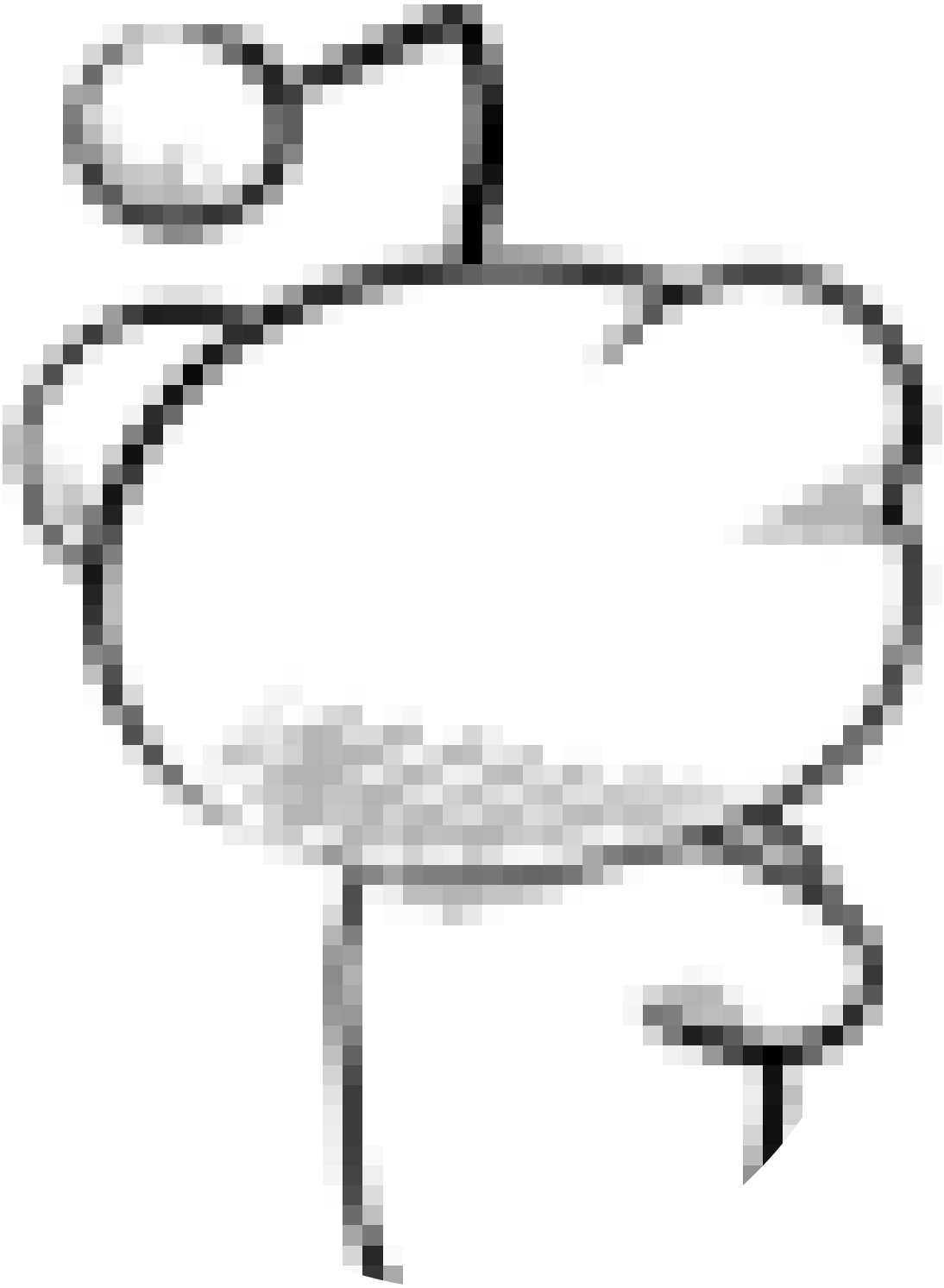

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â€¢ 15y ago

thank you all, tonight I will sleep with my lights turned on.

Reply Share

sayuriaiona
â€¢ 15y ago

When I was really young (I think around 4 or so), I woke woke up really late one night. I used to sleep with my bedroom door open and for whatever reason, when I woke up, I couldn't help but look at my door for a moment. As I watched, a figure appeared on the door - I don't mean like in the doorway or walking into the room, just right there on the opened door out of nowhere. I knew it wasn't anyone from my family, in fact, I had no clue who it was. I was, of course, really scared (I was 4)! So I quickly hid under my covers for a bit before peaking out and seeing no one there anymore.

Fast forward years later. Now, my grandmother (dad's mum) died from lung cancer when I was still a baby so I did not know her or what she looked like really. So here I am, years later, going through this giant box of pictures with my brother and I pull one out...point to woman in the picture and ask who it is and my brother tells me it was my dad's mum, who had died when I was a baby. I nearly shat myself because I recognized her as the person who was in my room, at the door, that night I woke up when I was 4. T_T

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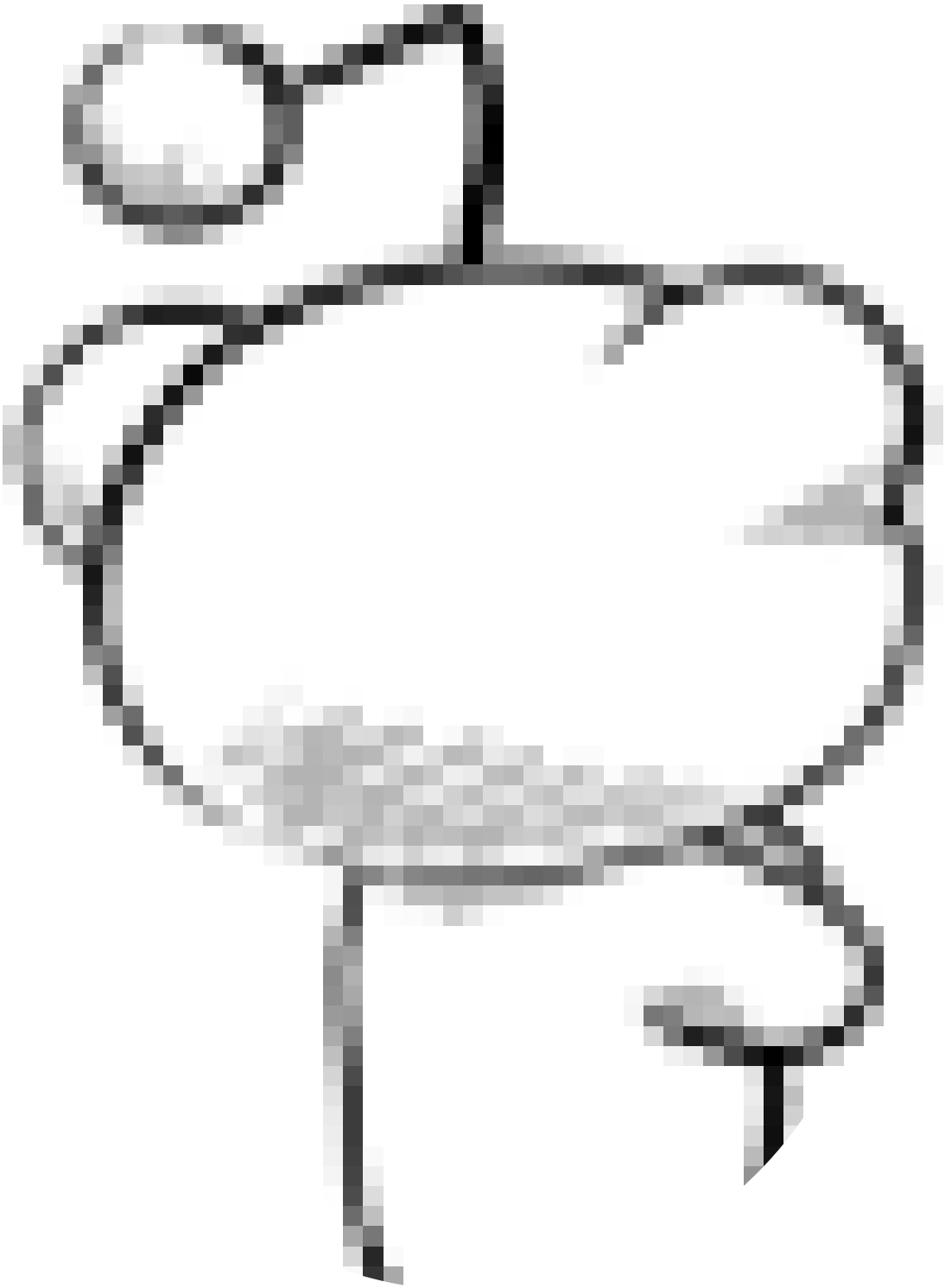

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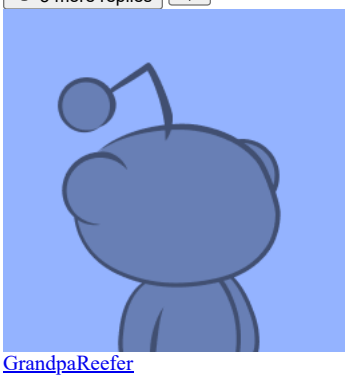

GrandpaReefer
â€¢ 15y ago

Nothing insane but my father died when I was 5. I just found out a few years ago from my mom and Grandma (I'm almost 24 now) that until i was about 7 I would complain about the black figure standing at the end of my bed a few nights a week. I like to think it was him showing me he would still be there even if I couldn't see him. I still wonder if I'll ever have those kinds of experiences again. I hope so.

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manova
â€¢ 15y ago

I'm sure no one will read this...years ago, my housemates and I went to see Scream in the theaters. We come home and it starts lightning and thundering outside. We start joking about seeing a slasher film and now it is a dark and stormy night. Then one of my housemates gets a call from his mother asking if we were watching the news. It turns out a murderer has escaped from prison and there is a manhunt going on near our neighborhood. We turn on the news but it does not give us much more info. As we are waiting for an update, the dog in the back yard starts barking and howling. The thing is, this is the first time anyone (except for the guy who owned the dog) had ever heard him bark. He was old and never moved. We make more nervous jokes, say the dog is just scared because of the storm, etc., etc. The storm passes, dog settles down, and we go to bed. The next morning, one of the housemates go in the backyard to discover that lighting had hit our AC unit and it caught on fire. Evidently it smoldered all night long. That is what the dog was barking about, we assume, and are happy with that assumption. The scariest part, in retrospect, was that the house could have burned down.

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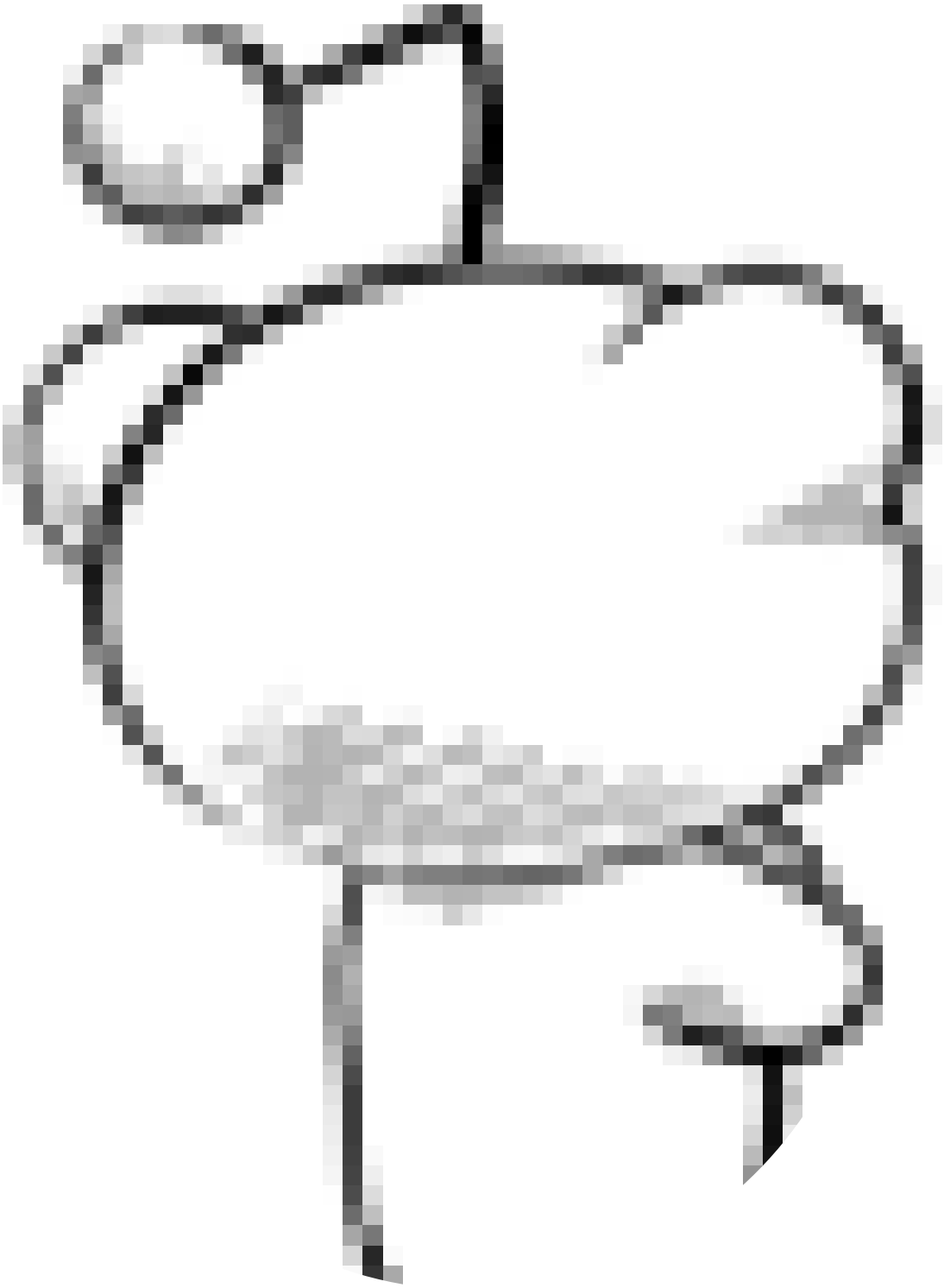

cajual
â€¢ 15y ago

I think most of the time the creepy shit that goes on around me end sup somewhat unnoticed because I have 3 kids, a wife, and a cat to blame shit on. However, my kids creep the fuck out of me sometimes. There have been numerous incidents where I will hear a kid messing around upstairs, maybe a toy going off or some random bumping around (my kids are 2, 3 and 6), and being the ninja parent I am I usually try to catch them in the act, but there have been a couple times where I threw open the door to the offending child... and they are dead asleep. Other times, I'll be caught up in a project, or just hanging out, and I will feel a bit akward, or my hair will stand on end on the nape of my neck, and at that moment I just *have* to look around, only to see my 2 year old son just standing in the corridor staring at me with no expression on his face at all. I think the overall creepiest moment for me was when my oldest daughter was having night terror's, she started lapsing into this catatonic state where she refused to "sleep" but she wasn't quite awake. She would just lay there, staring past you, in the middle of the night, after screaming nonstop for 5 minutes. I'm somewhat used to her "eyes open sleeping" now, but back then I was a little low on sleep after those nights.

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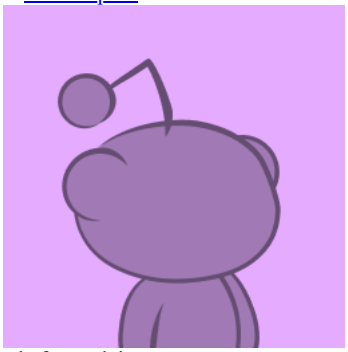

whyforyoudoit
â€¢ 15y ago

I literally just spent over 2 hours reading this post. FML

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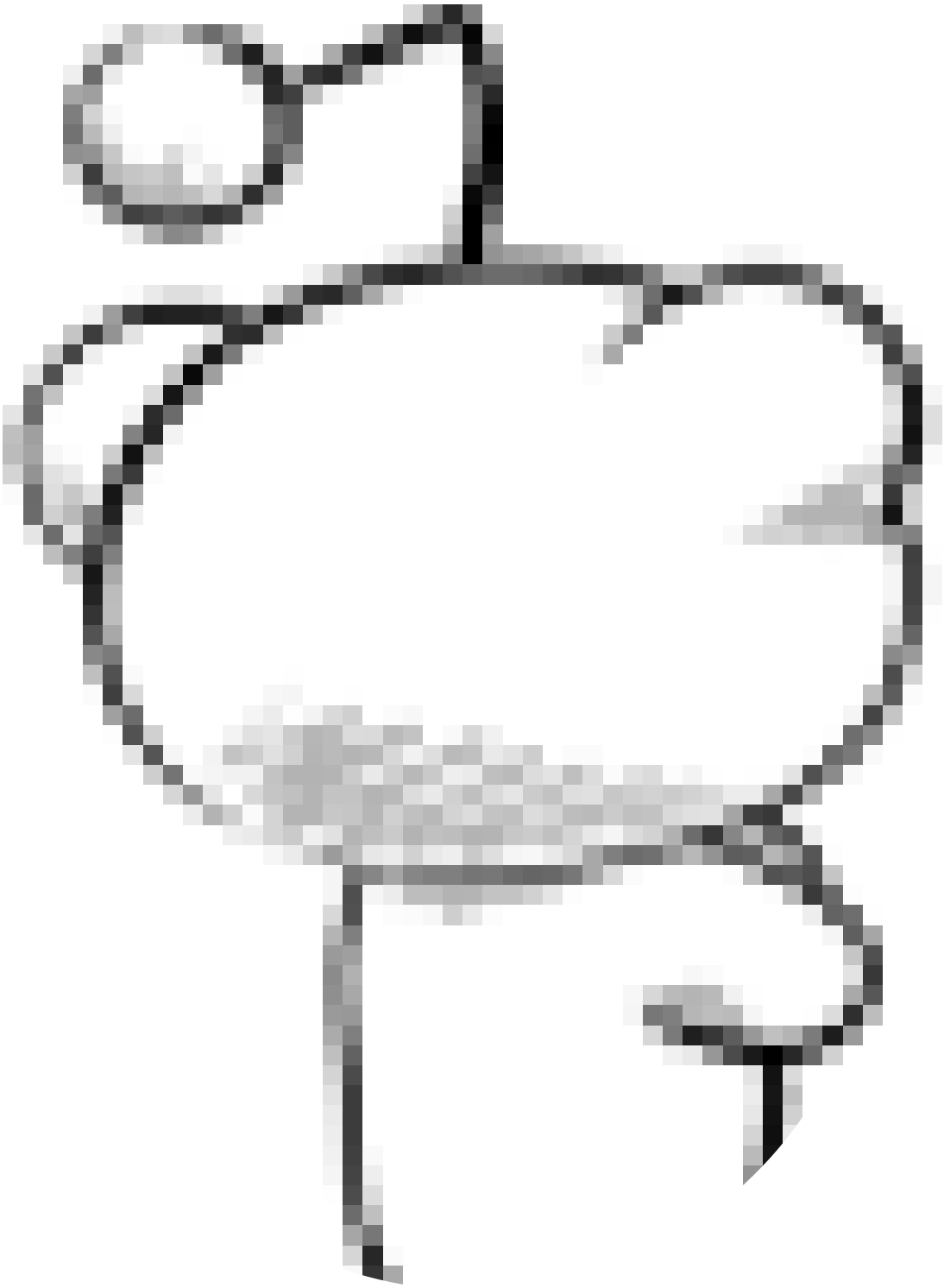

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â€¢ 15y ago

When I was a kid, we lived in Antioch, Ca. We had a basement with a fireplace of sorts, and one night I had this horrible dream that the whole house burnt down, and I heard my own screams from the burning leftovers. I went down to the basement as soon as I woke up, touched the doorknob to open it, and it was burning hot. I freaked the fuck out, ran the fuck upstairs and played Pokemon on my gameboy color for the rest of that fucking night.

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LionHeart717
â€¢ 15y ago

On St. Patricks Day, when i as 7, i was walking home with my brother who was 10 at the time. When we got into our backyard and were approaching the back door, we heard a distinctively small voice that was undoubtedly coming from our parents thick daisy bush. The voice was very high but easily heard. It said "Hey you, come over here." My brother and i both freaked out and ran into the house. I know this sounds like a stupid leprechaun story, but my brother and i aren't idiots. To this day, both he and i have no idea what it was but it still gives us the chills just thinking about it.

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SuicideKing
â€¢ 15y ago

Copy and paste of my response from a creepy childhood thread

I always had an overactive imagination as a kid, to the point where I could see what I was imagining to a degree. And if it was dark whatever I saw got more detailed. For example a picture of a face would start looking left and right if I stared at it long enough. But one night as a kid I couldn't sleep because as I was staring at my open closet with an arm just hanging off to the side.

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FreakyDingo
â€¢ 15y ago

Read 1 1/2 stories in here.

Now I feel like something is going to creep up behind me and get me. Thanks Reddit. Reading the rest tomorrow during freaking daylight.

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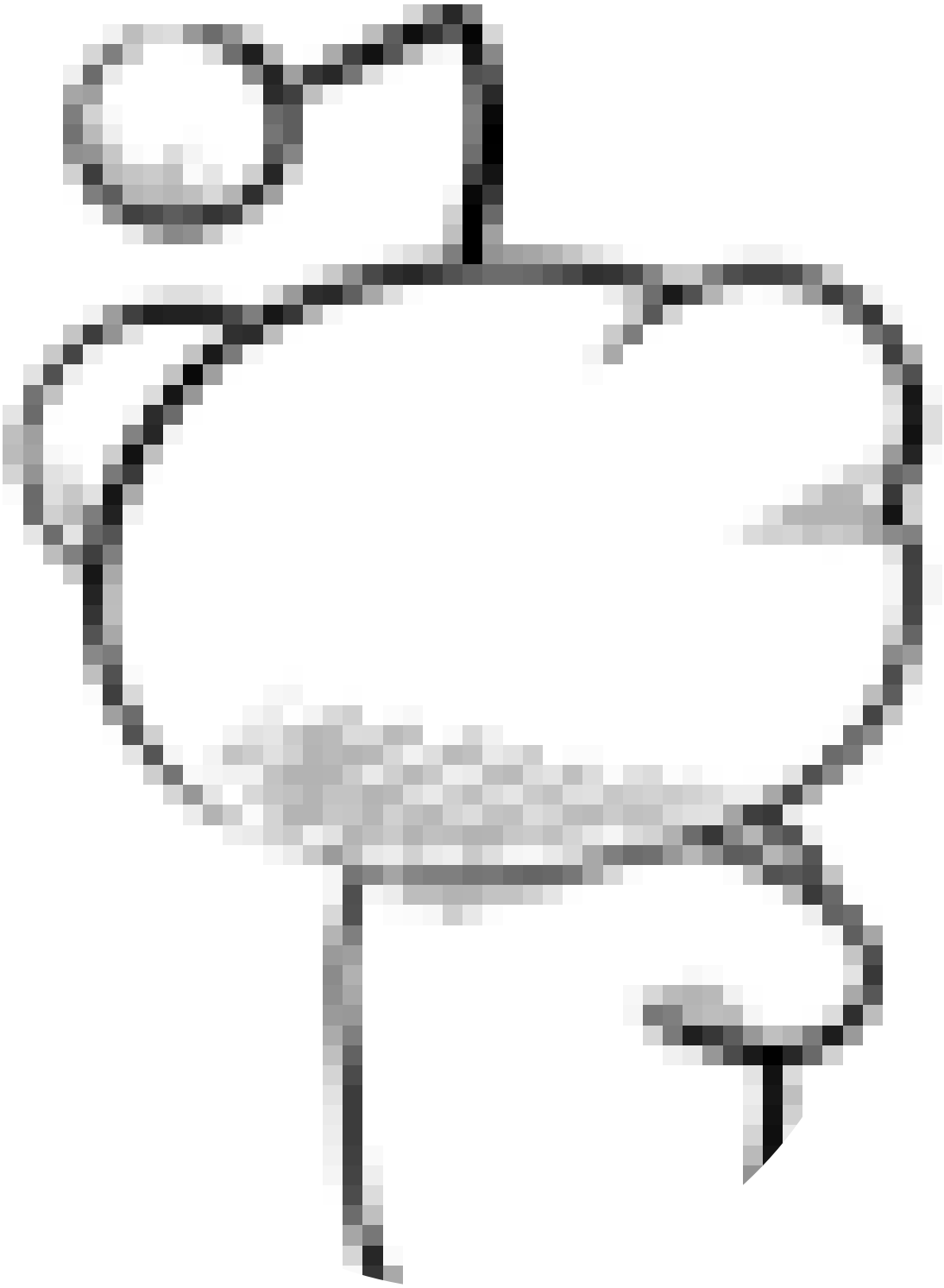

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â€¢ 15y ago

Thanks reddit, my earphones just fell off my bed and it scared the living fuck out of me after reading 2/3's of the stories

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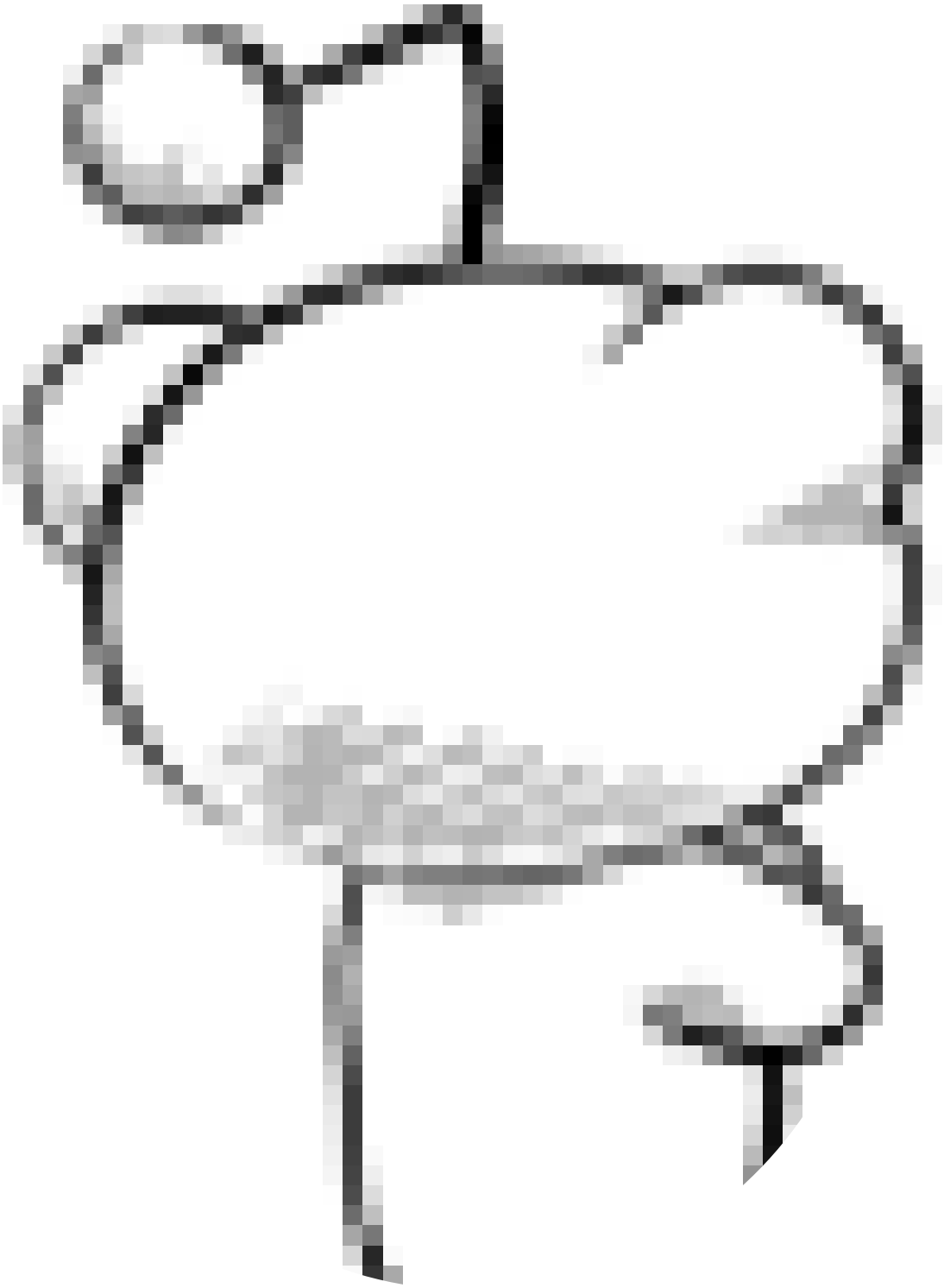

Ibexxx
â€¢ 15y ago

This girl I used to date has a live-in nanny job for a girl who is mentally ill. One night the family was gone except for the girl and she was supposed to stay at their house for the night. Well its just her and this very disabled 14 year old girl in a big house and she was a bit creeped out. She called me and asked me to stay with her at their house. When I got their i immediately realized how creepy it was. This girl was sleeping but in her sleep she made these terrible howling noises. I imagine it would be similar to someone who was shot on a battlefield and left there for a few days. Also very loud. And that is when she was asleep! Occasionally she would wake up and scare the fuck out of us by yelling in a very strange voice and getting out of bed.

So I am already on edge as fuck. As soon as I am starting to get used to these horrible sounds the families two dogs start going insane. They start barking looking out the window. Then we hear it: Someone is trying to get into the basement. Immediately she starts crying and I jump up and look for like a bat or something. The disabled girl is still doing her dying soldier impersonation.

As I get to the living room there is a huge bay window looking out the side of the house and I see some people running around on their deck. I grab this metal fire poker and head out the front door. ITS HER FUCKING DRUNK ASS FRIENDS WANTING TO DELIVER HER SOME FOOD FROM THE GROCERY STORE! They had wanted to hang out or some bullshit but she was working so she told them no. They thought it would be a totally awesome idea to come bang on the basement door and deliver yesterdays doughnuts. WTF!

tl;dr The mentally disabled can make weird sounds while sleeping and drunk people turned my life into a security system commercial

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Disgustipated2
â€¢ 15y ago

Well, I have had two creepy experiences. One was easily explained but the other still creeps me out. Ill start with the explainable one. I woke up at about 2 in the morning and and old man was in the corner of my room staring at me, as I began to wake up I realized that my semi-conscious state had formed a cabinet with a basketball on top into a old man. The one that sticks with me is seeing a UFO. I was lying in my parents room for whatever reason. I looked out the window at night and BAM! A triangular craft with 3 red glowing lights and a pulsating one in the middle. The craft moved lightning fast and I only saw it for a brief 2 seconds. However in those 2 seconds the craft was going down. It looked like the thing had landed.

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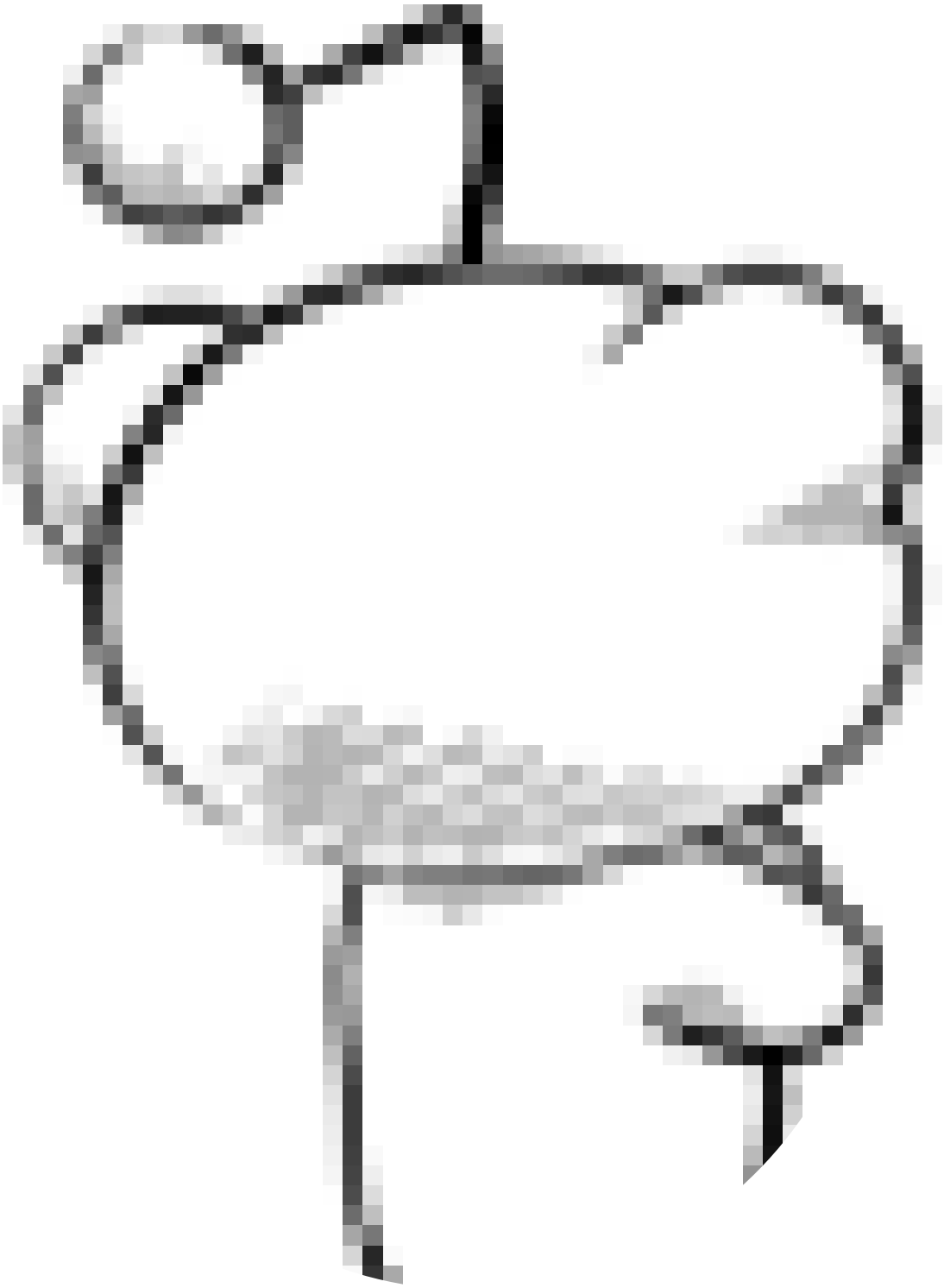

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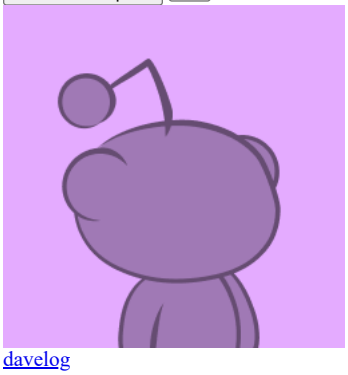

davelog
â€¢ 15y ago

I was driving down the freeway a few years back when an ambulance went screaming by me, lights and sirens going. After it got a few car lengths ahead of me, the sirens and lights stopped and it started to slow down. As I passed it, I was overcome by cold and started shaking.

I can't say for sure, but I think whoever was in the back of that ambulance died, and I somehow felt it in the next lane. It still creeps me out thinking about it, years later.

GaryGeneric
â€¢ 15y ago

Here in Maine, no one dies in an Ambulance. Ever. That's up to the doctor when they get to the hospital. Otherwise, EMTs keep the air going in and out and blood going round and round.

They may have been called to a situation requiring a Code 3 response (lights and sirens), such as chest pains or difficulty breathing, but the call may have just been canceled for any number of reasons (eg, person cleared their airway, or found their nitro, etc.).

In other words, what you saw may have been the opposite of someone dying, actually.

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gcubed
â€¢ 15y ago

Sort of similar. I was at a funeral for a good friend of mine who I was in in high school with. Her dad taught there, and had been one of my teachers too. Well I was trying to distract myself by watching the lamps in the church swing, and thinking about how pendulums work, and Galileo, and church suppression of ideas, and physics..blah blah blah. When suddenly I felt this cold over my left shoulder, and it was not like a breeze, it was more like this emotional black hole sucking everything joyful into it and obscuring it. I felt like my face took on an expression like the one in that painting "The Scream". Well I turned my head to the left to follow whatever it was that was being pulled into that black hole as saw that about five feet behind me Mr Cain was walking silently down the aisle right in front of the coffin. I can only imagine how he felt, the sadness and sense of lose had to be so great to be creating such a strong emotion vacuum (or whatever it was).

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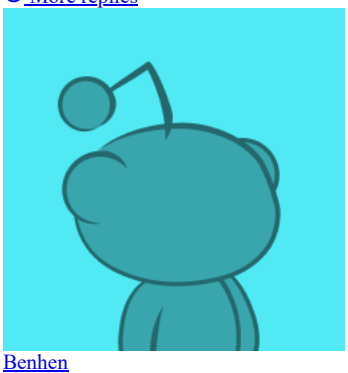

Benhen
â€¢ 15y ago

I'm guessing they were rushing to a call and then another, closer ambulance took it.

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j-mar
â€¢ 15y ago

One Wednesday night in high school, my girlfriend and I decided to go get some food at like 1am (we were skipping school the next day). I think we just went to the grocery store and got snacks.

On the way home, I'm driving down an unlit back country road and as we approach a very small bridge, I see a shadowy figure up ahead on the edge of the left side of the road. As I get closer I realize it is a person, in all black with a hood up, and as I drove by at like 35mph, the person walked towards my car with an outstretched hand. The person must have been inches from touching my mirror/window when I finally passed them.

It took a second to register, but I just looked at my gf like wtf? And then I sped up, but didn't want to look like a scared bitch. Then she told me to drive faster.

We have no idea what it was. Male? Female? Needed help? Was a murderer? Was trying to kill themselves? Creepy as shit.

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MrCnos
â€¢ 15y ago

This thread rules. I will share my story, mainly for myself.

I was a teenager, at home on a weeknight, asleep in my bed. My bedroom was right next to my parents room, and both our door were usually open, so I could hear anything that happened outside my room. On this particular night, I was awakened at around 2am by the telephone ringing, which was in my parents room next to their bed. I thought it was weird that someone was calling that late, but I wasn't really concerned.

My mom answered the phone, said hello, and said, "it's for you" and handed the phone to my dad. He said hello, then a pause, then "yes" and a few seconds later said, "I think you have the wrong guy" and hung up. I was like, WTF? and my mom asked him who that was. THEN IT GOT FREAKY.

My mom said the person on the phone asked for dad by his full name, and when my dad answered, he asked him, is this Bxxx Hxxx? My dad said yes. Then the dude started blubbering, and saying he was sorry, he was so sorry for what he did. I heard him say this to my mom, as if it was just some weird thing that happened, positing that the guy must have looked up my dad's name in the phone book and called the wrong one.

MY thought, however, in the darkness of nighttime, when irrationality is at it's height, was that he was a scary murderer who was apologizing before his plan to kill us in our house, or at the very least rob us. I was FREAKING. THE FUCK. OUT. I was trying to remember where my bat was, and how I would beat him senseless if I could hide in

just the right spot, and needless to say I did not sleep for several more hours.

Nothing further happened.

Reply Share

ProG87
â€¢ 15y ago

I don't suppose its really that creepy, but its a bit strange. Sometimes I find myself thinking suddenly, out of the blue, about a song I haven't heard in a long time, or an episode of a tv show or a film that I haven't watched for a while, and then very soon after that, either later that day or a few days later the very same song/episode/film will play on the radio or be shown on tv. Its like the media corporations of the world are broadcasting advertisements straight to my brain, like that underwear from Futurama.

Reply Share

phildogtheman
â€¢ 15y ago

I do this with words, I come across a new word that I will never have heard before and then suddenly its everywhere and everyone is saying it.

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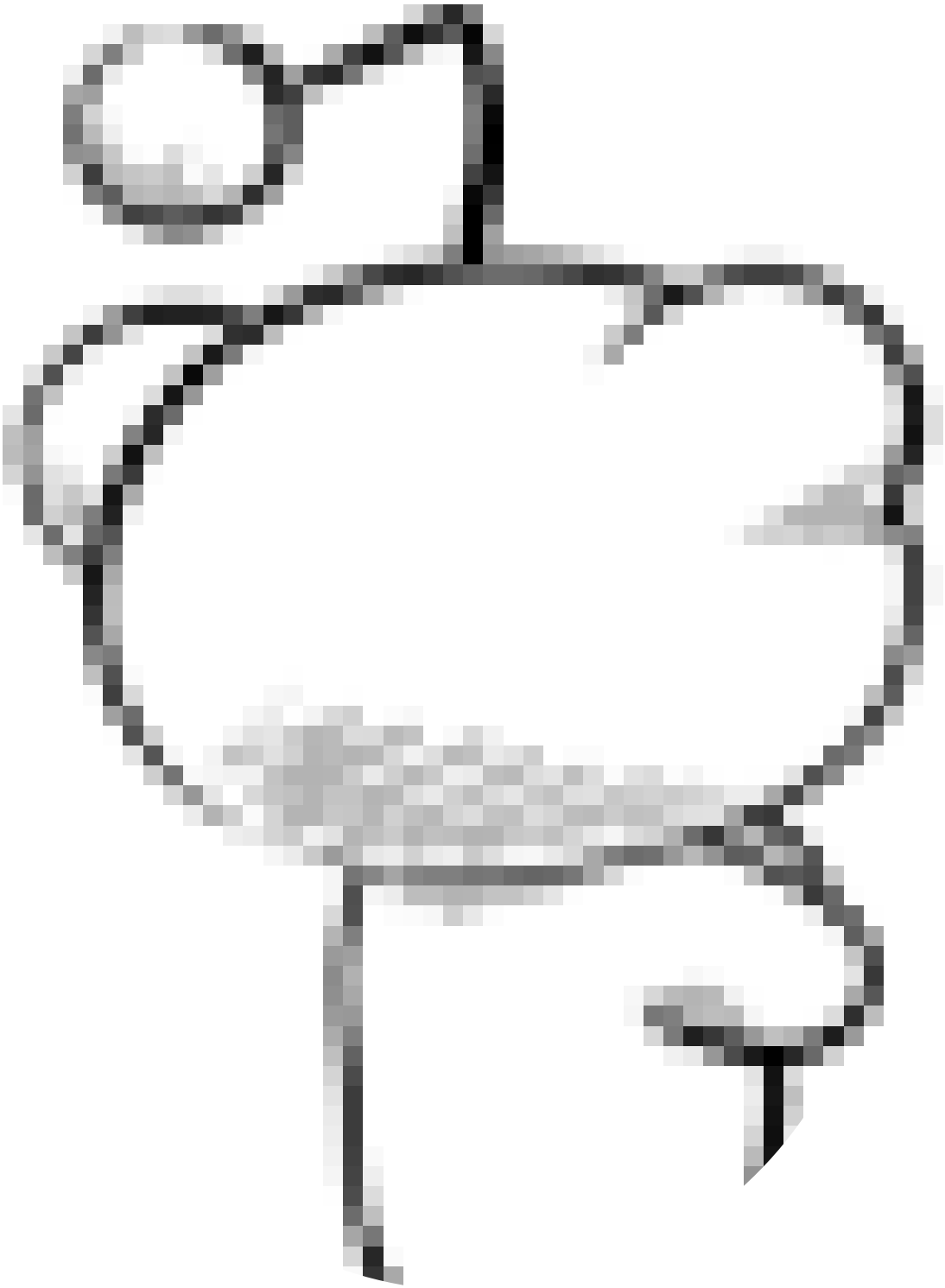

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â€¢ 15y ago

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jessie_in_texas
â€¢ 15y ago

I was with some friends at a beach one summer day almost 20 years ago. It was on a lake in the middle of a city (Madison, Wis.). You park on a neighborhood street, go down a hill and there's a little beach on the lake. You can't see much of the street from down there.

We were hanging out a bit and I realized I'd left my cigarettes in the car, so I trudge up the hill and grab them. Then I see a guy walking down the sidewalk in full samurai gear. Head to toe red and black leather with metal spiky things and embellishments and sheathed sword. He even had on a full-face helmet so I couldn't see his face. There's no one else on the street, just me (in a bikini) and this crazy samurai dude.

The samurai didn't say anything, didn't turn to look at me or acknowledge me. He just walked down the sidewalk in all that gear, staring straight ahead.

Of course, I didn't ask him what he was doing. I was, understandably, feeling a little vulnerable with my lack of armor and weapons. I didn't drag my friends up the hill so they could see him too. They never believed me, or thought it was a big deal. But every time I hear that "If it wasn't for my horse..." routine Lewis Black does, I think of the samurai and wonder wtf was that all about? And I wonder if there is someone else farther up or down the street that has been wondering the same thing all these years.

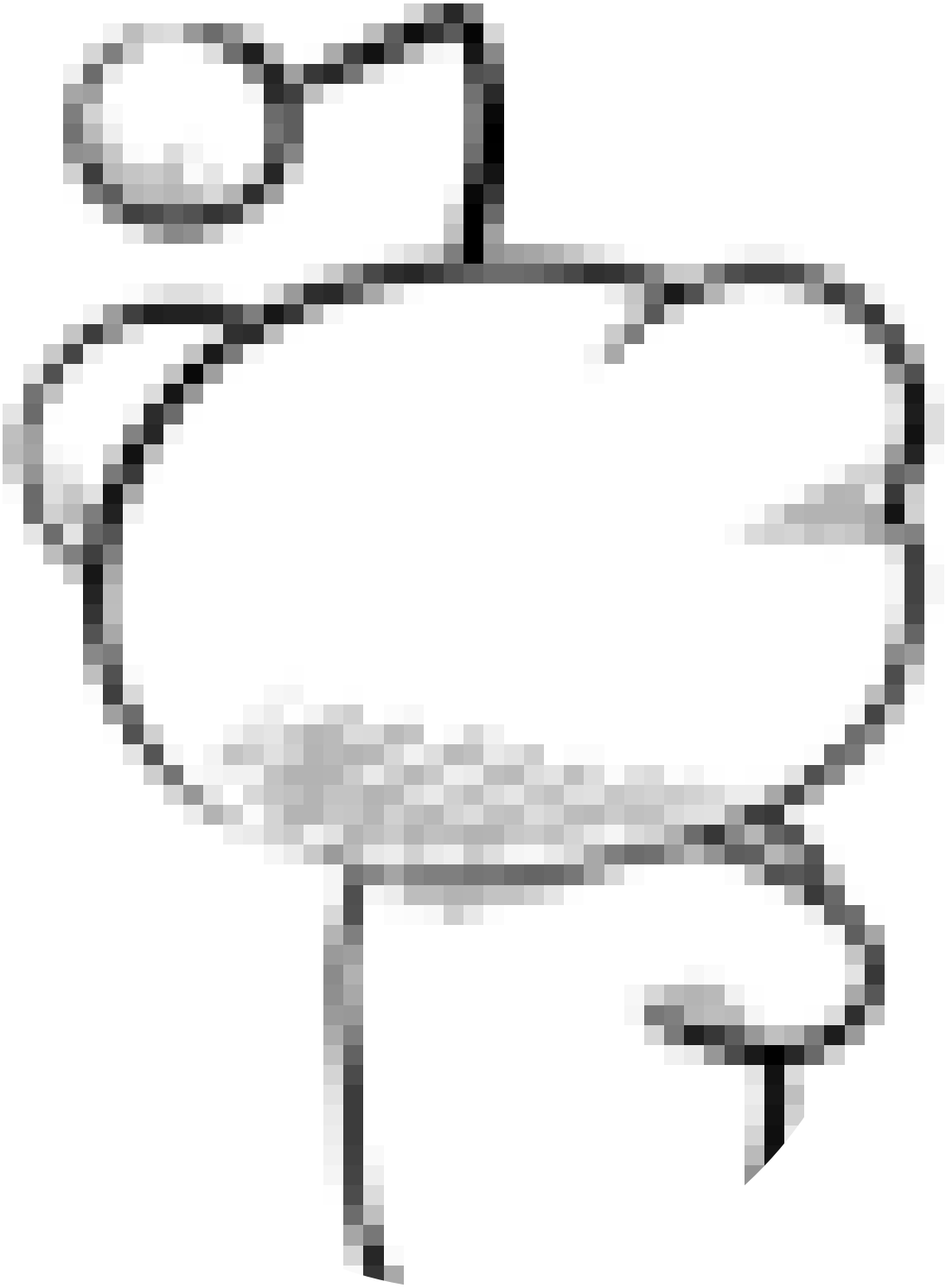
Reply Share

sumchinesewill
â€¢ 15y ago

A friend I and were driving along 280 back to San Francisco from San Jose. It was around 4am and there were literally no other cars long the road. We were just chit-chatting about random stuff when off to the distance, I saw this tall object which seemed to be in my lane. As we got closer, the object started getting brighter and brighter. My first thought was some kids thought it would be funny to steal a sign and anchor it in the middle of the freeway & that my headlights were just reflecting off the sign. I changed lanes so I wouldn't hit it with my car. I was about maybe 2 or 3 car lengths away from this object when it illuminated pure solid white. It was so bright that it totally lit up the inside of my car as we passed by it. When I looked at my rear view mirror, the object was gone. Throughout the time I saw the object, me and my friend was still just chit chatting and I didn't say anything because it seemed like he didn't even see it.

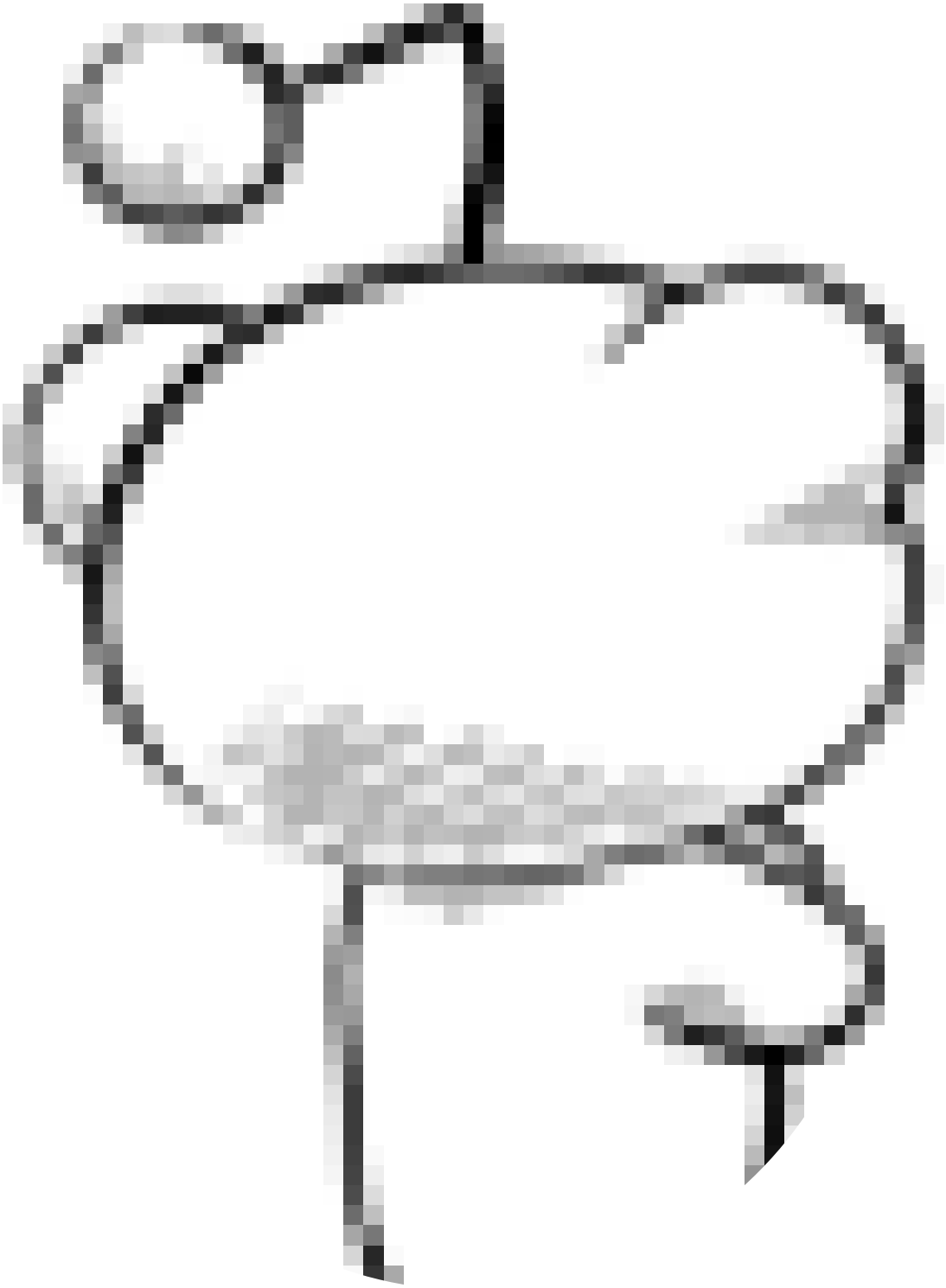
We pulled over to a rest stop to take a break from driving and just relax for a bit. We were just standing outside the car when I asked him "Hey, did you see anything weird on the road when we were driving"? He looks at me with the most shocked look on his face. "You mean that tall bright object"? That sent chills through my body because I thought I was the only one that saw that. We just looked at each and, got in the car and sped off.

To this day, I still have no idea what it was or could be. My friend said he swore that he saw a figure underneath all that light. All I saw was a ball of pure and solid white light that lit up like crazy.



meowskersss
â€¢ 15y ago

I also am probably responsible for someone else's creepy experience. It happened sometime in middle school. I was looking at stuff online and the house phone rang. I picked it up and was about to say hello when I already heard a conversation going on. So, I just started listening to it for a little bit. It seemed to be a bunch of girls on a three way call talking about a birthday party they were going to later. Then of course my dog starts barking at the window,and they all stop talking. All at once they're like 'whose dog is that.' And none of them can figure it out. Meanwhile I'm stifling laughter and end up hanging up. My dad said it was probably crossed lines?



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â€¢ 15y ago

THEN WHO WAS DOG?

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SleepyAsian
â€¢ 15y ago

When I was 5-ish in daycare the boyfriend of one of the teachers tugged my pants down while I was running by and sat there grinning at me while I pulled them back on and ran off. Thankfully I never saw him again and I was too young at the time to know what exactly had happened until years later. Still creeps me out to this day.

2 more replies

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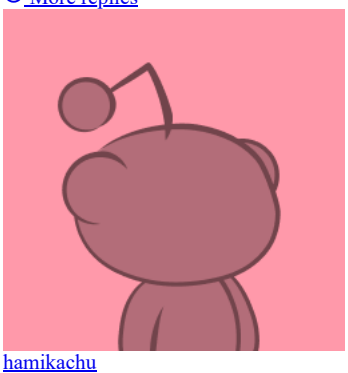

hamikachu
â€¢ 15y ago

Good god, this will never be read by anyone, save for the people like me who are determined to read every single post, due to them being so fucking... creepy.

About 4 years ago, (I had just graduated high school) during the summer, my aunt, who suffered for years with cancer, passed away. She and my uncle lived over 8 hours away and I didn't get to see them much save for family holidays and camping trips every summer, which I always enjoyed and looked forward to.

Anyway, my mom and I got the news and were getting ready to make the long trek out west. Driving down the highway, (and while preparing to leave) I was struck with an overwhelming feeling of not wanting to go. Now, I never enjoyed long car rides with only my mom for company (I was 18, I was somewhat irritable when it came to this.) But this felt different. After 15 minutes on the road, my mom came to the conclusion that if I was just going to sit and sulk and be unpleasant, she didn't want me to go if I really didn't want to that badly. I started crying because I knew I wanted to go and pay my respects to my aunt and to be with my family during the whole thing. But I still couldnt shake the feeling. She turned around, dropped me off at home, and I felt a little better.

Fast forward to later that night, I was playing volleyball with a few friends from school at the park, we were just hanging out and having a good time when my friend's mom called. He talked to her on the phone for a few minutes, then hung up. He turned to us, white faced and looking shocked.

"You're never going to guess who just died. *name* " (He was known for his blatant tactlessness)

We start FREAKING THE FUCK OUT. Apparently, the guy, a guy who went to my high school, who was well known and well-loved in our small town community had been in a fatal car accident with his girlfriend, who I actually worked with at the time. I saw her every Sunday at the nursing home where we worked, save for the Sunday before this happened. This hit everyone in our town so hard and quickly, I think the entire county was in shock, silence seemed to overwhelm the town and nothing seemed to be going on, no normal bustle or activity. We were broken-hearted at their loss.

At the time it happened, and still, to this day; I feel like something kept me from going all the way across the state, because if I had, I wouldn't have been able to be there for my friends when this tragedy happened. I had to wonder if my aunt was trying to tell me that.. I don't know, it was more important that I was able to say goodbye to my friends, whose death came suddenly and without warning. After I told my mom what happened, I told her my thoughts on this and she said, yes, it was good that I was there, to help others and myself deal with this. I felt horrible for not being able to be there for my family, but I hope my aunt, where ever she is (a better place, no doubt) understands.

I couldn't explain it at the time, and my mom and even myself, chalked it up to teenage angst. It wasn't until I heard the news that I knew that's why I found it so hard to just put up with being in a car with my mom for an entire day. For something so important, I would not have put up such a fight, I would normally just sit in silence and listen to my cd player. Problem solved. But I was getting emotionally agitated and upset and had no idea what was going on.

TL;DR: On my way to aunt's funeral, get horrible feeling in my gut and ask to be taken home. Later that night, I learn that two of my friends were killed in a car accident the night before. Would have missed their funerals if I had left.

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Rendez-Voodoo
â€¢ 15y ago

Woke up in the morning.

Felt like P-Diddy.

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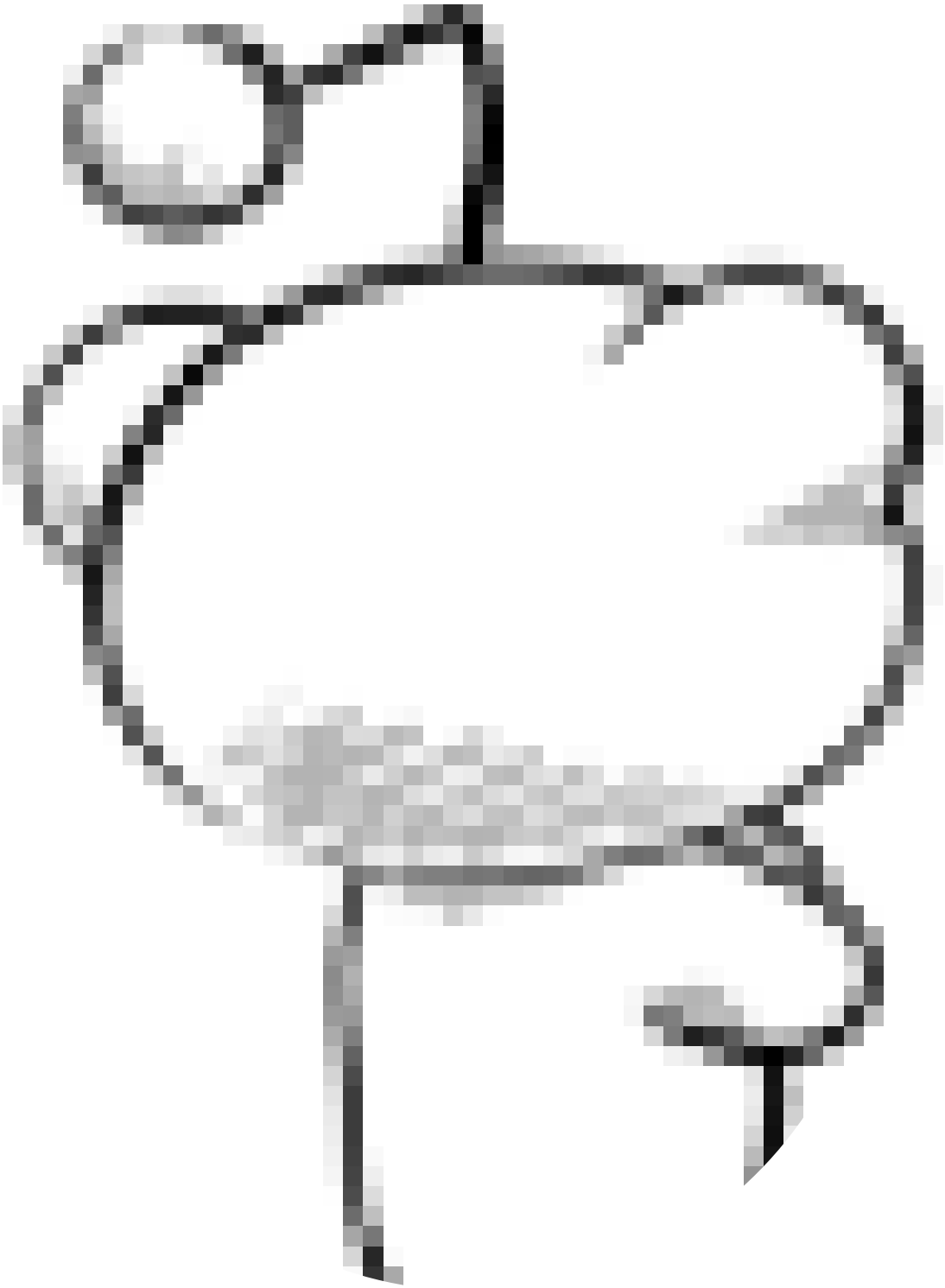

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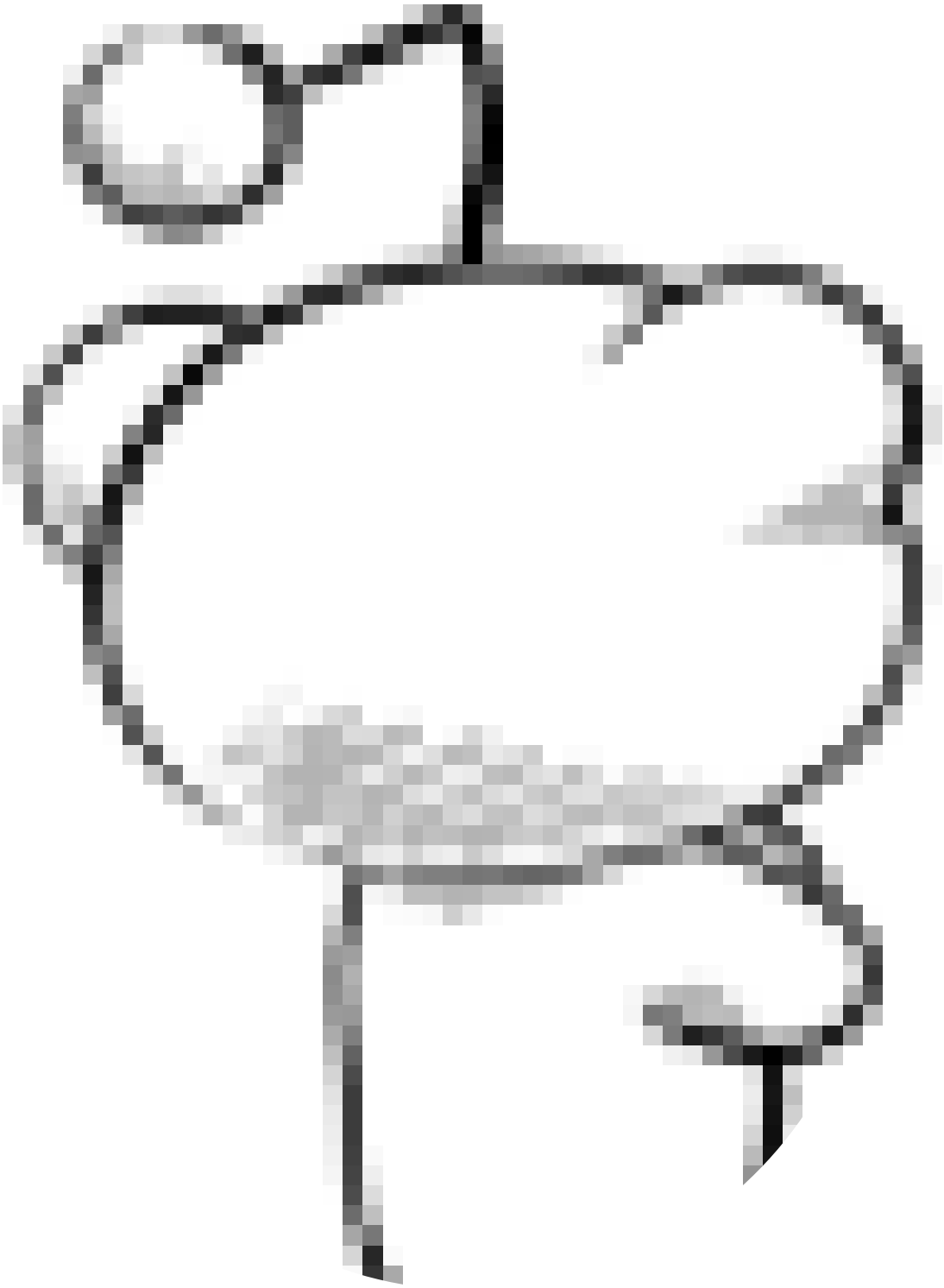

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Rigelface
â€¢ 15y ago

Can you give us some examples? This is a phenomenon that really interests me.

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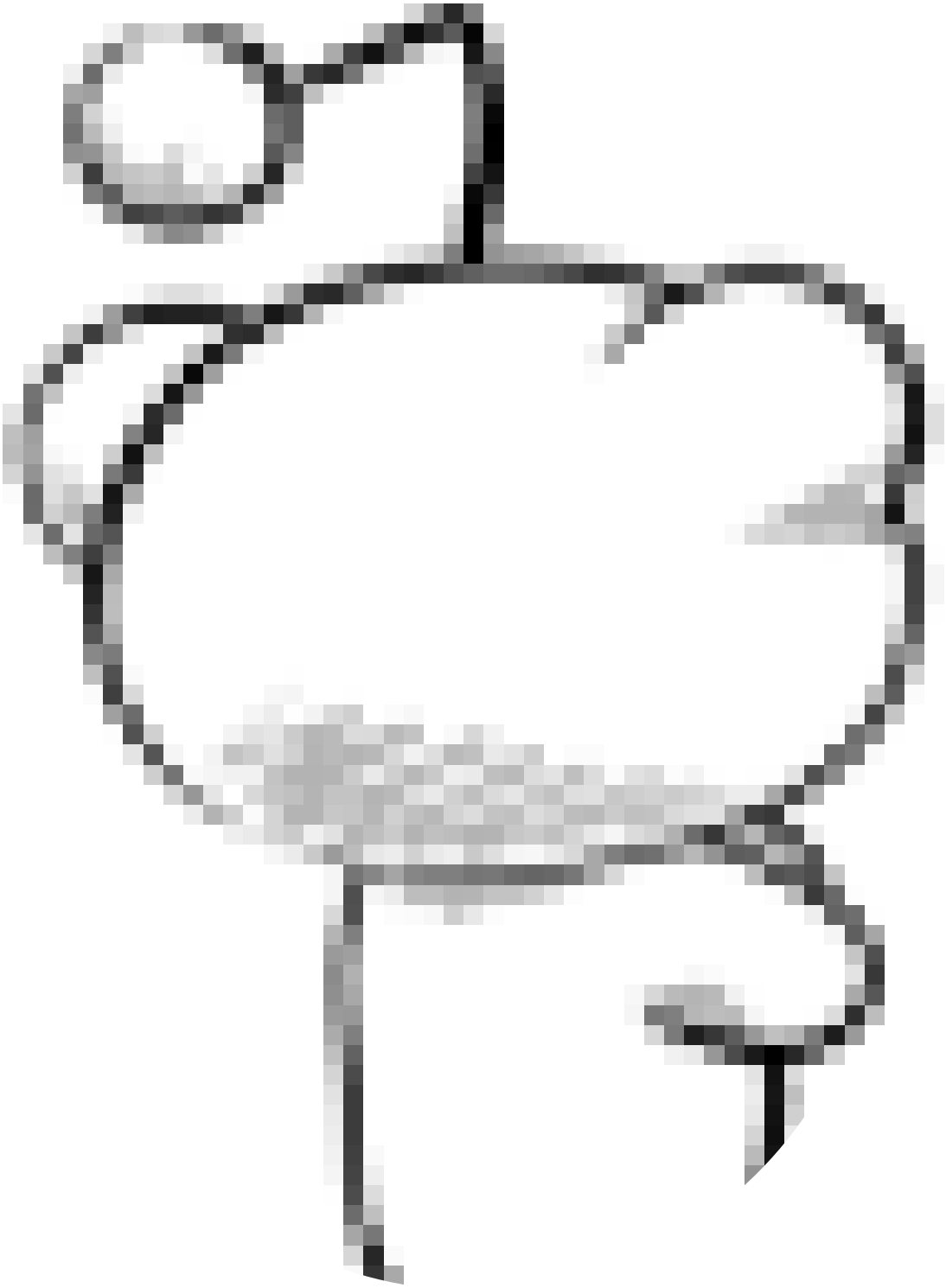

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â€¢ 15y ago

Compared to most of these, I haven't had anything creepy happen to me... but I *am* very easy to scare, and scare myself all the time. Like when I'm lying in bed, sometimes jumbles of clothes on the floor or some weird reflection of light will get me to see things, and my imagination goes nuts. I never, ever face the wall, I have to face the rest of the room, because if my back is to my room then I'll start to panic and think that there's *something* there, but I'm too terrified to turn around.

Seriously, reading this entire thread has given me the shakes, and I'm feeling tired but now I don't want to go to bed. D: My main problem is my imagination, and I know that I could never live alone. Right now on the rare occasions that everyone else leaves for a few days, I have all the lights on and the pets inside, and usually I can't get to sleep unless a friend comes over to spend the night. I love my imagination but sometimes I think it hates me.

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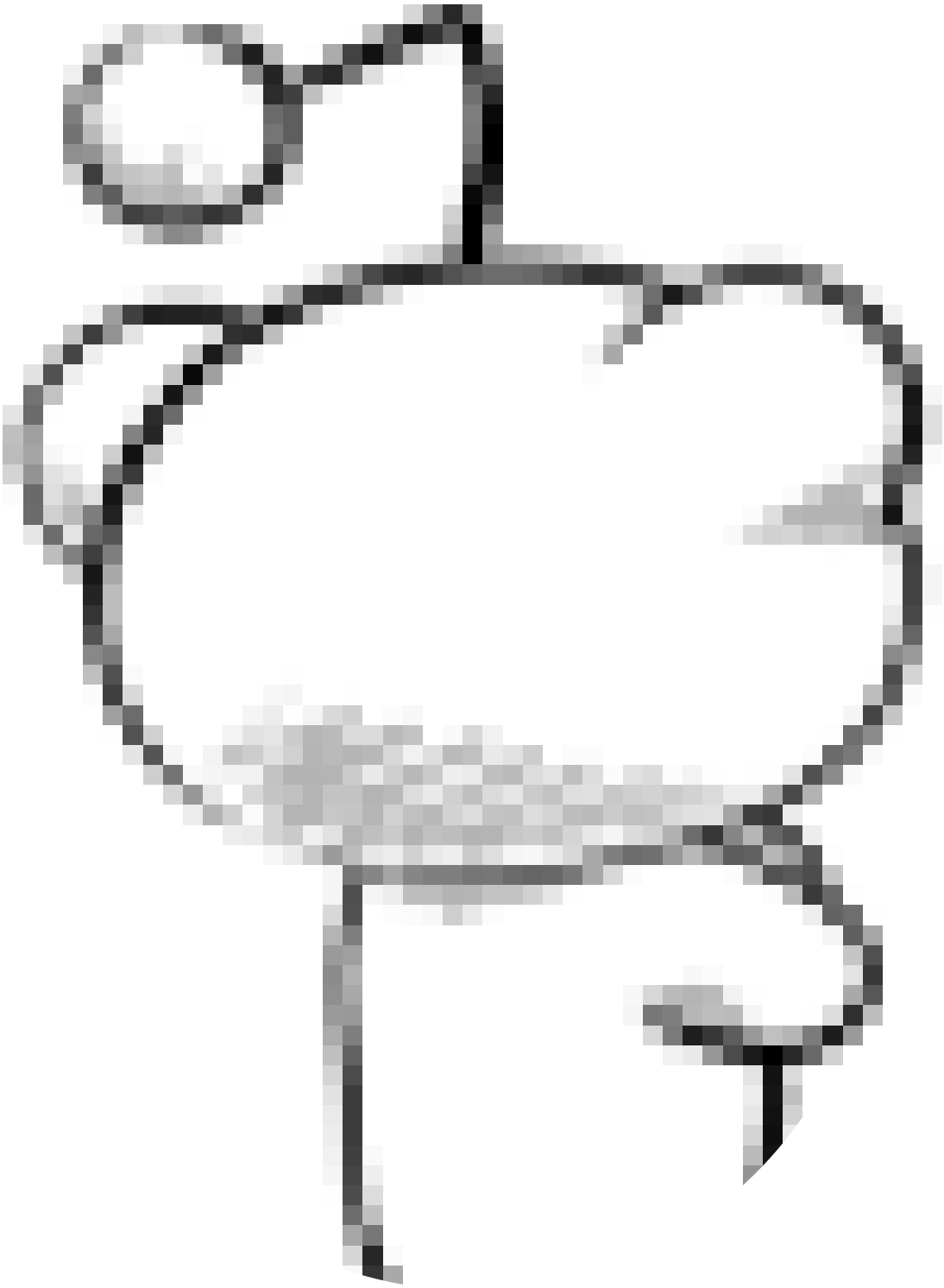

[deleted]
â€¢ 15y ago

Comment deleted by user

sweetafton
â€¢ 15y ago

The alien guy whoooooooshed you? You must have missed a joke.

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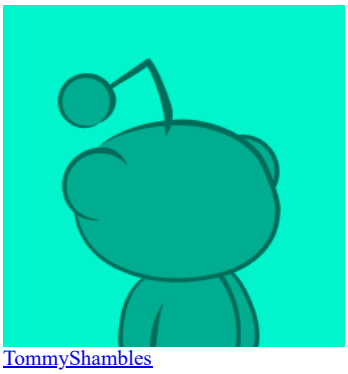

TommyShambles
â€¢ 15y ago

Was recording my friends favorite scene from forgetting sarah marshall on my phone to send to a friend. (not bootlegging but just a 15 second clip thats long been an inside joke). Anyway, on my recording you could see a shadow pass over the TV screen, followed by 2 bloodcurdling screams. I was in the apartment alone at the time, quietly sitting still, and the screams were not in the movie.

trillian_andtheghost
â€¢ 15y ago â€¢ Edited 15y ago

I have another!

I was visiting Hawaii with my family a few years ago. We had gone to this huge theatre to see Watchmen on opening night. Anyways, so we're walking back through the parking garage towards the rented car, and my dad notices a note pinned under the windshield wipers. He picks it up, reads it, gets an odd expression, and tells us to get in the car. He doesn't show my mum the note, and crumbles it up, rips it and throws it out the window before driving away quickly.

What was on the note?

EDIT; And another!

I was camping near an area where a huge rockslide had occurred, big enough to crush an entire town and reduce the whole area to nothing more than boulders. Around 90 people died that night, out of the 100 who were actually in the path of the rockslide. So anyways, I'm camping pretty close to this place with a friend of mine, because we wanted to see if we could find any treasure or whatnot (urban legends, OFC.)

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/File:Frank_slide_panorama.jpg

^ That is where we were.

So here we are, traipsing among the ruins in the middle of the night with only headlamps to guide us. My friend, who was around 20 to 30 metres away, yells that she's just gonna climb down below (we were on top of massive boulders at the time) because she saw something shiny. I said ok, and started to head in her direction, in case she needed help getting back up.

When I reached her, she was standing at the bottom, just staring straight up at me. She had this really odd expression on her face, but I couldn't see her well enough, so I thought she was just trying to bug me. I kneeled and stuck out my hand, asked her if she wanted up.

And she fucking screamed at me. Just started screaming like a crazy bitch. She didn't move or unhinge her jaw or do any ghostly shit, just let out a really high pitched scream. It went on for like 20 seconds, with me still kneeling with my hand stuck out, and her standing motionless and staring at me. She stopped for a second to take a breath, I snapped out of it, and smacked her chest with my walking stick, told her to stop scaring me, and she fainted. Her head smacked pretty hard against the rock behind her, so I freaked out and climbed down there, being extra careful- I thought she had been bitten by a snake or had been hurt already, and I didn't want to die.

Eventually I managed to wake her up, clean up the cut on her head, and get us both out of that hole. But when we were climbing back out, I turned back for a second to see her bending down and grabbing something from the ground and then stuffing it in her bag. I was like "HAHA what the fuck, bitch? What was that?"

And she sort of snarled at me, and leaned really close to me. She's bigger and stronger than I am, and I seriously thought she was gonna lay me out or something if I kept prodding, so I dropped it. We went back to the tent, and she went to sleep. I waited an hour before opening up her bag really carefully, and I found a smashed up, rusty old necklace chain. I was kind of confused, so i pushed it back in the bag and zipped it closed. Then I turned towards her to put the bag back, and she was lying there, one eye wide open, with her mouth in this really horrible frown. As soon as I put the bag down, her eye shut and her mouth relaxed.

I dunno what happened with the necklace. I hope she threw it out.

EVERYONE I KNOW IS CRAZY or a troll. I swear to god.

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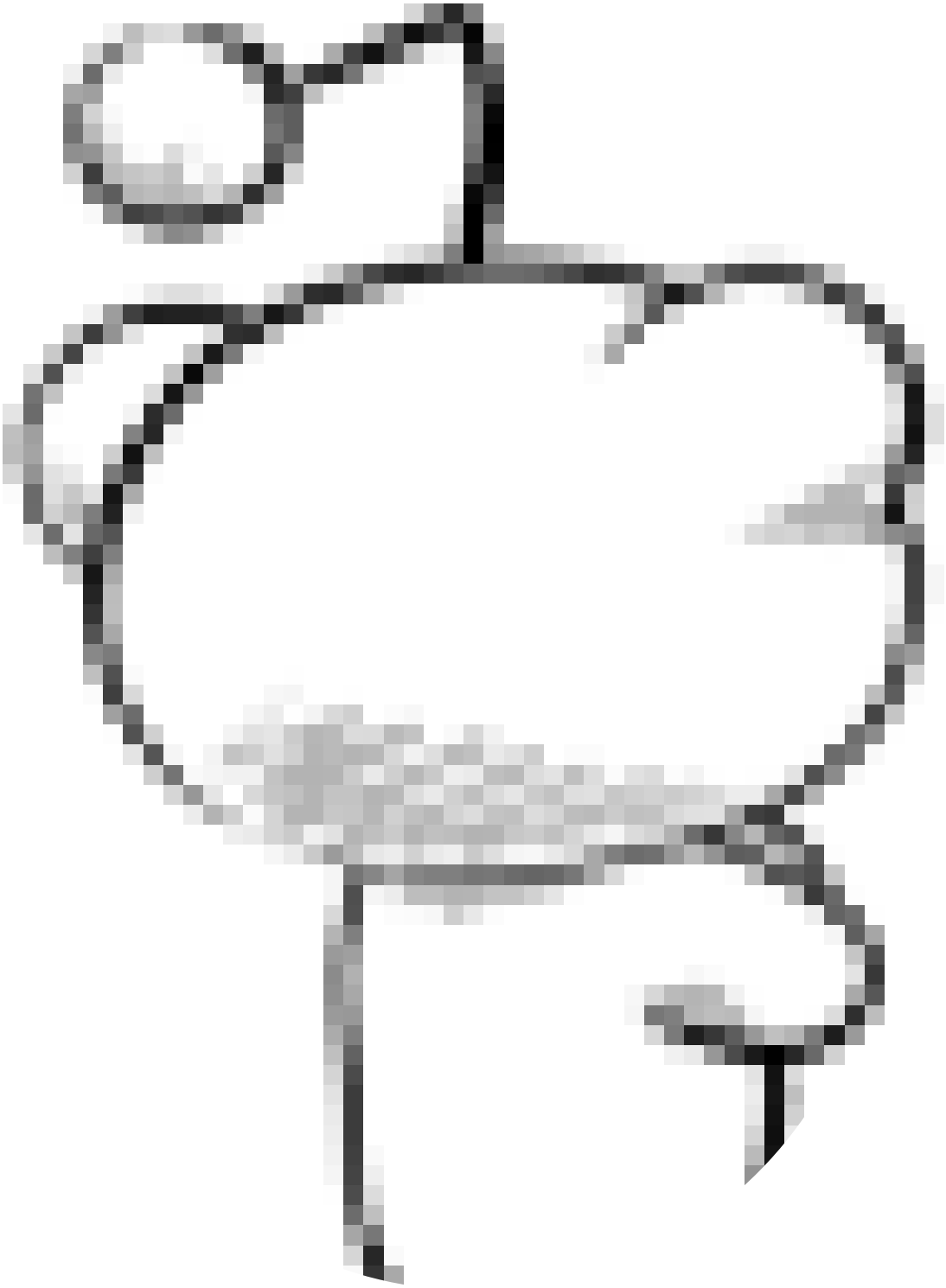

Astro493
â€¢ 15y ago

Why am I reading this?! I live in the basement of a Victorian mansion that's been converted into lofts.

And I'm alone

And it's snowing.....

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brown6cm
â€¢ 15y ago

This is the first time, in my several months browsing reddit, that I have ever read through an entire thread. Though I am now thoroughly creeped out haha I think it merits my first post!!

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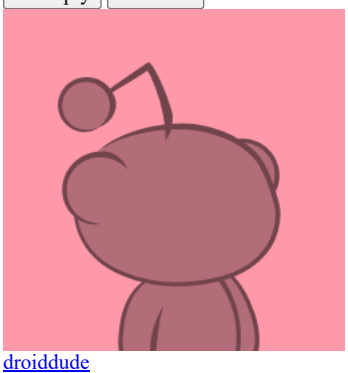

droiddude
â€¢ 15y ago

A couple of nights ago as I was laying in bed I heard a girl whisper my name. I normally discount things like this because I think you're brain just tried to piece together the sounds it hears into something. However, this was very distinct, as I could even tell the tone of the voice and that it was a girl. This happened around 1 am. That same night, around 4am my girlfriend called me saying she had a horrible nightmare about a girl who was possessed by a demon. Weird stuff.

tl;dr I heard a girl whisper my name at night and my girlfriend had a nightmare about a girl that same night.

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Deuces408
â€¢ 15y ago

Back in college, roommates and I drove from LA to Chumash to gamble at an Indian Casino near his house. It's actually about an hour away on this two lane country road that's in scenery thats like the hill have eyes. Not to mention, the moon was out too. On our way home late at night, probably 4am or something, we drive back along this road and we just see this car on the side of the road burning! Random car, side of the road, just torched. We keep driving for a bit, but freak out a bit, and end up driving back and taking the longer, but more populated route back home. We thought there'd been some mob killing for gambling debts. We saw a fire truck on the way past the car so didnt call emergency services.

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ej1oo1
â€¢ 15y ago

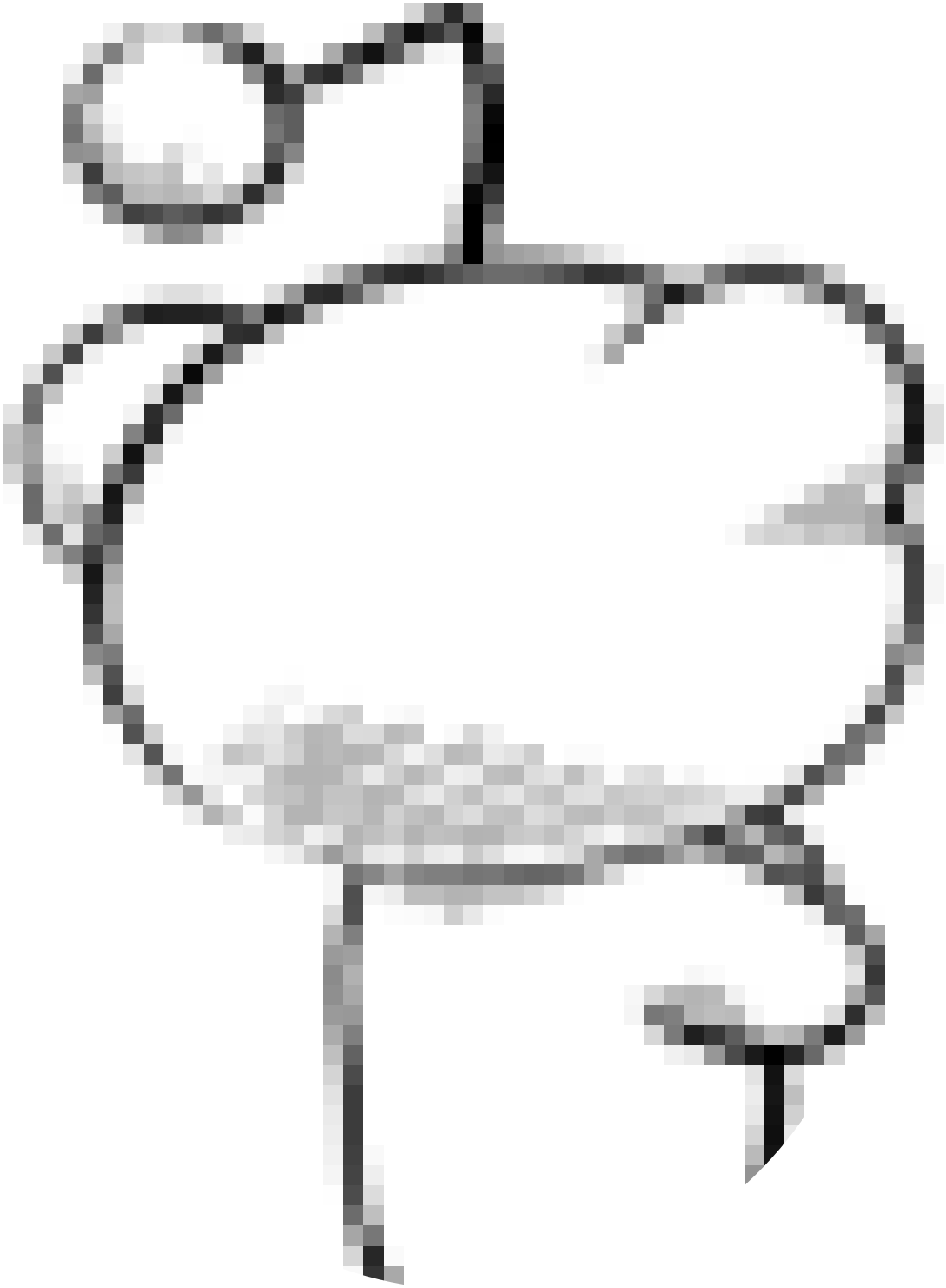
I was out camping when I was 5 and at this age I was deathly afraid of ghosts. My dad and uncle heard something outside and went to go investigate. At this point I was freaking out because they were out of sight and left me and my cousin (who was 10) alone on the cabin porch. Just when I look up, almost getting my nerve I see a little rowboat ROWING ITSELF. I flip shit and run inside. The next day they tried to tell me that it was probably the jerk kid from the next cabin lying down and rowing at night but I couldn't believe that after what I saw. Still creeps me out.

Reply Share

amynoacid
â€¢ 15y ago

I was a kid when this happened. Was doing some chores and part of it was to clean the entertainment center. We had a 32-inch tv, sitting on one a cabinet with a glass door. Anyways, with me not wanting to clean up, was a bit angry, but decided to clean it. Spray some windex on the glass and started wiping it with the paper towel in my left hand. The door moved, so I grabbed it with y right hand, to hold it. Soon as I touched it, the glass just shattered. I was in a bit of shock as to what happened and started to get the adrenaline rush. I looked down at the glass and some of it, on the floor, was "popping." No idea of what happened, or how, but it was creepy. The glass door didn't hit anything, as it shattered and not break. Looked like the glass you see in the movies, when the pre-shatter it before jumping through it. Don't know if it was static, but it had to be a large amount, if it was.

TL;DR Was cleaning glass door, on entertainment center, and it just shattered in my hand. Didn't hit anything, just shattered as I touched it. The small pieces that were on the floor were also "popping."



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â€¢ 15y ago

Toughened glass can shatter without warning. Spontaneous failure of toughened glass has been known about since the 1960's. These failures are due to nickel sulfide contamination. The nickel sulfide crystals have a high temperature and a low temperature form. The dense crystal forms at high temperature and swells on cooling to make a less dense crystal form at low temperatures. Spraying ammonia on the glass could have caused it to cool further, or irregularly.

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LelanaSongwind
â€¢ 15y ago

My 60-year-old ex-coworker falling in love with me and telling me my husband isn't good enough for me. I am 23. This only happened a few weeks ago, but I am still freaked out and I'm much more aware of my surroundings...

coopNW
â€¢ 15y ago

I was camping with two friends in Leavenworth, Washington back in early spring/ late Winter. The Campground we stayed at was closed, se we had to park and walk in...there was nobody there at all. The first night was fine, cold, but fine. After a long day of hiking and climbing we are back in the tent for the second night and about to go to sleep. Suddenly, out of nowhere comes a voice yelling "NO ONE HERE GETS OUT ALIVE!" "YOU"RE ALL GONNA FUCKING DIE!" Needles to say, we didn't sleep..creepiest moment ever.

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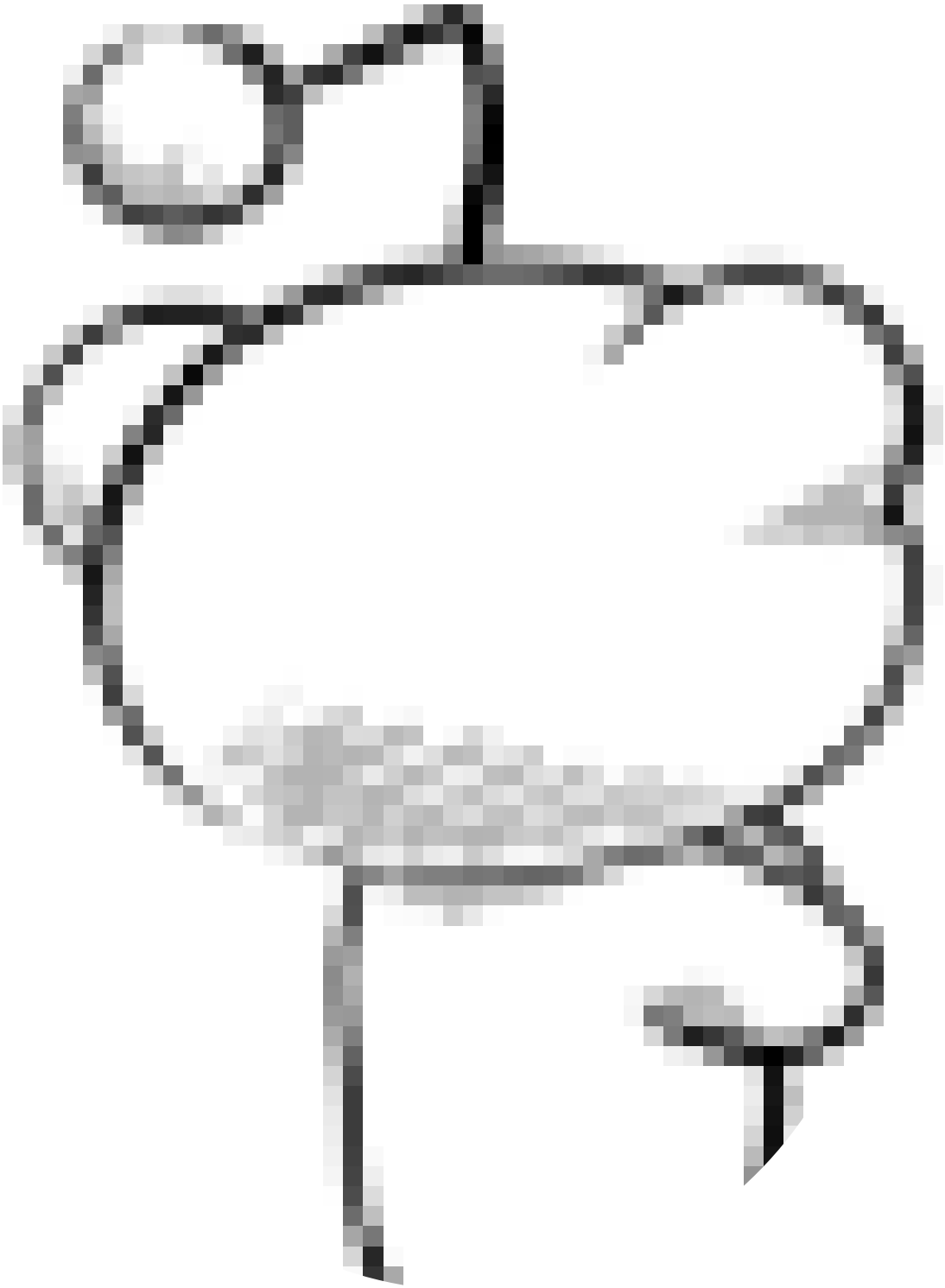

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â€¢ 15y ago

At a young age my parents were having a christmas party, my friends had hidden themselves so me and a group of my other friends had gotten up the courage to go down the dark hallway to the room we hadn't checked. we walked up to the glass door leading to the hallway and in the reflection there was a little girl a foot shorter than the group leader. needless to say, i was horrified by that basement for a long time

whatup09
â€¢ 15y ago

The last night I spent in college, I was all packed up and ready to book out in the early in the morning. I lived on the first floor of my apt. complex and regularly would leave the window open to air out all that devils smoke, but also because the cool breeze felt nice. My room was configured so the head of my bed was right below the window.

I went to bed that night, woke up the next morning feeling odd, I thought I had a dream where figures were standing outside my window, but shrugged it off without a second thought. Once I got all my crap out of the room, I brought the RA to inspect it before I left. She pointed out that I had destroyed the screen of my window, thats when I noticed that there was three huge cuts in my screen, seemingly from a knife or scissors. I nearly accidentally my pants. TL;DR: Went to bed, dudes cut holes in my screen above my head while i slept, dont know why.

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SubcommanderShran
â€¢ 15y ago

I was walking with my dog in the woods down by the river when I heard something I couldn't make out, but then realized it was a voice. I hadn't heard what it said but I did hear "I know you can see me; but I can see you too!" But of course, I couldn't see anyone, so I turned around and got the hell out of there.

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gayguy
â€¢ 15y ago

Well this isn't scary like the rest but still creepy. My friends and I were in the suburbs high as fuck at White Hen (the place to go when you're high and it's late). We were outside eating sandwiches and cookies when some weirdo guys walks past us and says in the most bizarre voice "Bon appetit!" And then laughs this evil laugh. You know, the "mwuahahah" kind. Looking back at all the weird stuff that happens when you're high has made me realize that the whole world is just messing with you.

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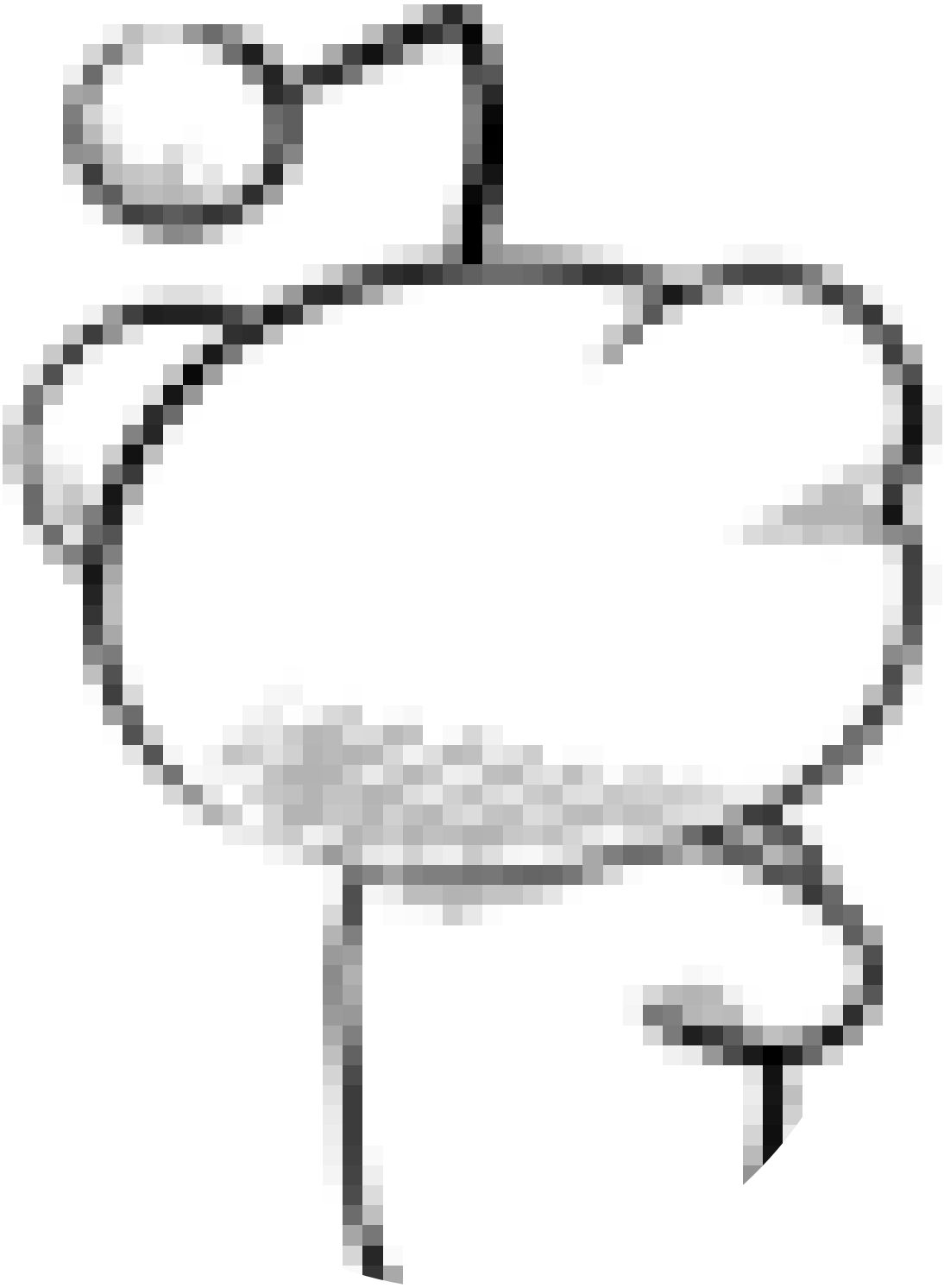

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â€¢ 15y ago

I was watching a stand-up comedian once, and he was talking about how he was in an airplane once and they got hit by lightning. At that exact moment, the power went out for me and my entire city.

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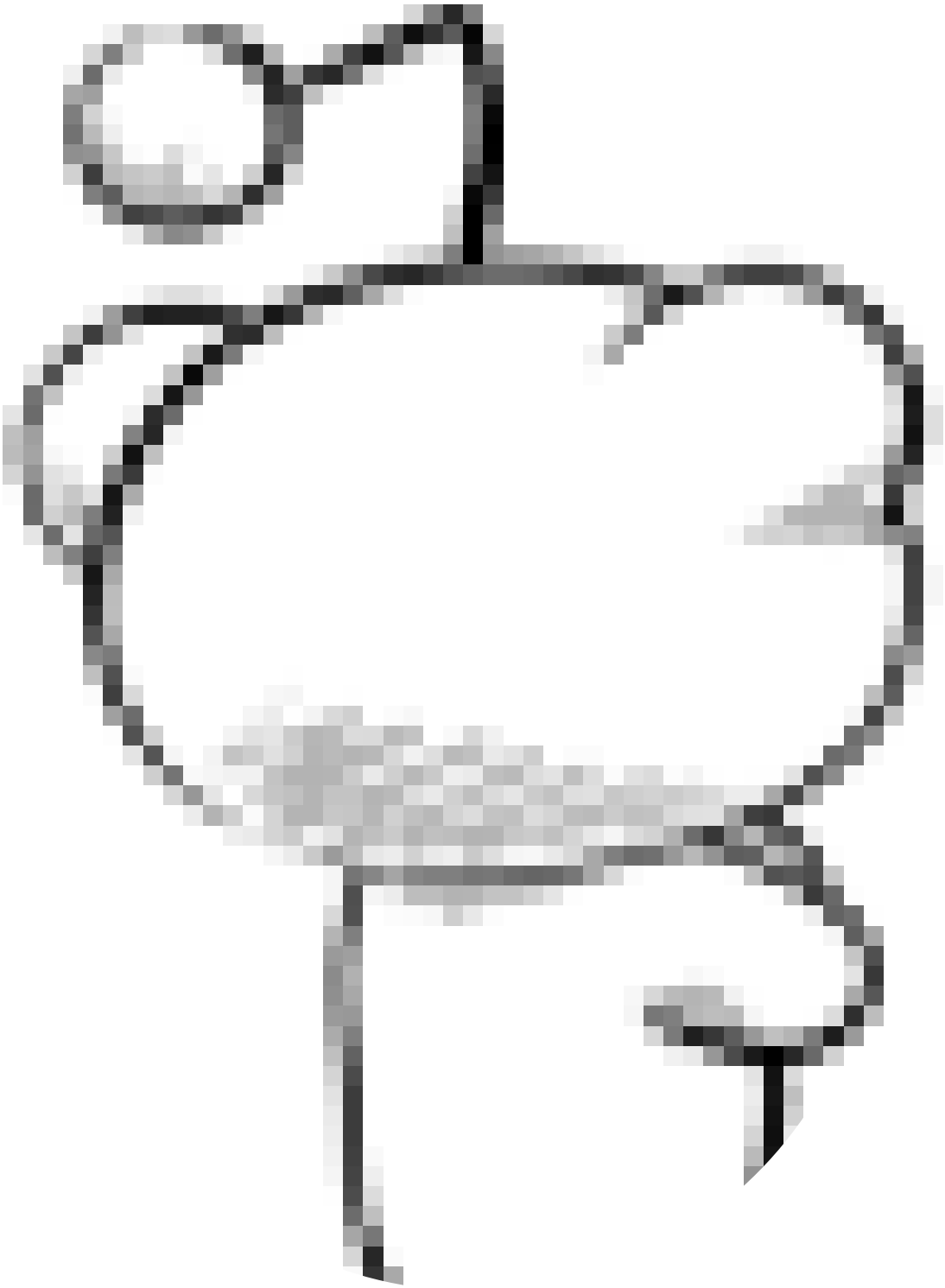

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â€¢ 15y ago â€¢ Edited 15y ago

My friends and I snuck into this creepy insane asylum in the woods. I know it sounds like a ghost story but it is definitely true that we did this. A bunch of weird shit happened like, we had to follow these railroad tracks to get there and on the way back we were following the same tracks, but as we neared the end we saw a large dead buzzard spread out across the tracks, the same kind of large, dead, black bird that was all over the inside of the abandoned asylum.

Anyways, I was a pretty heavy weed smoker and I brought my bowl, we smoked on one of the building balconies and then we saw what looked like a park ranger truck driving up to the building, so we started to run, but for some reason, i was following the other 3, we ran up instead of down and ended up in the attic of the building which was creepy as FUUUCKKKK.

So we waited for like 20 minutes in dead silence hiding behind some rafters and then we decided we had to do something. We sent 2 people down to investigate and the plan was to call my phone if the coast was clear, as me and my friend Nick stayed in the attic.

10 minutes passed and we received no call, and since I was stoned, I pulled out my bowl and I remember looking at Nick and he smiled and he pulled his hand out of his pocket and he had a nug in his hand which was hilarious because it wasn't even in the bag.

So we naturally started smoking and then we heard these loud footsteps and we didnt care until we realized it was one person and we should hide just in case it wasn't Doug or Bonnie (our friends who went to check if the coast was clear).

We ran back into the shadows of the rafters again and I literally was laying on the floor with my head down and everything. Then we heard the footsteps stop. I was fucking scared because I figured it was the cop (park ranger), and I knew that he would smell the weed since we had just lit up. I knew he was going to search.

Me and Nick stayed as quiet as the dead, quieter than I have ever been, i didnt even breathe. You could literally imagine the person standing there and then the moment where *they* stopped breathing so that they could listen.

The the footsteps walked away from the doorway, back down the hallway. But then they stopped. Like the person was just standing there.

Another 10 minutes passed and Nick and I began using sign language to communicate. We decided we had to run, even though the person was still clearly in the hallway outside of the doorway.

So we went 1,2,3 and then I booked it down out of the attic doorway and down the stairs with Nick. Halfway down I saw Doug and he was like "huh" as I zipped past him with a look on my face like "RUUUNNNN!!!!". He followed suit.

Once we got out the girl Bonnie was just standing there and I was like "RUNNNNN!!!" and continued to run until we were literally deep in the woods outside of the complex. Thats when I stopped for breath and Doug and Bonnie were looking at me like I was crazy.

Whats wrong with you? They asked.

I asked them what was wrong with them and that I wasnt trying to get arrested and that the park ranger had been in the attic and that we had heard him. They told me that when they came outside of the building, they saw nothing. Then they tried to call me but my phone was dead. I looked down at my phone, and it was dead. Which made no sense.

They told me they decided to walk around a little to see if they could find the truck we saw driving up to the complex and that they looked all around the building (there were like 6 buildings on the complex but they were far from each other) and they couldn't see the car parked anywhere. They said after trying to call a bunch of times they decided to send Doug up to get us and thats when they saw us running like hell down the stairs.

I thought they had to be trolling me, but Doug really isnt like that. I continued to be skeptical, for years actually, bringing it up many times and asking if it was all a massive troll. But Doug is way more scared of being arrested for possession than me and I dont see why he would have decided to play a joke when we all clearly could have gotten picked up by the park ranger that we DEFINITELY saw pulling up to the building we were in.

And the much bigger question.

WHO THE FUCK WAS IN THE ATTIC WITH US?

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Clan57
â€¢ 15y ago

Woke up freaking out from some nightmare I had and immediately jumped out of bed and went over to the light by my door, hit the switch to turn it on and nothing happened. I kept flicking it on/off and eventually determined that the light must be burned out so I went to open the door but it wouldn't open no matter how hard I tried. I then woke up with the usual post-nightmare feeling, this time opting to stay in bed and cocoon myself while facing my wall...then I start to have this weird feeling there is something behind me so I roll over and all I remember is there was SOMETHING there and I woke up again in my bed sweating.

On another occasion I had a nightmare where I was working as some lab assistant in what appeared to be a space station. They were creating what looked like mini-supernovas. Another lab assistant was complaining to me about doing all the scientists' bitch work, all the while I was watching them create multiple iterations of these mini-supernovas. Each time they would destroy whatever was in their area and I just kept watching. They varied in size a bit but seemed to be under control. Then suddenly one expanded to the size of house and within seconds I knew I was going to die, I remember frantically trying to think of a way out, and realizing it was impossible. After that I felt complete terror as the supernova expanded towards me and I recall thinking "well I guess i'm going to see what it feels like to die..". After that I woke up screaming in my bed.

drtyfrnk
â€¢ 15y ago

A few years ago, my grandmother died unexpectedly. We had gone through her stuff and I decided to keep this old clock, probably from the early 30's that she had on top of her china cabinet. I always admired the clock, a very majestic clock indeed.

Now, what you need to understand is that this clock hasn't worked in about 15 years. My grandfather, when he was alive, sadly overwound the clock and broke a part in it so it never worked after that. The cost to replace such a part would be around $200 - $300, so no one ever replaced it. So, thinking it would be a nice memento of my grandmother's, My wife and I took it and put it up on top of our fridge in our one bedroom apartment.

Two or three nights after we put it up there, I remember waking up in the middle of the night for some reason, only to hear after about a minute or two the clock start to chime (It chimes every half hour). I'm scared out of my mind, so I decide to try to get some sleep. I just thought it was the fridge kicking on to get the clock going. So I wake up early in the morning, go to the clock and the clock... Well, it started keeping time.

It kept time for the next 4 days before, all of a sudden, it stopped working again.

Now, my wife and I bought a house and it's on our mantle. It has never worked after those four days.

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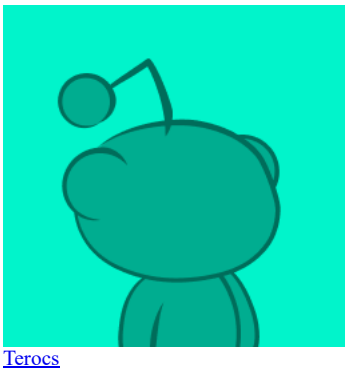

Terocs
â€¢ 15y ago

I joined a Jesuit 6th Form school and I had to take communion, The strangest thing I've ever experienced, I felt like I was in a cult

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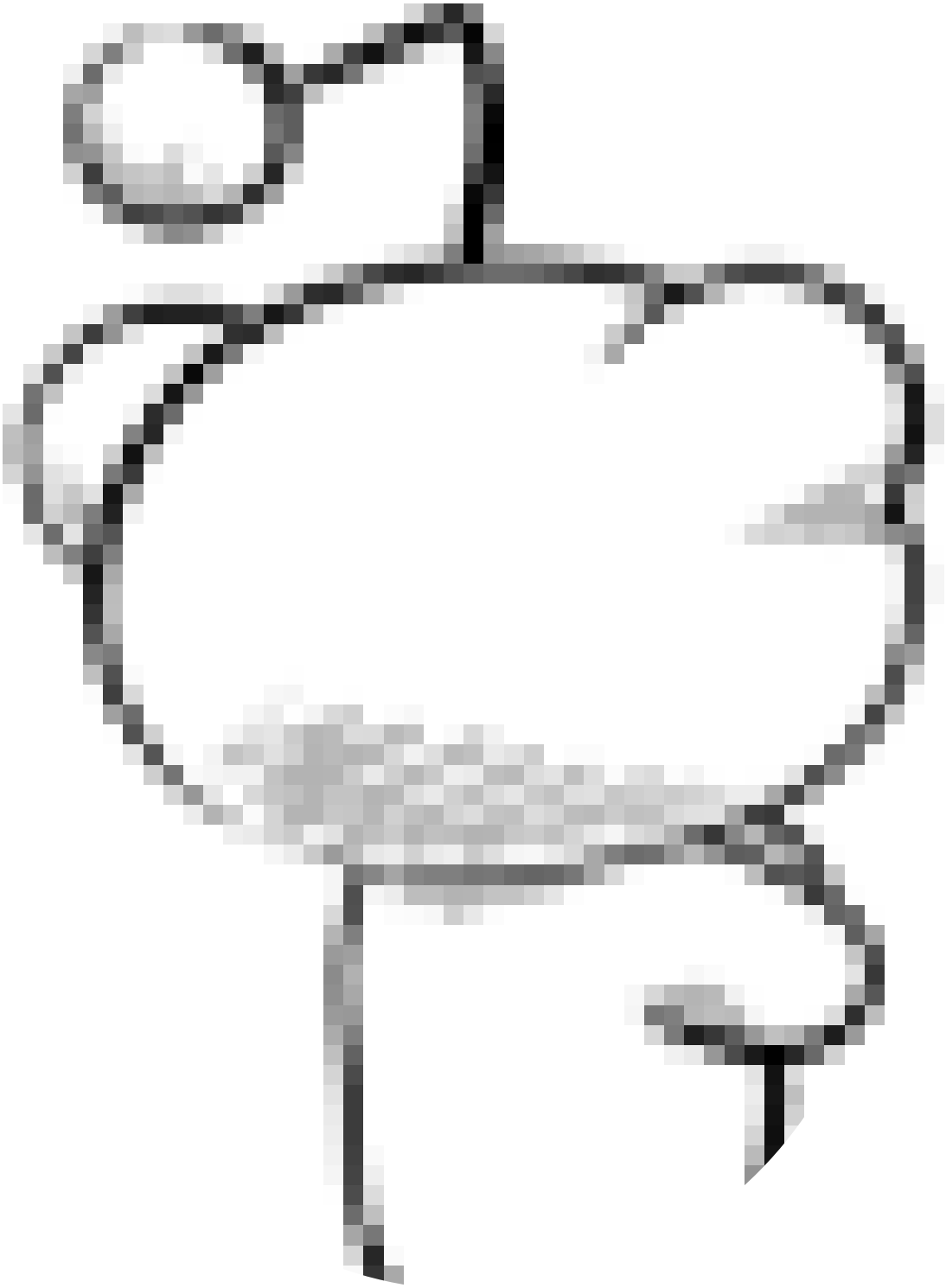

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â€¢ 15y ago

One time I got robbed at gunpoint. Not at all creepy in itself, in fact not even that scary, just very...impactful.

The creepy part was after talking to the cops and whatnot, I had to go take a final at school. Of course this entailed walking the exact same route I had just got mugged on a couple hours ago, only this time it was dark out.

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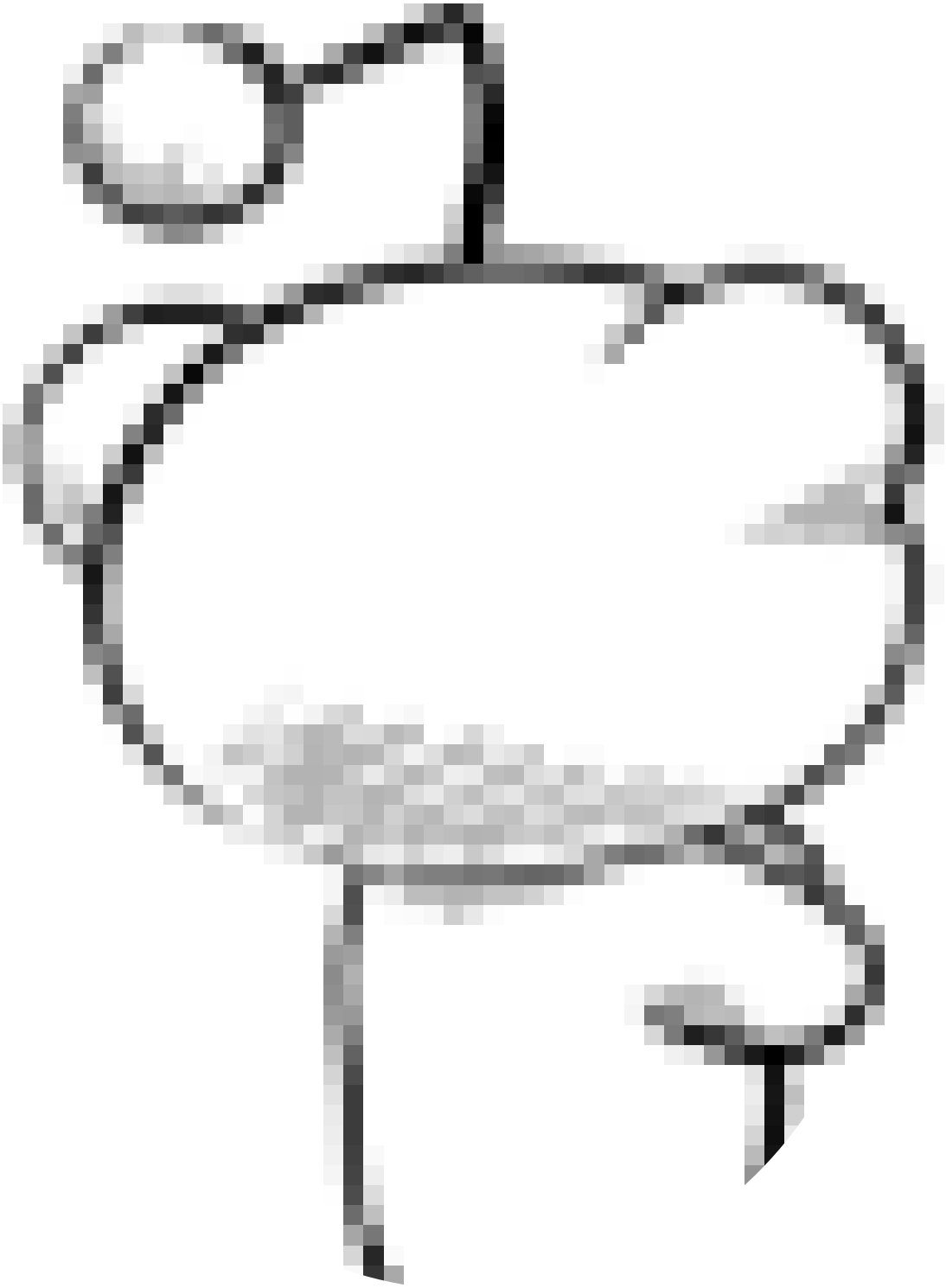

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â€¢ 15y ago

When I was 14 I ended up in a psychiatric ward under observation for psychosis.

Frankly, I was tripping balls. The creepiest hallucination I had was during lock-down at night, when I thought I heard an orderly enter the room next to mine and rape the person in it.

Good times.

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zozman
â€¢ 15y ago

Me and my wife had the dogs out for a walk in the park a few years ago and I was throwing a tennis ball for them. I went to pick it up and - it wasn't there anymore. My wife and I both saw it being there/not there and just looked at each other. We looked around for it, eventually finding it about forty feet away on the opposite side of a tree. The dogs didn't touch it, we didn't touch it, there was no wind or anyone else around, and there is no way it could have got to the opposite side of the tree even if there was some freak gust. We were both sober and drug-free (for once). Weird rather than creepy.

greenwill
â€¢ 15y ago

Someone in a truck tried to kidnap me when I was like 7. I had left a wedding reception to go across the street to get a soda from the machine. Of course once across the street I decided I wanted to explore more. Long story short some guy in a truck ended up getting out and trying to convince me to get in his truck, when I started running he chased me all the way back to the party. When I told my parents they wouldn't believe me. Scard for life

Reply Share

semperfrater
â€¢ 15y ago

While serving active duty military I was living alone because my roommate was deployed at the time. I one night fell asleep and had a strange dream that felt like reality. In this dream, I am in my room and feel the strong urge to immediately leave. Once I get up to leave I feel a dark figure grab my legs and start to drag me back in. I start clawing at the floor and manage to grip the doorsills and attempt to scream out "Casey!" (my roommates name). The voice was sucked out of me like air and my yelling had no force. I woke up but found myself out of bed lying on the floor close to the bed.

Reply Share

reddit4getit
â€¢ 15y ago

I experienced something really crazy while under sleep paralysis. Right before I passed out, I felt myself being lifted into the air, legs first until I was completely vertical. I wouldn't open my eyes; I was laying face down on my pillow, guess I was too terrified to see what was going on. After what felt like 30-60 seconds I was slowly lowered onto my bed. I arose and looked around, then jumped out of bed, turned on the lights, searched under my bed and just stood there wondering what the hell just happened..

1 more reply
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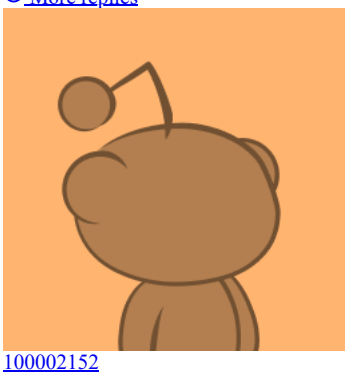

100002152
â€¢ 15y ago

Two stories:

1. My older brother died in November of 2008. We put a large blow-up picture of his High School senior picture on the hearth of the fireplace. Directly above the picture, on the mantle, was a clock that he had made in woodshop several years prior. The clock had always worked fine. In fact, the batteries had been changed in October. But two weeks to the day, the clocked stopped working. This would have been normal, but it stopped at 9:42 AM, exactly two weeks to the minute that my brother was reported dead. This was the catalyst that made me take seriously that there was, in fact, life after death.

2. This one is less touching and more creepy; a friend of mine told me once that once he and his family spent the day away from home (I think it was a concert or something). Anyway, they all get back home late and night and they were all extremely tired. My friend told me that they all immediately went to their rooms to sleep. He went up to his own room, closed the door, turned the lights off, and flung himself onto the bed, fully clothed. He said a few minutes later, before he had fallen asleep, he heard the closet door slowly slide open and a figure crept out of the closet. The person quietly opened the door and crept away down the hall. He swears that, at some point in time during the day, a man broke into their house while they were gone and was still there when they got back, forcing him to hide and eventually sneak out of the house.

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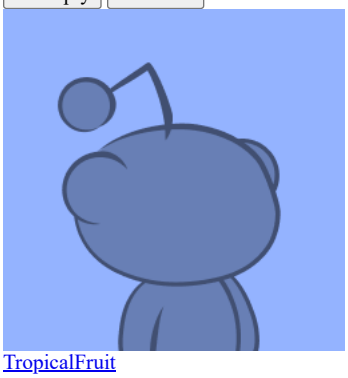

TropicalFruit
â€¢ 15y ago

This is probably the most interesting post on here I've read in a long time

Reply Share

MasterBalls
â€¢ 15y ago

At the age of 8 our front door knocked. It was starting to get dark outside and for some reason I answered the door, something which was usually the job of the 'grown ups'. I opened the door, but there was nobody standing there. Instead, there were two dead foxes lying in a neat row at the doorstep. True story

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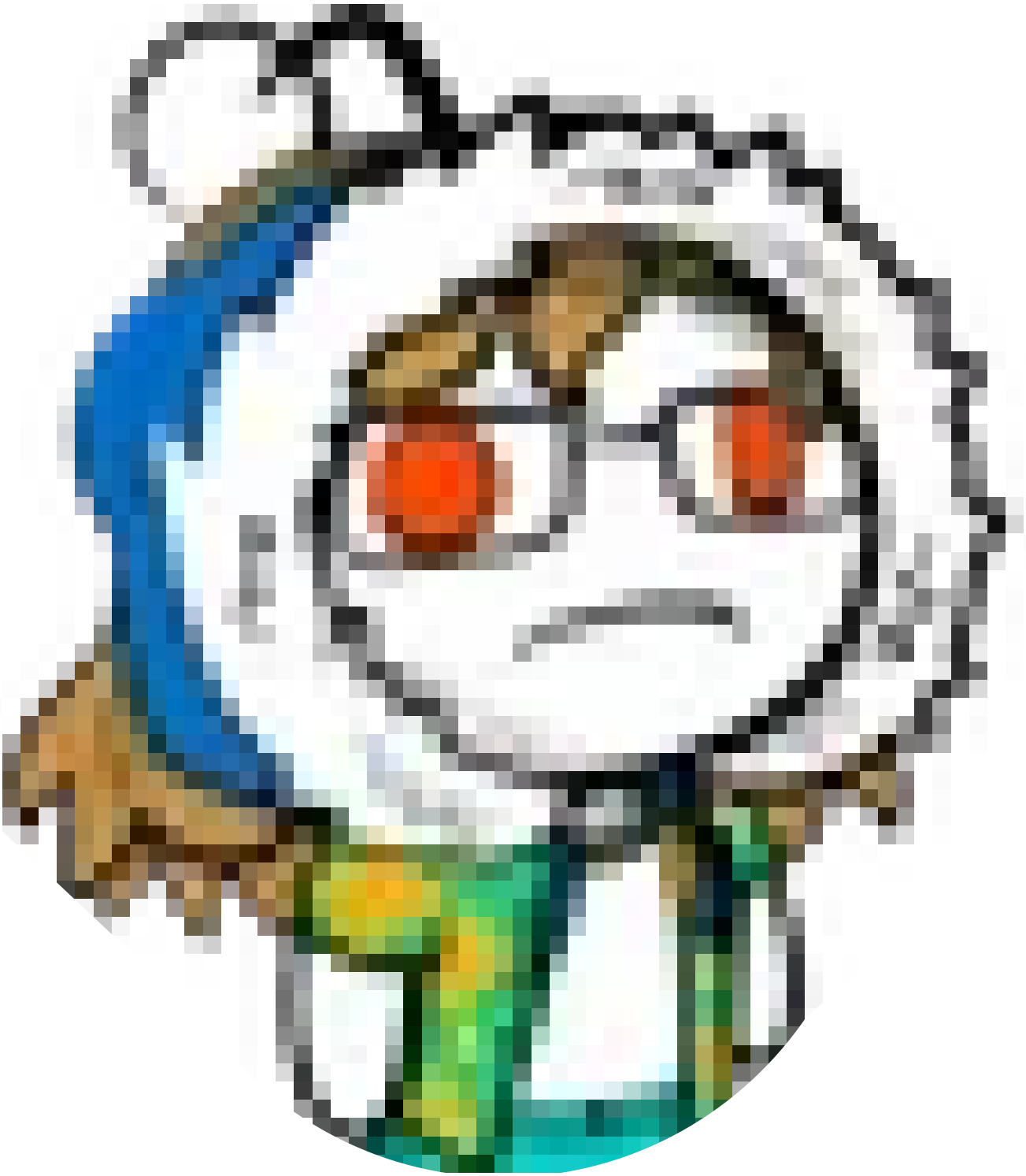

Guido_Cavalcante
â€¢ 15y ago

This girl I know came back from California after a month and told me, proudly, that she blew the kid that played McLovin'. I was creeped out that she was bragging about the lowest level of star-fucking you can possibly achieve.

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jittwoii
â€¢ 15y ago

I have 2.

1: Driving on the motorway alone at 2AM. Suddenly, LOTS OF BLOOD all over the road. Felt like I was entering some sort of Silent Hill situation. Turns out that blood was paint cause it stayed there, and the same colour. Still gave me shivers though.

2: 1:30 AM In the army. On a guard tower.. guarding.. Waiting for the patrol to pass by. I see a dog passing under one of the camp's lights. The dog pauses looks to his side and then sprints off. A couple of minutes away I'm on the other side of the tower and I hear footsteps on the gravel, turn around expecting to see the patrol but they weren't there. You know when you can *see* where a sound is coming from. Well there was nothing there, but I could hear footsteps walking. I instantly thought 'OMG I'm up against Predator.' Stupid army.

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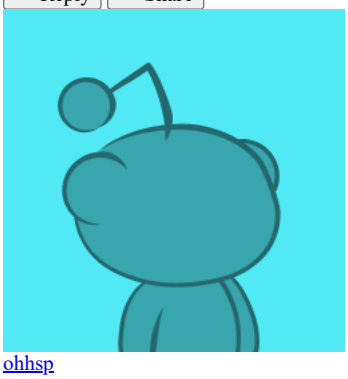

ohhsp
â€¢ 15y ago

It was my freshman year of college, and a couple of my friends and I went into town to find something to do. We're lame college kids, so we hit up a Goodwill (awesome stuff for cheap right?). We wind up finding a stack of old board games, and in the stack is a ouija board. None of us had ever tried one, but none of us were really superstitious, so we figured we'd give it a go. We try it once and the thing lands on the letter Q. And we all think nothing of it, other than "Psh, these things are stupid" and browse a bit more. Few minutes later we get bored and decide to head out. Now in this town the streets running through downtown are just A - Z. So as we're driving home, we drive by Q street, and for some reason we look down the street, and there's an ambulance, loading up a body with a white sheet over it. Creeped us all out.

To this day I refuse to touch one of those damned things.

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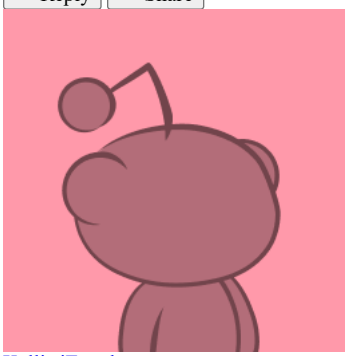

KallistiEngel
â€¢ 15y ago â€¢ Edited 15y ago

Not many people know this story. For the record, I'm male just so the story's clear. When I was younger and more naive I was walking downtown one summer day when I was approached by an older man. He asked me if I'd be willing to give him a massage in exchange for $60. Nowadays this would send off red flags left and right to me, but back then I thought "what harm is there in giving a back massage?". Now, $60 was a lot for me then. He also offered to give me a ride home after, which was a bonus because I didn't drive back then and lived 15 minutes outside of town. And he genuinely seemed non-threatening enough.

Anyway, we get back to his place (which was only a few miles from my house) and the massage starts out pretty normal and I don't think anything of it. But then he wants me to massage other parts of him that start to make me uncomfortable as they're uncomfortably close to being sexual (and that's what he was going for). I put up resistance to that idea. I also started searching for ways out as soon as I could. My phone didn't have service there, which was shitty in case things escalated and I needed to call the cops. I also tried to take note of objects that would be large enough to cause some damage if he tried to be more forceful. I told him at some point that my parents were going to

start to wonder why I wasn't home if I was gone much longer. Fortunately after voicing that concern a couple times, he drove me home. I had him drop me off up the street from my house a ways and walked the opposite direction of where my house actually was until his vehicle was out of sight (I *really* didn't want him knowing where I lived).

I resolved to spend the $60 he gave me on buying a knife so I'd have some form of protection if I ever found myself in another situation like that ever again. I felt really violated and he's lucky I never ran into him again because that feeling turned into a lasting anger. I would imagine the scenario of him approaching me again for the same reason, me agreeing to go, and beating the shit out of him after he'd stripped down to underwear for the expected massage.

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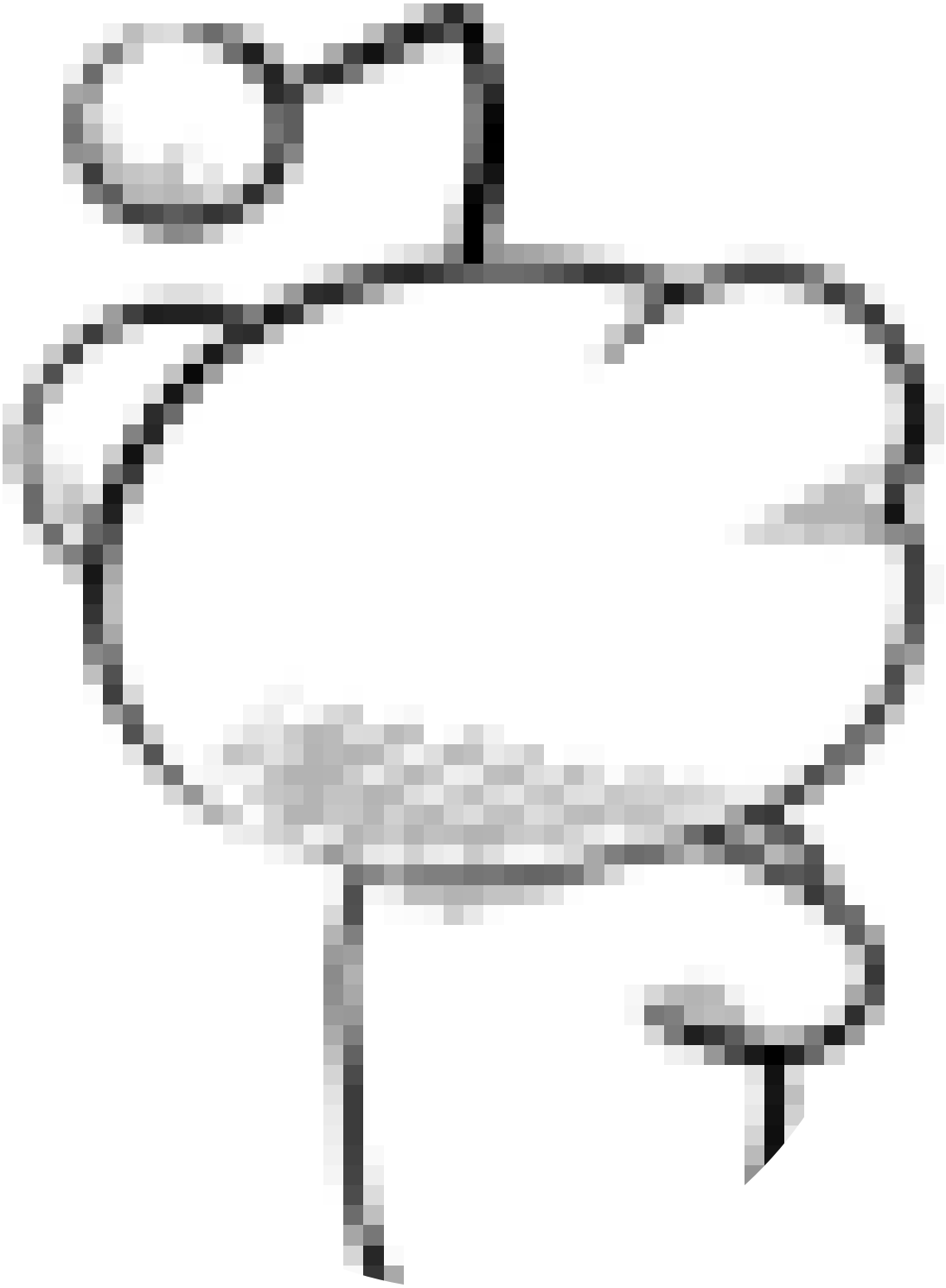
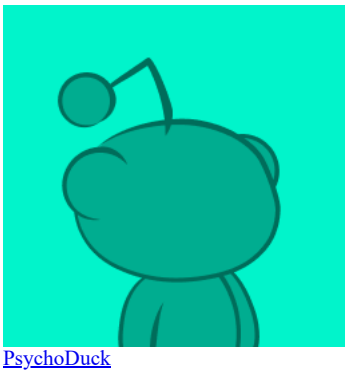


[deleted]
â€¢ 15y ago

My friends once told me that a friend of theirs asked them to steal my stuff and give it to her. Apparently she was obsessed with me for several years and it still weirds me out that I was possibly being stalked throughout middle school and high school.



PsychoDuck
â€¢ 15y ago

At my old apartment we had a spiral staircase with a square landing partway up. For some reason (I never really asked where it came from) there was a small (Maybe 1 1/2 feet tall) statue of a monkey holding a bowling ball sitting in the corner of the landing. My parents are both bowlers from way back so I guess it was a prize or something.

One night I have a dream that I'm on the stairs with several members of my family, and we're all bowling pins. The monkey is somehow throwing its own arms at us in an effort to knock us down. Kind of a stupid little story but hey, I was a kid.

Eventually I mention the dream to my sister. She had the exact same dream. After that we turned the statue to face the wall. Why we didn't just get rid of it, I'll never know.

Some time later we're all sitting in the living room and we hear something that sounds strikingly like a monkey (Oooh-ah-ah-ah, that sort of thing). We look up at the statue instantly and see my cat sitting next to it. He was yawning, and somehow made that sound.

Eventually we got rid of the statue, and I can't help but notice how often that cat urinated in the spot where the statue once stood.

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Kikaider01
â€¢ 15y ago

My creepiest is a simple, straightforward, textbook case of sleep paralysis. It went on for quite a while, and I sort of hovered between "this is fascinating" and "this is creepy" -- I could mostly tell at the time that I was experiencing SP. At times I was "aware" of a short, menacing being walking around the bedroom and standing over me, and of a light shining outside the bedroom window -- in other words, the classic "alien abduction" tropes. It was actually an interesting experience -- I was lucid enough to observe the whole thing, and my reactions to it. Creepy, but fascinating. And I can absolutely see why someone who wasn't aware of SP, and who had culturally appropriate dream elements that they were prepared to believe (aliens, faeries, a succubus) would accept the whole thing as very, very real. I'll never judge harshly anyone who has experienced this and believed that it actually happened.

MariBelle
â€¢ 15y ago

I have quite a few stories.... Here is one, not really creepy, just uncanny....My best friend and I are midwestern girls who never ventured out much so one day we decided to take a trip to Orlando and see the sights. We went to Universal's City walk and did the pub and club crawl. We met some other girls and we all drank and told stories together. The subject of who was hottest guy in high school came up (I have no idea why besides the fact we were all shitfaced drunk) so my friend and I started talking about "Matthew" the hottest guy in our high school and how all the girls drooled over him including us, a few laughs were had about how it was 7 years ago since we graduated and how dumb we acted around him. We came to the conclusion that we were so much "mature" now, ha ha. Anyway, about a half an hour later my friend and I stumble out of the bar and walked about a minute and I shit you not, right in front of us was "Matthew"! I couldn't fucking believe it! We just stood there dumbfounded. He was standing with a drink in his hand and he turned our way and gave us a look like he recognized us. He was about to say something to us when my friend bolts like lightning running the other way. LOL, that was some funny shit! I told her how I admired the fact that she has "matured" so much.

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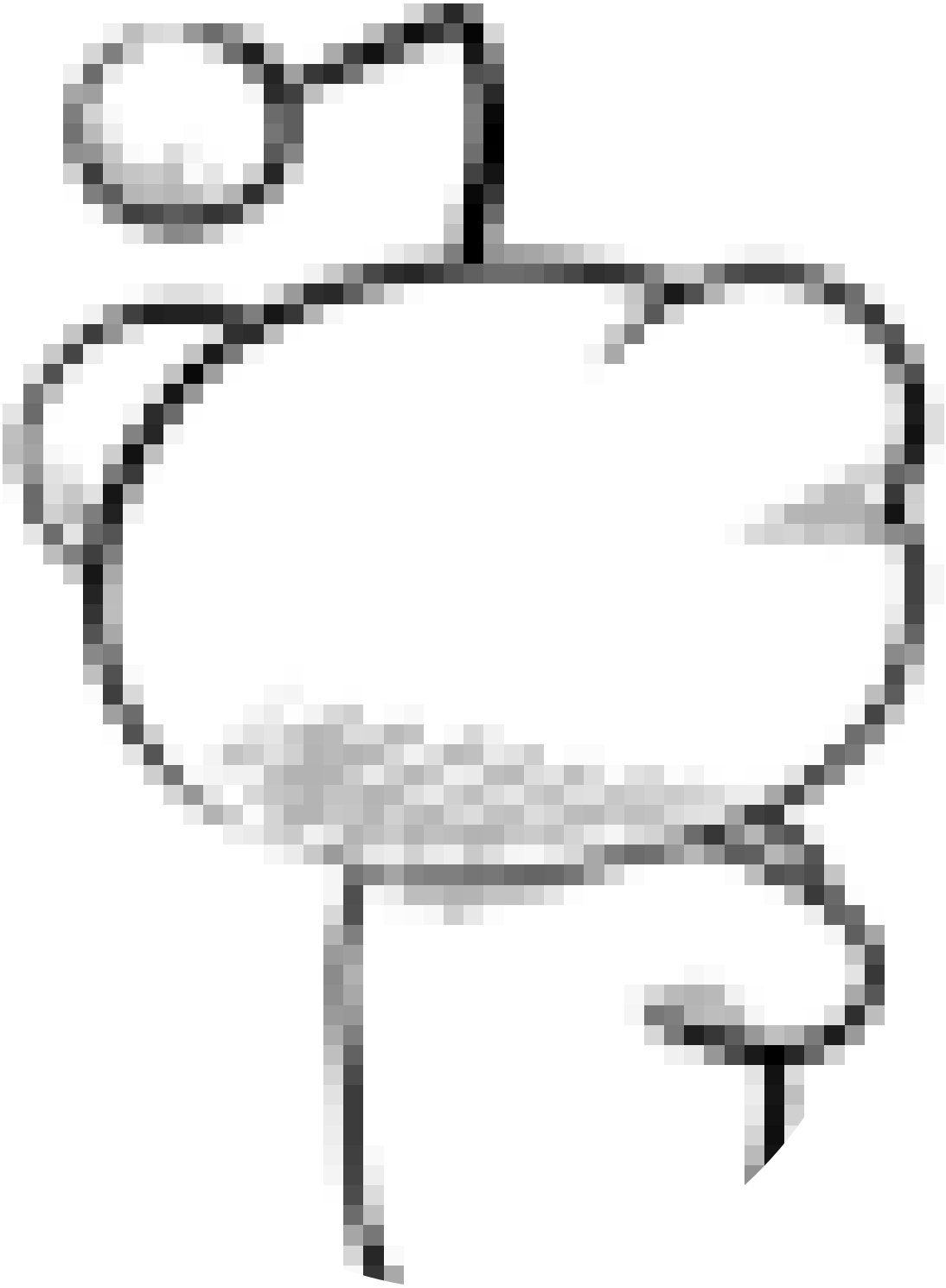
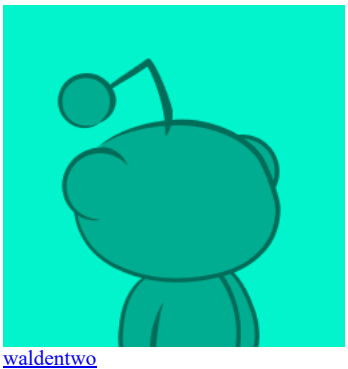


Spade7891
â€¢ 15y ago

I have gotten sleep paralysis once in my life when I was 13. I was visiting India and I woke up to find myself sitting up on my bed. It was past midnight and the room was pitch dark because there were no street lights on that road.

I sat there for a few seconds and tried to yell my cousins name but I was not capable of making a sound. I was frozen solid in that upright position and was freaking out because this has never happened to be before. My eyes were wide open and I felt as though there was something/someone at the end of my bed. I was scared shitless but was not able to make any sort of movement. I felt the presense come closer and was kinda certain that was the end. Next thing I know, I wake up with complete recollection of what happened.



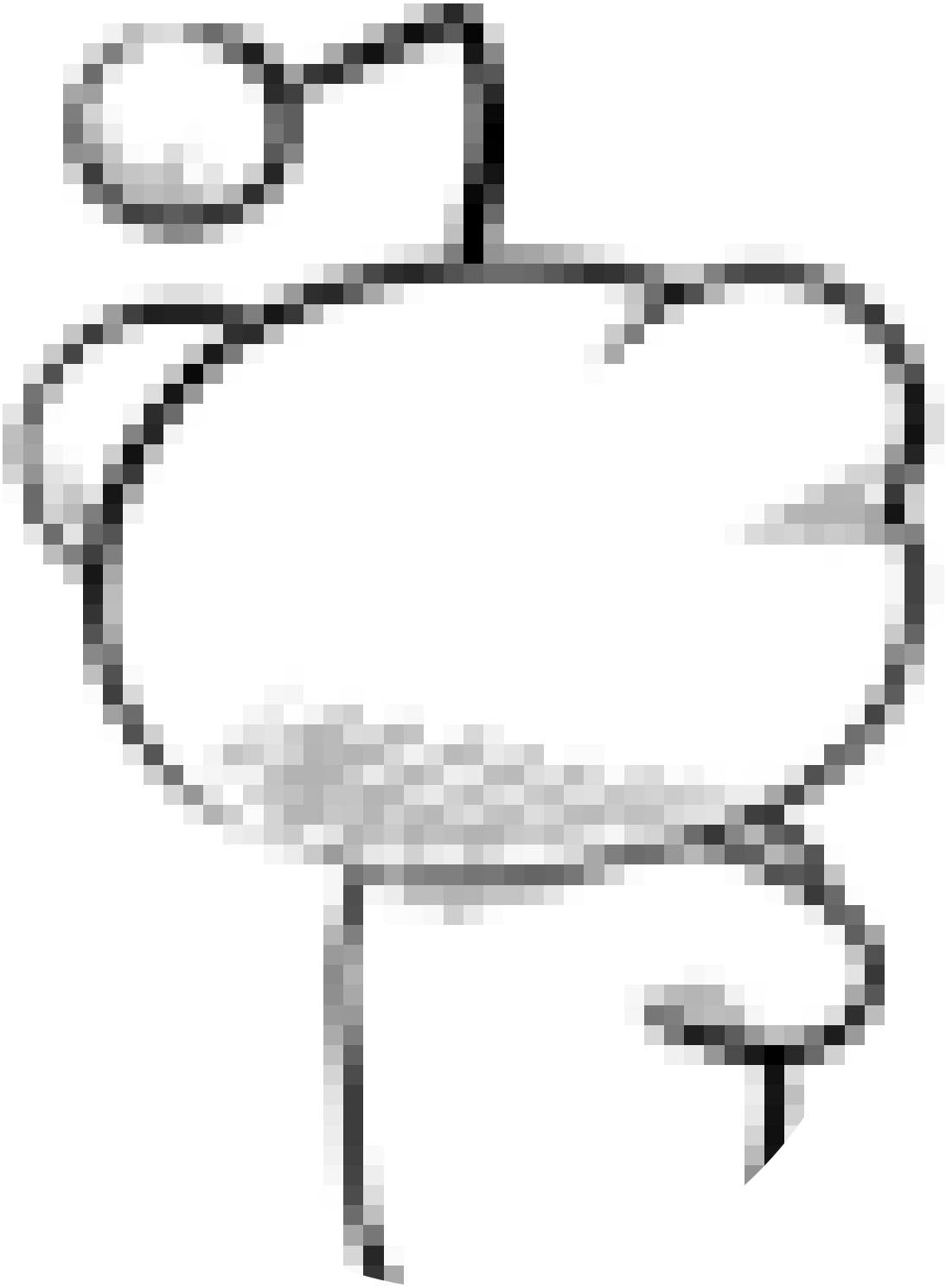
waldentwo
â€¢ 15y ago

I know others have already written about sleep paralysis, but I've had it since high school and I now always know when it's coming.

The area right under my ribcage will start having a weird, ticklish, painful throbbing, and I will start hearing a high-pitched sound.

Sometimes I can get out of it then. If not, I will hear voices, feel like I am floating, and it will feel as though I am screaming my lungs out. The worst is I'll keep thinking like I've woken up over and over again, but I'll still be stuck.

It's absolutely horrifying.



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â€¢ 15y ago

The night before September 11, 2001, I had a nightmare of babies falling from burning apartment buildings. Will never forget that.

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TheGhostofAndyRoony
â€¢ 15y ago

When I was University (very small town), I decided to take it easy one night and watch A movie with my girlfriend. We were laying down on the couch watching the TV, which is next to the hallway to the bedrooms and also near the stairs that go down to the front door and the basement. None of my roommates were home so it was pretty quite in the house. While we were watching the movie, I was laying behind her, A white figure, that looked like An old man (wearing A trench coat and hat), can out from the hallway and moved towards the living room and just stopped and stared at us on the couch. When I first noticed the man I grabbed my girlfriend leg and she also just tensed up. A few seconds went by and the figure just walked though the closed door to go downstairs. About 10 seconds of silence went went by and I just "Did you just fucking see that?!" and she responded "I'm going to pee my pants". After talking to my roommates,who had similar stories, we decided to mention it to the owner of the bungalow. All he knew was an old professor owned the house and was forced to move into an old age home where he died. I asked our landlord if he knew what the man looked like. He said yes. I asked if he wore A trench coat and hat. Our landlord responded "everyday".

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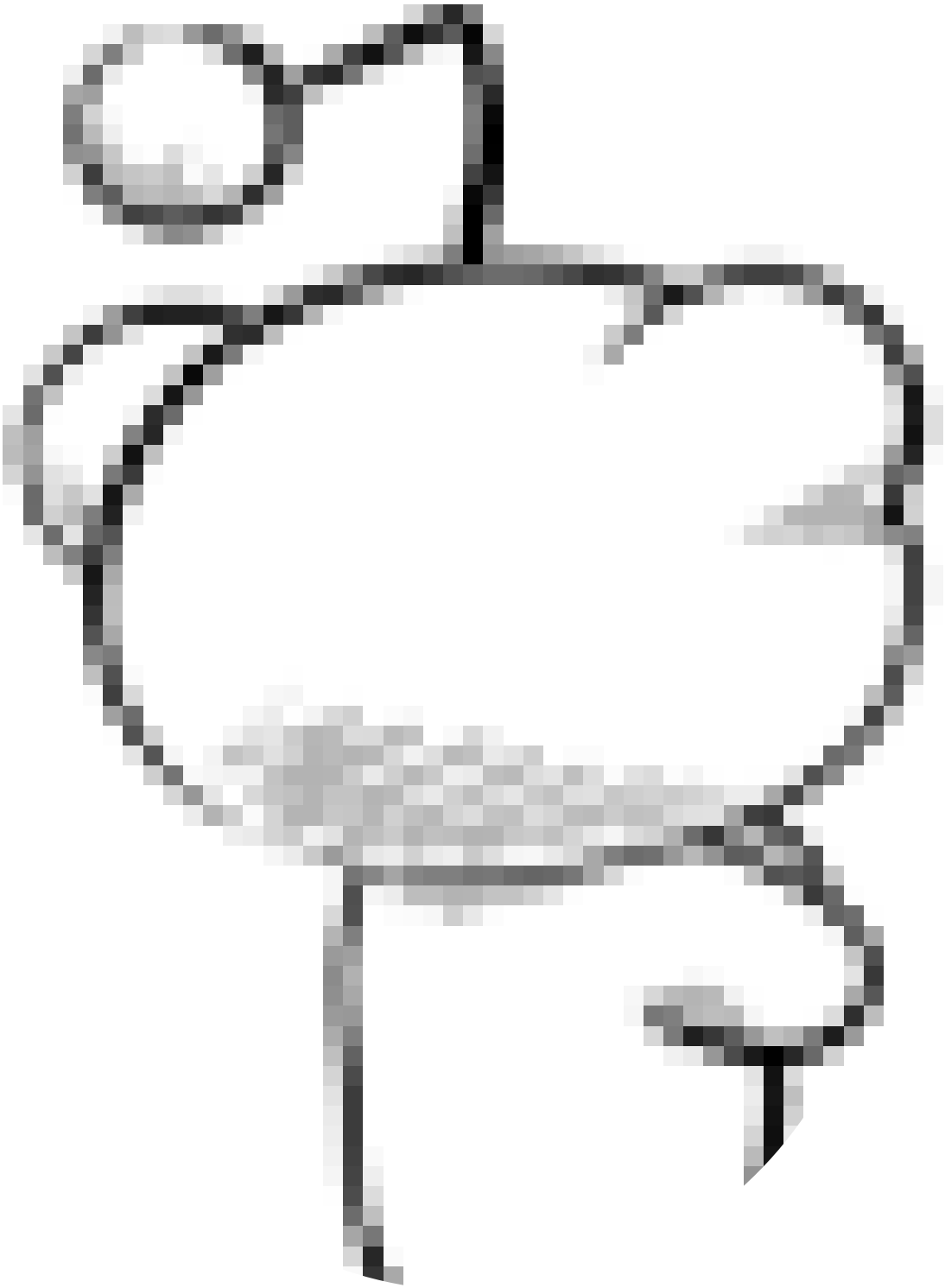

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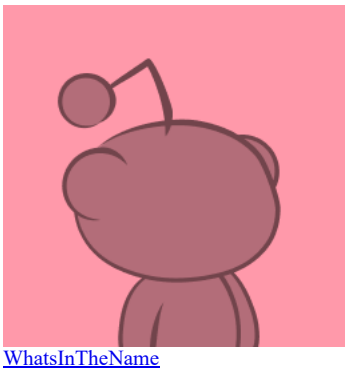
â€¢ 15y ago

When I was 12-13 I had a bad flu and slept on the couch in the living room of our house at the time. The house was on the side of a hill looking into a large valley and provided a great view of the sky in the area for kilometers. Sometime during the night I think I woke up. I say I think because what happened seems impossible, but I was totally lucid and I remember every minute detail of what happened. Looking out through the big picture windows into the valley there were two glowing green cigar shaped objects hovering over the town below. As soon as I noticed them they zoomed off and sent a massive boom over the town that violently shook the house and rattled the windows. I don't know if it was a fever dream that somehow became lucid, or if it really happened. Guess I'll never know, but I often watch the sky to see if it happens again.



WhatsInTheName
â€¢ 15y ago â€¢ Edited 15y ago

I used to get freaky hallucinations as a young kid. They would always happen if I woke up in the middle of the night, usually right after a dream. The hallucination would almost always be an image hovering in front of me a few feet away, usually related to a dream, and usually a face. The image would have a weird effect that made it seem to grow closer, but blinking would reset it back to its original position. One particular instance that sticks out in my memory is when I saw an image of tweety bird's face...i had seen freaker, but I remember this one because of how comical it was later. Anyway, I trained myself to not open my eyes after waking from a dream. Another thing that worked was putting my face into my pillow, and opening my eyes facing that (the image would fade from my brain without me actually having to see it)

Now, the images were more common, but I had worse ones at a slightly younger age. I have an extremely faded memory of my mom walking into my room in the dark...but she was walking in while moving as if she was dancing in a strobe light. She then walked out in the same manner. Also, on at least one occasion I awoke to my room being arranged in the wrong way, then awaking for real and it being back to normal.

Edit: btw, is there anyone here who can give me the explanation for this? (medical/psychological)

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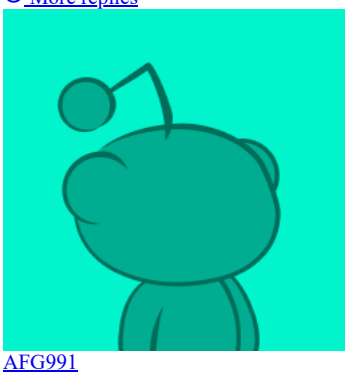

AFG991
â€¢ 15y ago

When I was a young kid, my sister used to sleep in the room I sleep in now. In front of the door there is a creak, so when you walk past it makes a noticeable noise. I woke up at 2am and walked past the room to use the bathroom, the second I stepped foot on the creak, I hear a loud shreak of horror. I run in to the room yelling to turn on the light genuinely freaked out myself to find my sister totally scared shitless because she saw a ghost. (my sister was 19 at the time)

fast forward about 10 years, I now regularly see a ghost figure in my room and hallway. the ghost is an elderly white lady who wears a white scarf, she is peaceful and doesn't seem threatening. I see her about once every 2 months but it still freaks me out every time i see her. The crazy thing is, before me and my sister have really talked about what the ghost looked like, I explained the ghost's features to her and she described the same exact person/thing.

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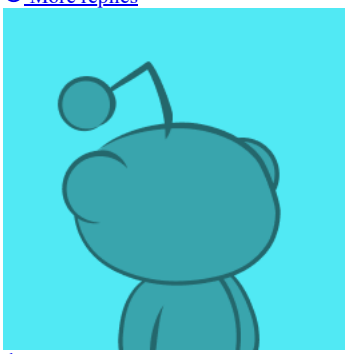

dexer
â€¢ 15y ago

On occasions, I'll wake up before my brain has fully come out of it's dream mode and it plays these neat little tricks to mess with reality. Most common is I'll wake up to the feeling of being in an earth quake. For a few seconds it even looks like things in my room are shaking and I can sort of hear it. Other times it'll briefly be some random voices but I can never remember what's being said.

The most real 'dream' that follows me back to the waking world is what sounds like something crawling in the walls while I'm drifting in and out of sleep in the middle of the night. About the size of a rat or something. Now, I have this small 1/2 foot wide hole in the wall behind my computer for the network cords that run through the house. After awhile, it sounds like it makes its way to that hole and then I can hear it walking across the floor to my bed. Now it sounds a bit bigger then a rat...and then I can feel vibrations through the mattress as it apparently climbs up the side of my bed. I'm pretty awake by this point but it doesn't go away. Just when I think it's stopped, I see the covers moving and can feel it moving across the bed under the covers to my legs. Queue freak-out throwing the covers off the bed and getting into a crouch ready to fight this thing off but there's nothing under the blankets. I know there's nothing there but when 3 of my senses are colluding against me it's hard to go back to sleep. Sometimes the sound of the nails on the rat-sized thing moving across the hardwood floor sounds like fingernails.

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SPIRITCATCHER10
â€¢ 15y ago

It is a tie between two things I witnessed as a 8 year old. The first event was I had just left my house at mid-morning on my 2 wheeled push scooter to go down the street to my grandmother's house when at a half a block I came upon a car with its front end smashed against a phone pole. The doors were open and I could see 2 guys sprawled part way out the door on each side of the car. They were not moving and as I looked around i could not see any one else on the street. I thought they were dead so I rushed home on my scooter and told my mother. She called the police and it turned they were just dead drunk. The other happened a month later at a food store at an outside phone booth. As I walked by the booth, an older man inside pulled out a long knife and stabbed himself in the gut. I ran inside the store and told the clerk who called the police and ambulance. I was very spooked. They took him away and I never did find out what happed to him. I did get a free ice cream bar from the store manager though.

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bbfan23
â€¢ 15y ago

Walking home from a friends house late one night. Always took a shortcut that passed through the playground of the local school. This particular night two little kids were swinging on the set and I could just make them out in the moonlight. They didn't talk, laugh or do anything but swing. Freaked me the fuck out. For months after I walked the extra quarter mile home.

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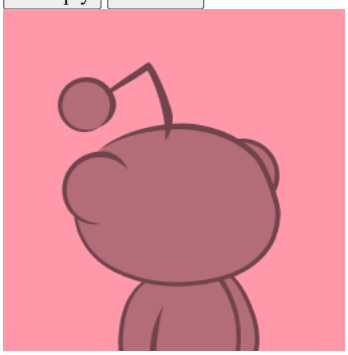

Firrox
â€¢ 15y ago

I saw the midnight showing of the ring, came home and my parents were sleeping (it was like 2am or so). I obviously couldn't go to bed so I went downstairs to watch TV. There was FUCKING STATIC on the TV. Change the channel. Static. Turn off the cable. Static. I ran upstairs, turning on all the lights as I went.

"It's just a fluke. The TV downstairs is just spazzing." So I turned on the family room TV and more fucking static. So I turned on all the lights on the main floor and stood there... next to the kitchen knives, for a good 20 minutes until I could convince myself to go to bed.

---

Another time my friends were visiting me from college at my parent's house. One of my new friends came downstairs with me and saw I had a furby. It was there for so long, turned off, that I hardly remembered it. You remember when furby's came out? That was like fucking... 7 years from the time they came over.

So my friend takes it and was all "oh man I've never seen these in person" I tell him not to stroke its back or it turns on and I forgot how to turn it off. Suddenly the furby just comes to life and is all "aaaahh!" "weeebo" "doolah!" and just won't fucking shut up.

I'm trying all these different things to make it shut up and it just wont stop talking. I run to the tool chest to grab a screw driver. I grab the furby from my friend's hands and turn it over and start unscrewing the plate to the battery. The furby starts screaming "Oooohh NNNOOOO! NNNOOOOO!!! OOOoooww!" and my friends are screaming "TURN IT OFF! WHAT THE FUCK!?"

I tear the batteries out and the voice slows demonically for a half second. We fucking torched that goddamn toy. I have no idea how the batteries lasted that long in it.

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Mayotte
â€¢ 15y ago

Not so much creepy as eerie, I went acid camping one summer, and discovered, in the middle of the night an entire tree stump/root system, GlOWING, out on on this rocky beach. It was a gigantic cinder, and the creepy part was that we had never seen something like that before, did not know how it got there, and had assumed there were no other people in the vicinity (remote location, Alaska).

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Pulvercity
â€¢ 15y ago

I've had some similar experiences to the 'hearing voices/names' happen to me before, too. Only, not when I would be going to sleep. It's only ever happened twice to this day, but when I was younger, living at my old house (I'd say I was about 6-7), I was in my kitchen, home alone, just browsing through the fridge, when I heard someone say in a crystal clear voice "Hello!" right behind me.....No one was home except myself and the dogs and cats...

A number of years later, when I was in my teens (maybe 16 or 17), at my apartment, I was in the kitchen, again, browsing through the fridge, home alone except for the cat, and the SAME voice said "Hello!" behind me...Only this time they sounded older. I'd say it was likely the voice of a girl. I tried responding, but haven't heard anything ever since then. I'm now 20, living with my fiancÃ©e and the dogs and cat, but haven't had any similar experiences.

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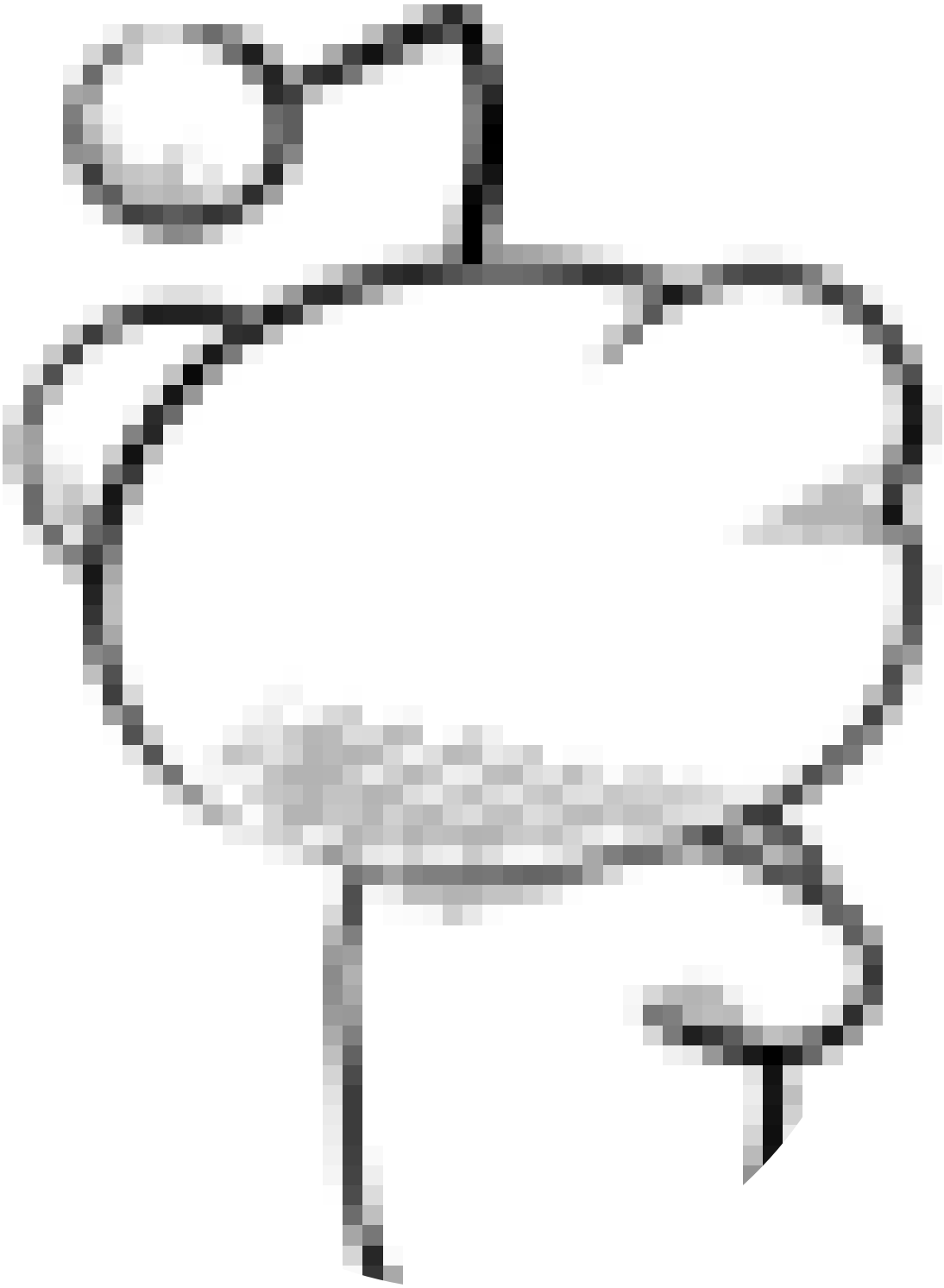

[deleted]
â€¢ 15y ago

Recall being little, like 5ish, and playing with my Legos (I was easily scared back then and afraid of the dark) knowing that noone was in the house at that time late saturday afternoon with the family shopping. So I am super happy building etc and look up at the rooms door for a second, when I suddenly realize the doorhandle is moving down, very slowly... I panicked first but remained silent and grabbed something from the floor for possible defense (I cant recall what, and what defense could a 5 y/o put up anyways...) So I manned up and decided to punch the door from the inside like mad while having a foot at the bottom of the door to prevent opening, which instantly flipped the doorhandle back into regular position and the door still being closed. I listened carefully for something like 5 or 10 seconds for possible movement and decided to open the door facing the long hallway as there was no noise, and guess what .... hallway was empty.

This still follows me ocassionaly as I recall the empty hallway and the moving doorhandle like it was yesterday, creepiest thing ever and I am still absolutely convinced that something moved the handle and I was not hallucinating.

easternWest
â€¢ 15y ago

Fuckin love this thread! While I don't have much to share my creepiest things are probably when I was very young around 7 or 8 I used to have really weird dreams I couldn't wake up from. I remember once where I thought I woke up but I was still in my dream, I saw a really old man with a curved back walking with a cane in my hallway shut my eyes back to sleep.

LordNinja
â€¢ 15y ago â€¢ Edited 15y ago

Back in the day of bionicles, I had put three characters together to make the super dude. However that night, I put it in my bottom drawer and as I was just about to fall asleep I hear a tapping from the inside of that bottom draw. At first I was like 'meh' but the tapping continued. So I became super creeped out and I hauled ass and stood in the hallway sweating to the max. I stood there for like half an hour until my parents went to bed. I told my father about it and he decided that I could sleep with my mom and he would have my bed. Turns out the toy continued to tap on the bottom drawer somehow, so my father pulled it out and broke it into a couple of pieces. I never slept with it in my room again.

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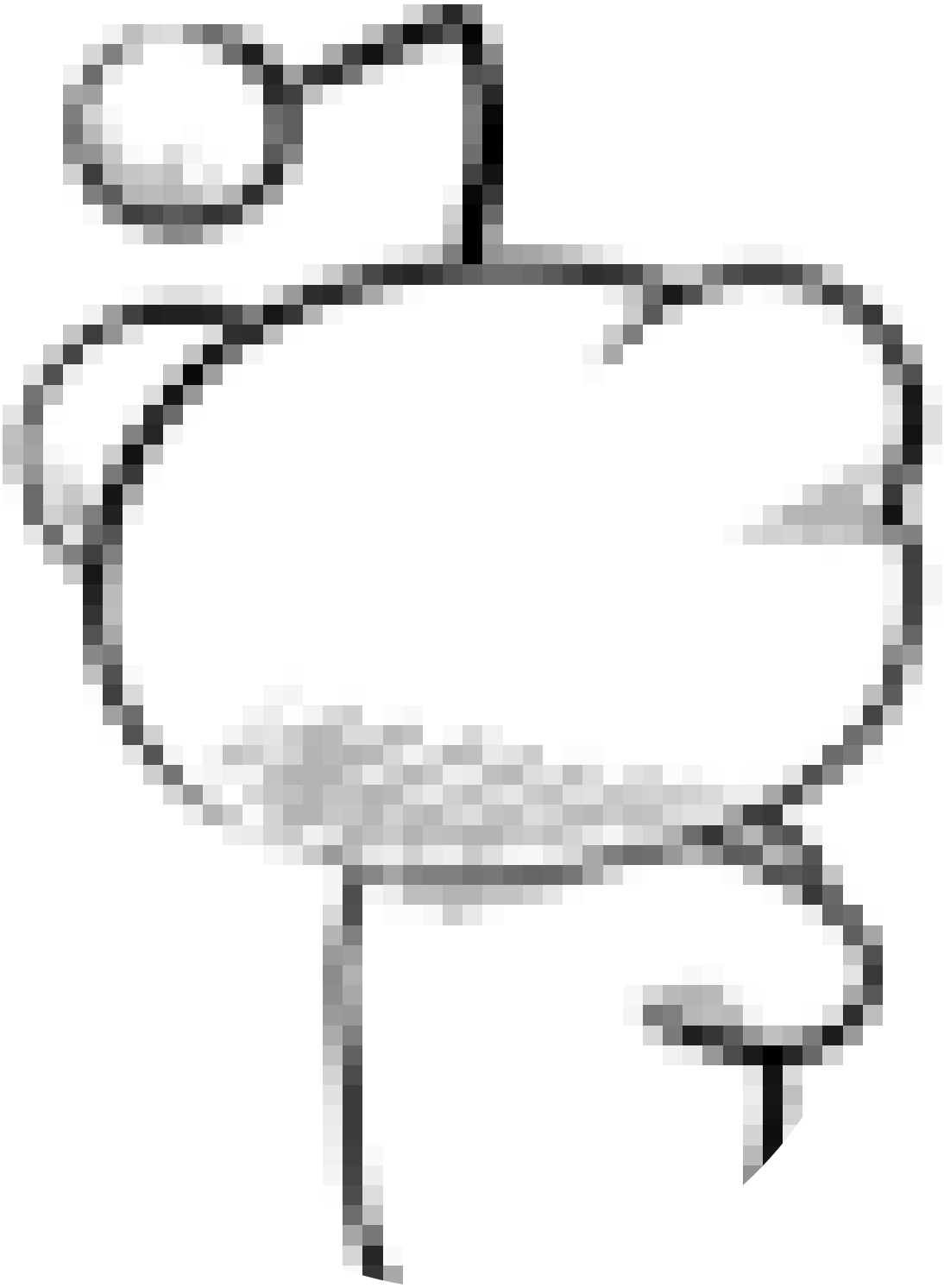

voNlKONov
â€¢ 15y ago

Dead bodies directly after a car accident with a car two ahead of me. Had been up all night and was driving to do a little snowboarding. Weird, weird day.

Reply Share

RabbiSchlem
â€¢ 15y ago

Essay time. UFOs and Ghosts!

So my whole life I've had a lot of weird UFO/Ghost type stuff happen to me. I feel like I'm a magnet for it, because it happens to me everywhere I go, though some places more often than others. Here are the two most vivid, undeniable events for me though:

Ghosts: My boss told me that I could stay at his mansion in Palm Springs for a few day vacation with my girlfriend. My girlfriend had something going on so she had to come a night later than me. My plane was delayed and I didn't make it to his housing development until around 2am. When I get there, I have to be personally driven to the house so that the security guards can unlock it for me.

When we get there, the security guard unlocks the place and lets me in. As soon as I step in I look at him and say "woah, this is creepy!". It was a giant receiving room with vaulted ceilings and no lights, which is why I said it's creepy. Misinterpreting why I think it's creepy, the security guard says "Oh, you have no idea how creepy it is". So I ask him what he's talking about. He tells me that he is always on night shift in the housing development and this particular house causes a lot of problems. Very often (up to a few times a week) locked doors will open and set off the alarm. Also, my boss apparently has security cameras there, and would occasionally call the front desk and ask why his drawers were open. The security guys would have to go close them.

Great.

So at the time I laugh it off and think nothing of it. I go to sleep by myself in the guest house and get a nice wakeup at about 4am. The room is vibrating like there's an earthquake, the lights are on and it sounds like someone's dragging 5 chairs on a wooden floor above me. There's no second floor. This happens for a full 30-45 seconds. After the first 10 seconds I was completely awake, and my heart was pumping with adrenaline. It suddenly stops, so I go to bed.

My girlfriend gets in the next night. I didn't say any of this to her because I didn't want to start buying into it or scare her at all. We go to sleep in the guest bedroom again and in the middle of the night she gasps and jumps up in bed. This wakes me up and I look at her and she's scared shitless, but says nothing -- she doesn't really look fully awake. I'm pretty wide awake at this point and so I tell her everything is OK and I put my arm around her.

I'm facing her and a minute or so after I'm done consoling her I realize that right behind her head there is a half full glass of water on the night stand that is balancing on one edge. I stare at it intently, frozen in fear. I watch it for a solid 10 seconds. Then right before my eyes, without explanation, it drops back to its normal resting position, water swishing around. All I can say is holy fuck over and over, waking my girlfriend up.

Over the next two nights, there was a very eery feeling in the house -- it can't really be explained, it's just a creepy feeling where you know you're not alone. And being in a giant mansion really exacerbates this. Other weird stuff happened such as lights turning on/off, but nothing that I was as sure of as I was with the previous two nights.

Then on the day that we leave we get picked up by a cab driver who says he used to work nightshift security in the neighborhood. We were casually chit-chatting when he asked me a serious question: "I know a lot of people don't believe in this stuff, and it's a weird thing to ask, but did anything strange happen to you while you were there? Like, ghost stuff?" I didn't want to sound crazy, so I just said "yeah, it was a little weird, why?". He then proceeded to tell me all of his stories from working in the neighborhood for a few years. Seeing ghosts, doors being unlocked/opened, new night shift guards refusing to patrol alone (some quit). He said that the house that I was in was typically the worst, but that it happened all over the neighborhood.

Anyway, it was pretty clear that this area was for sure haunted.

UFO story: A few months ago I went up north a ways from San Francisco (where light pollution is very low) to watch a meteor shower. I went with a girl and we brought tons of warm clothes and a picnic along. We took a hike up to get to the top of a trail where we would have a great view.

Maybe 20 minutes after we sit down, the whole sky lights up in an instant flash. Not like the kind of flash from lightening that is a dull white. This flash is a violent whiteout that turns on for a split second then turns off. With lightening you get a strong flash then it dies down in the sky. With this it was like an on/off.

The girl I was with freaked out. She thought there was someone in the woods taking pictures of us. I told her, "listen, no one's in the woods taking pictures of us. If there was some creeper out there they would come after us, they wouldn't waste time taking pictures. Don't worry, it's fine."

I get her to chill out for awhile after this and we hang out for a solid 2-3 hours. Then the fun begins. We get that same whiteout flash happen again. She's scared again, so I tell her I'll stand up and look around and make sure nothing's there. So we continue shooting the shit as I'm standing up looking around. Something on the horizon catches my eye so I just stare at it for awhile as we talk. Then I tell her that she should stand up and look at it, because it's changing colors.

She stands up and starts staring at it and she agrees that this light, a little above the horizon in the air, is changing colors from red to blue to purple etc. It's flickering through them every 200ms or so. Strange! I laugh and sile, "It's probably a UFO!". Ha-ha-ha.

We keep staring at it and then she freaks out. Her: "Did you see that!??!?" Me: "What?" Her: "Did you see it move!!?!?!?" Me: "No." Her: "It just moved!!!" Me: "I was watching it, I didn't see it move at all."

She explained to me that she saw it jump straight up in the air to a new position. So I started looking closer. A few minutes later we're still talking but watching it closely. Then we both gasp and say at the same time "Holy shit it just moved again". I saw it very clearly this time. With how far out from us it was, it must have jumped at least a thousand feet instantaneously. I was watching it one position and as I was watching it it was in a completely new position. This whole time the colors are still flickering. At this point we're no longer laughing about it being a UFO.

As I'm unblinkingly staring at it, I realize that I can make out a very faint colored circle around the light. Now that I've seen the circle I can pick it out pretty easily without staring for long. She can see it too.

From out of nowhere, the light starts zigzagging within the circle like crazy. From one side to the other, up down, everywhere. It's jumping instantaenously, you can't see it actually move between two points. Then the white flash lights up the sky. At this point we were absolutely convinced we were watching a UFO and we did NOT want to find out whether it knew we were watching it or not. So as fast as we could we packed everything up and ran back down the hill.

All in all, we had watched it for nearly 45 minutes. We know what we saw and it was not a meteor, plane, light tower, etc.

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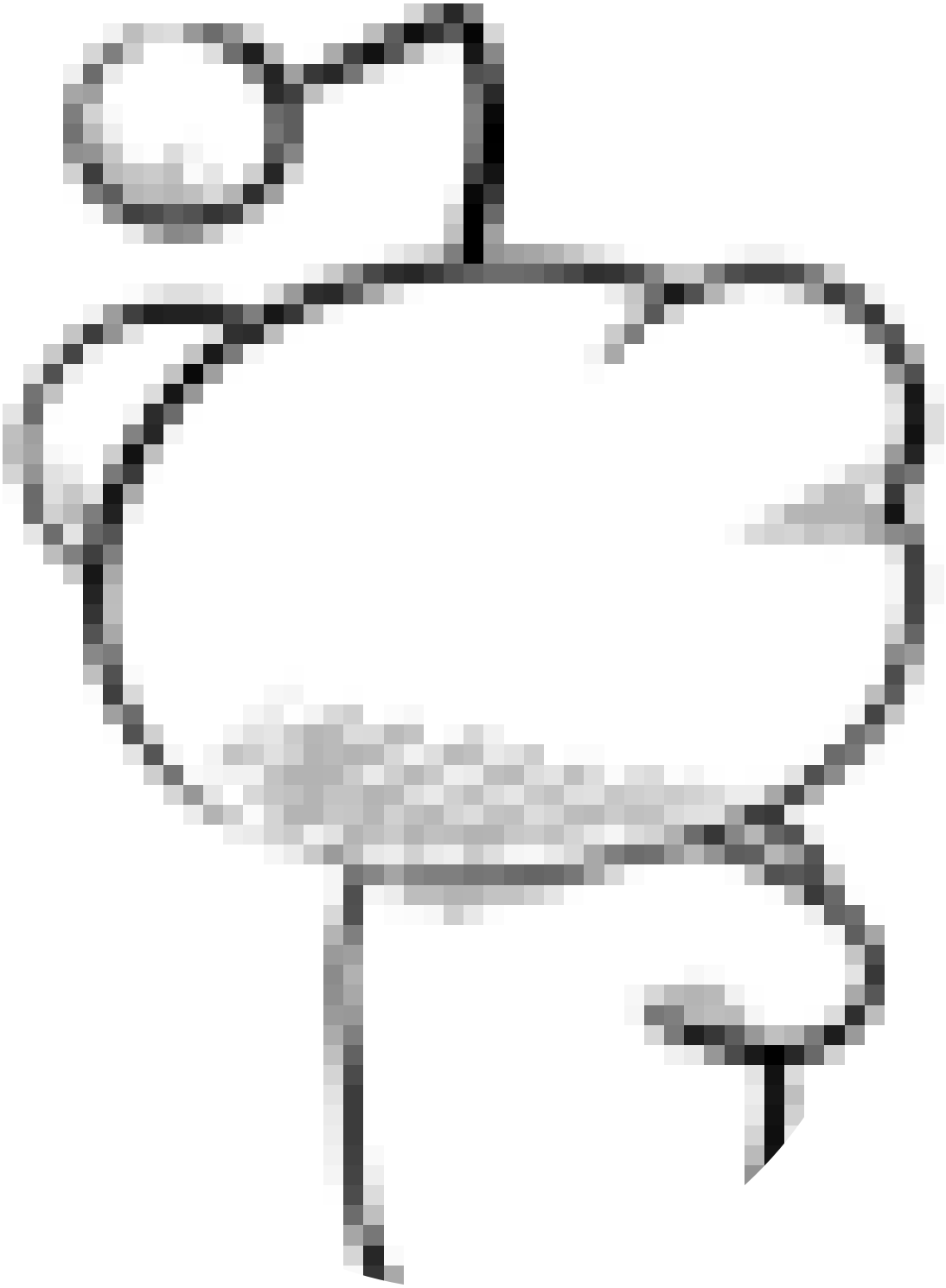

PinkPenguin649
â€¢ 15y ago

Fuck this man! I'm never gonna sleep tonight.

Reply Share

gravisj1
â€¢ 15y ago

I was home alone, sober (for once!) and heading off to bed, my grandmother had lived with us up until her death a few months prior, before the end she became more and more religious, praying a lot and whatnot.

Anyways, I'm in the washroom brushing my teeth and I swear to god I heard her praying in the next room, scared the crap out of me, I finished up, went to bed and I fell asleep with my lights on...

I'm very non-spiritual/religious/superstitious, kind of an odd experience.

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puremagic
â€¢ 15y ago

OK this may be inappropriate but did anyone else listen to this song as they read through this thread? http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=tLPZmPaHme0

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czjay
â€¢ 15y ago

I have a ton of ghost stories and other spooky happenings I could talk about. I grew up in the Panama Canal Zone and there's a ton of hauntings there, probably from the sheer amount of deaths related to the construction of the Canal among other things. But this incident is more mysterious than paranormal.

One of my closest friends in middle/high school used to live on one of the military bases for the first couple years he lived down there. I spent the night at his house one time and we decided to stay up late playing SNES games (I believe we were trying to finish Contra III). It was raining outside and every once in a while I would glance out his window to watch the rain. Now, his bedroom window faced the main road that ran through the base but it was a dead night thanks to the storm. At around four in the morning, I looked outside and saw a man in a trench coat and hat just standing there across the street. I couldn't see his face, as it was in the shadows but I had a feeling he was staring at me. I called my friend over and he saw the man as well. Needless to say we were kinda freaked out so we looked away and when we looked back he was gone. I have no idea where he went since we could see every direction he would have gone and there was no trace of him.

A few years later, same friend and I were hanging out in front another friend's house on the same base. It was night and a storm was about to break. Suddenly my friend (the one who had seen the guy with me before) shouted "Holy shit, look!" and pointed down the road. Sure enough, there was the same guy in a trenchcoat and hat staring at us. Still couldn't see his face though. We gave chase, which meant running slightly up hill then back downhill after a peak (he was standing at the top of the hill). However, once again, the guy vanished. The street ended in a T at the bottom of the hill, there were houses on one side and a huge drainage ditch on the other. Nowhere for him to go without us seeing him or his getting injured. We never saw the guy again. I later heard stories of other people on the base seeing the same thing. No idea if it was a ghost or just some covert government thing.

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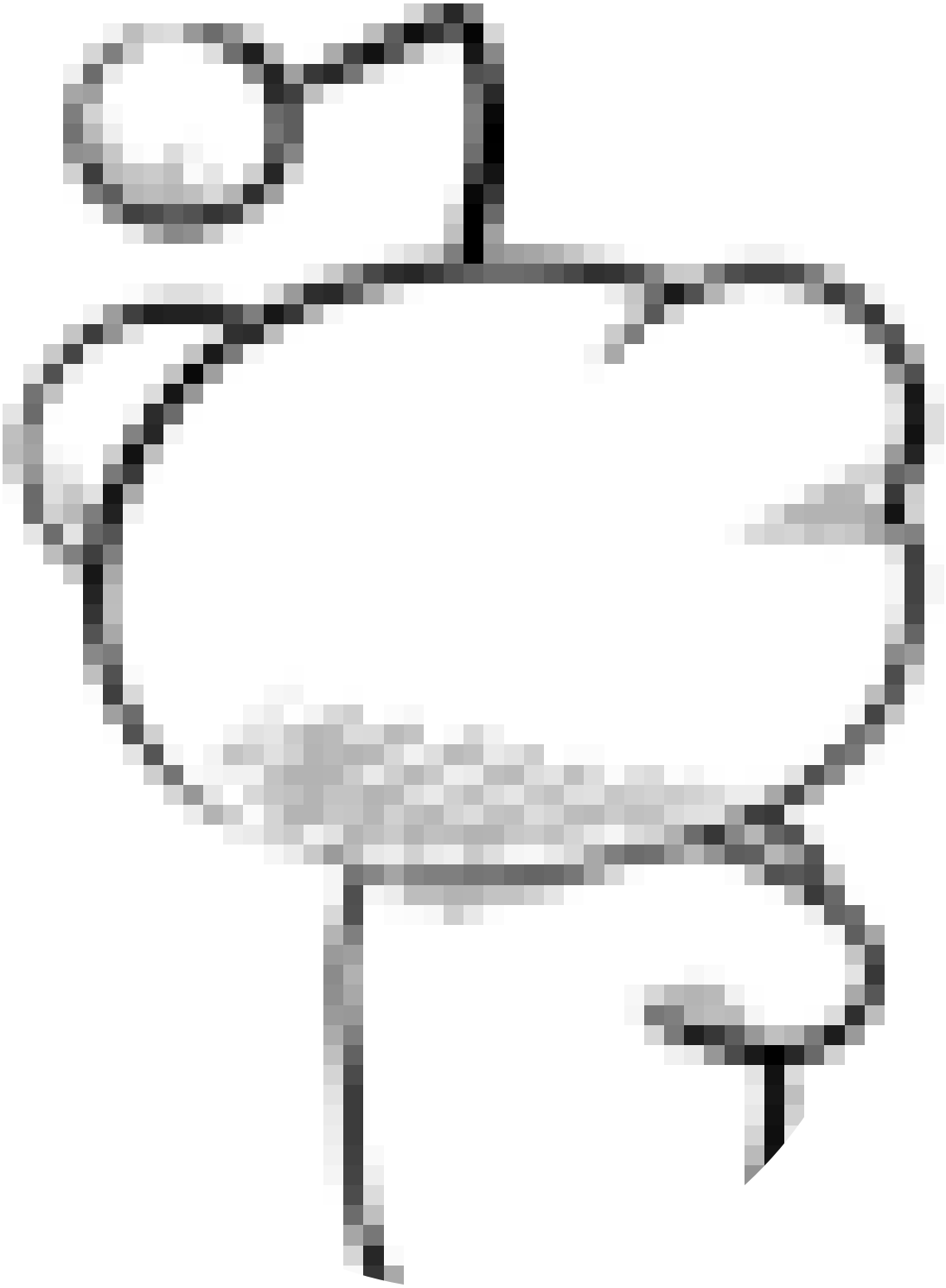

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â€¢ 15y ago

i was five and sleeping in the back room with my sister. the door opens a bit, and what looked like out little black kitten came in. it jumped on the bed and shattered into fragments that faded away. found out that he was killed by a cargo truck that day and my parents hadn't said a thing yet. i was born with a caul, so stuff like this is commonplace, but this was the first. creeped my parents out too, but not as much as when i invariably call them seemingly randomly when they're about to get news that a relative or friend has died. i'm usually on the phone when the hospital calls.

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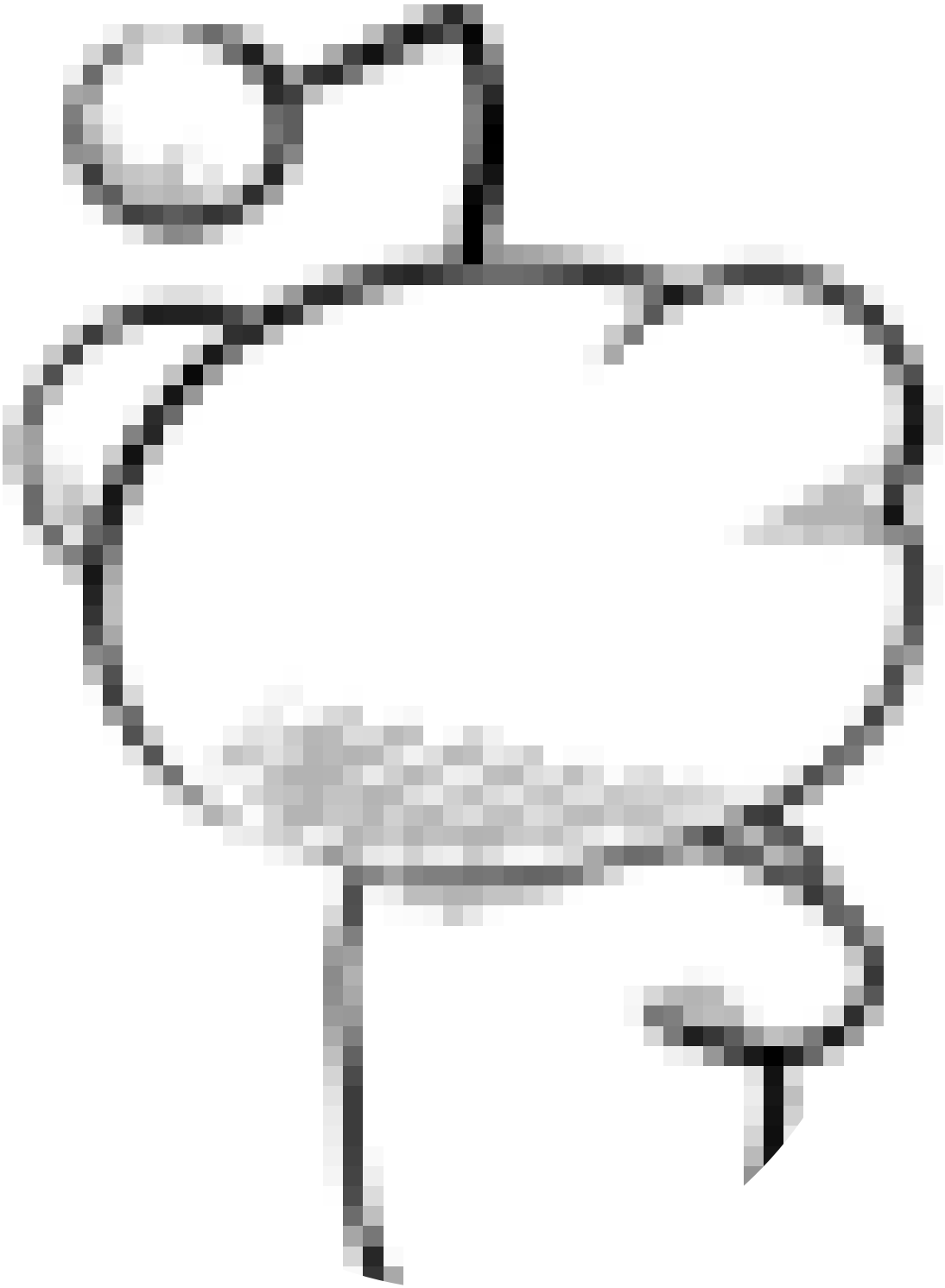

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â€¢ 15y ago

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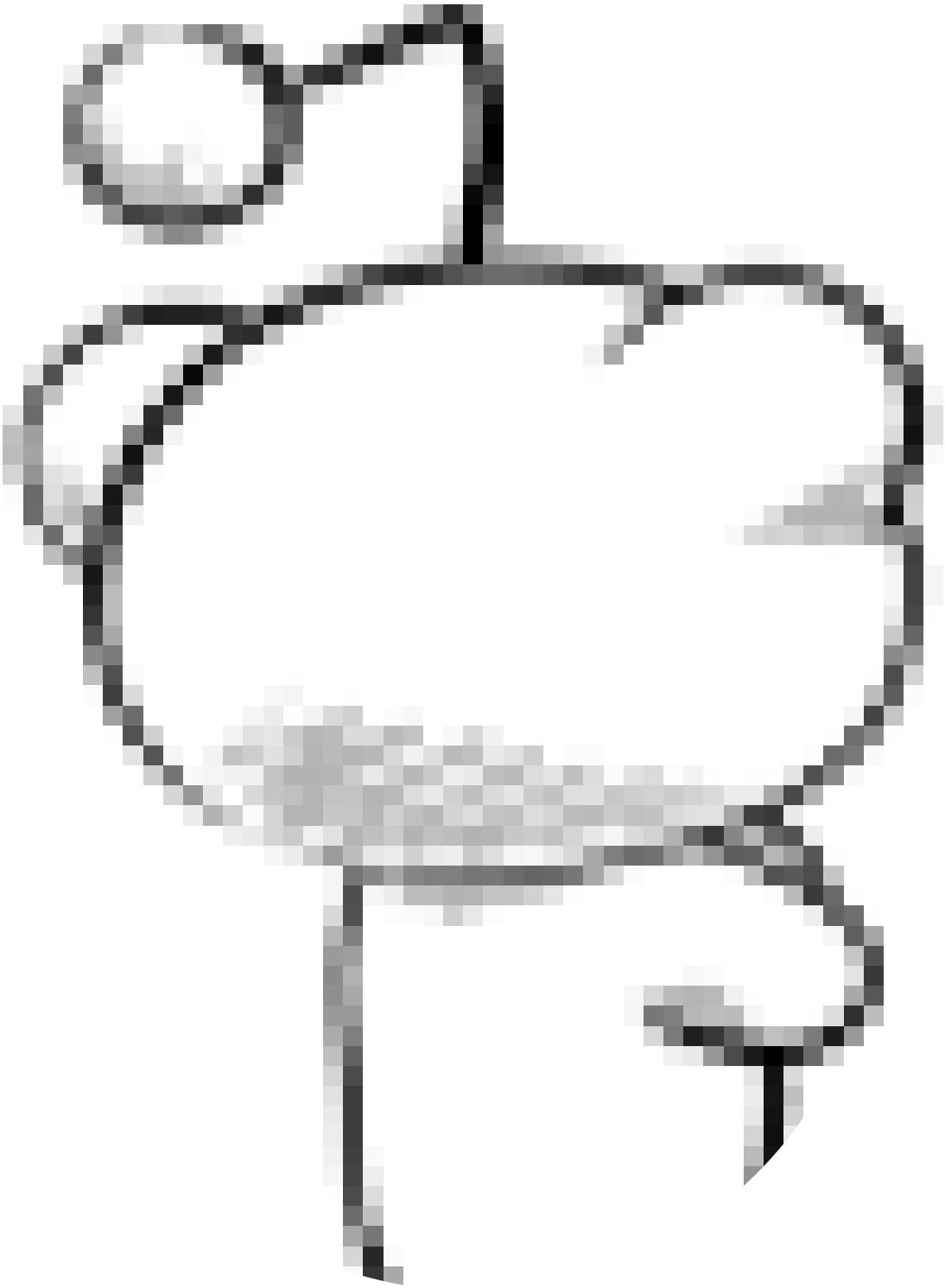

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â€¢ 15y ago

When I was about 19 I lived in a city and was walking to a store one afternoon. I'm only 5ft and was probably only about 90lbs at the time. Anyway this guy in a beat up car all of a sudden honked at m e and came screaching around the corner into the parking lot of the store I was walking to. I was so stunned and confused. I didn't knwo this guy but he really wanted to talk to me.
He pulled up and starting making small talk. He asked me where I lived etc.. made like he couldn't hear me and turned down the radio in his car. Motioned for me to come closer. I remember taking a step backward because I was nervous.
Eventually he left and I was soo nervous after that. I ran home and locked my doors. I was so afraid he would follow me home. I still don't know what the hell that was about.

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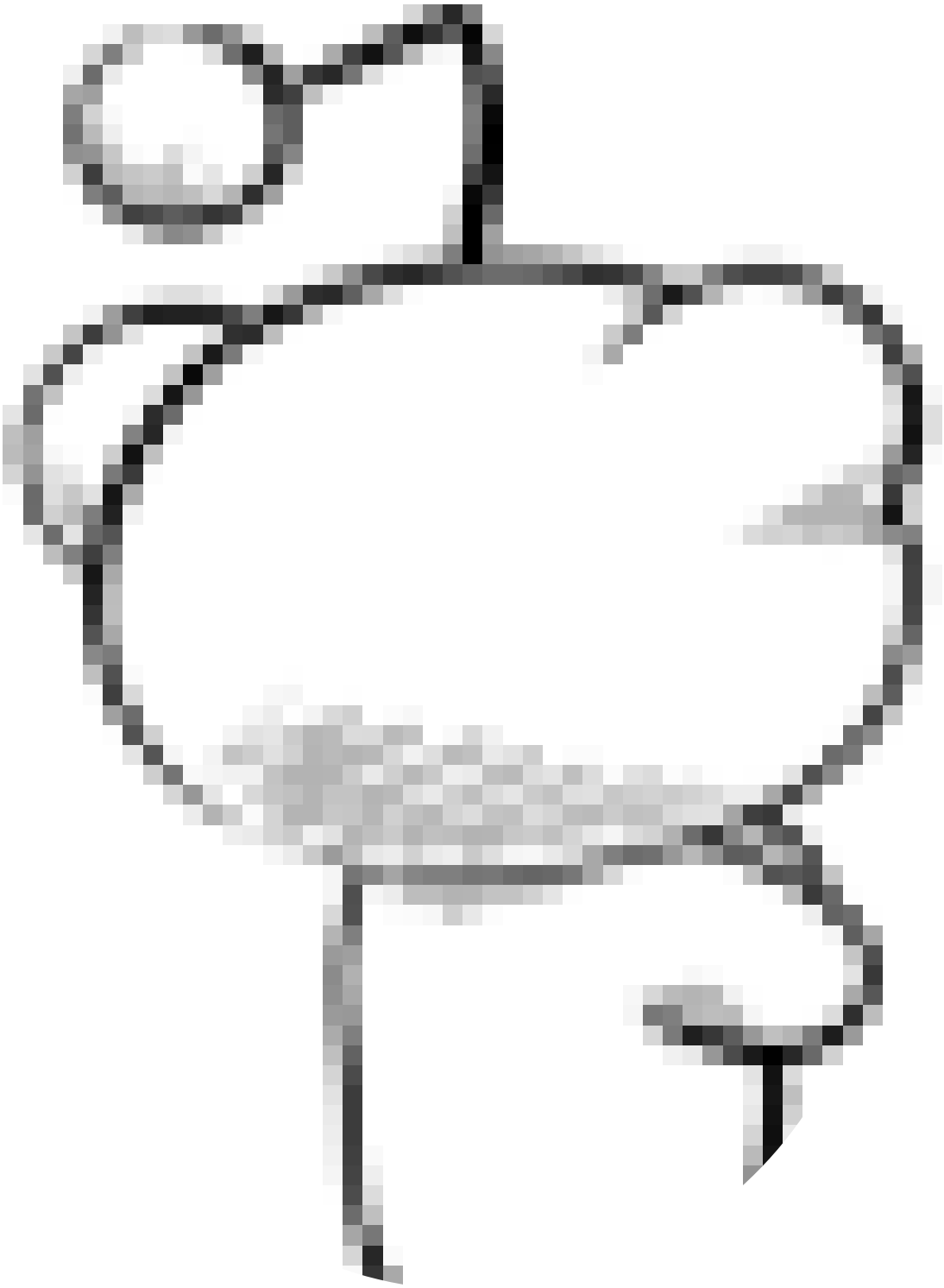

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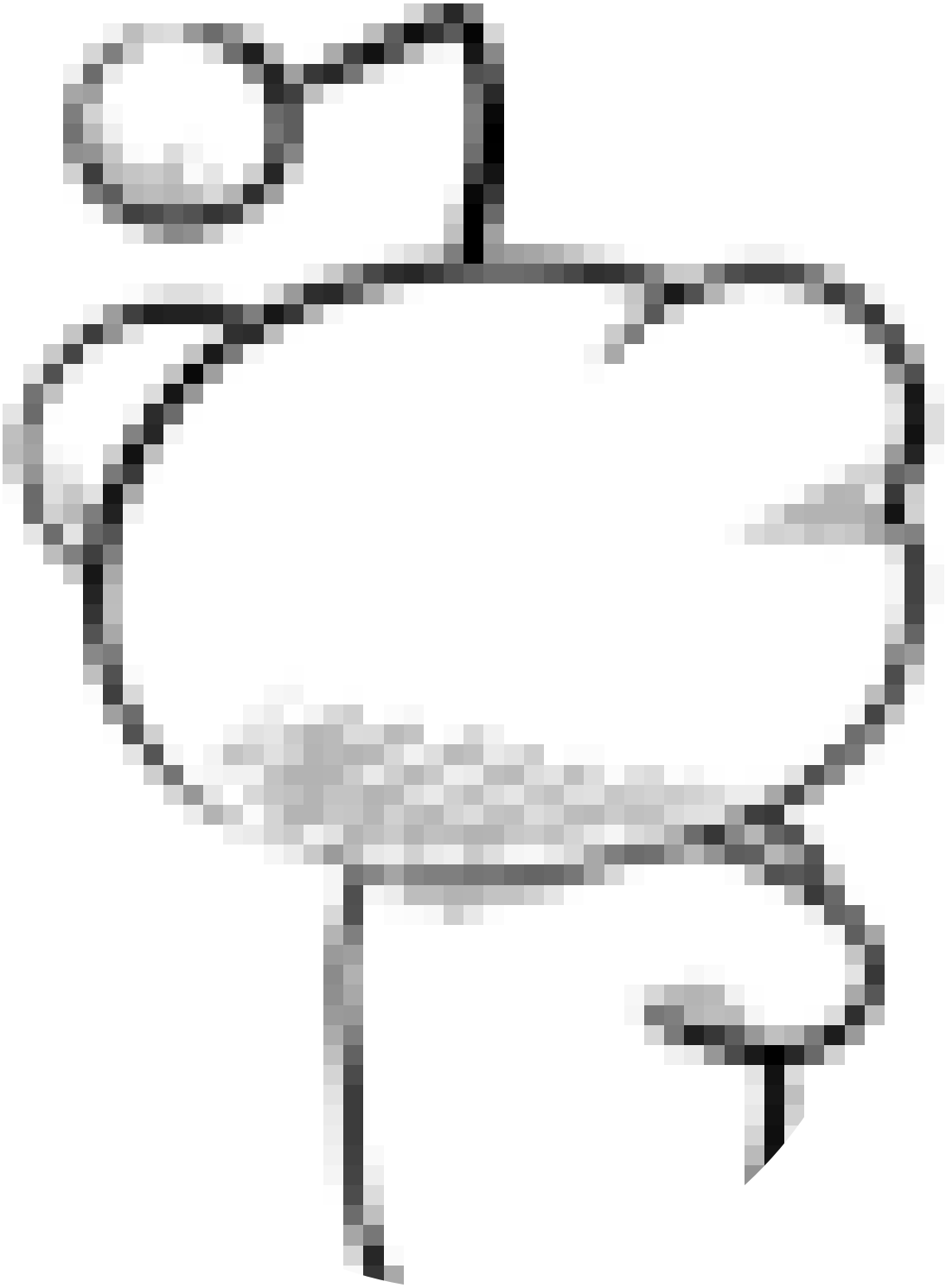
â€¢ 15y ago

When I was about 10 or 11 I was walking home form school and this car pulled up next to where I was walking. I looked over and there was a middle aged man in the drivers seat with his pants down masturbating. I started running and he drove away - I ran all the way home. My parents didn't believe me....



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â€¢ 15y ago

Sleeping downstairs in the basement, and I wake up in the middle of the night. Everything is silent except for the occasional passing car. Then out of nowhere comes this crazy yelping sound. It sounded like an animal in pain, like a cross between a yelping dog and somebody screaming. I was frozen in bed too scared to think. A week later I bring it up and it turns out everyone else in the house heard it too.

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Tax_Ninja
â€¢ 15y ago

My friends and I were going over to my place to hangout and on the way we saw a man with a sword standing in the shadows. He didn't really move, but just said something like - "you guys better get inside, they'll be coming back soon." We called the police and they maced him. Best night ever.

3 more replies

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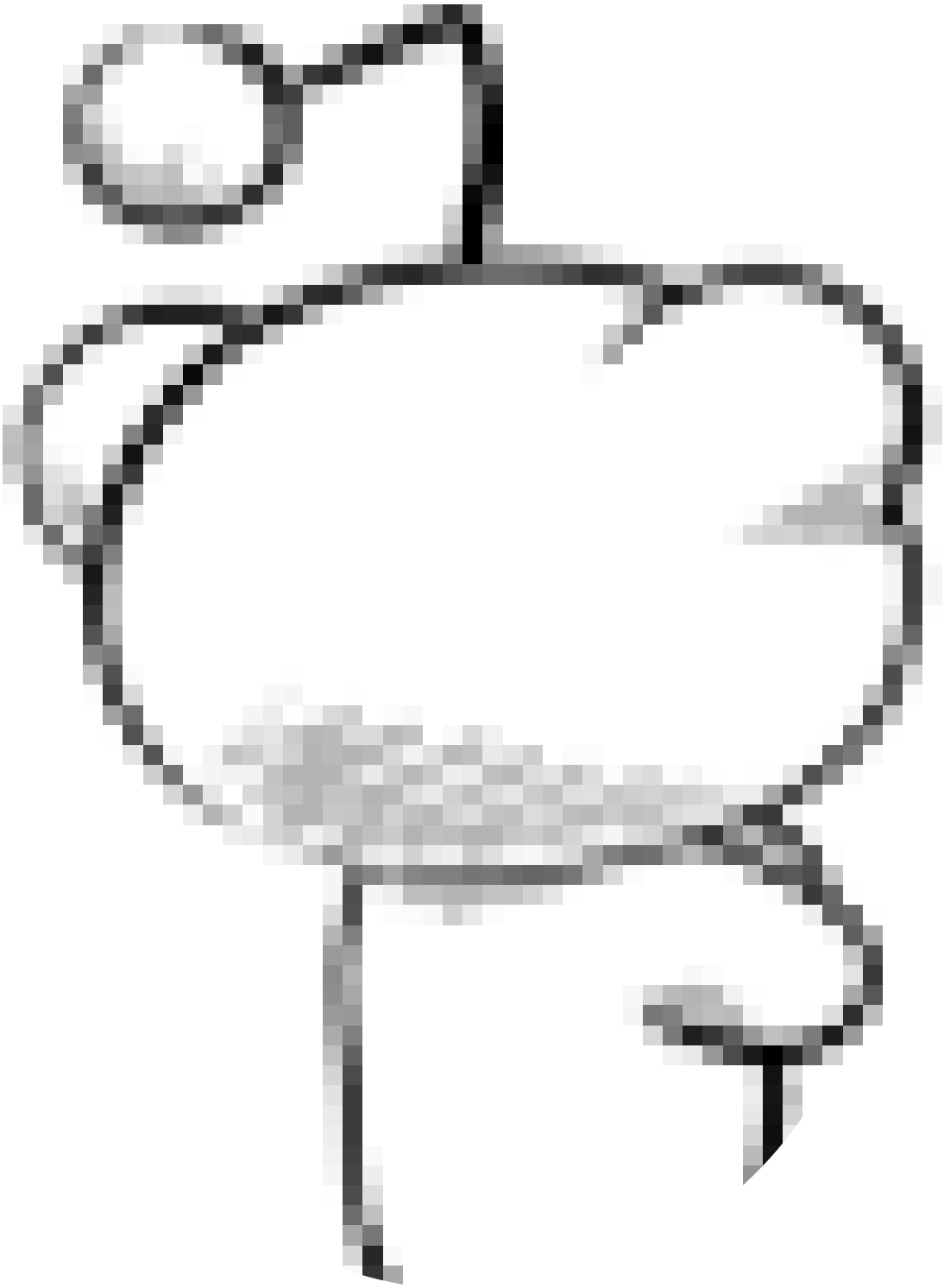

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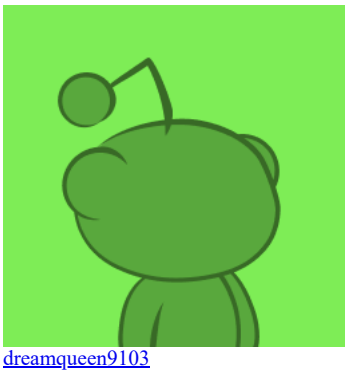
â€¢ 15y ago

noticed a few comments about sleep paralysis so thought i'd put in my 2 cents.

watched the exorcist for the first time a few years ago and was a bit like "not as scary as everyone says but can imagine it being so back in the day". went to bed that night not thinking about it and was also in bed with my girlfriend at the time so was like "even if i get scared tonight i've got my girlfriend here to snuggle with :3 "

so anyway i was asleep and woke up in the middle of the night and just COULD NOT MOVE and at the same time could see this face hovering above me for about 10 seconds. i shut my eyes and it was still there, i couldn't move or couldn't speak to at least even tell my girlfriend i was freaking out!

about another 10 seconds later and it subsides, and i feel like i've been tied up and the ropes have suddenly been cut away. i don't think i've ever cuddled my girlfriend so tightly over such a silly fleeting incident haha



dreamqueen9103
â€¢ 15y ago

I have been reading this thread, in a dimmed room, alone, in my house, late at night before I'm going to sleep. Suddenly I hear light tapping on my window from rain.

A MAN IS GOING TO KILL ME.

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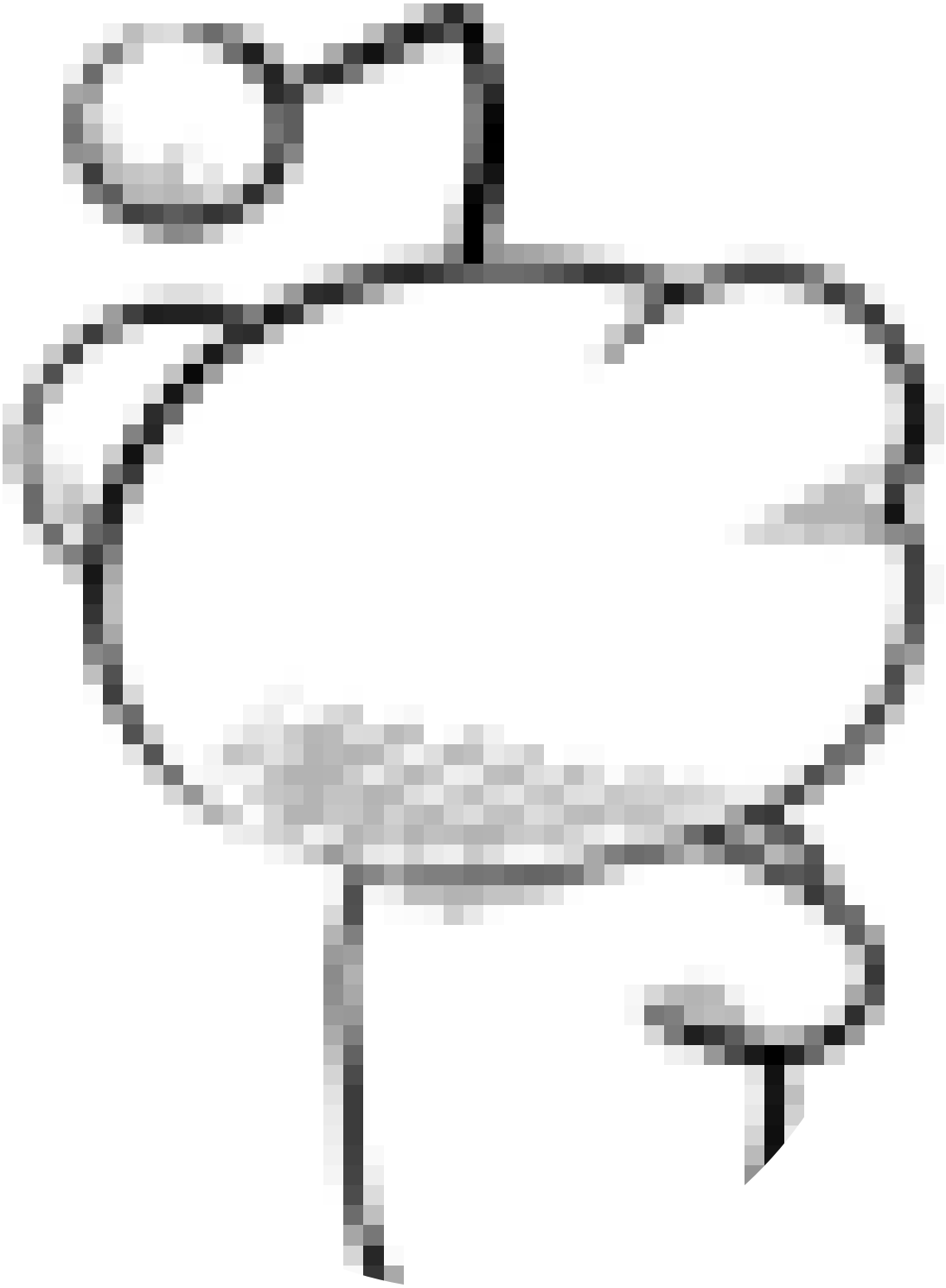

warpfield
â€¢ 15y ago

I was drifting off to sleep, but without falling asleep, suddenly for the next twenty seconds I felt a tremendous horizontal forward acceleration as if I'd been strapped into a rocket sled. It was very weird because the room was perfectly still, but the sensation was undeniable, and I felt my speed to be just getting faster and faster, something around 500 mph before it finally stopped (thank God).

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legendarybukoki
â€¢ 15y ago

it wasnt really creepy but more of a karma moment. i was on the interstate when some assblood cut me off almost caused an accident and i said to my wife i hope this prick get in a non-fatal car accident, the next intersection he got off and my wife witnessed this guy rearend another car hard, i felt like a karma prophet.

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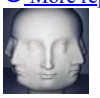

Domestica
â€¢ 15y ago

I was up late around 2 am one night when I got the munchies. On my way to the kitchen, I noticed the door to my dad's office was shut but i could see the light was on. My parents were really sound sleepers and didn't have a history of being up late, but I heard guitar playing. This wasn't odd since my dad had been a guitarist most of his life, but I noticed his style was a little different this time. I figured he just couldn't sleep and was passing time, so I ate my food then went to bed. Fast forward to the next morning, I non-nonchalantly mention it to him by asking if he had trouble sleeping. He looked at me pretty blankly and said nope, he had slept fine. I asked him about the guitar playing in his office at the early hours and he insisted it wasn't and couldn't have been him because he had injured his right thumb at work about a week prior. He brushed it off as though I had dreamed it up, but I noticed he checked all the locks in the house every night ever since.

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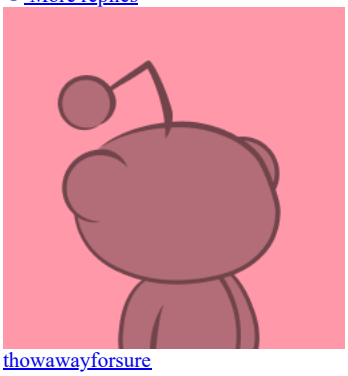

thowawayforsure
â€¢ 15y ago

You want to know the creepiest thing I ever saw? Well, 20 years ago or so, I had an arrangement with a friend where we'd go to porn theaters. He'd go into the gay room and I'd stay in the straight room. He was 20 years older than me, and he'd always pay. It's like we'd go and get burgers or go to a movie and then we'd end up there sometimes. There was always an element of watching out for each other in that environment. Yeah, I jacked off, and he usually played with other guys. I'd have to slap hands away sometimes. This one theater in particular, you got buzzed in (which meant everyone covered up) and you had to walk through the straight porn room to get to the gay room. It was dark, so you couldn't see when you first came in. I usually stayed in the straight room because gay porn just doesn't do it for me.

Back to the creepiest bit: One day we go there, and I slip into the back roow next to the wall, and from the parking lot you could tell three's maybe 15 or 20 guys in there, most of them in the gay room. Well the movie isn't doing it for me, and after 20 minutes I go to make sure my friend is ok. And there's this old man in there. And he's leading this even older woman around, like in her 80's, blind and wearing adult diapers under her old lady pants. And while there's the usual piggy gay sex going on in there, this old guy is shuffling around in the dark with this ancient lady, leading her and describing in her ear what's going on, as she can't see. This is the creepiest thing I ever saw.

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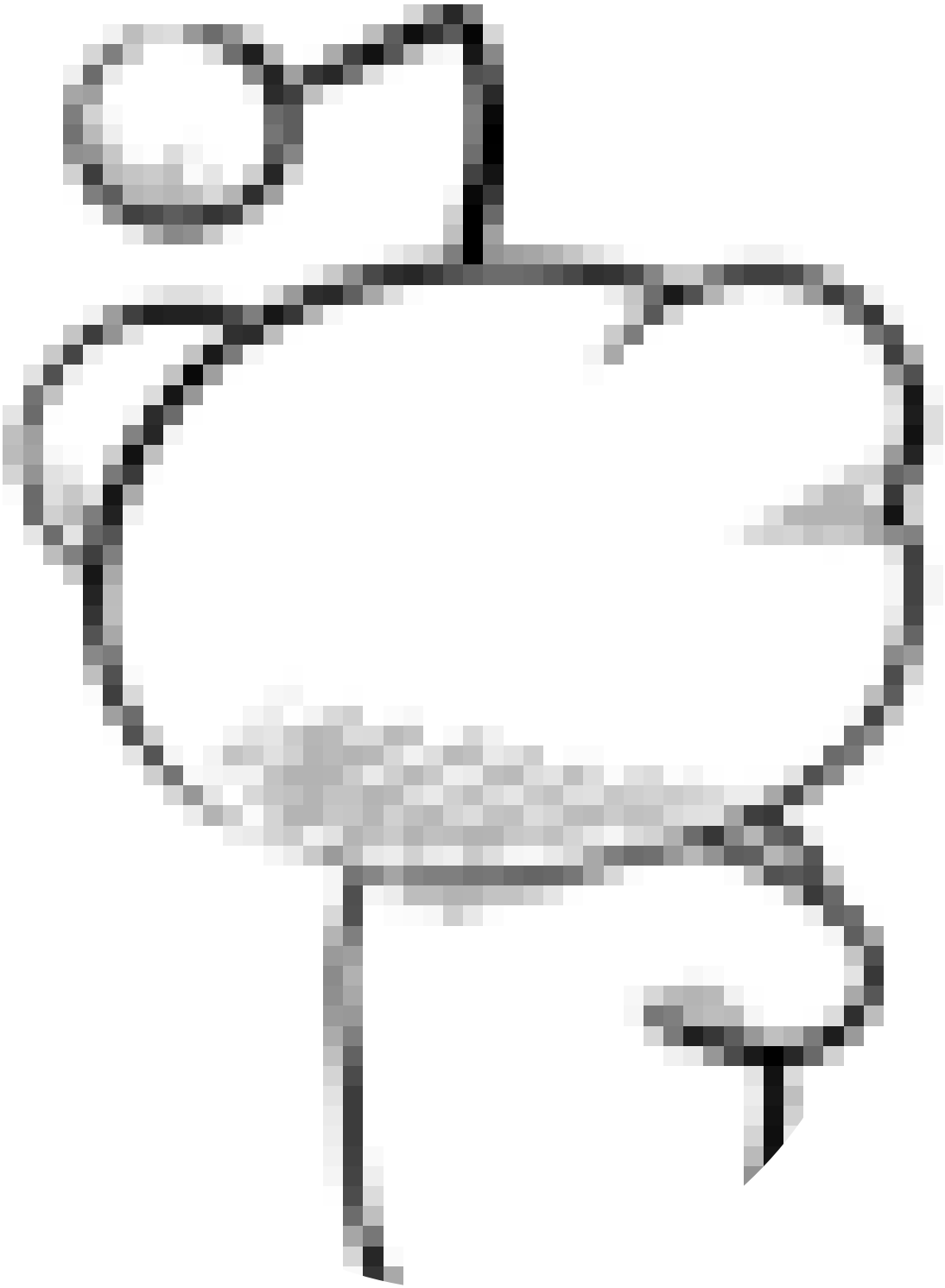

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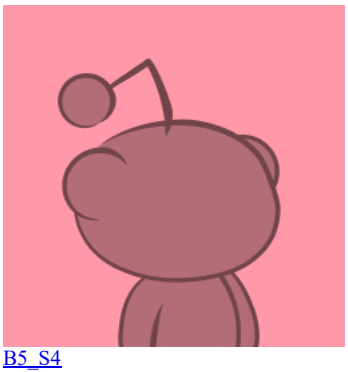

B5_S4
â€¢ 15y ago

I can't for the life of me find it now but I read an article that talked about typewriters and how there existed some models which were capable of a kind of instant messaging through the early internet.

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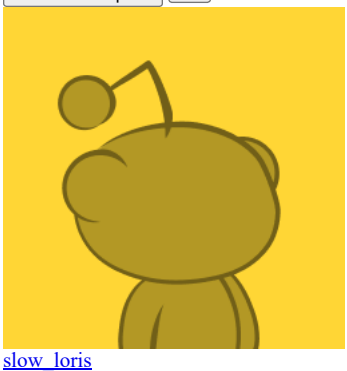

slow_loris
â€¢ 15y ago

This probably won't get read, but I just remembered my creepy story after blocking it out for about a year, so here goes...

I was camping in California, and there was a beach about a mile's hike from our campsite. I tend to wake up early, so I walked down the beach trail to do some birdwatching. Most of the trail was through meadows but the last part was in a denser forest area - it was daylight, though, and I didn't feel nervous in any way.

I turned a corner and saw, several feet down the path, a men's suit. Hanging on a hanger. From a tree branch. No one around. It might not sound creepy, but I freaked out. I was in the middle of nowhere - the campsite itself was a 1/3 mile hike from the highway, and I was almost a mile away from it near a beach with no other access. And someone had hung up a full suit on the path.

I turned around and started power-walking back to camp, for some reason feeling like I shouldn't run. I crossed paths with a man, who looked like a normal dude coming from the campsite. Wanted to warn him about the creepiness up ahead, but what could I say? "Hey don't go there, there's a suit"? And what if he was the suit-hanging creep? Needless to say, we went to a different beach and eventually a different campsite.

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petethemeeat
â€¢ 15y ago

I've seen 2 pretty creepy things:

Driving home at 2 in the morning saw a dude in full Has-mat w/gasmask on the side of the road by an empty field just standing there.

Driving home again around midnight a teenage boy in a full suit thats all tattered with a blindfold standing in front of my old high school.

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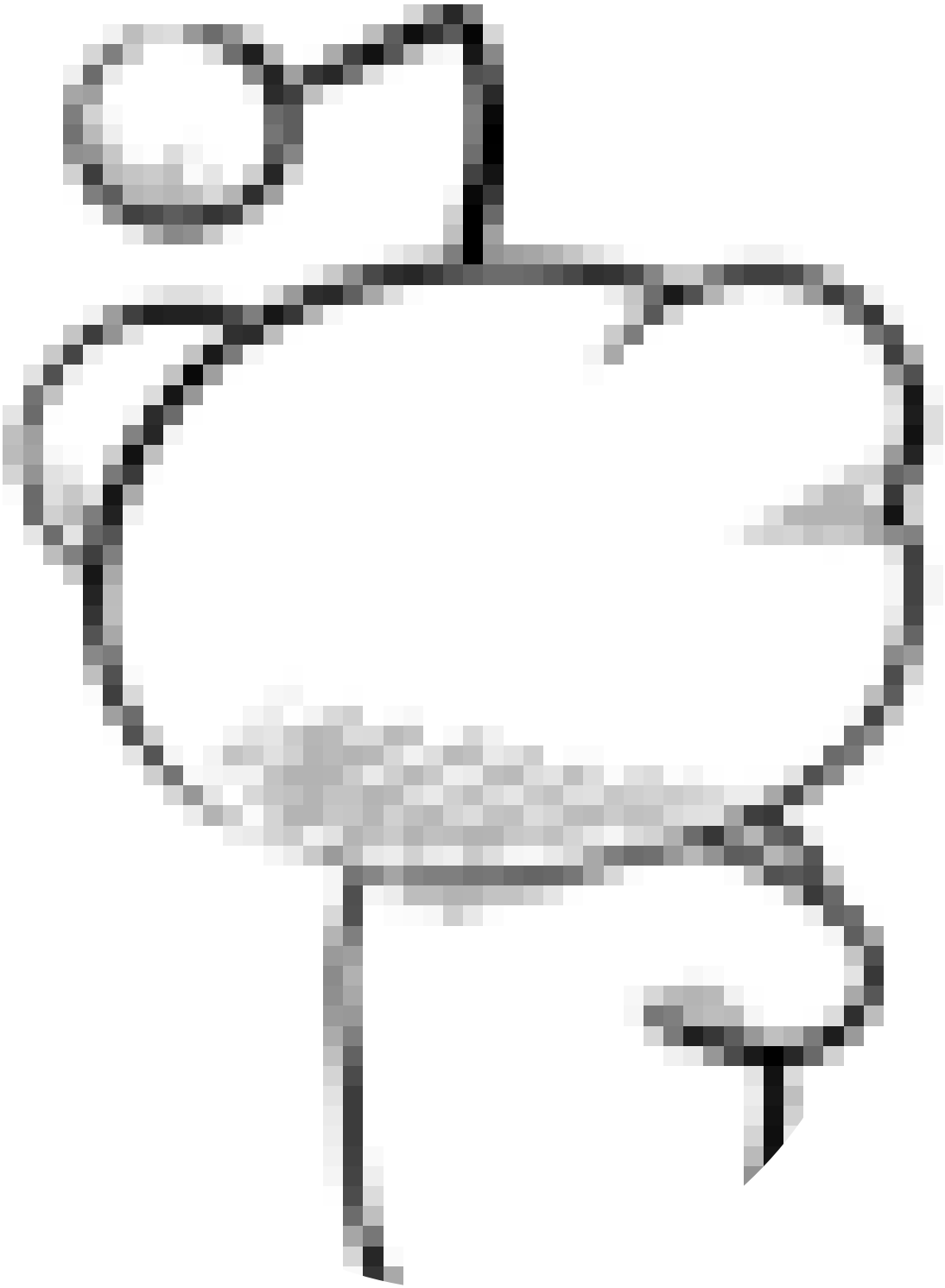

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â€¢ 15y ago

One time I was using the crapper, nothing special. It turns out that I had run out of toilet paper, but we always keep extra on a stack next to the toilet. So there I was, in the process of changing the toilet paper while sitting. As I took out the rod to put the new roll on, it looked like a piece of dirt or rust fell out and grazed my balls. I sat there looking into the toilet for a second sort of confused. I was about to shrug it off and get back to business when a dark spider, one to two centimeters in diameter, crawls out from under the seat in front of me. I'm not sure how to describe the sound that came out of my mouth from the horror. I have no clue how or why it was in that rod that has the spring in it, but now I *always* check it before changing the toilet paper.

tl;dr A spider fell past my balls as I was changing the toilet paper.

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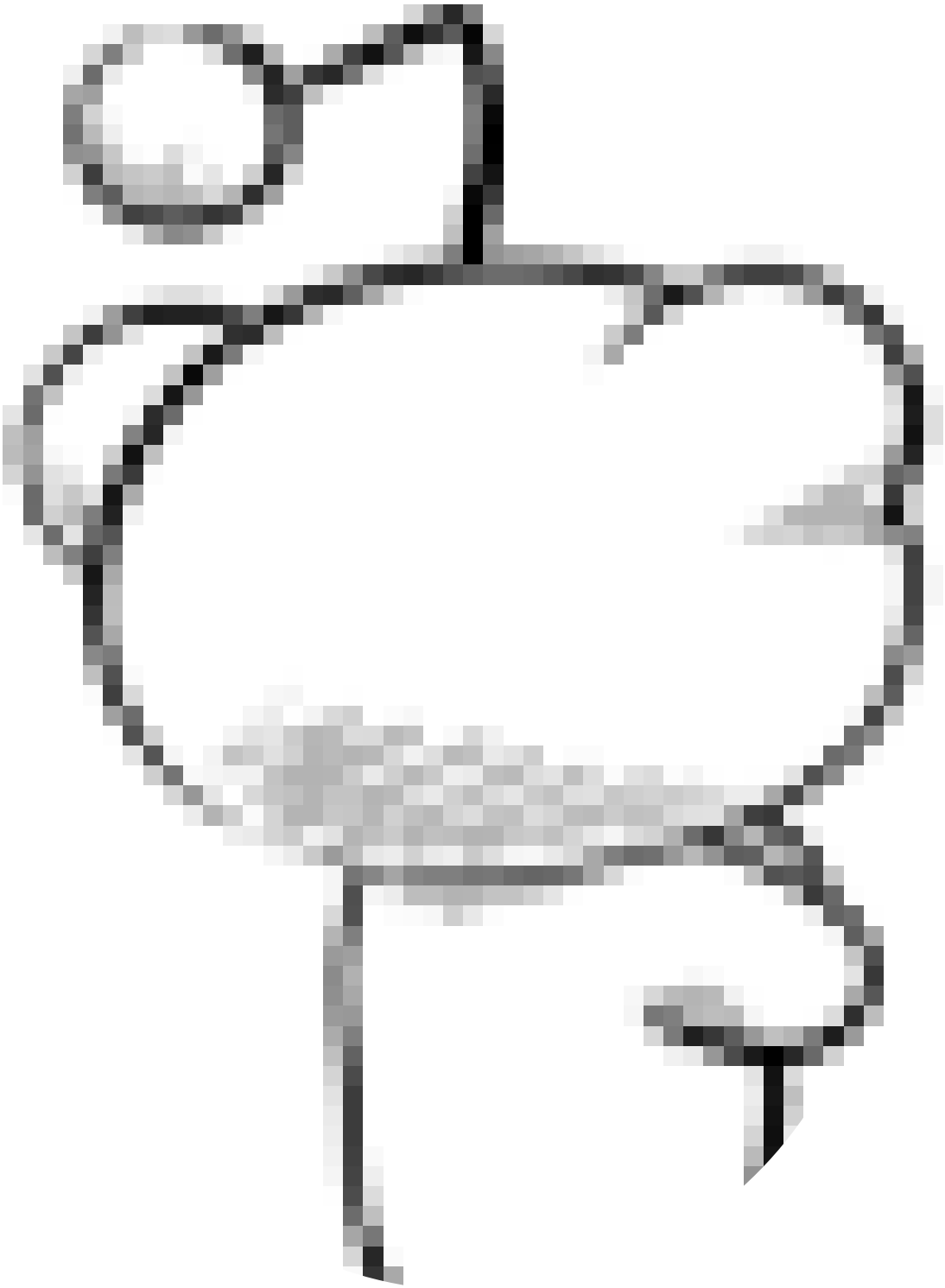

mcf
â€¢ 15y ago

I once farted so loud that I woke up my downstairs neighbors. One night I was just laying in my bread (i'm a sausage) browsing reddit when all of a sudden "APFHFFTRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRFFFHFFPPFFHPF" followed by them banging on the walls as a sort of "STFU" morse code for neighbors.

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hotrod101
â€¢ 15y ago

I have seriously dark brown eyes almost black, my house also has mirrors everywhere, in each bedroom there is one wall which is composed of three sliding door mirrors which make up the entirety of the wall. If i look into a mirror at night when my eyes are adjusted it is one of the scariest things i ever see. Seriously go look in a mirror in the dead of night you will freak your ass out.

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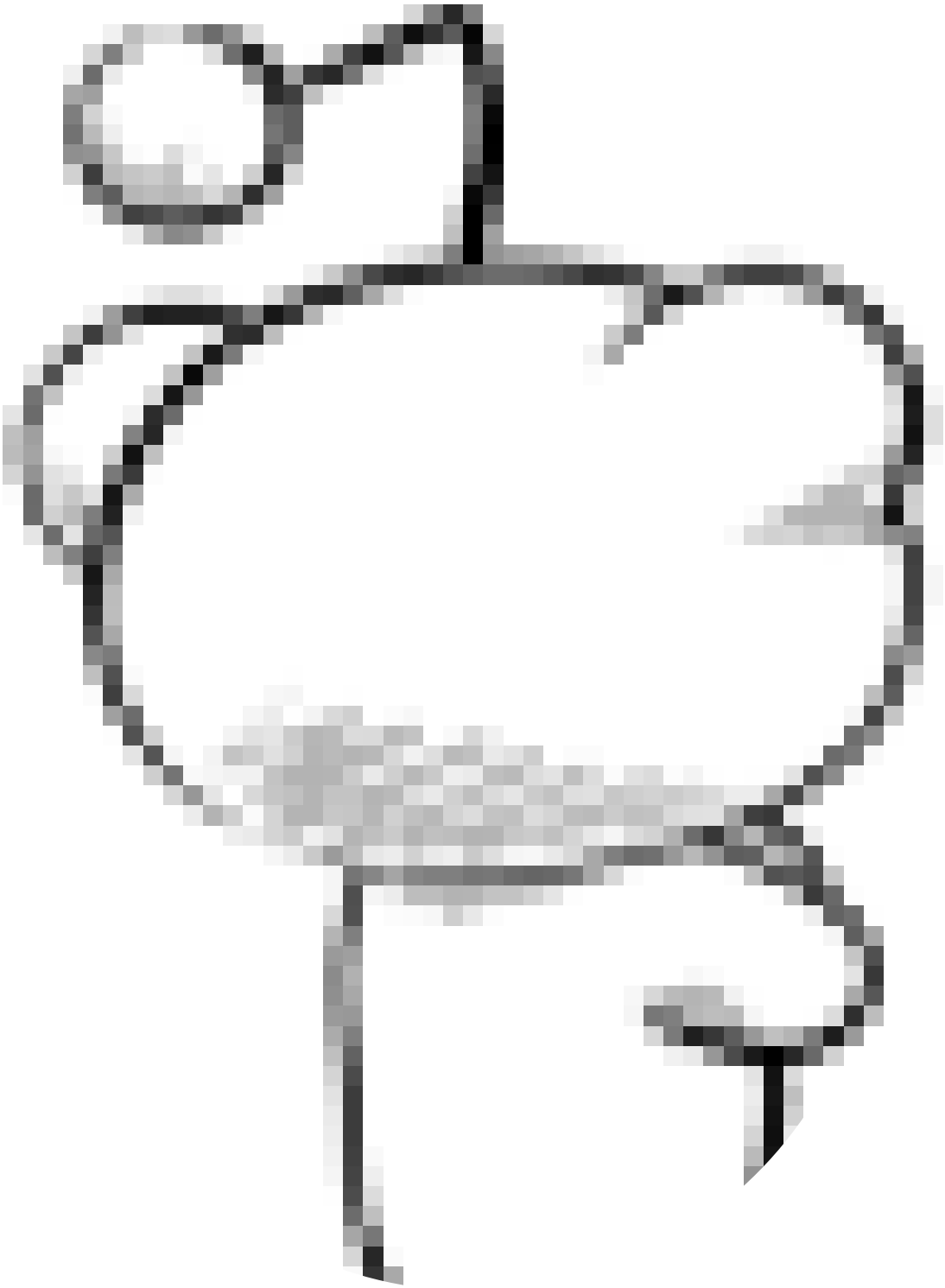

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â€¢ 15y ago

I had to be 7 or 8 at the time. I was very smart/perceptive for my age, and that only added to my paranoid tendencies. I'd ask my parents if they locked the doors every night, and if I didn't, I wouldn't be able to sleep. The biggest scare I ever received came on a night when my whole family was in bed upstairs. I heard a crash come from the basement. Needless to say this freaked me the fuck out. My dad grabbed a large umbrella (CIA Ninja Combat Training can make anything a weapon) and headed downstairs to see what was going on. I, mean while, grabbed my Grandpa's old shillelagh and waited. Turns out some oddly-stacked boxes had fell over, but for the two minute eternity I stood waiting, I felt like I was going to have to beat the shit out of some evil burglar or something. Probably doesn't sound like much, but shit.

AbaddonSF
â€¢ 15y ago

This happends from time to time, but some time when i close my eyes i can still see the room as if my eye are open.

Waffl3copter
â€¢ 15y ago

Exactly the same with me. With my eyes closed I can "see" the surrounding room. Actually, usually well enough to walk around with my eyes closed and not run into anything.

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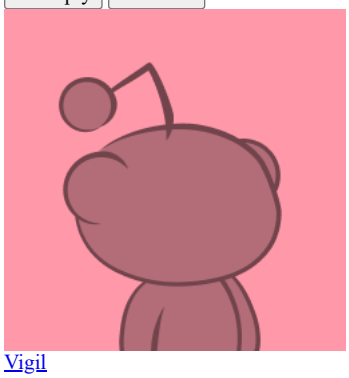

Vigil
â€¢ 15y ago

Happens to me too, sometimes. It's called a positive afterimage. Unlike a negative afterimage, caused by your retinas sending a small signal to your visual cortex after seeing a persistent image, a positive afterimage is more than likely triggered by the cortex itself.

For me it lasts less than a second, and I only really notice it if I've been sitting still (watching tv, computer) for a while and then turn the lights off.

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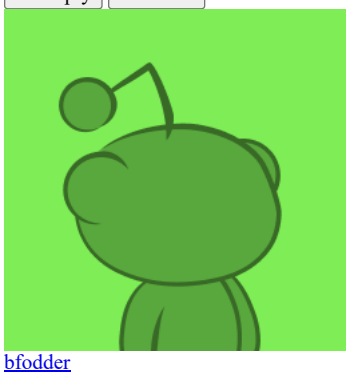

bfodder
â€¢ 15y ago

Are your eyelids super thin?

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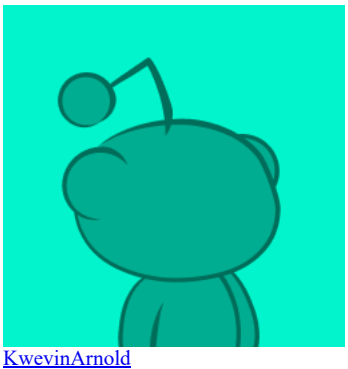
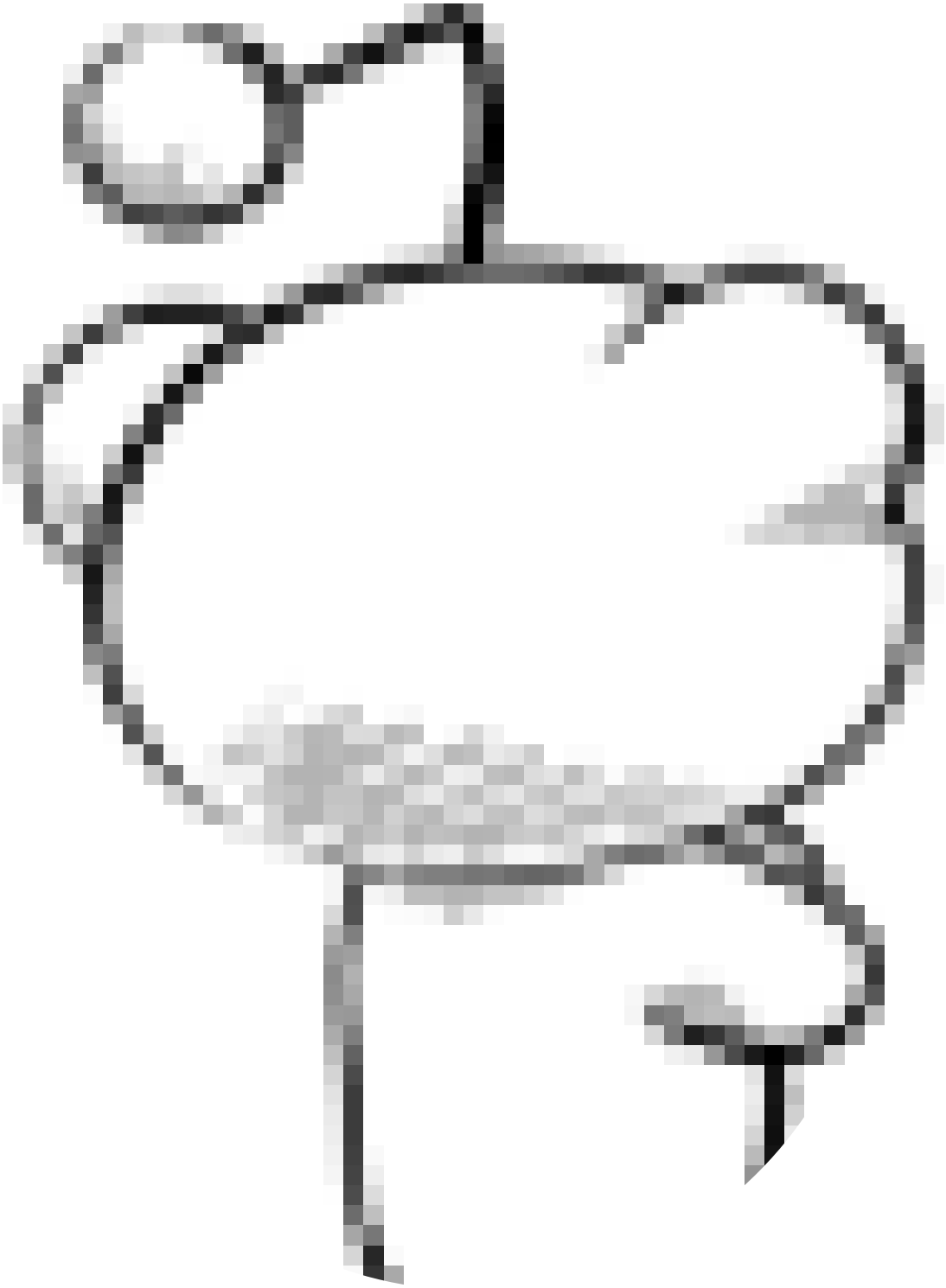


KwevinArnold
â€¢ 15y ago

I was staying up late one summer night to finish a term paper for school (summer semester). It was really hot in my apartment so I had all my windows open, letting in a cool summer breeze. Around 3:00am I hear a low whimpering / wailing coming from the alley outside. It sounded like a cat was in distress so after 15 minutes of this distraction I shut all my windows and went back to work. The next morning I discovered that a kid had been slashed / stabbed three stories below and had been attempting to cry for help for 45 minutes before someone found him.

I got an A on my paper though.



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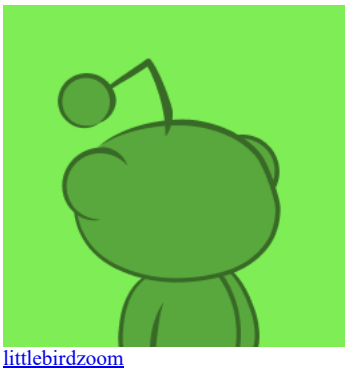

littlebirdzoom
â€¢ 15y ago

Brian Peppers.

Precisionist174
â€¢ 15y ago

This will probably be buried, but here's a story my mother would tell me from time to time. When she was around 12 years old, she had recently moved into a new house with her parents and her younger brother. She had picked the room at the end of a long hallway that made up about half of the house. She had all of her furniture put in and went to sleep that night. She had placed her bed by the door with her head closest to the door, and left her door open at night like she had done in the house she used to live at. Well in the middle of her sleep she woke up to a tightness on her head, so she tried to move, but the tightness on her head kept her from moving. She reached up toward her head but just as she did she was flung to the ground and violently dragged out of her room. She was being dragged by her hair down the hallway at an extremely fast pace, but had started screaming at the top of her lungs. Luckily her dad emerged from his room just before my mom was dragged around the corner of the hallway, and he began yelling and chasing after her, which I believe would scare anyone because my grandfather was a built man of 6'7" and quite the sight. The hands let go of my mom, and she laid there kicking and screaming as her dad chased after the assailant, however somehow the person managed to slip out? My mother used to tell me that it wasn't human, whatever dragged her, because of the speed at which she flew down the hallway and she believes she was being abducted by an alien.

And for a double whammy, I just remembered this story about my brother, which just happened last week. It was late at night, maybe 2am, and I was retiring to my room at the end of the hallway in my house, when i passed my brothers room, he is 3 years old, and has recently started sharing a room with one of our other brothers, but the brother he shared the room with wasn't home that night. I saw that his little TV he had been watching was showing a blue screen, so i went in and turned it off, then went to his bed and tucked him in properly, everything was fine and he looked like a content little baby. About 10 minutes later I'm getting into bed and my dad knocks on my door. I tell him to come in, and he looks at me with the most bizarre stare, and asks "Did you see your brother?" Thinking that my brother had gotten up and wandered off I perked up and said I had just tucked him in not five minutes ago. That's when my dad's eyes went wide and he said, "Your brother is covered in blood." I looked at him in disbelief, but sure enough, my brothers nose had burst, I don't mean bled, it fucking burst. His entire front-side was blood-red, his sheets on his bed, his pillow, his blanket, his face, it was blood like crazy. Now I know you will say that random nose bleeds occur, and I know this is all too true, but 1. my brother has NEVER had a nosebleed. 2. the amount of blood would had taken at least 30 minutes if not more of a normal nosebleed, especially a toddler. 3. my brother woke up, i would believe a normal "random nosebleed" would not wake someone up, but instead be discovered in the morning. I'm just throwing that one out there.

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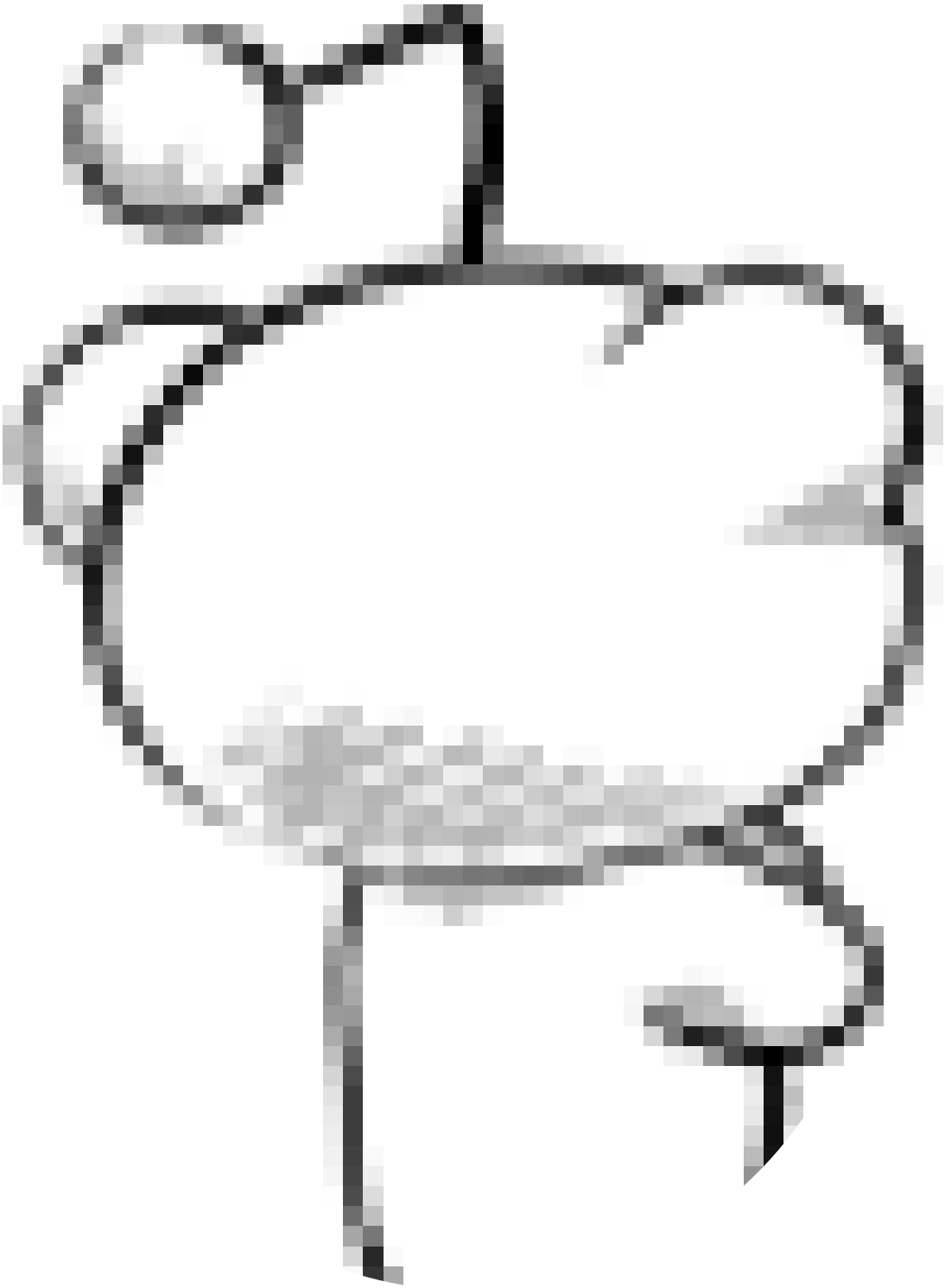

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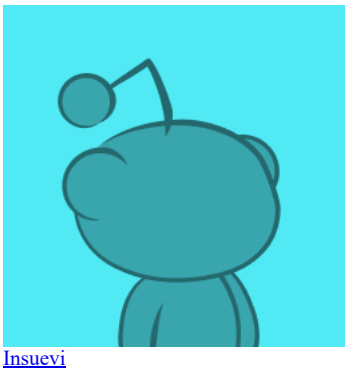

Insuevi
â€¢ 15y ago

Good story, unfortunately not true. :(

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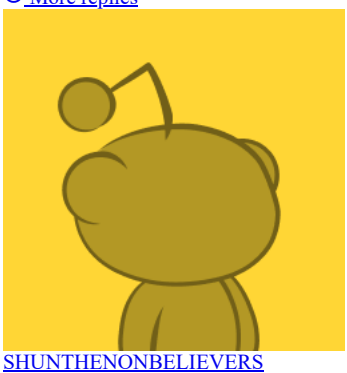

SHUNTHENONBELIEVERS
â€¢ 15y ago

WTF? terminator?

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krazytaxi
â€¢ 15y ago

This happened to me! About 2 years ago, my family lived in another house, kind of in the country. My sister and I were sitting on the couch in the family room, just talking, when we heard an angry voice from upstairs call my sister. Scary thing was, NO ONE was upstairs and the voice that called my sister was my mother's. My mother has a very distinct voice (no one could ever replicate her drill instructor-man voice) and she was in the basement doing laundry at the time. After hearing this voice, my sister and I stopped talking, stared at eachother, and a half second later jumped up from the couch simultaneously and creeped up the stairs. We looked down the hall and listened closely, and realized that no TV's or stereos were on. Then we ran downstairs to see our mom, and the second we walked into the laundry room she said, "Did you guys hear that? I just heard my OWN voice calling you". Needless to say, I was scared shitless.

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lowrads
â€¢ 15y ago

Meanwhile, your mother was in the kitchen wondering where the heck you were.

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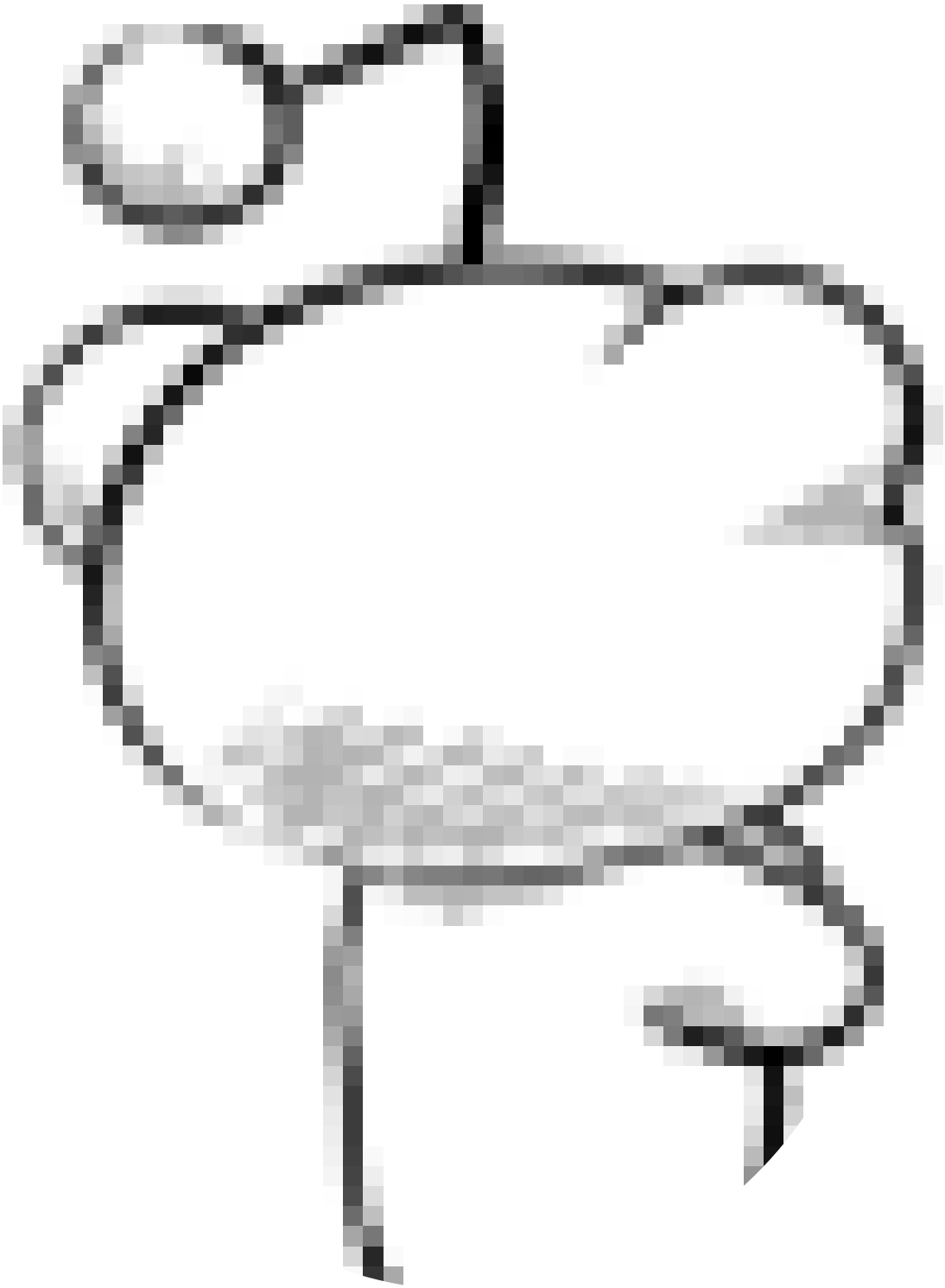

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â€¢ 15y ago

Your mom called you from the kitchen, then jumped int he closet before you could pause your Atari. She trolled you. More likely, you are lying.

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DarlingAmaryllis
â€¢ 15y ago

This really creeped me out. O_O

Just to clarify, she heard someone else using her voice to call you into the kitchen?

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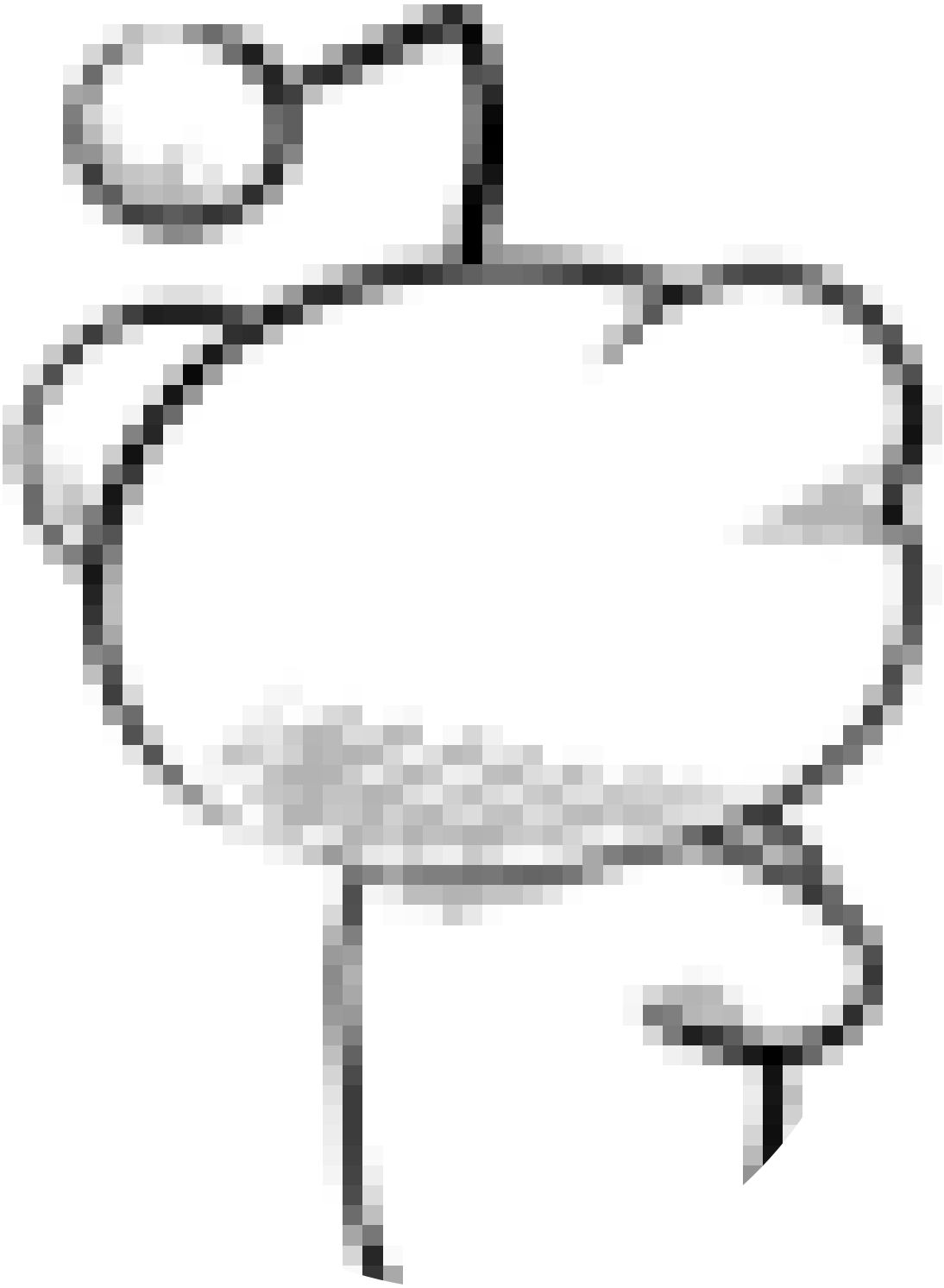

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â€¢ 15y ago

I can't wait to have kids and fuck with them like that.

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nomadic_now
â€¢ 15y ago

Which was mom? :-O

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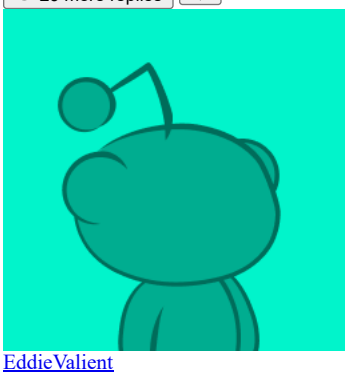

EddieValient
â€¢ 15y ago

The funny thing is I haven't actually experienced anything that was super creepy yet ever since I was a kid I get insanely edgy many nights and expect something totally horrifying to happen. It's quite frustrating.

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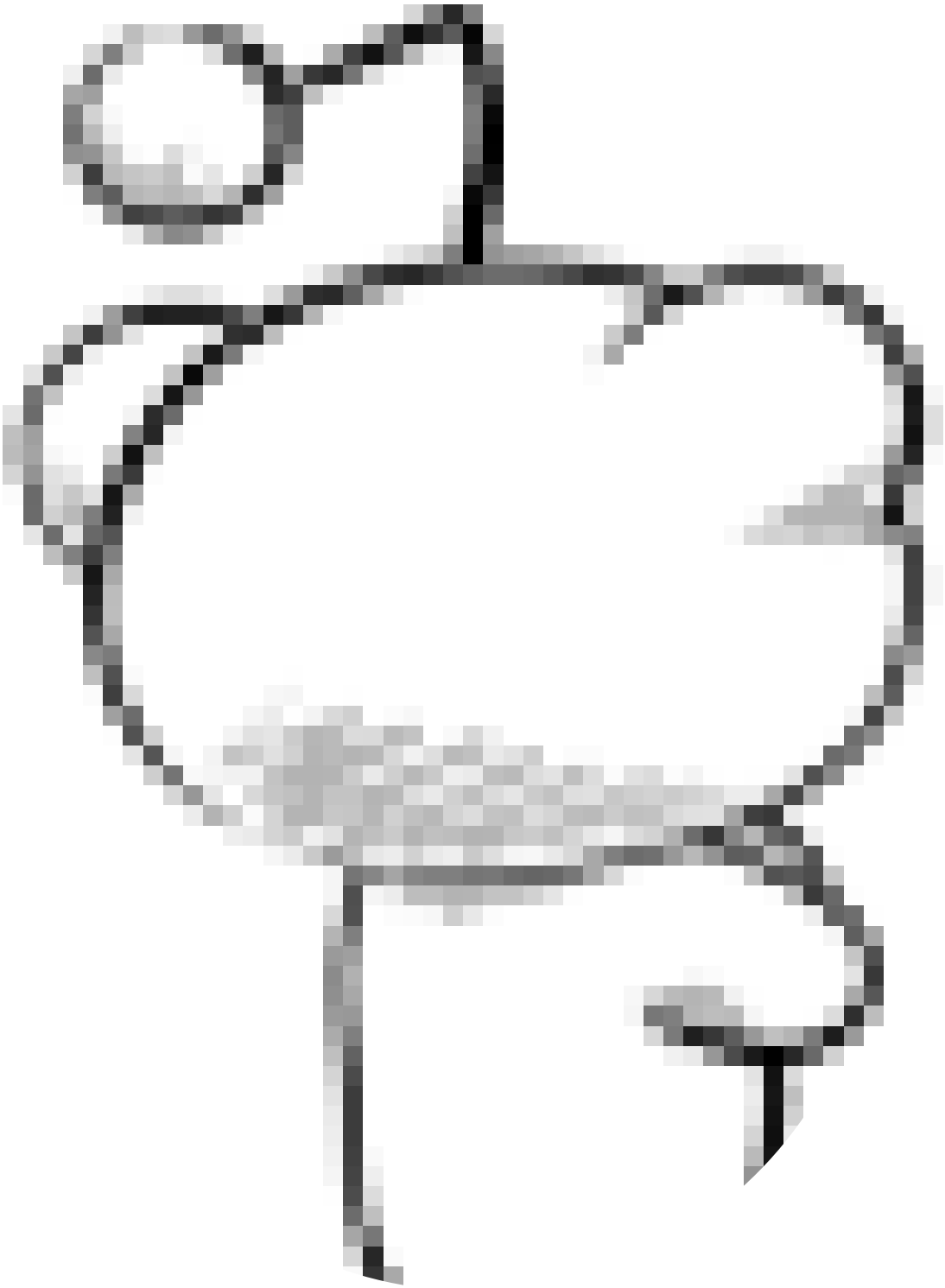

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â€¢ 15y ago

A friend and I were on a road trip. It was the middle of the night, and all the radio stations had ran out so we were messing around and flipping through AM channels. One we got to had some quiet murmuring where we couldn't tell what the guy was saying. Suddenly this ear-splitting scream blares through the station at like 300% volume (we had turned it up to try and hear the voice talking). Freaked us both the fuck out and my friend almost ran us into a ditch. To this day I still think there's some channel out there that just cycles shit like this to troll people.

CupcakesAreTasty
â€¢ 15y ago

In college, I lived in a dorm that divided the bathrooms up by floors (meaning my floor only had men's bathrooms, and all of the girl's b-rooms were one floor up).

In order to get upstairs, you had to use a small staircase at the very end of the building (this staircase also happened to be right across the hall from my room, the last room at the end of the hall). The stairs were separated from the hall by double swinging doors, and the staircase itself was always dark and just had a creepy feeling to it. I would always get creeped out when I'd need to use the facilities at night, so I'd bolt up the stairs as fast as I could.

One night, on my way back down from the bathroom, the double doors wouldn't swing open. They would not budge. I'm half-asleep and fighting with the doors, but I am just not getting out. The lights start to flicker and I just get this inexplicable feeling that I need to get the fuck out ASAP. I finally throw my entire body against the swinging doors and manage to get out. I run across the hall back into my room and lock the door.

A few months later I meet this other hall resident and we start talking and she mentions that she hates the staircase and prefers to go around to the other side of the building to get up to the bathroom. Sort of making a joke about it, I mention my experience in that stairwell (e.g., haha, the doors wouldn't open for me and the lights wonked out...). She looks at me and says, "You know some girl hung herself in that stairwell last year, right?" I refused to believe her until I found out it was actually true. Scared the shit out of me.

Scared the shit out of me.

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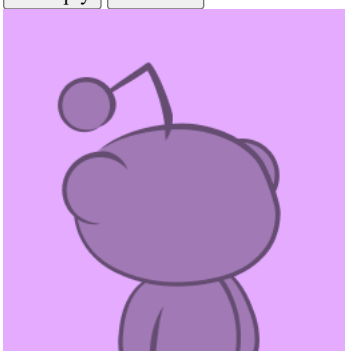

ZestyOne
â€¢ 15y ago

one time when i was like 20 or something, my friend wanted to get high for the first time. I got him lit, and I ask "so what do you wanna do. it's all you". Hes like "ghost hunting" .. I roll my eyes and am like you can't be serious but its his first time being high and hes having a riot so I'm like okay sure, lead the way.

He leads me out into the middle of a field... which is first off very odd considering the town we were in I never knew there was grass PLAINS for as FAR AS THE EYE COULD SEE. I don't mean trees here and there, woods on one side, lights on the other. I mean... baron hillside of grass for as far as you could see in 360 degrees. I'm like whoa dude holy shit where are we....

It's like 3am so out of the darkness appears a MASSIVE looming structure. This already was extremely bizarre enough... it was completely surreal. The building was I'd say.... 15 stories tall. It was made COMPLETELY of cement, and had NO windows. It literally was like the black monolith from 2001 space odyssey. At this point I'm like WTF!... so we park and walk closer. It towers into the distance.

reminds me of my favorite painter zdzislaw beksinski http://theourworld.com/wp-content/uploads/Themostterriblepaintingsofalltime_A015/Themostterriblepaintingsofalltime_6_theourworld_com.jpg

http://www.google.com/images?um=1&hl=en&biw=1285&bih=869&tbs=isch:1&sa=1&q=zdzislaw+beksinski&aq=f&aqi=&aql=f&oq=

so.. as far as you can see is flat plains, and this massive "building" with not a single window, just flat cement that towers high into the looming dark clouds. we walk around the building, and find a "door", 4 feet above the ground. It was just the shape of a door, but a hole. no door in it. I hop in after some struggling, and use the flashlight he had in his trunk. There are fucking massive TREES inside this building.... there is an entire forest like a self contained biodome or something, and the trees are big enough where i couldnt put my arms around them.

It was the most surreal weirdest thing I have ever experienced. And while not quite 'creepy' it was definitely eery and super fucking awesome

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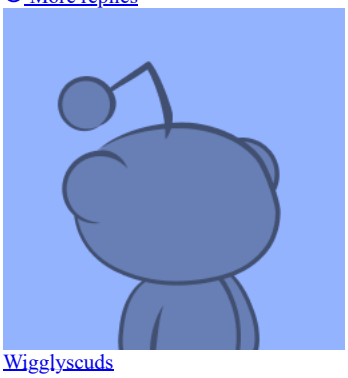

Wigglyscuds
â€¢ 15y ago

I'll list these on a creepy scale of 1 - 10.

1 - Not so creepy. 10 - Shit yourself creepy.

Creepy Factor: (3)

Having to work in a "ghetto" section of town in a major downtown metro-type area. Two hours after our crew finished the job (some construction work), there was a shooting right across the street.

---

Creepy Factor: (7)

I like to look at the stars and moon with my binoculars when it is a good, clear night out. I was outside with my charts, flashlight, and binoculars in hand. I was looking at the Andromeda galaxy* when all of a sudden a car pulls up to the next door neighbor's house.

I should say our neighbors are Hispanic and sometimes they come home very late. I think, "Well, they're just here to drop someone off from work late." However, I look over and notice I've never seen that car there before. I see two guys get out of the car, unload a huge ass duffel bag from the trunk and run inside. At this point I'm freaking out because for quite a while we've suspected our neighbors of harboring illegals or using their house as a stash house. I go back to minding my own business.

I move to the side of our driveway, next to our parked truck, and started back looking for/at Andromeda. About a minute later I hear the screen door to the neighbor's house shut and the two men enter the vehicle. The get in the car, the engine still running, and began to creep off of the side of the road. They pull up to our house and stop right behind me.

I'm freaking the fuck out thinking they're going to shoot me because they think I've been spying on them. I continue looking upward like I'm oblivious to what is happening. However, it wouldn't have taken much either to help them "confirm" their idea because look at me; I had binoculars, maps, charts, pens and paper, and a flashlight on me.

I hear the driver mutter something to the passenger after a few minutes. They slowly creep out of there and I GTFO and head inside. Took me months before I decided to go outside to stargaze. Missed some good stuff because of that incident. :(

---

Creepy Factor: (9)

I have lots of weird dreams. For the past recent, several months they have been getting weirder and have become more frequent. It isn't a recent development.

One of them was when I was a kid. I was stuck in my house and laying in bed (in the dream). All of a sudden the house caught fire and I was unable to escape or get out of the bed. I was afraid of what was going on and I decided to not leave the bed because I was scared. I thought someone was going to come and rescue me. However, that didn't happen and I ended up "dieing" in the dream. I woke up sweating something fierce and it took me a few hours to have the courage to go back to bed.

Recently I've had a string of dreams that deal with tornadoes. They're incredibly real and scary as fuck. Here is one of them.

I'm in my house and my family is there. There isn't really much context to explain why we were there or what we were doing. It starts storming and it gets bad quickly. Nothing wrong with that, typical thunderstorms for the time of the year (in the dream) and our location.

All of a sudden I hear and feel (literally I could feel while dreaming) a sharp sensation go up my spine. It was premonition of some sorts, but I couldn't exactly figure out what the hell was going on. I walk over to the window and see the wind whipping up and leaves and shit blowing everywhere. The rain is falling much, much faster and shit is starting to move all over the place. It is dark out, like satan's ass-crack dark, and I couldn't see more than thirty feet out of the window in my room.

All of a sudden a huge motherfucking lightening bolt cracks across the sky and I hear a screeching like a freight train had suddenly hit the brakes while traveling at 60 mph. I see over the house behind mine (our grandparent's house) and there it is. A huge fucking twister. Some sick bastard that you would see on the most awesome and yet horribly grotesque documentary of an evil, black, terrifying, twister. I quickly assessed that it was at least an F3 due to its size and wind velocity (idk how the hell I did that).

The entire time while this is going on I could feel the wind coming through the window and the rain. I tried to get to safety, but there was really no where to go. So I just stood there at my window looking at this huge motherfucking twister coming towards my grandparent's house and then mine. I remember the distinct feeling of seeing my grandparent's house being annihilated and then within seconds it swooped me up. I didn't die at first, I could feel the wind whipping quickly across my face and debris hitting me too. It felt like stinging, wet rain and some kind of cloth-like material just smashing me in the face. About 3 seconds into being scooped up by the twister I saw it happen. I saw a huge steel I-beam flying through the air and it just skull-fucked my head in and I died. As soon as it hit me, everything turned to darkness. I couldn't feel anything, smell, breath, anything. For all intents and purposes I thought I was dead, that perhaps a few chemicals were still firing in what remained of me and my consciousness.

All of a sudden I woke up and about shat myself in fear. I didn't know I was dreaming while in the dream, I thought everything was completely real. I thought I had died and felt myself die. Then I woke up.

It got me thinking. Was that another me in an alternate existence that died and I just witnessed it through "his eyes?" Or...do I just have fucked up dreams about evil tornadoes?

---

Creepy Factor: (11)

This is another dream one.

So I was in bed sleeping (in the dream) and woke up. For some reason I had a huge, black boil on my chest. It look like a big black third nipple. Weird. So as I wake up I notice the sky is a iron-rusty red color. Meh, I suppose. After some hours of just doing particularly nothing in the house and noticing there was no kind of activity going on outside I got a little creeped out.

A few more minutes later and then black boil on my chest starts to ooze out a thick, viscous, dark liquid. It reminded me of molasses, but completely blacker than black. At which point my grandfather and uncle pull up to my house in their truck. I see this and open the door for them. They tell me I have to get in the truck to go to the hospital to get the nodule on my chest looked at.

So we get in the vehicle and take off. While we're driving to the hospital the sky is getting oranger-redder-and more dark. All of a sudden, just a few minutes after leaving the house, the sky flashes a hot-white color (I actually squinted my eyes while dreaming). I look quickly up to the right and I see a huge fucking asteroid that must've been the size of at least Texas and probably closer to Alaska fly off into the distance. A few minutes later the asteroid struck the Earth and pretty much exploded everything killing everyone.

When I "died" in the dream everything went to white. I wasn't aware of anything, I couldn't feel anything, or hear anything. All of my senses were gone except my consciousness. I felt at rest and like everything was okay. Then everything faded away into darkness and I woke up. Seriously, that was some weird shit.

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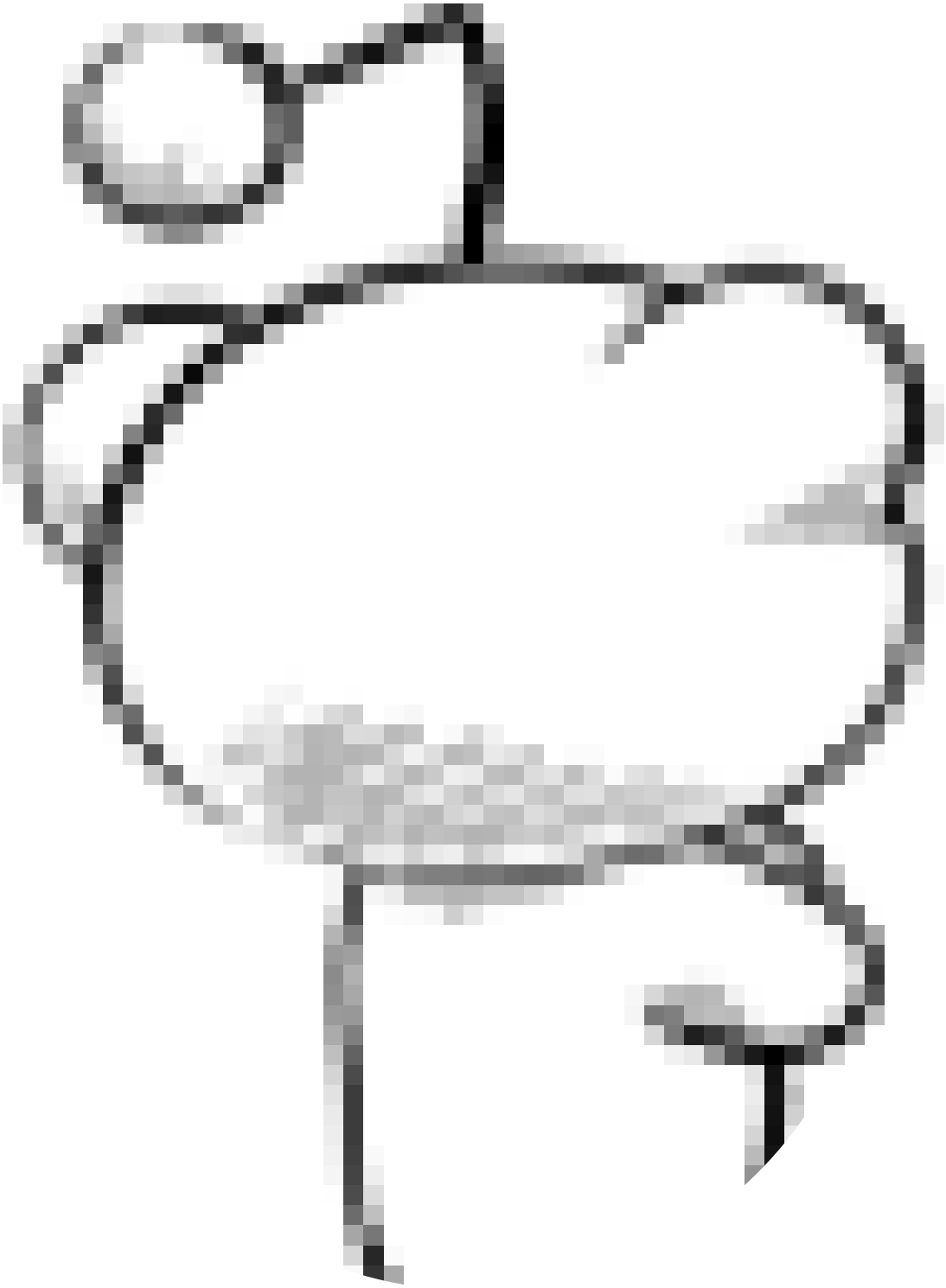

ThePriceIsRight
â€¢ 15y ago

Alone in my house at night time. One of the very few times. I was young, probably 12 or so. I'm laying in my basement watching the television. The TV faces away from the back wall and there is a window next to it which looks out into the backyard which is forest. All of a sudden my cat starts to make some really fucked up noises and hissing out into the dark while sitting on the window ledge. I see movement and I immediately freak the fuck out, I just felt paralyzed with ice cold fear. I just couldn't recognize what was moving outside the window. Then I realized it was another cat on the other side of the window and my cat was just getting all mad about territory.

palpebral
â€¢ 15y ago

i just want to take the time to thank everybody for the responses. i don't think i'll be getting a good nights sleep for some time!

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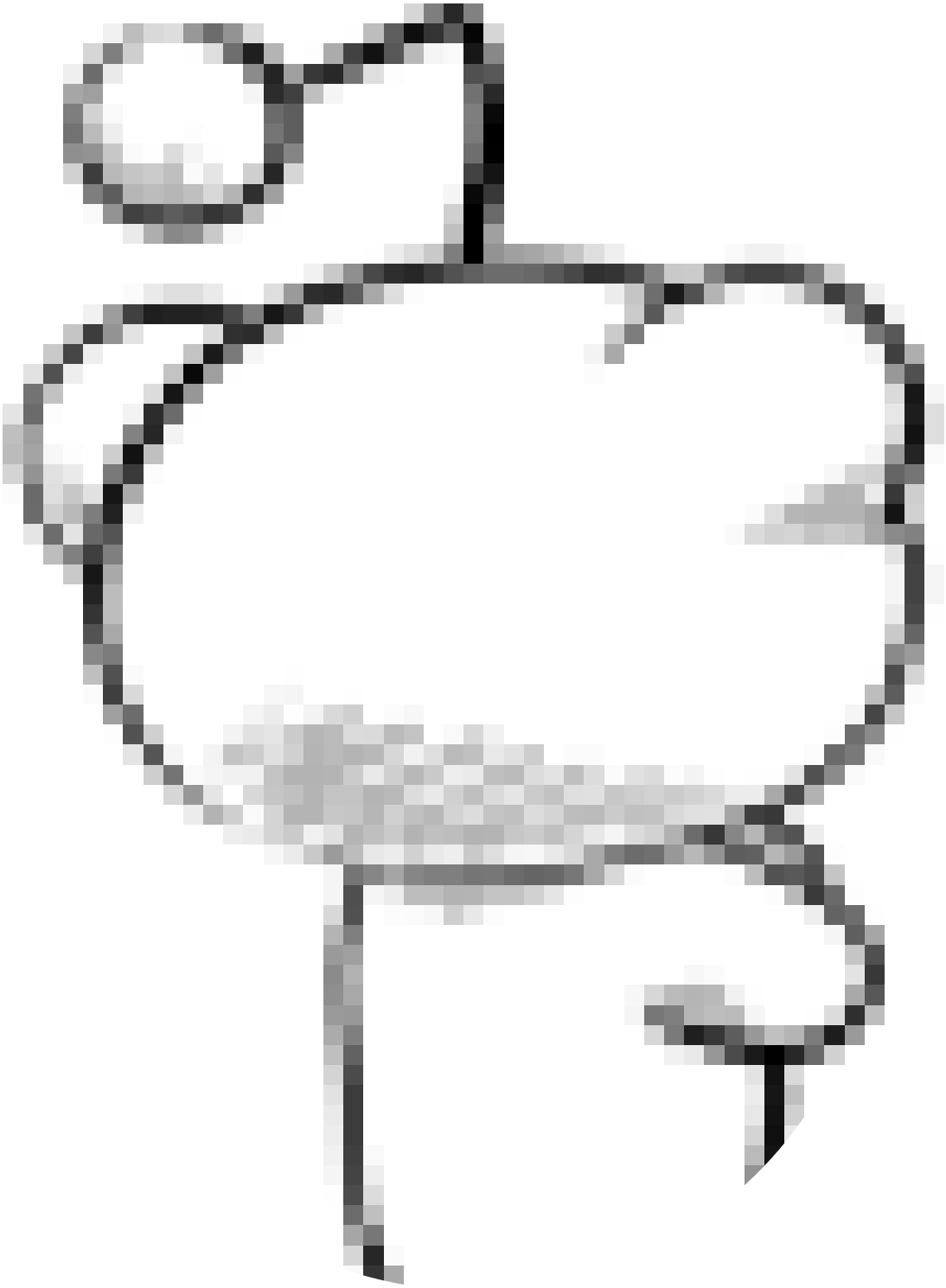

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â€¢ 15y ago

Seriously. This thread is ridiculous.

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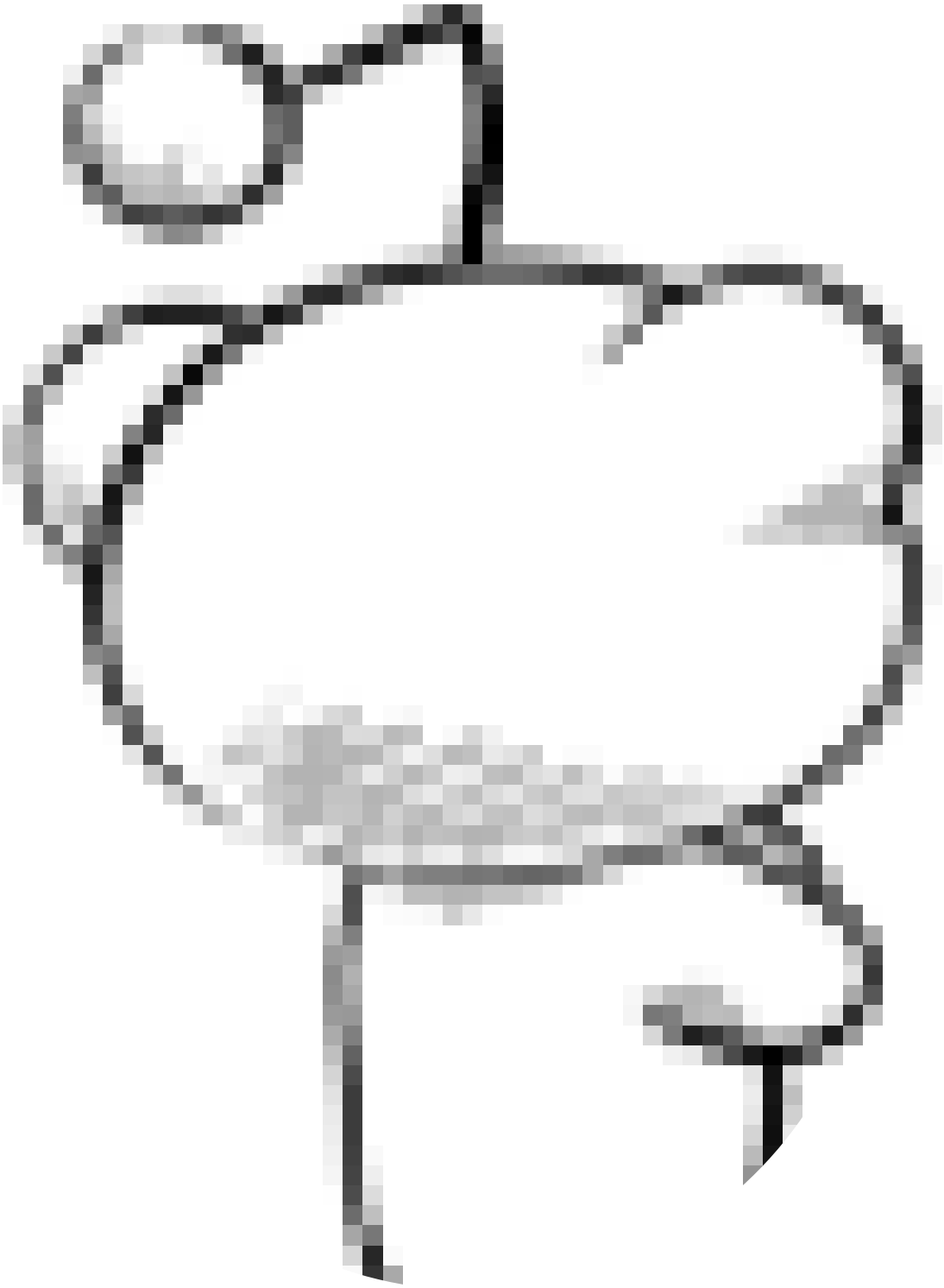

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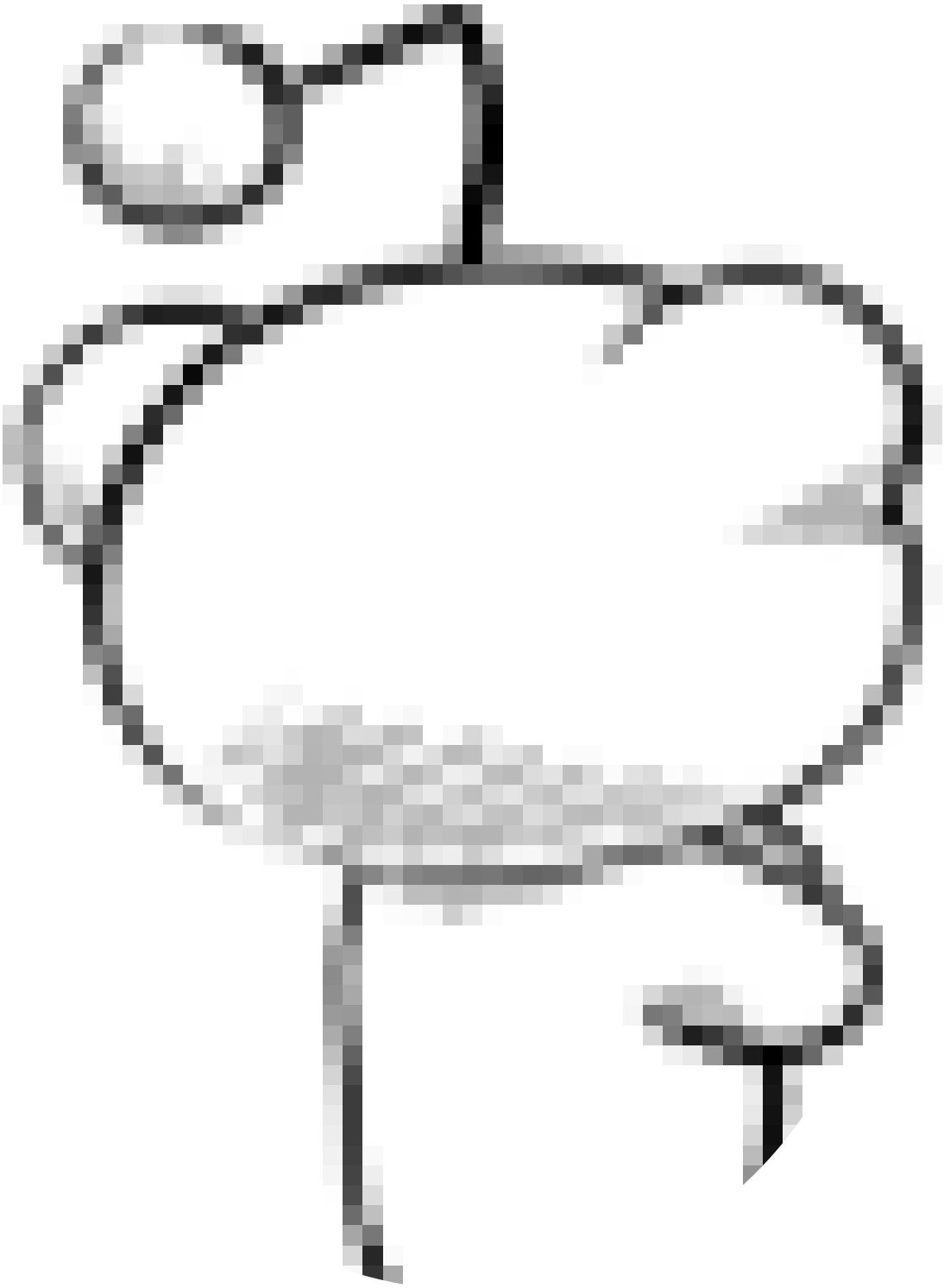

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â€¢ 15y ago

It's around quarter to five in the morning here in the UK and I've been getting through this thread slowly since it started. I just decided to go to an 24hr petrol station with my housemate who is up doing an essay and he was talking about driving without headlights in country lanes for fun. We agreed to try it. I'd been telling him about this thread and how much it was creeping me out.

As we pulled around a bend in the lane, I don't know how to describe what I saw. Something white and translucent. Floats sideways and then through the hedge. I went quiet, deciding not to say anything lest he take the piss later. But he turned to me and said "Did you just see that?". Pedal to the metal.

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MagicSPA
â€¢ 15y ago

OK, this is a strange one.

This is probably the result of memories being laid down in the wrong order when I was a very young, but when I was five I had a dream that I remember to this day.

Please bear with me - what you are about to read is unusual, but a true memory of the dream.

There is a large fire-place, with a fire going within. There is a soft white carpet in front of it; apart from that the room is pretty dark, but there is a vague impression of luxurious surroundings.

A pretty, blonde little girl my age (5 y.o. at the time) was standing, her lip curled in disgust. Kneeling in front of her was an overweight man with curly brown hair and a leather jacket. He is pleading with her in the manner of a servant addressing a princess, and says the words "Make haste." With his regional English accent it comes out as "muyk huyst". That's it.

The strange thing is that I didn't know what "make haste" meant at the time. And I met the girl - Fiona M. - in the dream for the first time the *next day*, when I started primary school. I remember trying to tell her that I first saw her in a dream as even at that age I knew it was noteworthy, but it just didn't register, and I gave up.

It's a weird one, like I say.

pdmcmahon
â€¢ 15y ago

I have these two middle-aged guys at work who are twins, they do everything short of dressing together. Whenever I see them together is gives me the heebeejeebees. Clowns, carnies and twins are the things in life which I can just never deal with.

I often attribute the fear of twins to seeing The Shining at a very young age. Yeah, you know the scene I am talking about. I cannot really put a specific event to my fear of clowns and carnies, they just fucking scare me.

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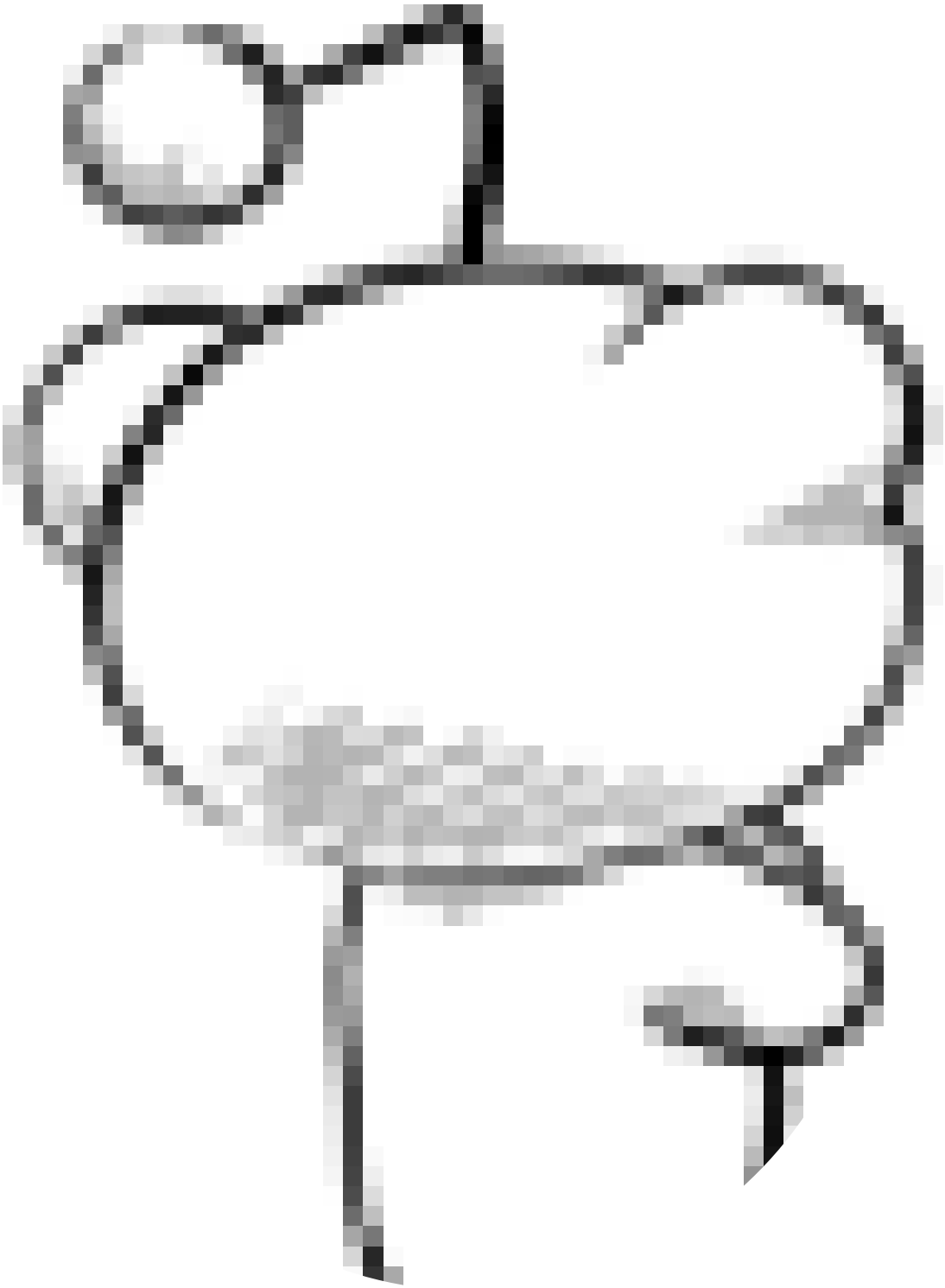

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â€¢ 15y ago â€¢ Edited 15y ago

One night I was sleeping at my dad's empty condo while he was out of town. All of a sudden I heard talking through the wall - it sounded like when you hear a tv or people talking in an adjacent room or downstairs and you can't make out whats being said but you can tell its a voice its just really muffled by the walls. I listened to it for a couple of minutes before summoning the courage to go investigate. I thought maybe a TV or computer had somehow come on in another room but that wasn't the case. I decided it must have been from a neighboring unit but was still a little creeped out - I was in a room in the middle of the condo on the top floor with a room between on either side plus brick walls (about a foot or two wide) dividing the adjacent units from my dads. I've NEVER heard noise carry from adjacent units before and have spent quite a few nights at my dad's. Also the voice was low and calm, not the type of sound I would expect to carry from outside the condo.

I figured (hoped) maybe my ears were super in tune from trying to go to sleep but I later found out that the neighbor on the side the noise was coming from was also out of town that weekend.

Only explanation I can come up with is possibly they had a guest at their house who turned on the TV but it was only for maybe 10 minutes tops. By the time I got back to my room from doing a perimeter check with the biggest knife I could find in the kitchen and my dog (who didn't seem to notice anything) the noise had stopped. Strange stuff. I don't believe in the supernatural at all but this honestly made me question myself.

TLDR: I heard a really muffled voice talking from what sounded like inside the walls at my dads condo one night.

edit: for clarity

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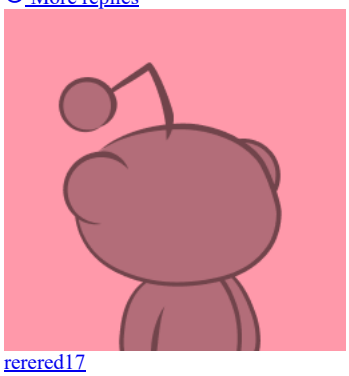

rerered17
â€¢ 15y ago

I remember hearing my mom yell my name in an annoying tone to wake me up as she did on weekends when it would approach 12PM (despite letting my brother sleep till 4PM). I yell back "What?" but I don't hear a response.

I don't hear movement of any kind, and since I was already annoyed enough to be fully awake, I decide to get up. I check the house, no one around. Look outside, the car is gone. Check the bedroom, no one there; I was alone the whole time.

3 more replies

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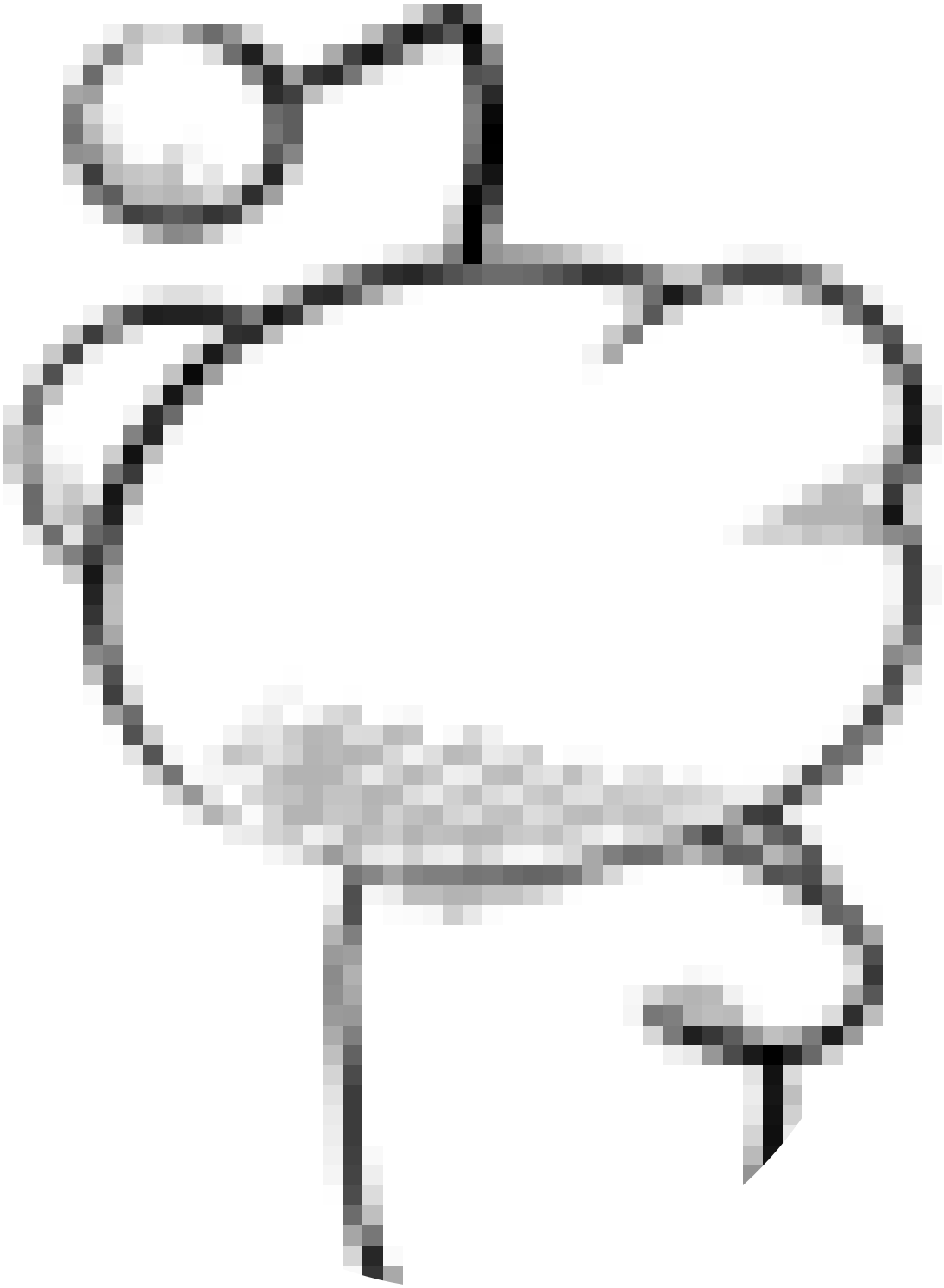

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â€¢ 15y ago

I was driving down a road that goes through a large area of woods that is miles from anywhere. I saw a girl dressed like she was going to a bar or party walking along the side of the road. She had no jacket even though it was fall and was wearing high heels even though she must have walked a long way. I mentioned that it was odd to the other people in the car and nobody else had seen her. There were no broken down cars or anywhere she could have come from. I later learned that there have been several rape/murders where the body has been left in those woods.

2 more replies
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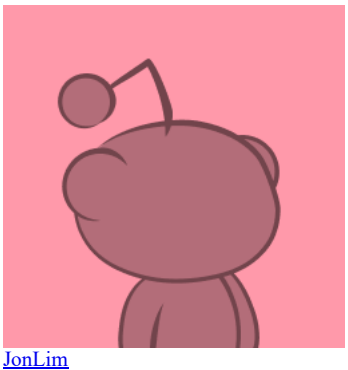
BeezerBawl
â€¢ 15y ago

I was sleeping in my family's sailboat with my brother in the front cabin once and I woke up to the sound of knocking on the boat's hull. It started off slow and quiet, but as time progressed and I became increasingly petrified, there was more knocking, and it was louder. On top off this, I got sleep paralysis and began to hallucinate. I envisioned my brother's raised knee as a girl with long straggly hair (the Ring traumatized me).

Needless to say, I didn't sleep very well.



JonLim
â€¢ 15y ago

One time, I woke up in the middle of the night (Probably about 4AM), which was sadly normal at the time because I had a lot of trouble sleeping.

I opened my eyes and turned to the right side of my bed, and there appeared to be a girl there with long dark hair draped over her face (Like in The Ring) standing a couple feet away from my bed just staring at me.

My first feeling was fear. I wanted to get up and run.

My second feeling? Apathy. I distinctly remember myself waving my hand at her in a dismissive manner, telling her to go away because I had work in a few hours and I needed my rest.

Closed my eyes and went back to sleep. Had a good chuckle about it in the morning when I woke up.

5 more replies

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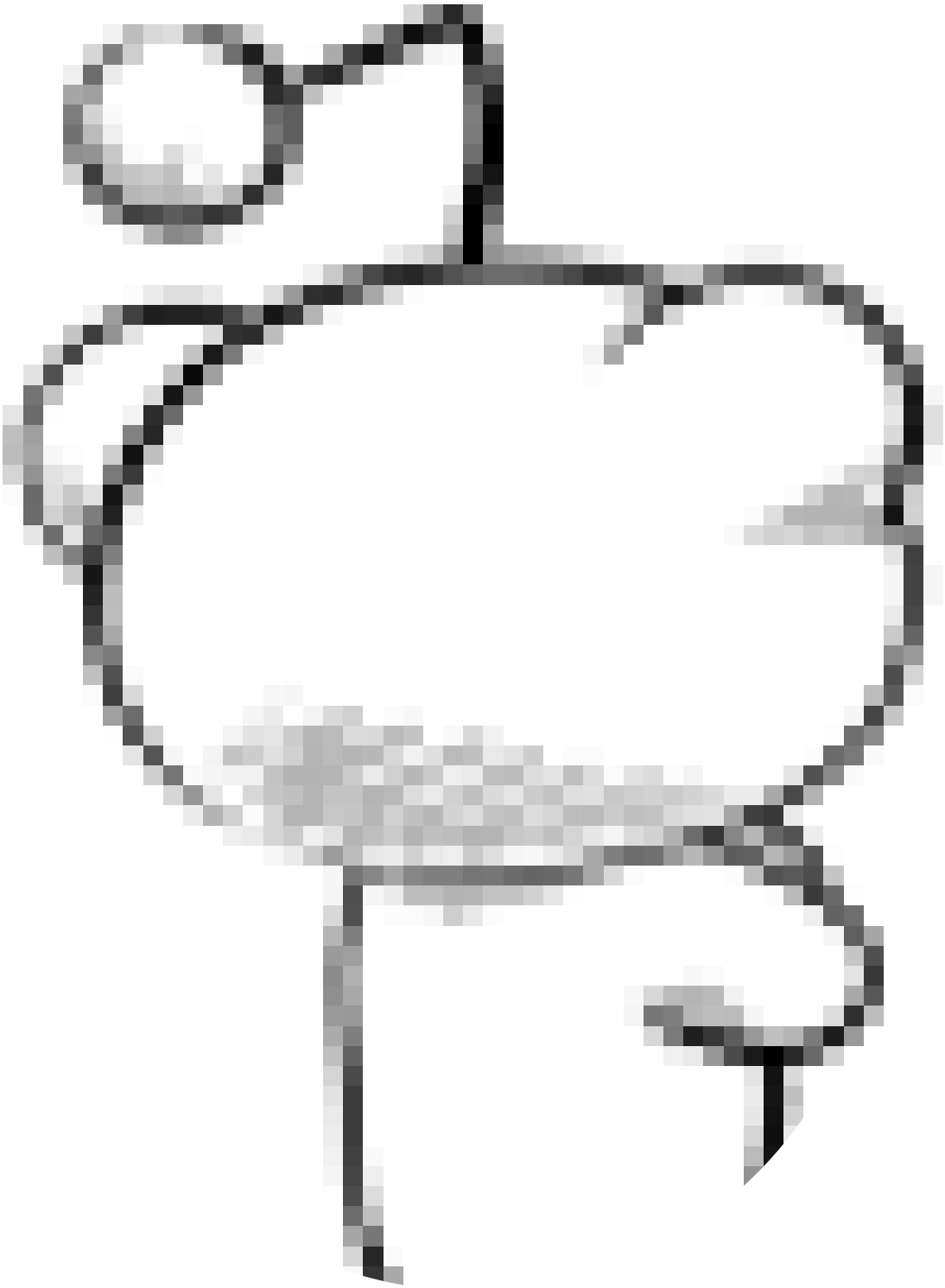

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â€¢ 15y ago

I was at new fine arts when an elderly gentleman came up and asked me if I would like to go to a back room and give each other oral treats. When I turned him down he proceeded to tell me how his wife won't blow and that he can't have sex because his heart can't take it. He also managed to squeeze in the fact that black men are the horniest and just want their dicks sucked by anybody.

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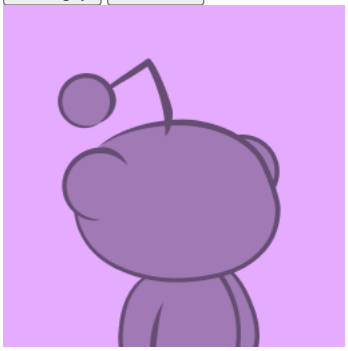

lannieb
â€¢ 15y ago

Coming home on the night bus at 3 am, this drunk guy sitting across from me is staring at me the whole time, and then gets out a knife and starts playing with it while still staring right into my eyes.

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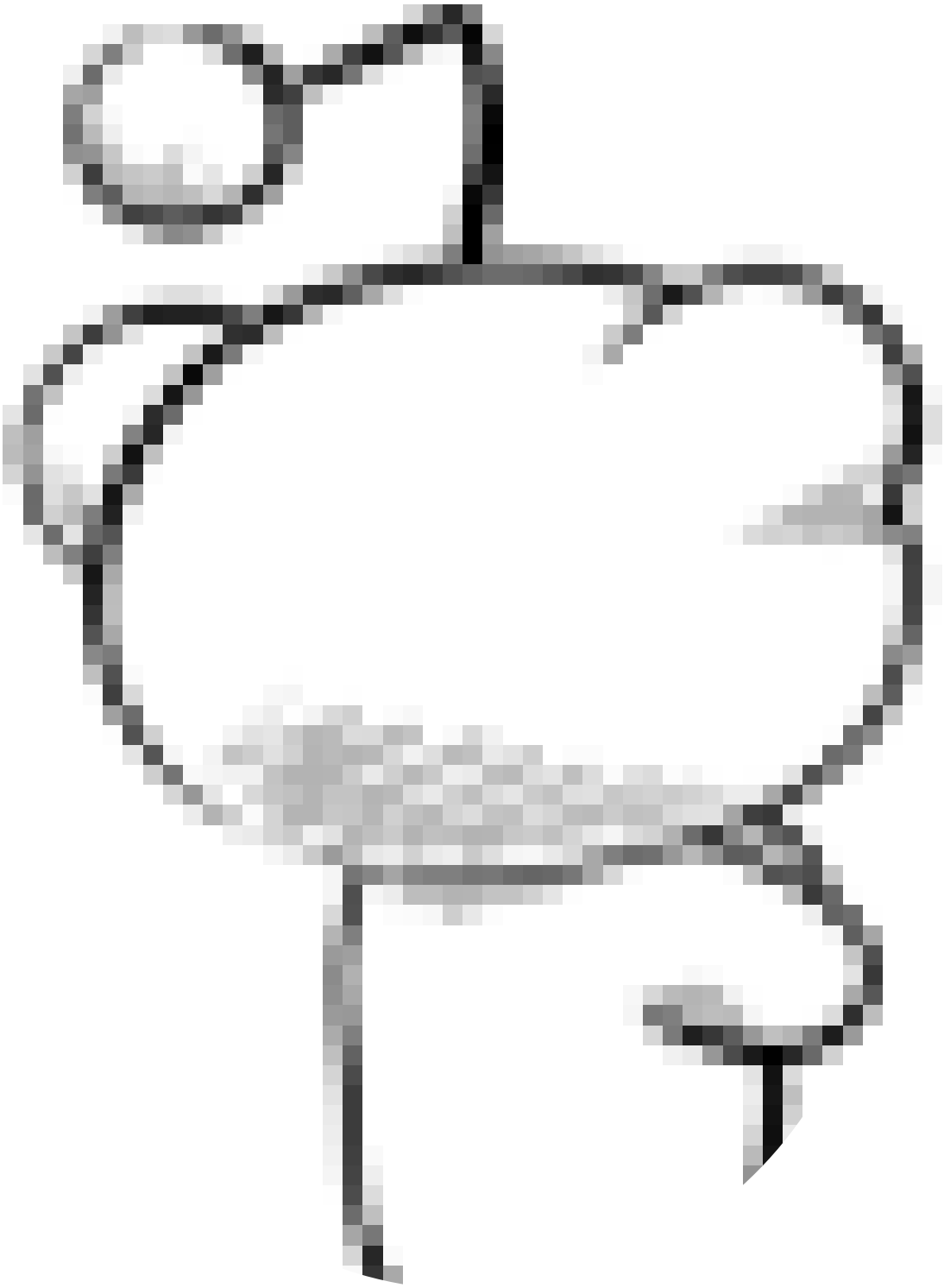

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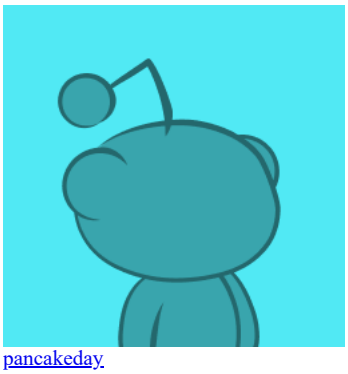
â€¢ 15y ago

This wasn't exactly creepy for me, as I was the creepy thing in this story: As a kid, I used to walk and talk in my sleep. My sister, who's three years older than I am, once woke up in the middle of the night and saw me standing in the middle of the room in my pyjamas. She stood up, touched my shoulder and told me to go to sleep. I turned around and said that the "dark person" was in the apartment. When she asked me where this "dark person" was exactly, I said that it was waiting for me in the living room.

This actually happened quite a few times, and every time my whole family couldn't sleep for the rest of the night.



pancakeday
â€¢ 15y ago

Sleep paralysis.

I've had several episodes, but the worst one was after my graduation. I'd had a shite day because my mum and dad insisted on coming, it was just after they'd split up (not amicably), and mum had brought her new boyfriend along just to piss dad off. They were all being total dicks to each other, but the new boyfriend was the worst.

My mum inststed on driving my boyfriend and I home, and the journey was quite long so we stopped off at a fancy hotel (as a graduation present) - an old castle that had been converted, said to be haunted.

The room was really nice - done out in mock medieval style, with a huge four poster bed, and a bath in one corner so you could soak and watch TV at the same time. After a stressy day (and a lot to drink during dinner to cope with the parents and the arsehole mum was seeing), my boyfriend and I went to bed, and after I eventually got to sleep I ended up having nightmares. I was convinced that someone was trying to kill me, a ghost with a big sword, and it was one of those dreams where you try to run away, or scream, but you can't. I was desperately trying to wake myself up because I knew I was dreaming, too, but it was hard to escape.

I eventually managed to wake up (or thought I did...I'm not sure), but then I was convinced the bed was shaking and rising off the ground, and the ghost was in the room with me (and that he was making the bed shake, just to fuck with my head before he came out of the shadows and killed me). I couldn't move, couldn't scream or say anything, and my boyfriend was sound asleep next to me without a care in the world. It was terrifying.

The shaking finally stopped and I managed to move enough to wake my boyfriend up. By this point I was almost hyperventilatings, but I managed to ask him if he'd felt the bed shaking or anything (I didn't know about sleep paralysis at this point, so was totally freaked out and convinced the bed shaking was real). I tried to get back to sleep, but even with the TV and the lights on I could still feel something in the room, lurking, waiting for me to go back to sleep so it could fuck with me again.

I much preferred it when I used to wake up as a kid and see my dead granddad sitting on the edge of the bed watching over me.

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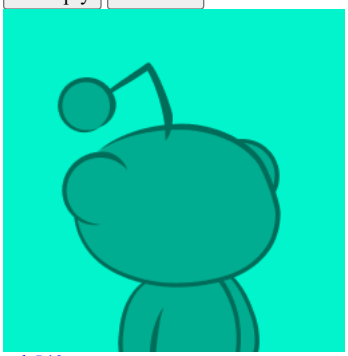

cab540
â€¢ 15y ago

On occasion I can see an event happen in my mind before it takes place in real time. We had a very strong storm in December and a tree hit our house. I told my roommate at the time that I feel like a tree will hit the front of the house. It actually punched a 1 meter hole on the side...not the front. But it was the same day during a large wind gust. I've had this happen on several occasions where a emotional event is tied with it. I was hit by a car backing up, saw it in my mind a few minutes before, ignored the thought, and was struck as a drunk asshole mashed the gas pedal in reverse.

Maybe I'm somewhat clairvoyant, but I can't seem to pick the right lottery numbers dammit!

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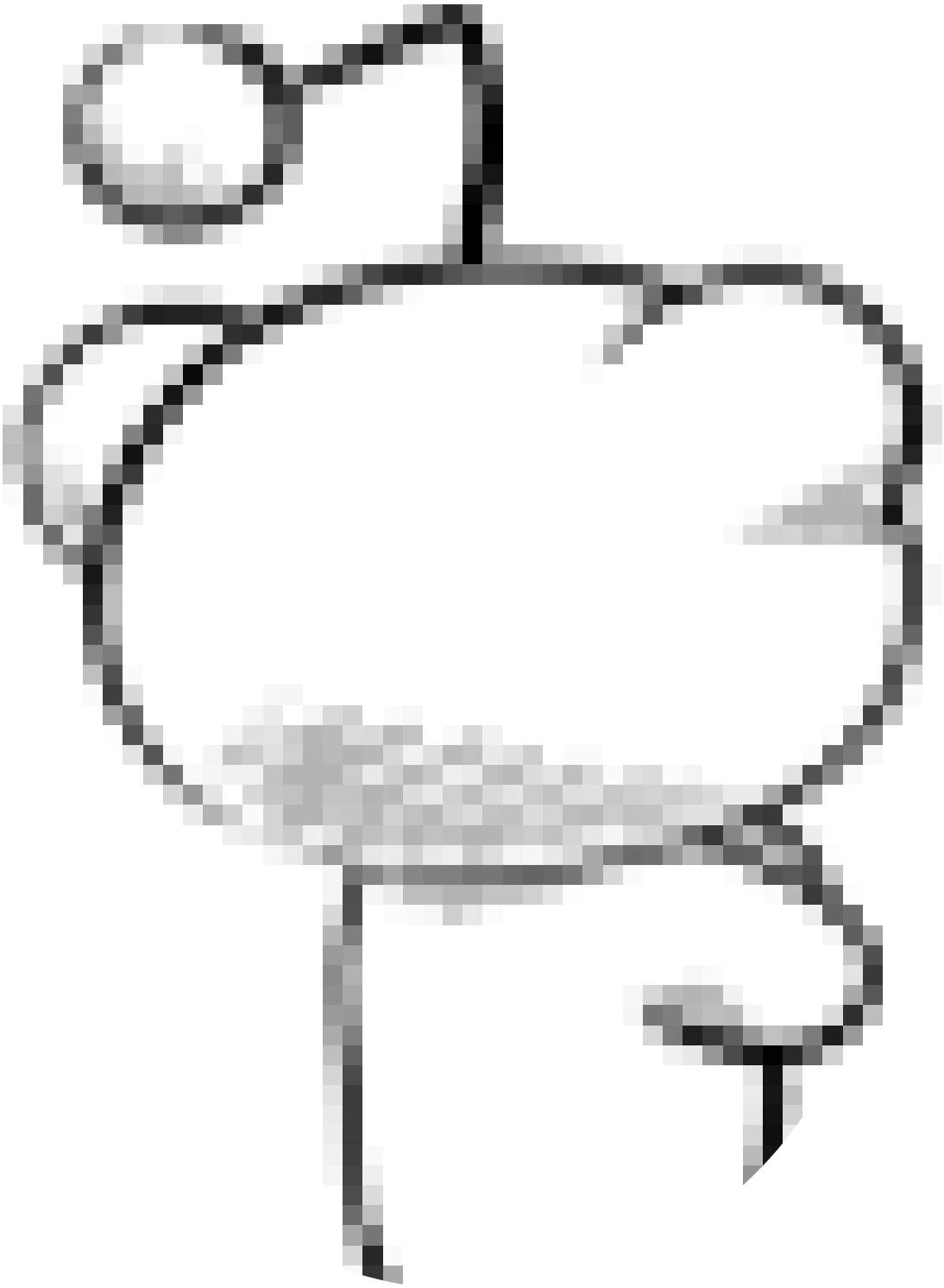

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â€¢ 15y ago

one time my friend and I were walking though the small patch of woods in our neighborhood, if you walked long enough you would see that it lead to one of the larger state forest, we found this weird old building that looked like a power station but it was surrounded by really high fences with barbed wire all over the top, we naturally named it Area 51.

One day we decided it would be cool to walk back to Area 51, it was about a 20 minute walk, as we were nearing it, we saw a man walking out of it, but my memory could be off, we were like 10 or 11. Either way there was definitely a man and whether or not he actually came from the building doesn't matter because he was now walking towards us, briskly. I dont know if we were brave or dumb, but we just continued to walk where we were going while he continued to walk towards us from the other direction.

He was holding a large aluminum baseball bat at his side.

We kept walking and as he came closer, he sort of turned his body towards us as he passed us. We both also turned, it was like we unconsciously did not want to have our backs to him. I looked at him and, thinking back, he looked just like Sawyer from Lost. He had long stringy hair, he was about 6' 1, his clothes were all disheveled and he had a look stamped on his face like whatever he was doing was wrong, but he liked it that way.

We passed without incident. If I were in the same position now, at 28 years old instead of 10, I would run for my life upon even seeing the shadow of this man.

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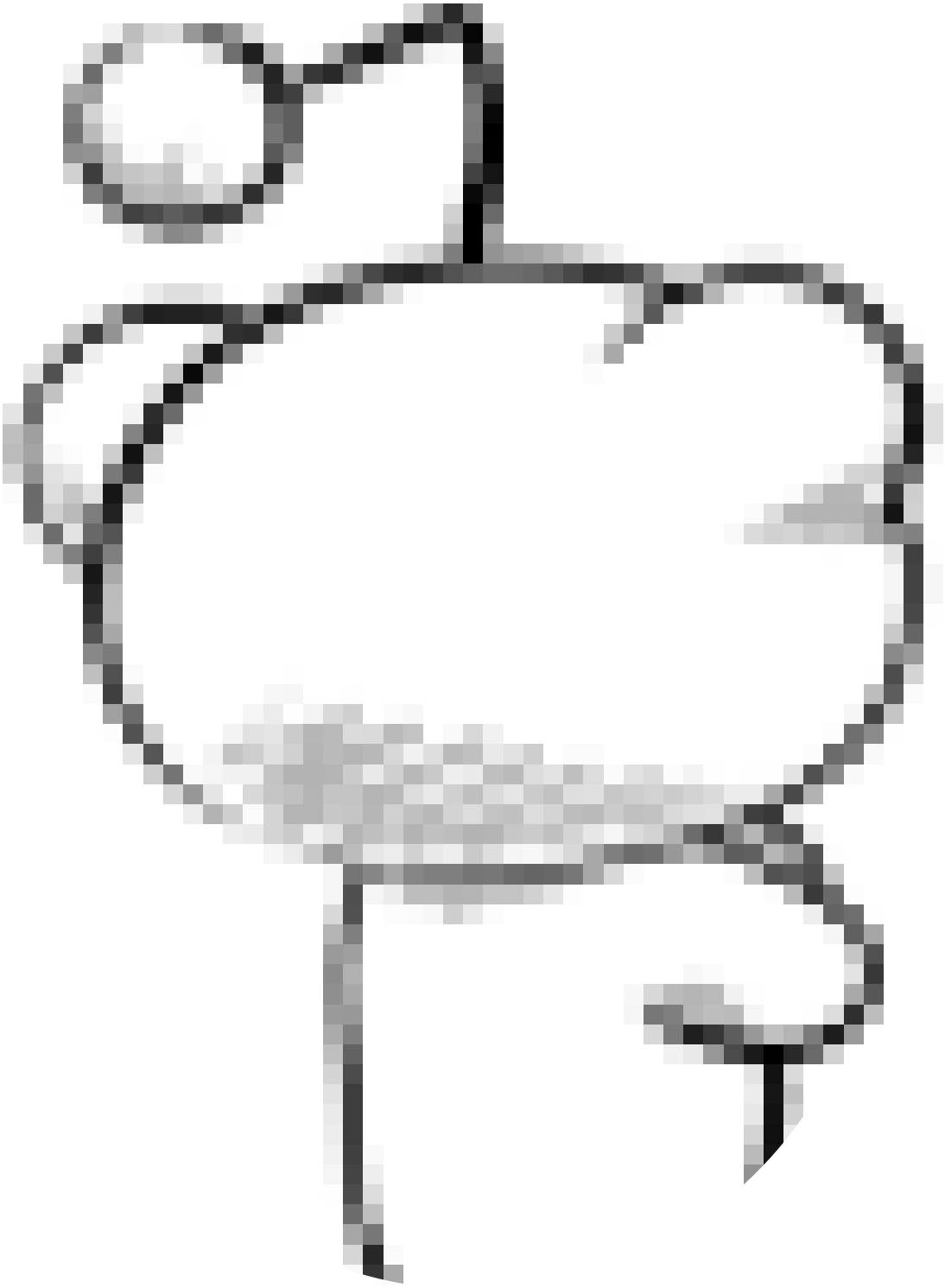

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â€¢ 15y ago

I've never hallucinated before in my life, but once when I was a young I found myself waking up in the middle of the night sitting up in my bed. In a half-asleep state I remember three kids sitting across from me on my bed and we were playing some sort of card game. I remember them being dressed in almost 30s type attire and having a bluish glow. This probably lasted about 30 seconds until I realized what was going on and "snapped out of it" and they just disappeared. Oddly enough I didn't feel like they were malevolent at all, I just felt a deep sadness afterwards.

2 more replies
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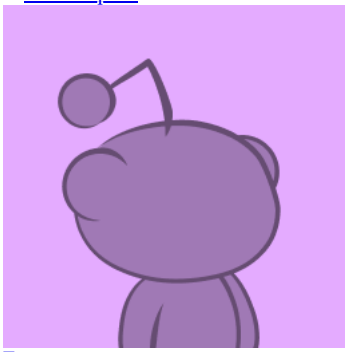

Eyecantsee
â€¢ 15y ago

I used to have the chucky doll in my closet every night before going to bed growing up. Going to sleep was always a challenge for me.

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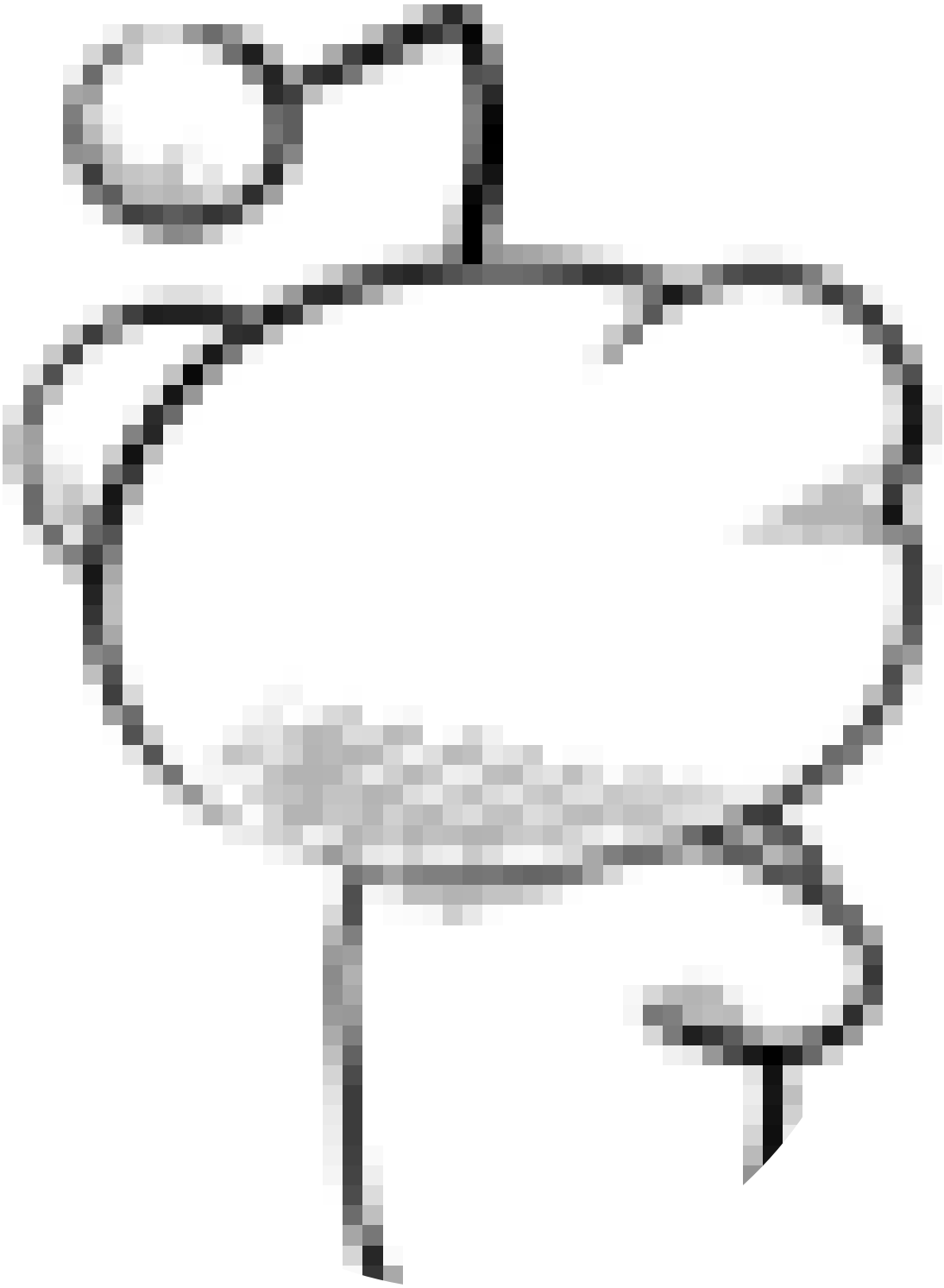

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â€¢ 15y ago

It was break time at my school and we were sitting in the common room, when the subject of sex came up, and a someone brought up something interesting. A friend of mine who's usually pretty vocal on this kind of stuff was dead quiet. When I asked him why he said it was because he saw the same conversation happen in his dream, and everything was going as his dream went.

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Darkthief
â€¢ 15y ago

In the night i felt something fleshy touch my face. I quickly brushed it of and struggled to sit up and get away. But that fleshy thing hit my face right again so i screamed, jumped out of the bed and threw it against the wall.

I then realized that that fleshy thing was my own hand which must have went numb because i felt asleep on it.

That was some crazy shit, and my hand hurt like hell after I regained feeling in it again

Slackluster
â€¢ 15y ago â€¢ Edited 15y ago

I was in Memphis on vacation with my girlfriend, the date was 3-17-07. When I was looking around the hotel room I found this sheet of paper behind the bed side table. Besides the creepy artwork I couldn't help but notice the date on it was exactly 1 year ago minus 1 day. I thought what are the chances of that, maybe it was from a only few days ago and someone had written the wrong date. I was pretty freaked out though so I continued my investigation.

I tore the room apart and finally between the pages of the bible in the other side table I found this flyer. Again notice it's the same date. Flipping through the bible I found many underlined passages I wish I had written down. We went to that hard rock cafe the next day but as expected I didn't notice anything related there.

I still get a little freaked out every March 18th. I'm a very rational person and dissapointed with myself for not being able to solve a mystery with all these clues. I did some cyber snooping searching for the name Adrian McGuire, going to myspace pages on the flyer etc but haven't turned up with anything. Could something horrible have happened preventing them from renting the room out for a full year?

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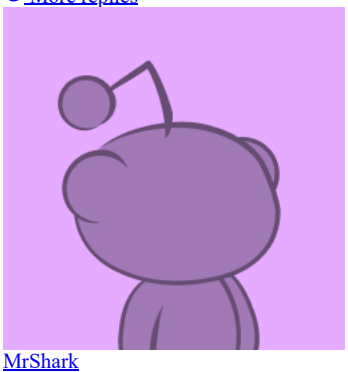

MrShark
â€¢ 15y ago

I was having a dream that I had sneaked into a school at night because I had to find some incriminating evidence about the Man (a regular character in my dreams when I was younger, he was a man with no face who would linger in shadows and watch me, a bit like the slender man except that he would sometimes visibly run after me). I was in a dark room looking through some drawers when I became aware of a presence behind me, then something grabbed me and I woke up, safe in my bed with my cat lying next to me. My cat then looked at me and said "did you find anything?". It was the single most terrifying moment of my life until she purred and licked my face.

Reply Share

nattfodd
â€¢ 15y ago

Being in an avalanche, utterly convinced I was about to die buried alive. The thought of dying was actually okay, but the idea of being asphyxiated slowly, knowing my situation to be hopeless, was the most horrible thing I can imagine.

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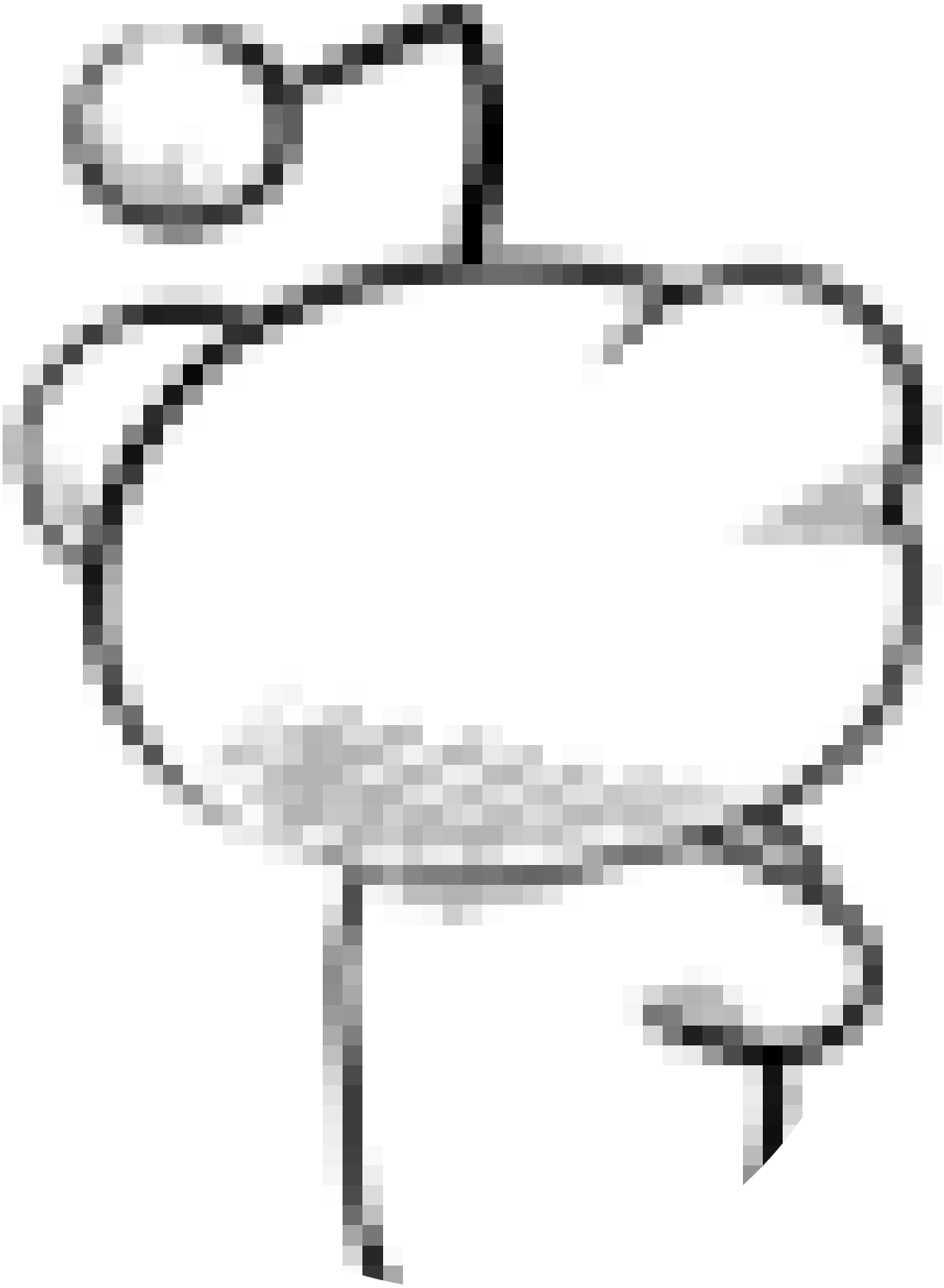

Hookah
â€¢ 15y ago

I had a clown doll exactly like the one in Poltergeist. My brothers and I were so scared of this thing so we through it in the attic and really didn't think much about it after that. I guess a year later we were outside and in the tree in the front yard was the *same fucking clown*. Nobody has owned up to it yet and I'm still pretty freaked out about it. Fifteen years later and I still hate clowns.

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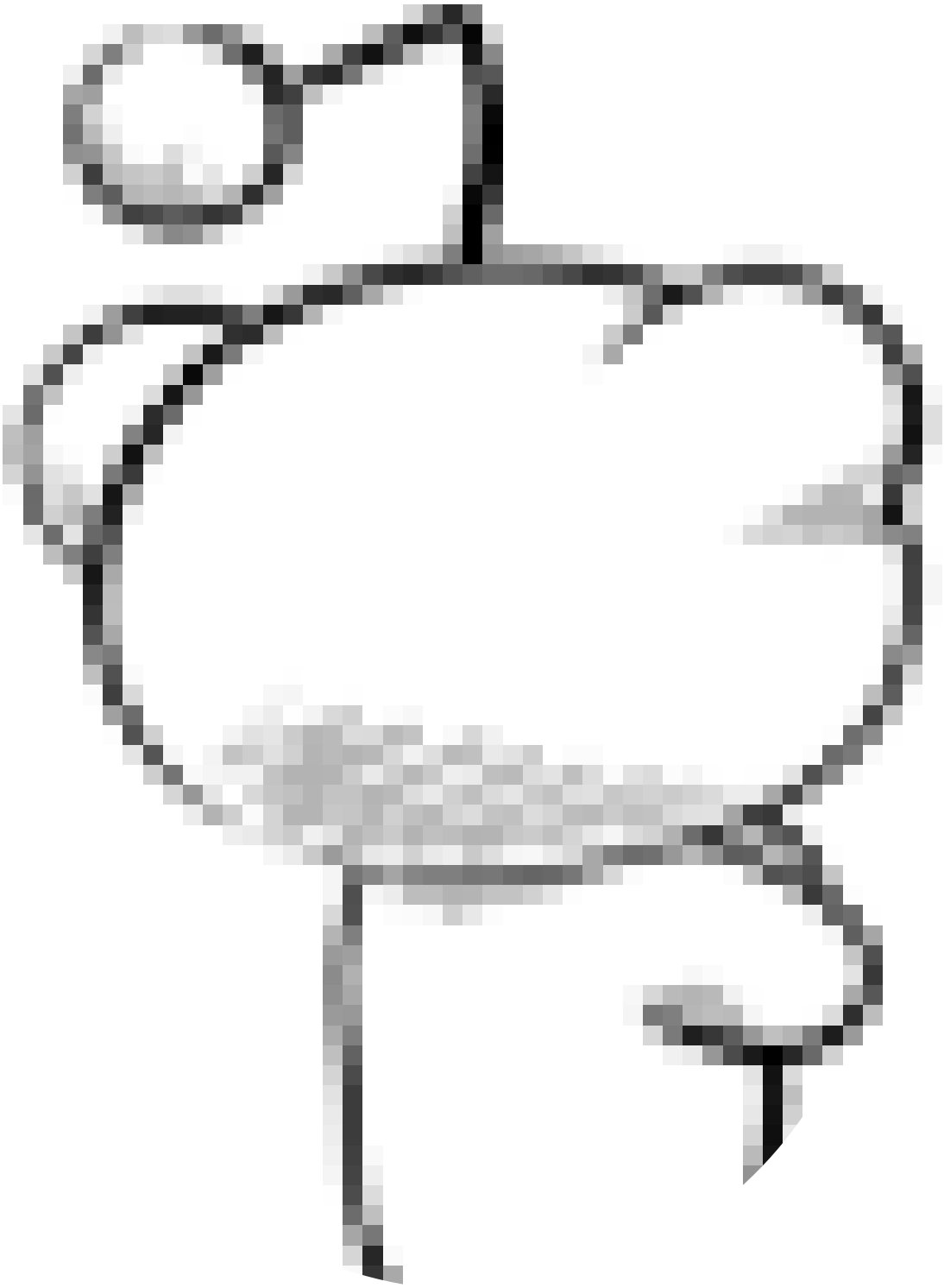

DarrenEdwards
â€¢ 15y ago

I had a roommate that grew up south of Pittsburgh. We visited there once and he took me around to see the sights. One time he took me to see where the original Dawn of the Dead was filmed. The graveyard and farmhouse were still there.

We get there and it is creepy as fuck. It's pitch black, the trees are so thick that no light is coming in and all we had for illumination was our lighters. If we used those, we could see about 5 feet and nothing else. Eventually it would get too hot and we would have to stop using them. Without the lighter all we could see when our eyes adjusted was the sky and glow worms everywhere.

Now this is the worst part. The trees were dropping acorns at a steady pace. It sounded like somebody was creeping up and accidentally stepping on twigs all around us. Every few seconds, a random snap or thump. We got close enough to see the silhouette of the house, but we were so freaked out we went back to the car and got the fuck out of there.

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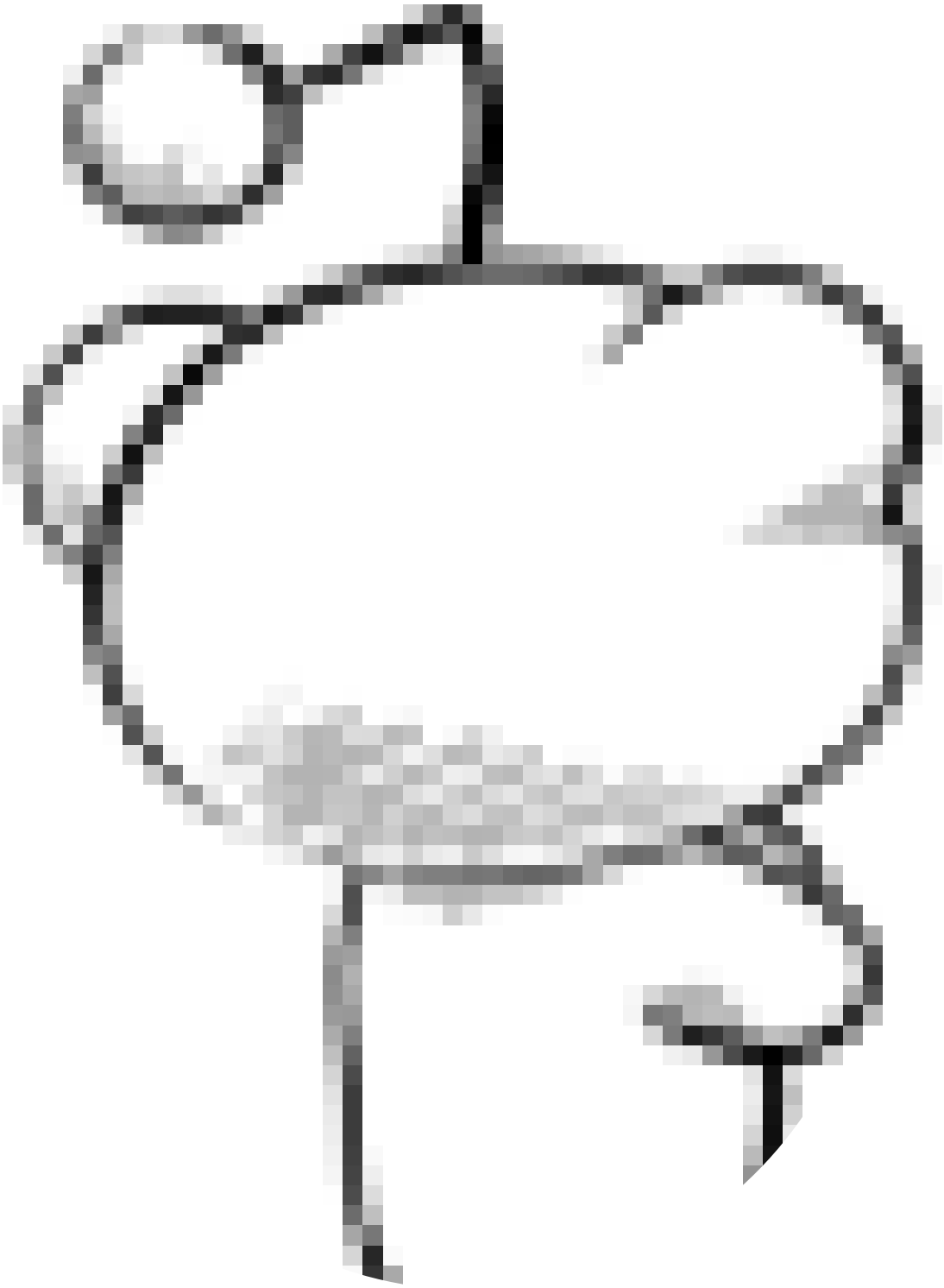

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â€¢ 15y ago

My junior year of college we lived in a very normal looking house with a super creepy basement. When I first moved in, I was excited to turn the basement into a sweet workshop or something. I changed my mind. I got a horrible feeling whenever I even went near the basement door. Anyone who took a shower there (both me, my brother, and my gf) heard clear and distinct voices, and doors opening and shutting. To the point where we would walk out and call out to whomever we thought was home. Happened to each of us independently before we knew the others were experiencing the same thing. We all had nightmares often. And once, when the basement was producing a very creepy feeling, I took a picture down the stairs with my digital camera. A pretty clear silhouette of a man with a bowler hat and mustache appeared. Creepy as fuck. I showed the picture to all my friends. But I'm still positive the house wasn't haunted. So much so that I would walk into the basement when I was feeling especially creeped out just to prove to myself nothing was there. The first time I got that brave, I was immediately startled because on the opposite wall to the bottom of the stairs is an old mirrored wall. Scared the shit out of me seeing my own reflection in a dark room.

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pizzarina
â€¢ 15y ago

I LOVE this shit. Is there a reddit thread somewhere of personal ghost stories?

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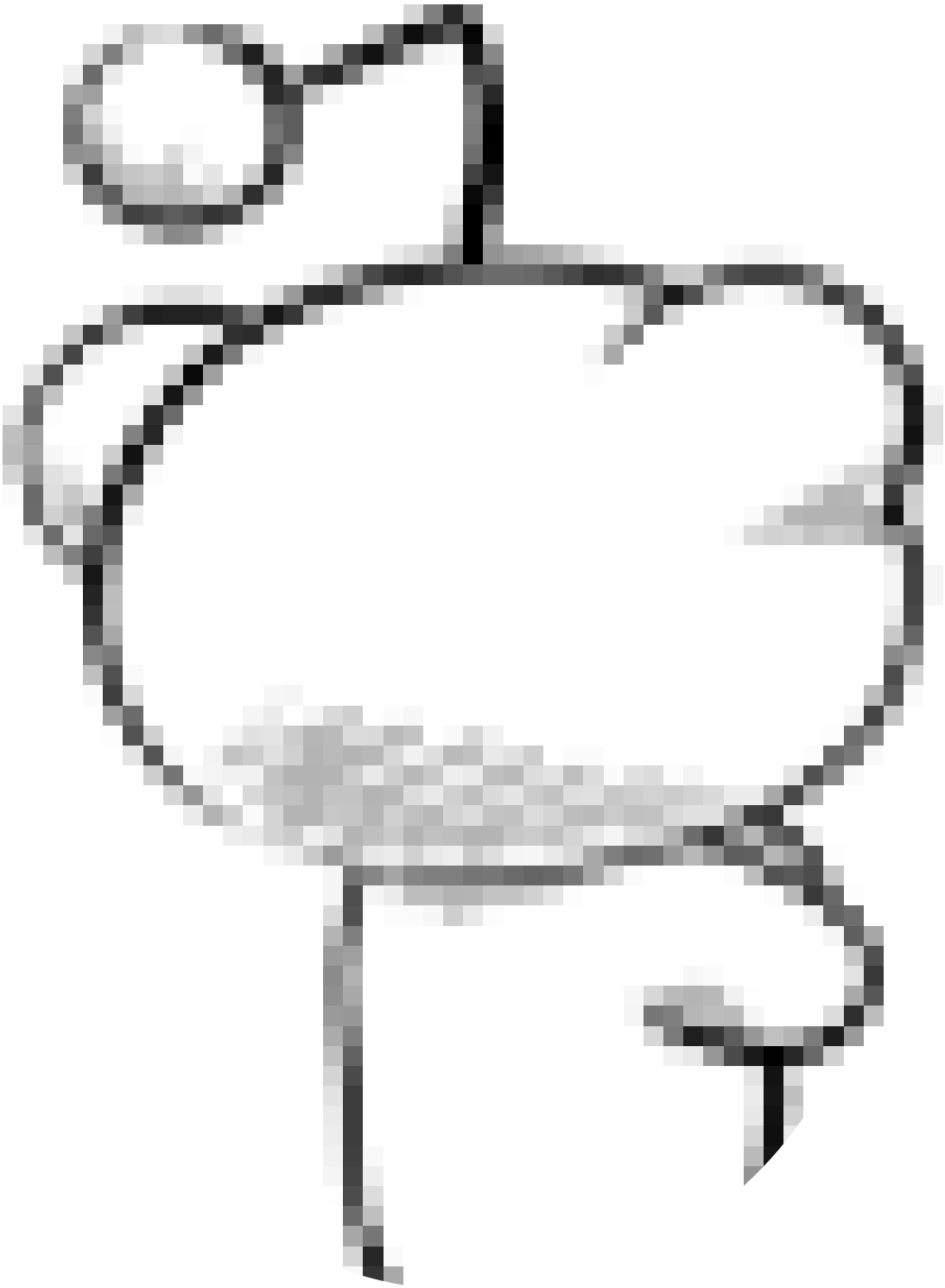

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â€¢ 15y ago

I was once in a queue for a ride at a theme park with my friend when I felt something brush the back off my neck, I turned around but there was no one directly behind me, only people off to the right as there was a bend in the line. I looked up, thinking it was a leaf falling, but there were no trees.

So I turned back around and chilled for a few seconds, when I felt it again, so I turned around, noone.

It then happened a third time, at which point my friend said 'Er, man you might wanna turn around.' and he pointed further down the line. A guy that I can only describe as being a bald, hispanic Steve Buscemi was standing there, waving and smiling at me, holding a large stick, with a pink feather on the end of it.

tl;dr - I got laid.

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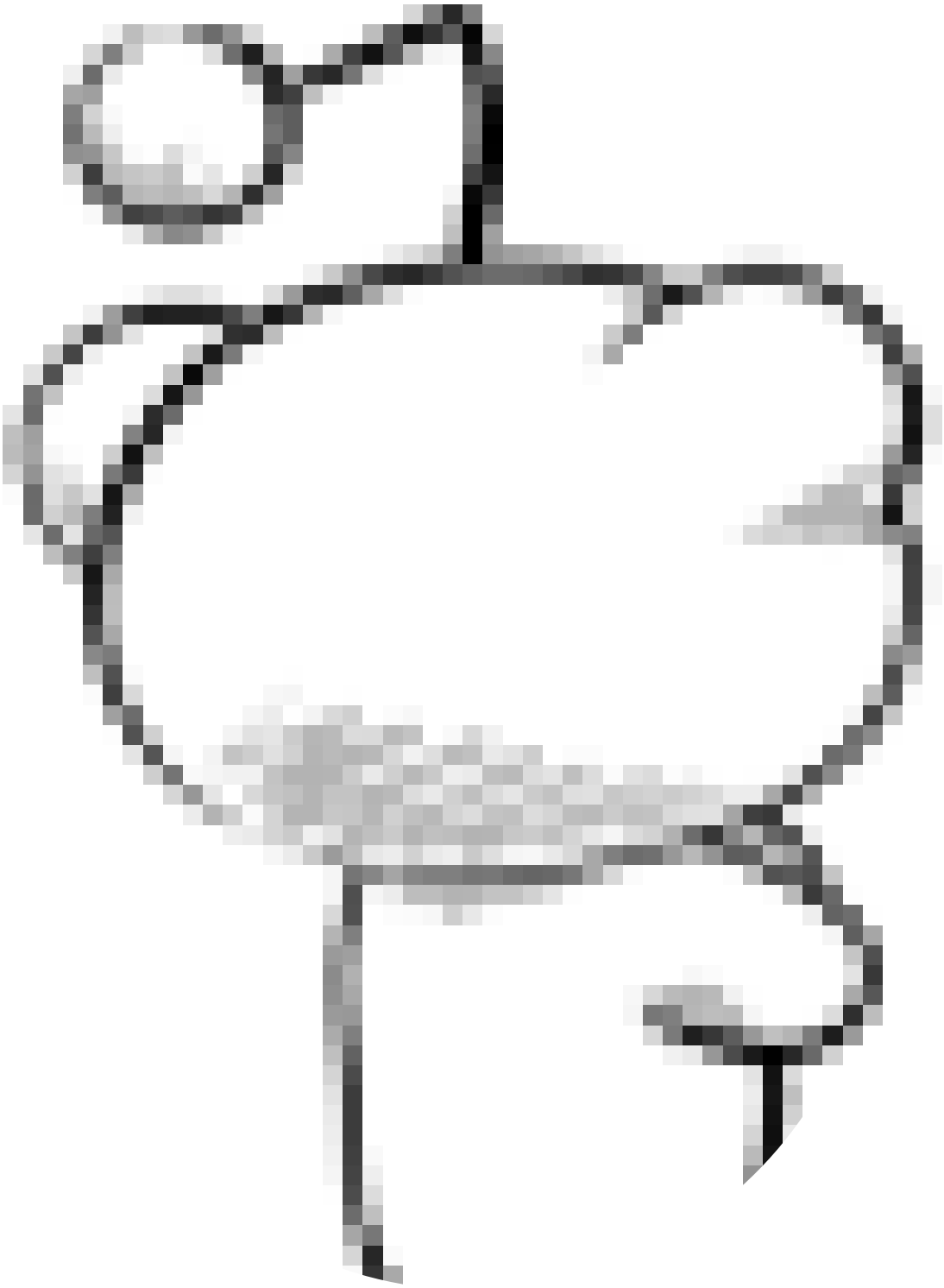

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â€¢ 15y ago â€¢ Edited 15y ago

this probably sounds like cheesy bullshit, but it still bugs me to this day. One night, I woke up with a cold, paniced sweat around 2am and to the sound of maniacal laughter, like the evil scientist's laugh out of Doom 3. I got up, went downstairs to get some water. Usually I shake this kind of thing off because I just assumed my depression was driving me utterly insane, so I went back to sleep.

That morning, I woke up to an ambulance, my grandmother who was staying with us died presumed at 1:55am that night. I walked by her room when I was getting my water. No sir, I don't like it.

I felt bad because I looked really upset and my parents just assumed it was my grandma's death, of course I was sad, but I was really weirded out about that laugh. I'm an agnostic, but no man of god either. But if there is something out there in the afterlife, I hope my grandma's ok :(

fft321
â€¢ 15y ago

Once when I was 15-16, there was a power outage. I went to sleep at around 1, rest of the folks were already asleep. As soon as I closed my eyes, I get that feeling that I'm being watched. I said fuck it and tried sleeping anyway. But, I was spooked and couldn't sleep. So I propped up my pillow and lay awake for almost 2 hours. The feeling that I'm being watched never subsided. Suddenly, my brother, with whom I shared the room, wakes up and asks me" Where's the girl who's calling out my name?". Couldn't sleep till daybreak.

Hijaru
â€¢ 15y ago

Okay, only 8 years old at the time.

So it was midwinter, snowing, 3AM. I was lying in my bed and couldn't sleep, and at that time everyone in the house is asleep and you hear nothing. Nothing, except for those little sounds of things creaking for whatever reason. After listening 15 minutes to those little sounds I started to freak out, thinking a burglar might be inside my house. So I grab a fork from my nightstand (don't know why I had a fork there) and walk downstairs with all my courage. I open the door to the kitchen, and check around. Nothing. Nothing in the basement, nothing in the living room. I checked behind every couch and under each table. I was about to give up my epic search when I thought the burglar could be outside. With my brave little lion heart I open up the curtains of the front window and jump back 3 meters as I saw someone stand in front of the window, just standing there. I adjust my eyes to the darkness outside and see it's a hedge my mum trimmed in the form of a snowman.

Nightmare fodder right there for an 8 year old.

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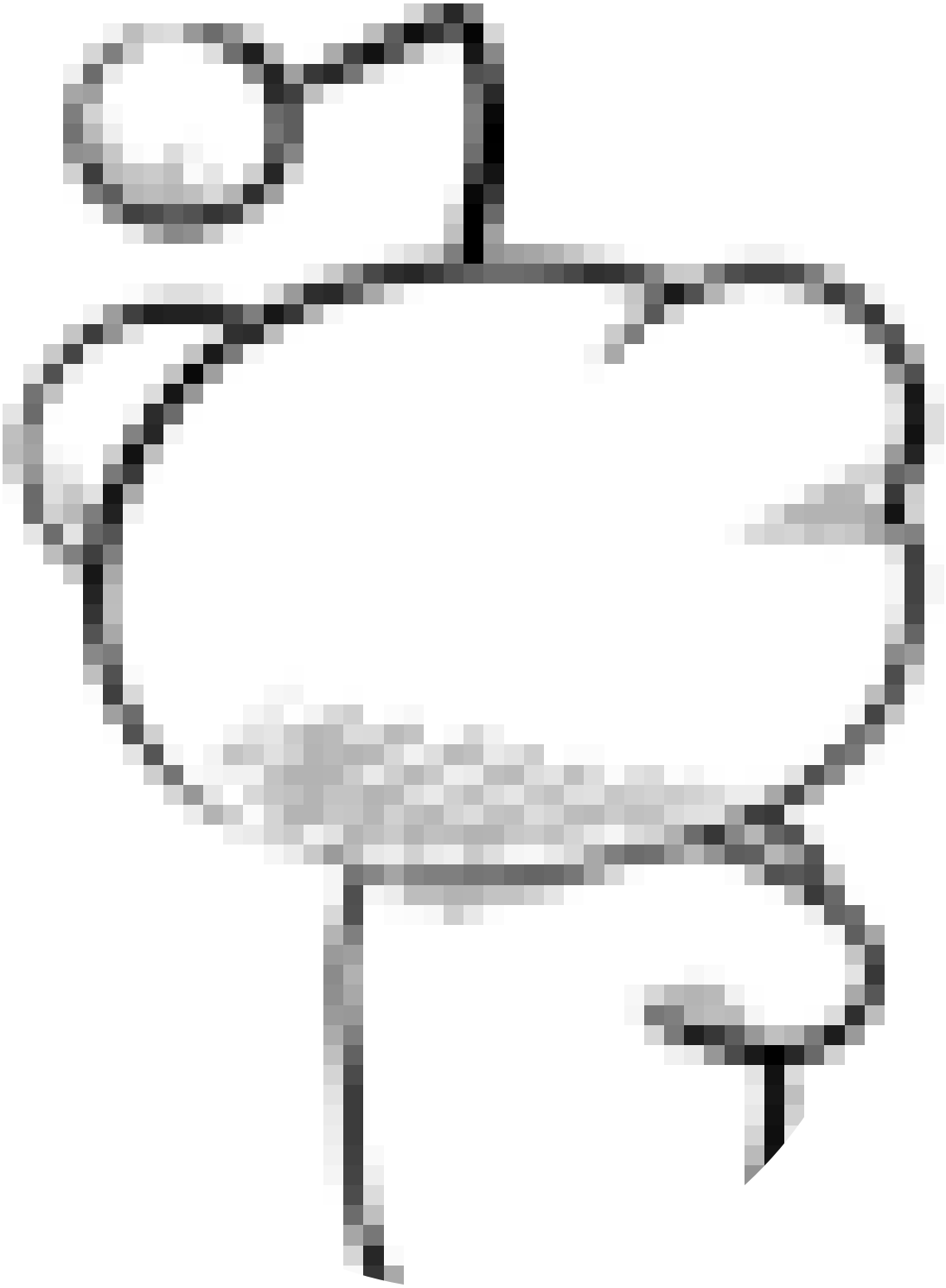

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â€¢ 15y ago

this was about 10 hours after a salivia trip but i woke up after a nap looking at a floating spirit like image of myself facing me hovering over my bed, the minute i was able to recognize who it was it slammed back into my body. my heart raced for 20 minutes after.

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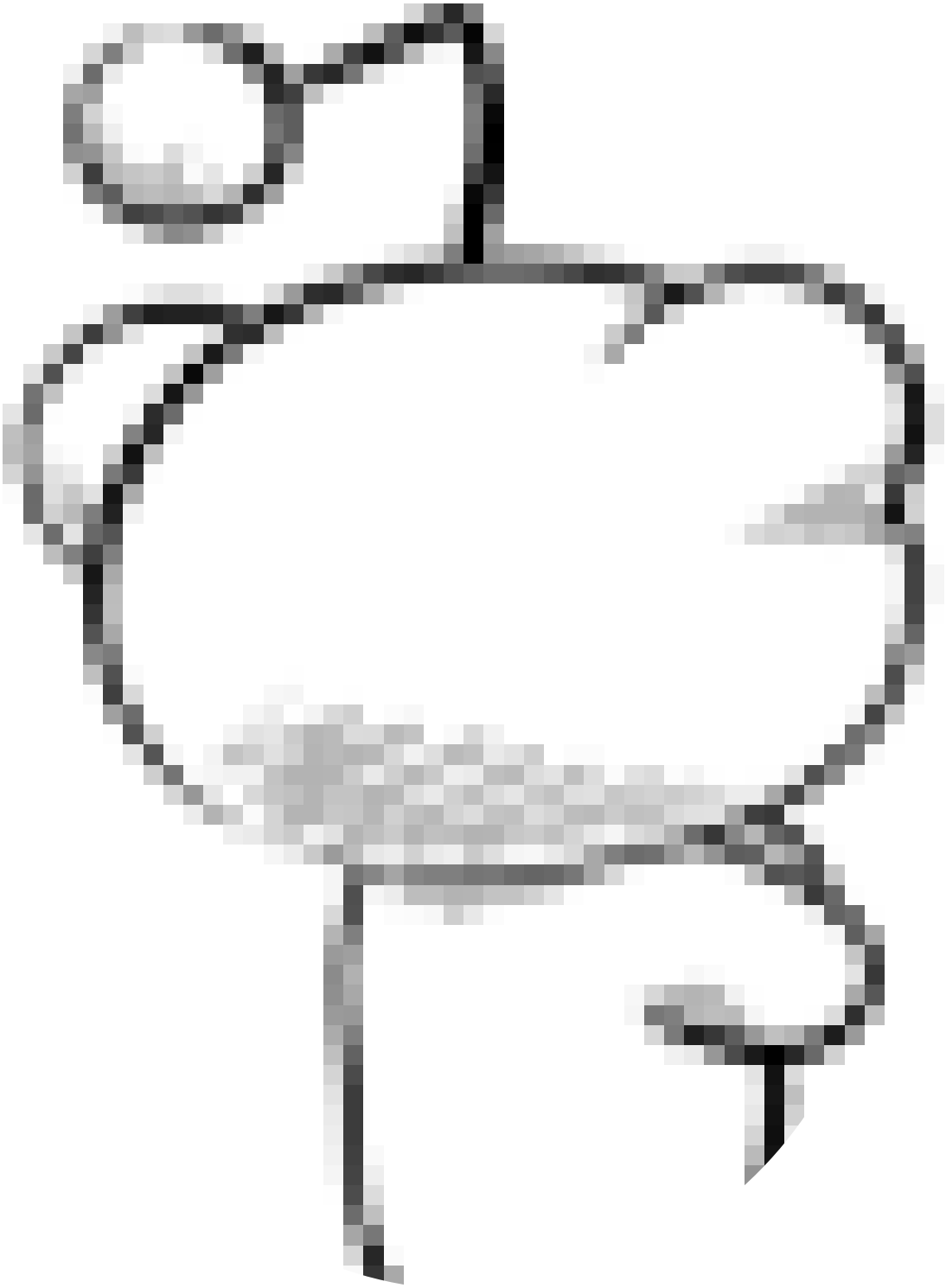

Kinseyincanada
â€¢ 15y ago

When I was around 4 or 5 my day let me watch the movie "it". Which is alive no young child should ever see. So after watching it was already pretty freaked out. So I went to bed and in my room I had a clown doll. Now the doll was sitting in a chair in the corner and when i woke up in the middle of the night. The moon light had shown through my window and onto the doll which had glossy glass eyes, which cause it to shine. So my rooms pretty dark and all I see is the shinning eyes of my clown doll. I start to panic I'm basically paralyzed with fear then all of a sudden the the doll shoots forward and I freak the fuck out and run screaming out of my room to my dad. So my dad checks my room and finds my cat batman in the room and he comes to the conclusion that the cat must of knocked over the chair, causing the doll to shoot forward. He obviously removed the doll and I sat terrified in my bed with the lights on for the rest of the night.

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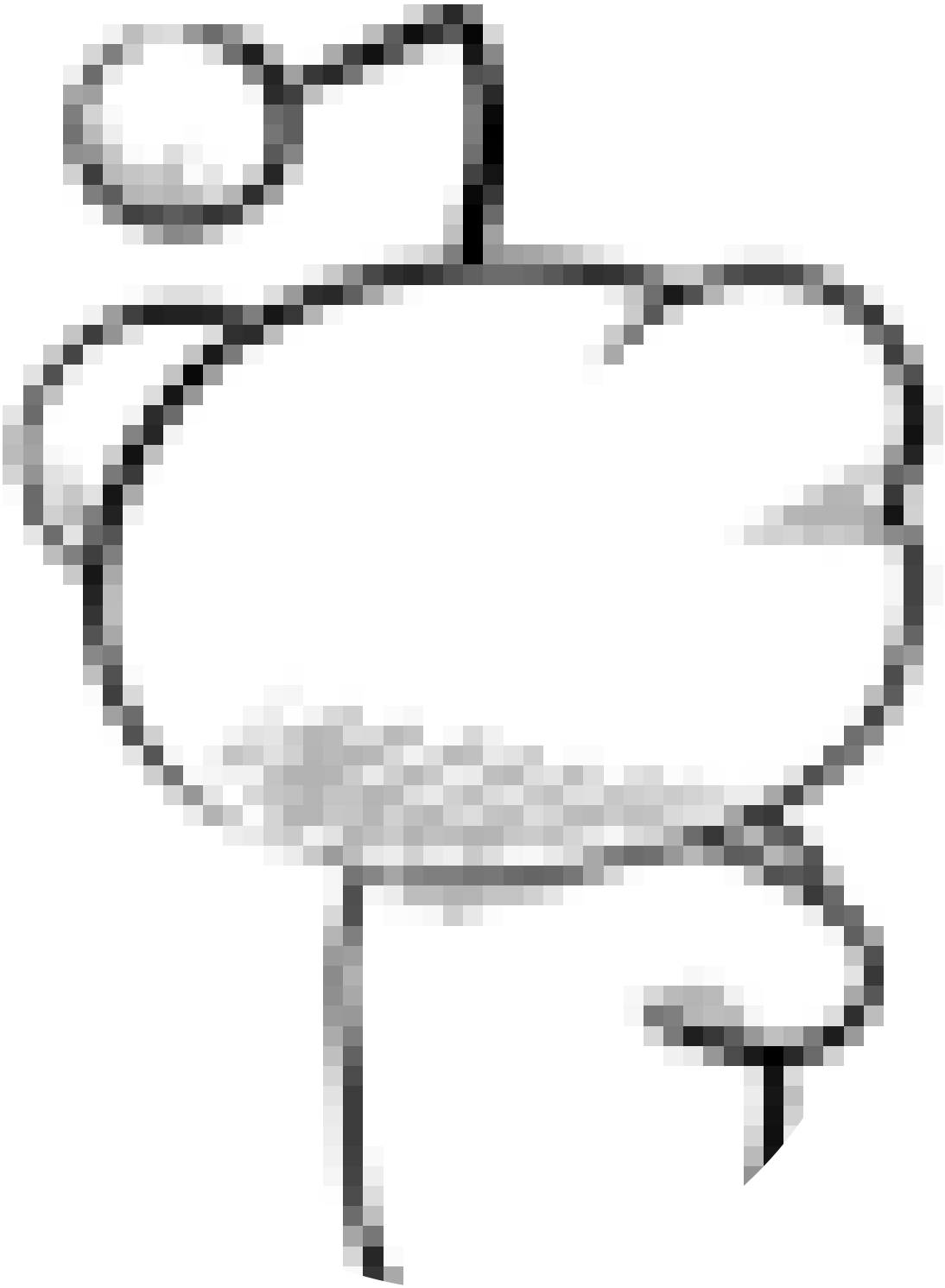

[deleted]
â€¢ 15y ago

I was in this just *terrible* "scary" movie a few months ago with my boyfriend. About 30 minutes into the movie, I notice a man standing up in the middle of the theater, looking up at the audience. At first I just assumed that he was looking for his seat, so I forgot about him. But then a couple of minutes later, I noticed he was still there, still staring up at the crowded theater. Looking closer, I noticed he had many plastic bags in his hand, and crazy looking hair. I think he was homeless. I got very creeped out, so I start looking around to see if anyone else has noticed. But I seemed to be the only one. My boyfriend then noticed as well. He immediately whispered "let's get out of here," and we bolted. Once out of the theater, we alerted an employee that there was a creepy homeless man in the theater. But he laughed at us and said we probably were just scared because of the scary movie. We insisted that something was up, but he just shrugged it off, so we left. Looking back, I'm sure that the man was benign. But my boyfriend and I both trusted our gut feelings, which, in my opinion, is always the best thing to do.

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pomdecouer
â€¢ 15y ago

When I was like seven, I had a Fisher Price alarm clock (white, with a blue star "snooze" button.) I slept on the top bunk, my sister on the bottom bunk.

It was the middle of the night, and my alarm clicked on, like the radio was about to start, but instead of the radio, it was just laughing. Like, really scary laughing. The snooze button wouldn't work, and my dad came and unplugged it.

I'm guessing it was some bizarre radio show. It scared the shit out of me. And I have no idea why it turned on randomly.

Reply Share

jordanlund
â€¢ 15y ago

When I was little, around 4 or 5, I would wake up in the middle of the night at my grandparents house convinced that someone was touching me. The room was always empty. To this day I sleep with one arm under m pillow, pressed against the mattress, so I can't be touched there.

When my little sister was about the same age she would wake everyone up at our parents house screaming "Somebody touched me!" and there was never anybody there.

Reply Share

darkbarf
â€¢ 15y ago

Went over to a friends house in '90 or '91 after school with 3 other guys.

Dude says he wants to watch his favorite movie The Exorcist.

This was a time when older tv's had two knobs. VHF and UHF. Orange light shot through the plastic 3 on the dial.

When cable came you usually set the tv to channel 3 and then the cable box would take over.

While watching The Exorcist the orange 3 changed to a 6 and flashed 3 times. 6-6-6 And then went back to 3.

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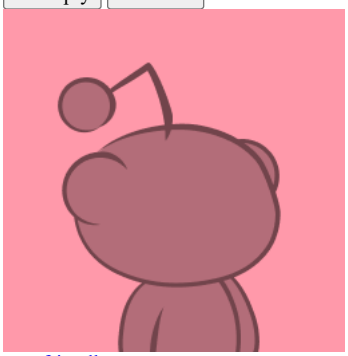

yourfriendlane
â€¢ 15y ago

I got in my car one morning to find that several of my CDs had been broken and/or carved on with a knife. The car was locked, and the only key was on my bedside table. My roommate was out of town. Nothing else was disturbed, and nothing was stolen.

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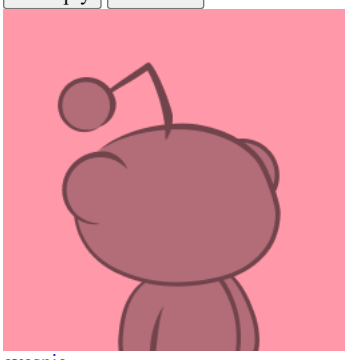

eyespie
â€¢ 15y ago

One time myself and some friends of mine were working late in a high school gym, getting ready for the upcoming musical. We had worked on the stage lighting all day and we were getting ready to leave. It was about 2AM.

I went to the light board and switched it off. Sometimes, with the specific set up I was using a light would randomly pop on and stay on the second the light board was switched off, most likely due to a voltage spike in the control wiring. When I switched it off, no lights came on.

For the next 30 minutes, we cleaned up and locked the building. I went into the back to turn off the main theater house lighting to make the place completely dark. I switched them off. Note that these house lights are not connected to the stage lighting system at all. They were wired with the building before it was a theater. The switches are located next to the main panel in the building, in the very back.

I started walking out back into the theater house where my friends were waiting for me. I had to walk through this doorway with black curtains covering it back into the theater house.

The exact precise second I opened the curtains to let my self out, one of the lights in the waaay back of the house came on at full intensity. I had thought my stage manager had turned it on to help me navigate myself through the dark theater back to the exit. She said she didn't touch anything. The light board takes about 1 minute to boot up and it was off. I took less than 1 minute to walk back there so I know my stage manager wasn't messing around with me. This was now extremely weird because we had switched the light board off 30 minutes prior. I've been using this system for 5+ years and I have never seen this behavior.

Anyways, I turned the light board off and the light extinguished. We went on our way and didn't think much about it. We got in our cars and turned the corner.

As soon as we turned the corner, we saw a coroner van and two people with Dignity Memorial Services pushing a gurney with a black body bag into their van. There was also a police officer taking a report and what I thought were family members outside consoling each other.

MAN were we creeped out after that. I really doubt this was a coincidence because of all this INSANE timing, but take what you want from it. I believe something really odd was going on that night.

That's the creepiest thing that I have ever experienced.

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securitygate
â€¢ 15y ago

I used to work in the first concrete structure in America. The building looks out onto a scenic river, and the club had been located there for more than one hundred years. The club has seen it's highs; being a thriving club during its heyday with ample members. It has also seen it's lows; it is widely known that many people have been murdered there over the course of time, it lost all of it's members and at this point it has fallen in disrepair. I used to manage a sports team from out of the building, and my office overlooked the water.

The building was set up in a classic wet building fashion, the first floor where one would enter and exit was actually the second floor. When you walk up the grand stairway, there is a balcony that would lead left, which would lead you around the perimeter of the building. There are only two ways on and off. Front stairway and door, and rear stairway and door. One sunny spring afternoon, one of the coaches and I were sitting in my office, screwing around. We heard from the front door, along with the door being pushed and pulled; someone trying to get in. I could easily see the front door from my office, and I noticed a woman with blonde hair and a long pink dress trying to enter. I saw her make a move towards the balcony, and I told the coach to meet her from the back side. I was making my way to the front door. Just as I stepped outside, I smelled a faint puff of perfume, and she turned the corner of the balcony and I watched her long blonde hair turned. As I walked around the turn.... nothing. She was gone. The coach was waiting at the other end of the balcony, and he saw her too, at the front door. Unless she jumped off the balcony, or has super spidey powers, she simply ceased to exist.

1 more reply

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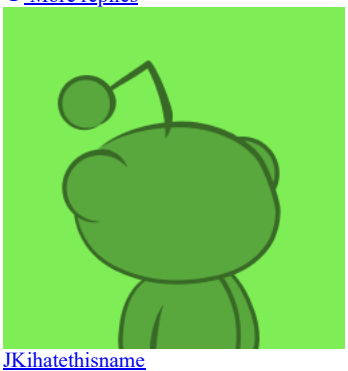

JKihatethisname
â€¢ 15y ago

When i think about this story, i always feel like i'm remembering something wrong, because it seems so weird...

When i was younger i was coming home from middle-school, last kid on the bus. It was winter and there was a decent amount of snow outside, i remember leaning my face against the glass to enjoy the feeling of the cold window.

That's when i noticed about 15 feet away, there was a figure that looked like it was wearing a robe with a big floppy hood, completely black, and for some reason i got the impression it was a woman.

First thought was "thats odd"

But then she started walking forward, and either walked in or on a small creek just in front of her

I've always been open minded about paranormal stuff, especially when i was younger, but when i saw this it didn't really strike me as very odd.

it was only when i was at home i actually thought "That was kind of weird..."

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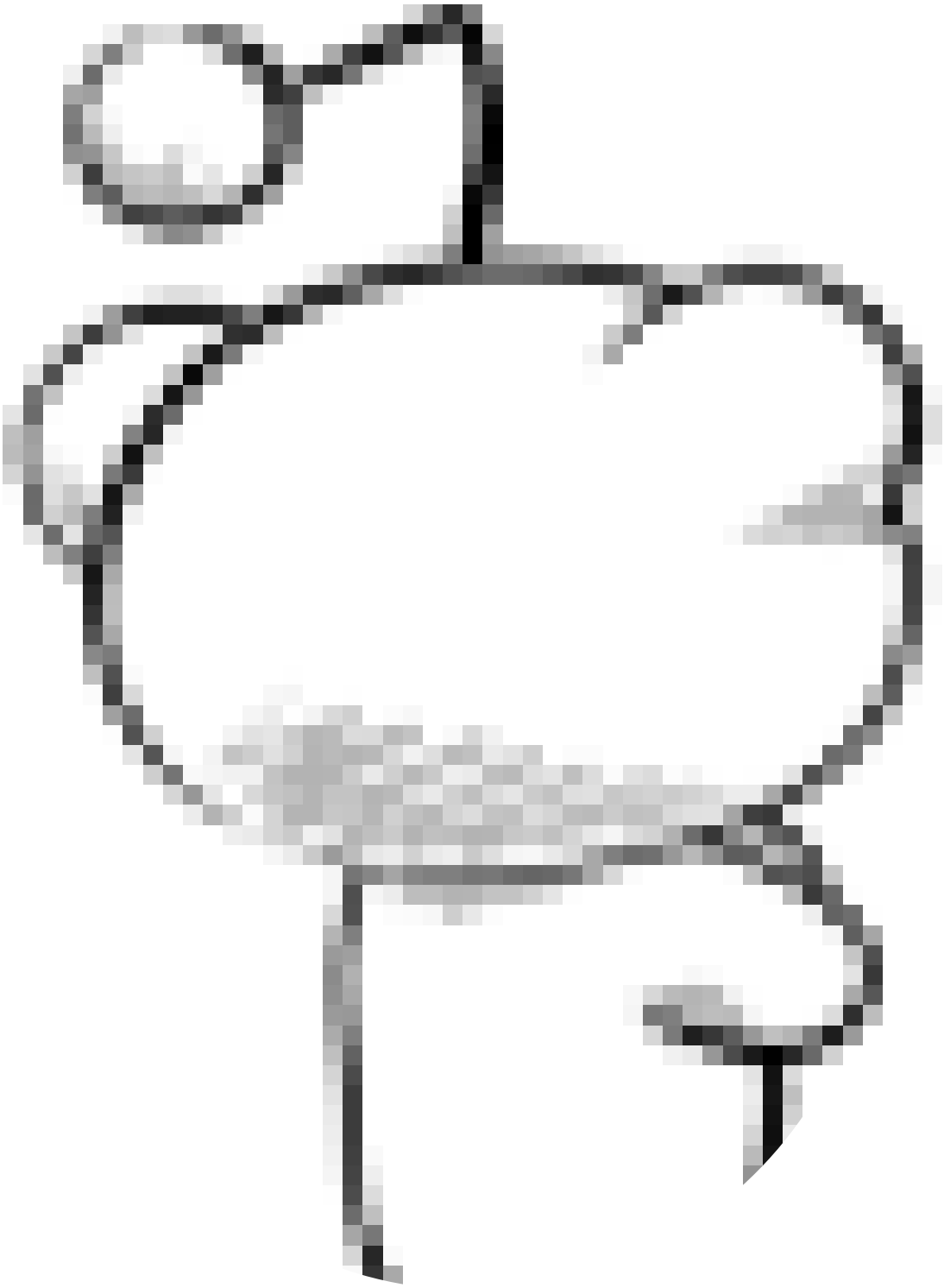

Aegean
â€¢ 15y ago

Was driving to see my old man and noticed a freaky looking guy, pulling along a very young girl by the hand. I made eye contact with the guy as I drove past. I looked in the rear-view and he darted down an dead end access-way behind some stores.

I turned around, while dialing 911, to have another look. Something didn't feel right about what I just saw. I got to the open end of the alleyway and they were both gone - out of thin air.

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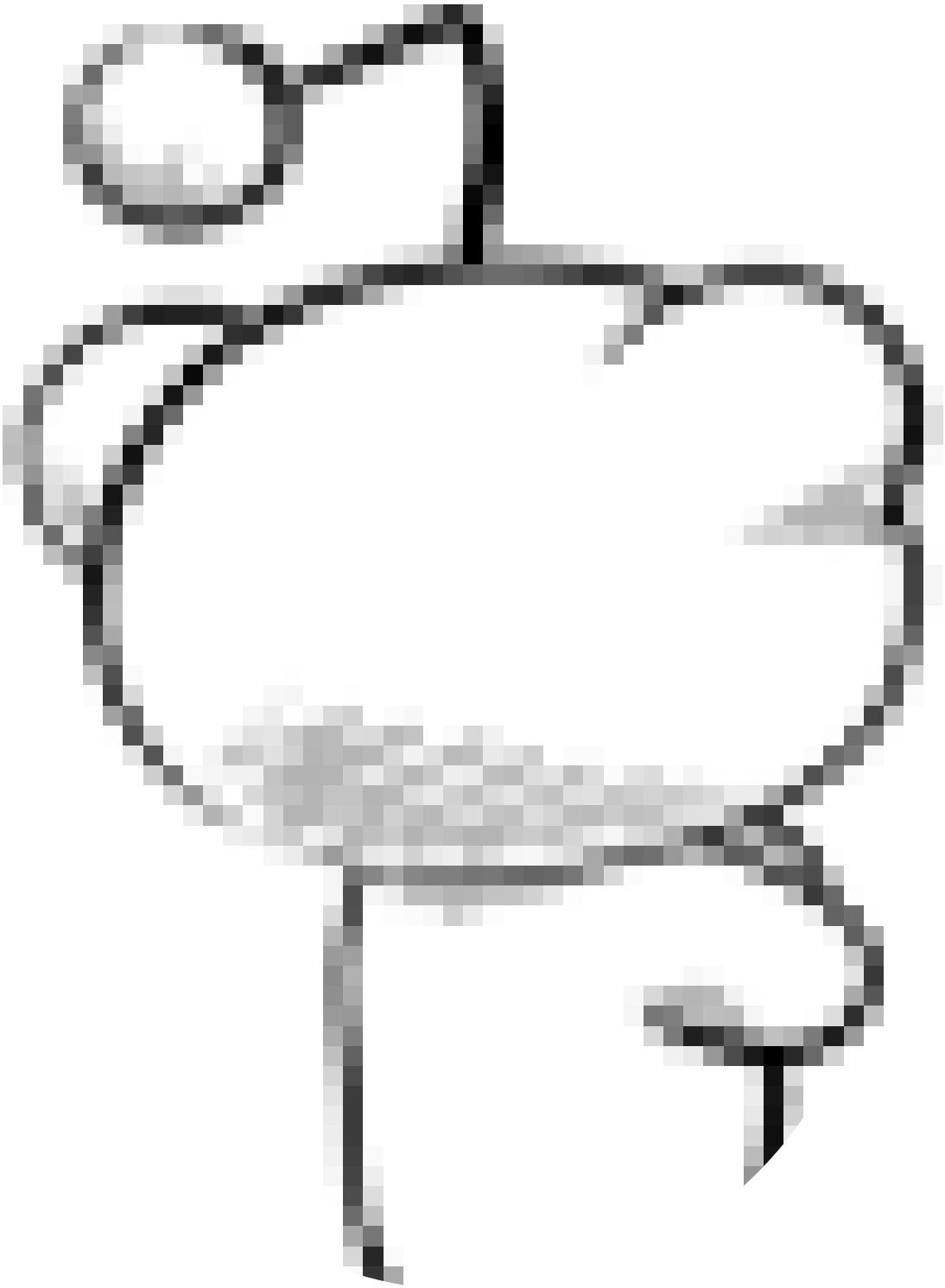

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â€¢ 15y ago

A couple dejavu related things:

I was playing wall ball in my drive way and looked up and saw a white truck with a trailer drive by, with the driver wearing a cowboy hat. I threw the ball against the wall and I picked it up and when I looked back up I saw the exact same truck and driver going in the same direction. Not exactly creepy but my first experience of dejavu.

My dad had a vivid dream of the space shuttle Challenger exploding. He called his mom after waking up, asking if anything had happened to the space shuttle. She replied that nothing had happened. Later that morning the Challenger exploded.

Reply Share

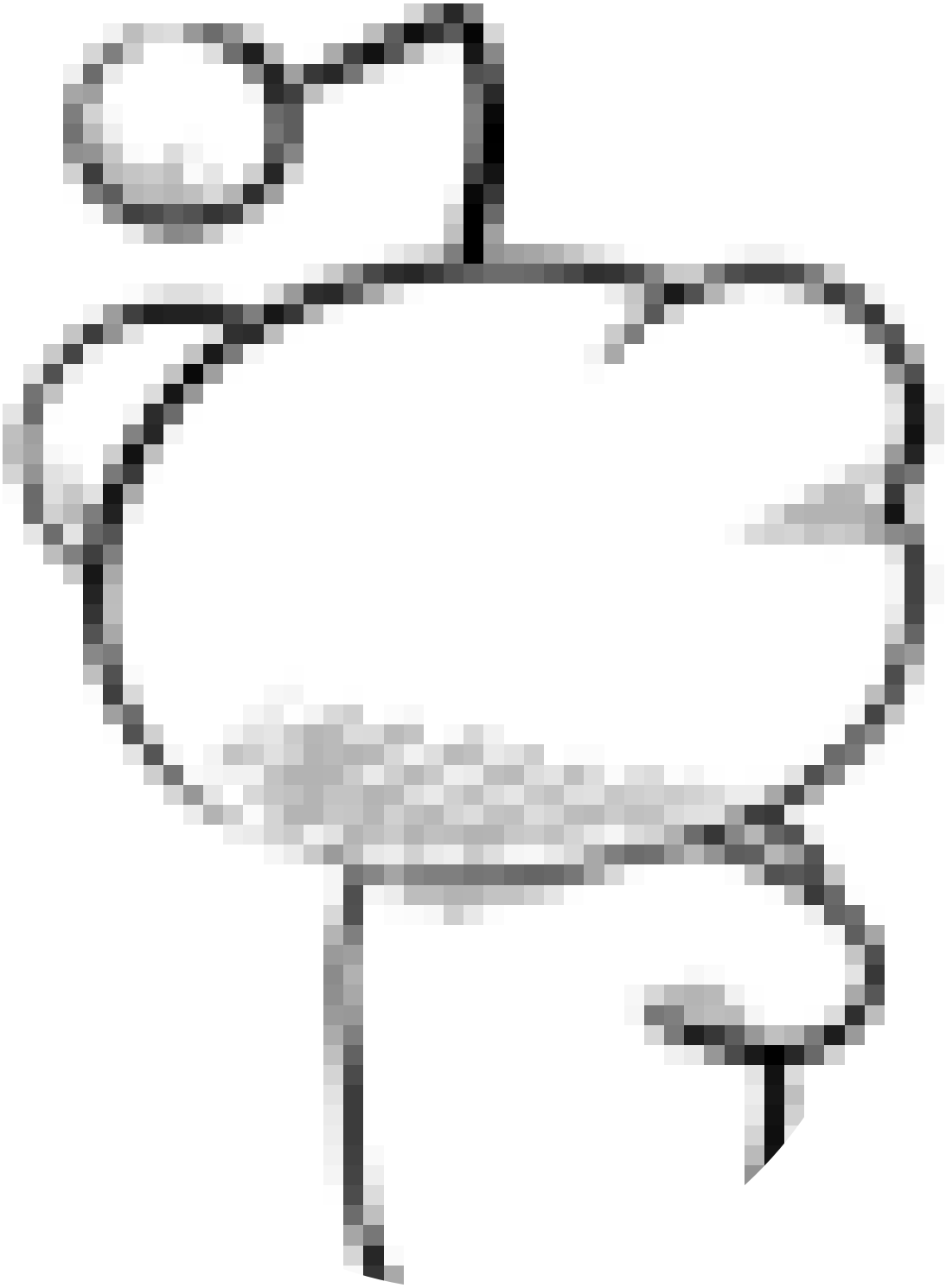
SPacific
â€¢ 15y ago

I grew up in a little town about an hour's drive from the nearest major city. The last 20 miles were down a little two lane road that wasn't even paved until the mid-eighties. I moved to the city when I graduated high school, but went back on the occasional weekend to visit my mom or see friends that still lived there.

One Friday night I was driving back at about 2 in the morning, planning on crashing at my Mom's house. I was about 15 miles down this dark secluded country road when I came around a corner and standing in the middle of the road was a figure in robes, hood completely obscuring it's face.

I braked to a stop about 20 yards away and just stared for a minute. It never moved or seemed to notice me. Eventually I put the car in reverse, backed up, turned around and went back to the city.

I'm assuming it was a local kid, bored in the country, fucking with people, but I sure as hell wasn't going to take a chance.



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â€¢ 15y ago

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angeliquezombified
â€¢ 15y ago â€¢ Edited 15y ago

I was 10 years old at the time when I woke up one morning. I saw a purple mark on my right biceps; apparently it was a bruise and it was huge. I immediately told my mother what just happened to me. One of our nosy neighbors was there at the moment, and when no one was asking her opinion she went "oh, that was just a witch who sucked on your arm last night". I completely freaked out (on my mind of course, I do not like to show that kind of feelings to strangers), and that set up my eternal fear of witches.

Now that I think about it, maybe she was the 'witch' that sneaked inside my room that night. O.O I was left alone with my younger brother that night, because my parents went to the bar or something like that. But if this is true, why would someone do that? O.O

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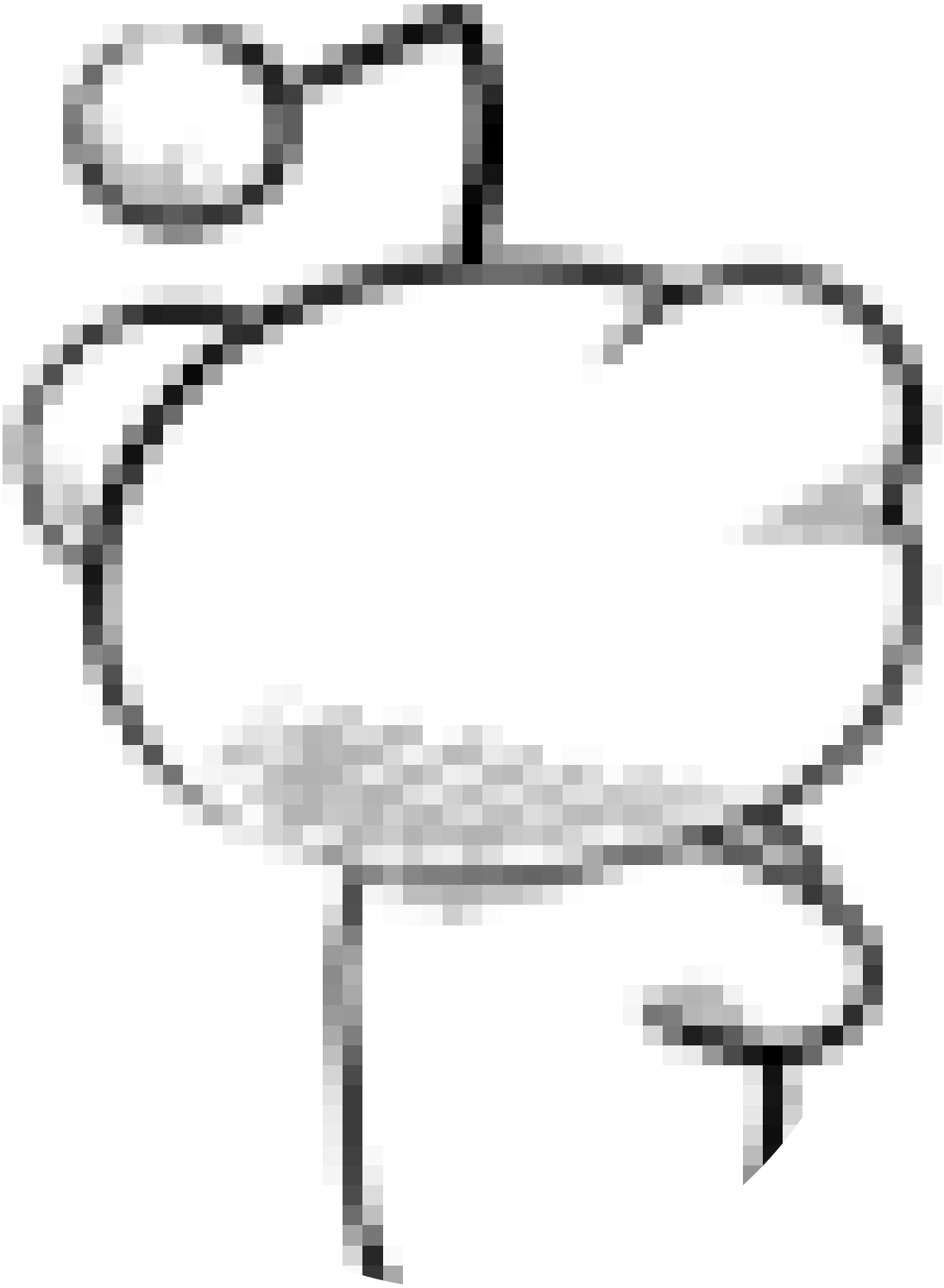

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â€¢ 15y ago

I was out in a parking lot in the forest getting ready for a solo mountain bike ride when three cars with middle aged men pulled up, parking around me. They were definitely not in there for biking. Whe they stepped out of their cars I called the cops and made it very clear that I was describing them. They hightailed it out of there. One got pulled over later.

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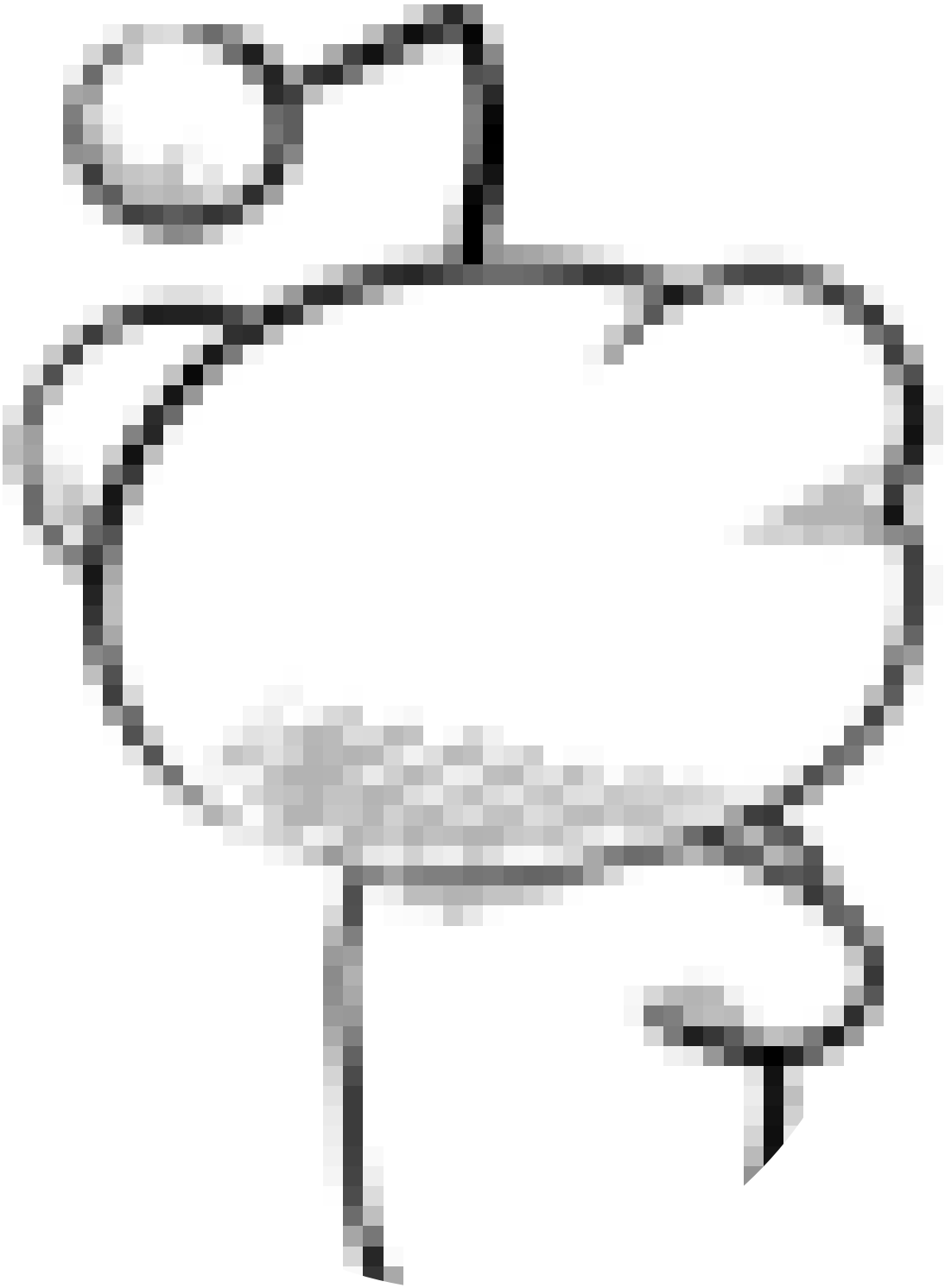

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â€¢ 15y ago

This was probably back in the mid 1990's....went out with a few friends and did a little coke. I really never liked coke, but I was young and "what the fuck", right? They dropped me back off at my parent's house around 2am and parents were out of town. I was all fucked up and just laying there on the couch....when I saw two shadow figures run by the window.

I jumped up and grabbed the .22 that was under the sofa and at that point I heard a loud **BANG** on the patio door. So I ran into the patio and just fucking unloaded the gun into the door. Full clip.

After I almost had a heartattack, I quickly reloaded and went out the side door, ready to dump again. Slowly made my way towards the patio and nobody was there. Not a single drop of blood was to be found.

The next day I went out and the bullets had not penetrated the door, I was able to account for every single one.

Lesson learned that day: Don't rely upon a pea shooter to save your life.

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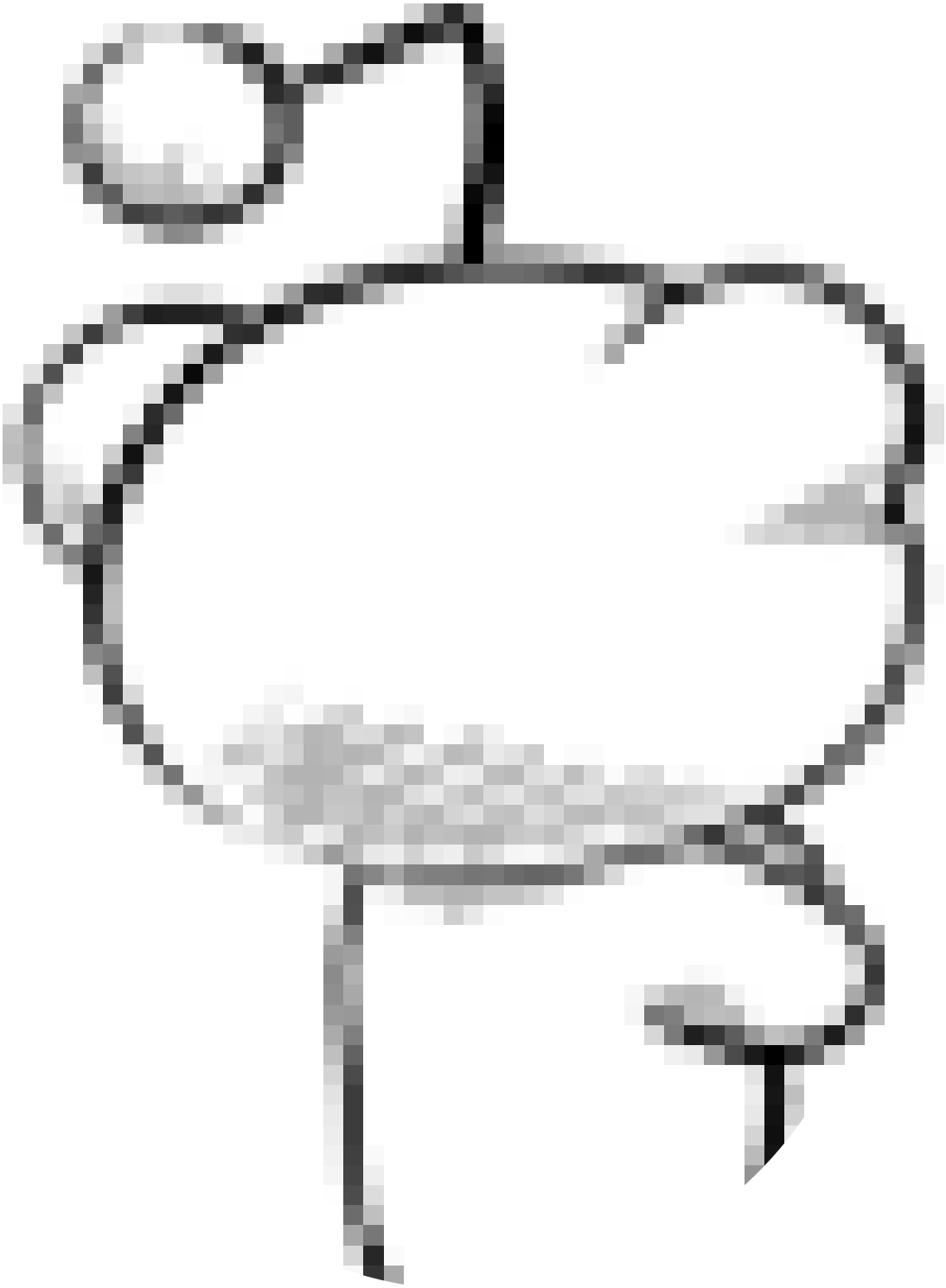

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â€¢ 15y ago

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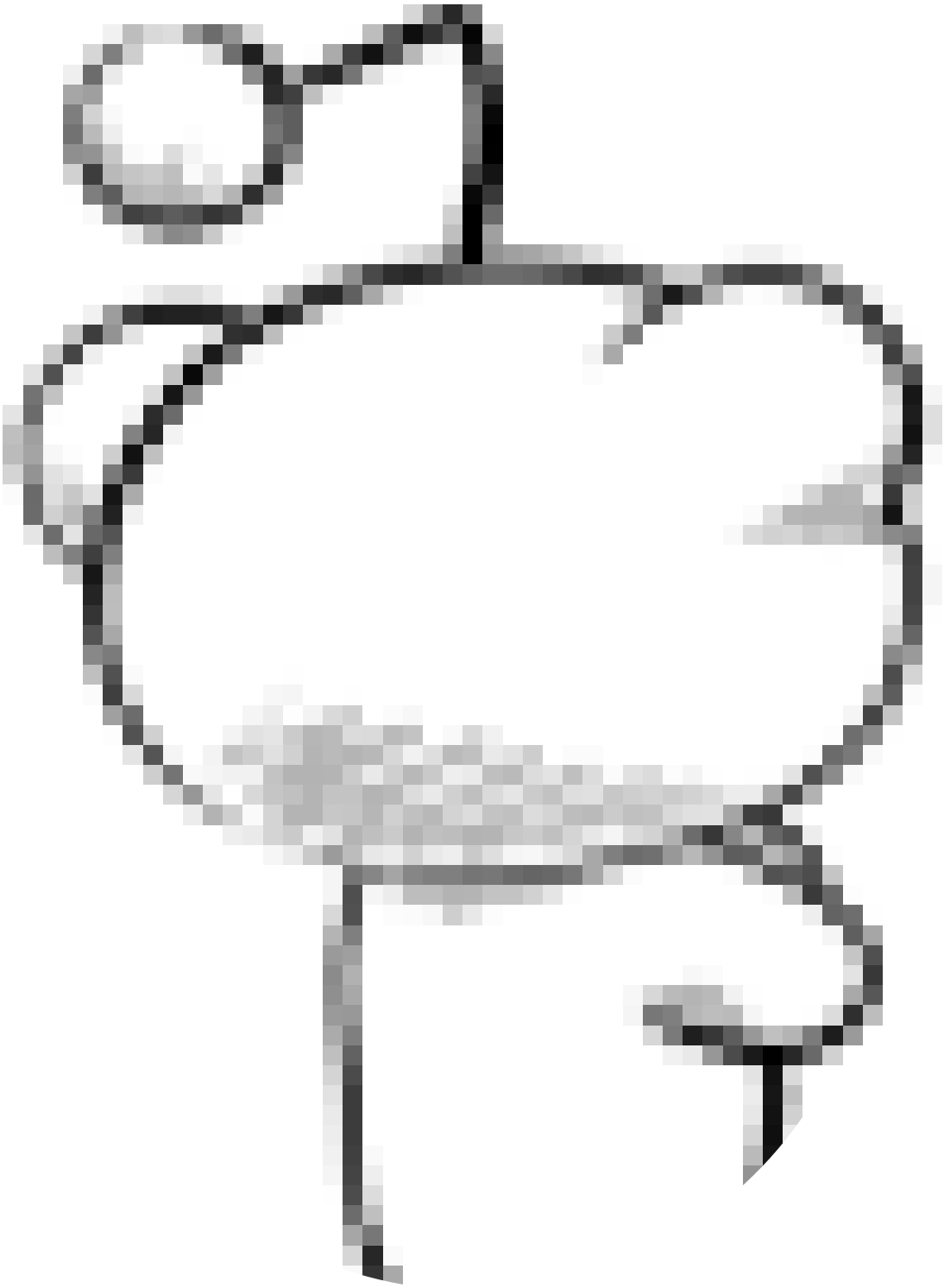

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â€¢ 15y ago

Strangely enough, this thread made me remember a couple of incidents I would have other forgotten.

i) I was in some sort of swimming pool slide adventure world when an old creepy man came up to me with a bag of sweets and asked if I'd like one. My brother was behind him and waved a big NO-NO behind him. I declined and my brother told me to be careful - I was only about 4/5 years old.

II) Me and my friend were old cycling about on the streets; probably about 12/13 at this time. A car drew up and some guy said he had a vacuum cleaner that was for my friend's Dad. He said he didn't know who he was and we told him to fuck off. Either way, he said he should probably get in the car with him to take him home. We told him to fuck off and we cycled off. Didn't bother me at the time, but in retrospect, that was REALLY fucking creepy.

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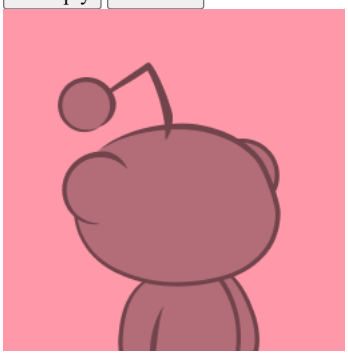

notaginger
â€¢ 15y ago

literally JUST happened: im in my dorm room facing away from the door (which is closed). It opens slowly on its own and only a little; I go to the door to go see why it opened and close it, and as I walk to the door it closes itself all the way. not the creepiest thing ever, but I had just been reading this thread, and it freaked me out a little.

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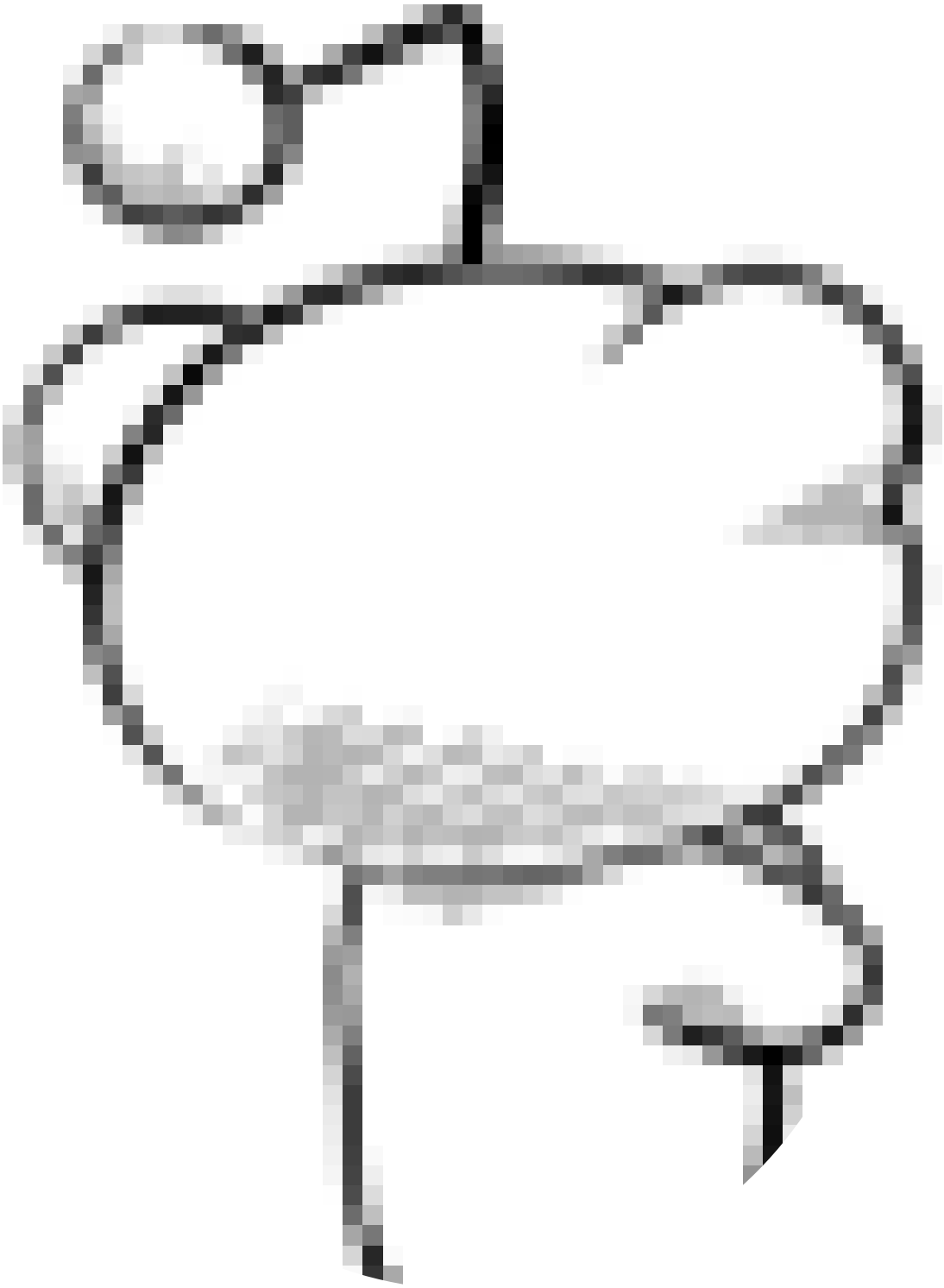

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â€¢ 15y ago

Years ago while I was still in grade school, I woke up in the middle of the night in the room I shared with my twin brother. It was chilly for a summer night and I was wide awake for some ungodly reason. I looked over towards my brothers bed and there was light coming in the window, peeking through the slits in the blinds. The light had formed a face of some sort on the wall, and I was fairly creeped out by it, but dismissed it as just light coming at an odd angle, up until the eyes blinked and the mouth twisted into a cruel smile. At the same time the face changed it sounded like someone was walking through the house ringing a hand bell every couple of steps. It terrified me, and I laid in bed praying to a god I wasn't sure could even hear me. I never said a word of it to anyone up until my siblings and I got back together for a holiday last year and come to find out they all saw/ heard the same thing that night and didn't say anything out of fear of sounding crazy to the other sibling.

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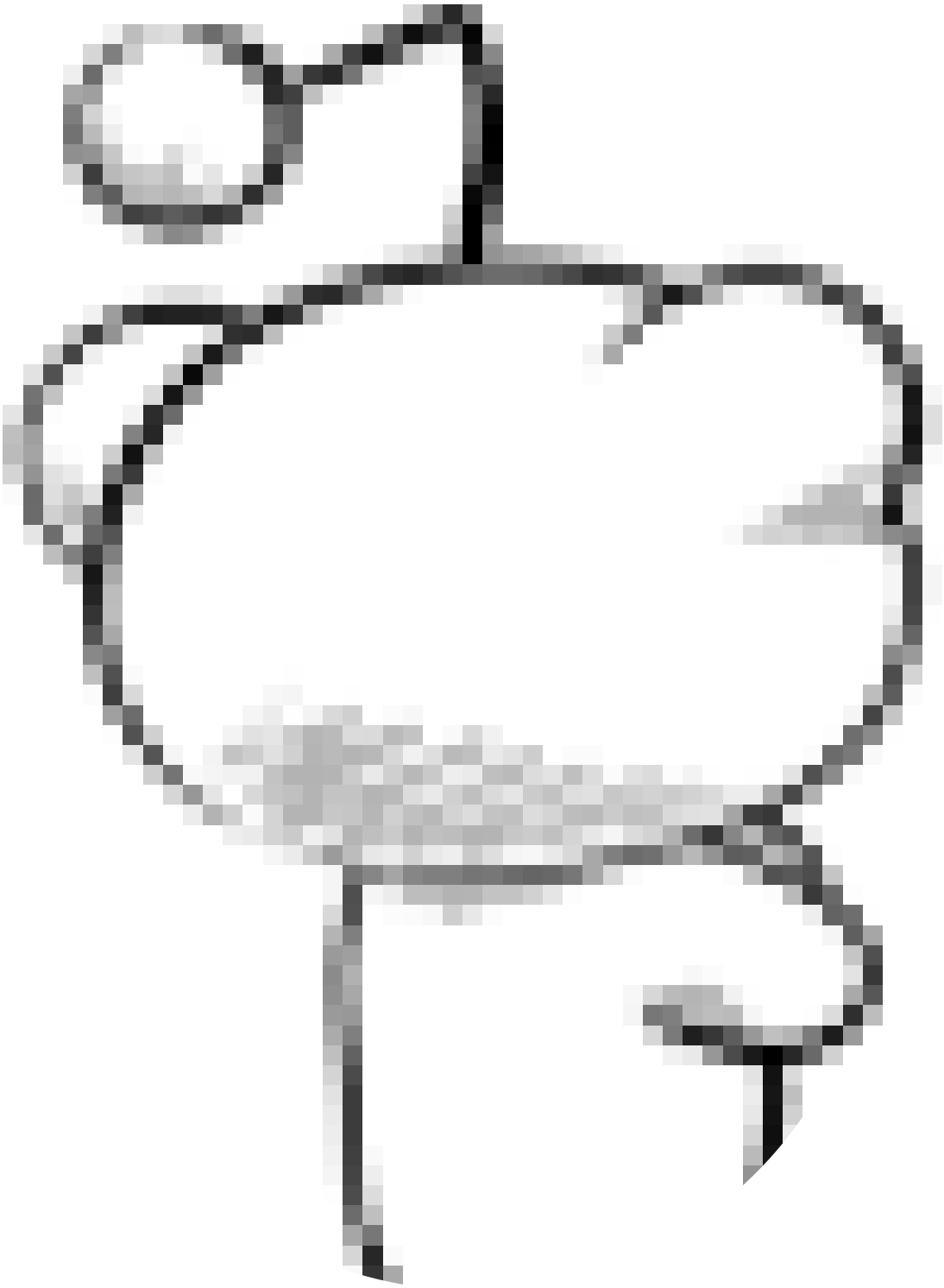

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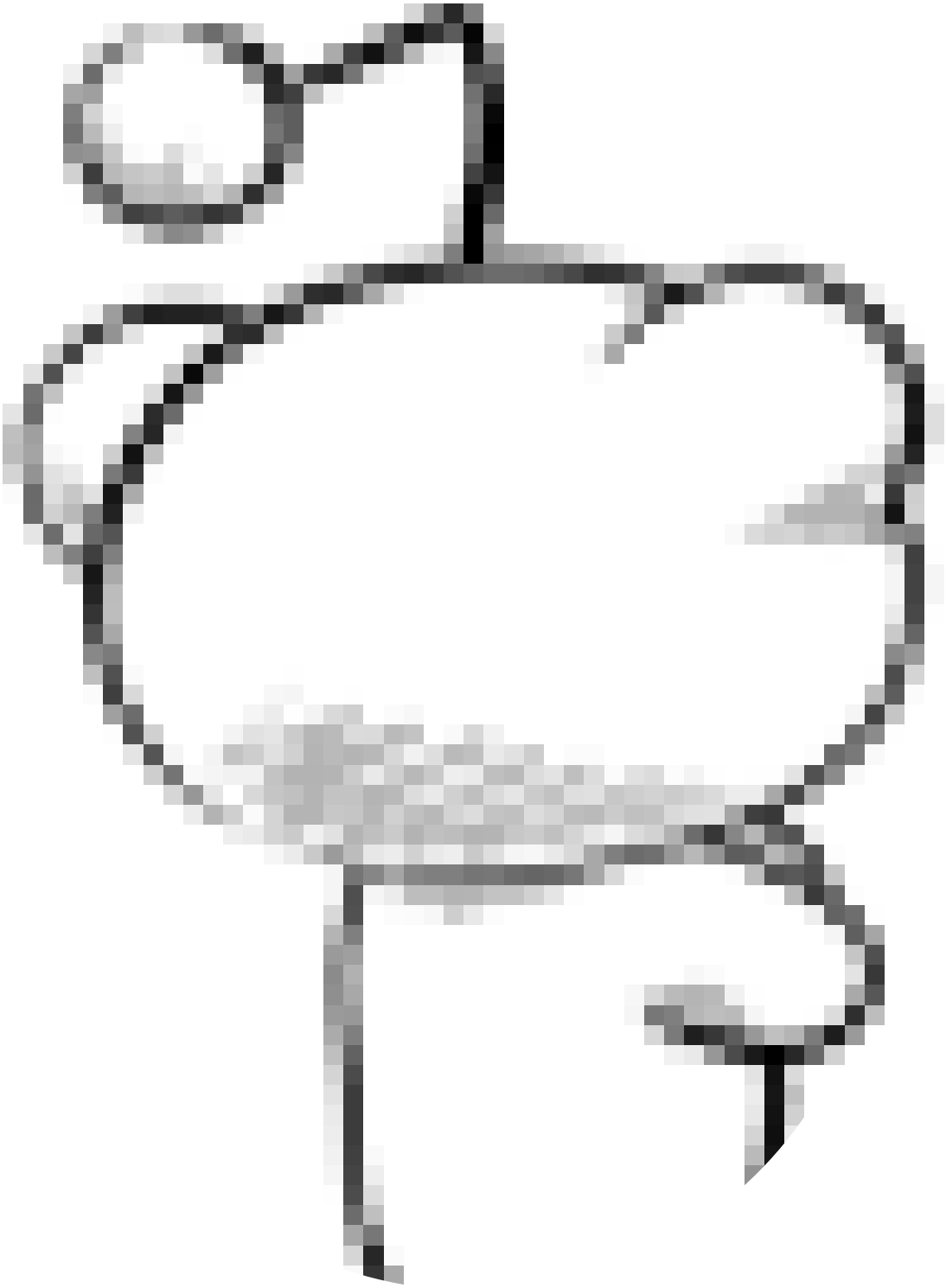
â€¢ 15y ago

When I was younger, I would have sleepovers with my friends once every 2 or 3 weeks. We'd watch scary movies, eat pizza, and go hang out in my room. One night when I was 6, I had 2 people staying the night. We had all just gotten into our sleeping bags/beds, when we saw a light shining into my window. We then heard heavy breathing and maniacle laughing coming from inside of my opened, empty closet. We ran out screaming and spent the night in the living room. After everyone had left the next day, I asked my dad and discovered he had left a walkie talkie in my room and was in my neighbors backyard with the flashlight. It was really freaky, but a great practical joke for my other sleepovers.

Staplegunner3
â€¢ 15y ago

I grew up in a house that was built in 1819 with a lot of history surrounding it. Once when I was 8 I was in my room playing or something and all of a sudden at the other end of the room my little garbage can starts shaking violently and twisting around. Mustering up whatever rationality an 8 year old possesses, I walk over and look inside to see if there was anything inside it. It was empty. I ran downstairs and told my mom but she didn't believe me.



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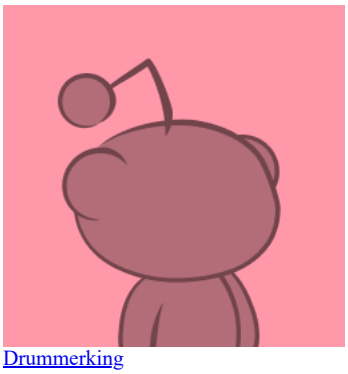
â€¢ 15y ago

I was home alone and received a call from my father when I was 12, and some one picked up the phone. I asked him if there was someone trying use the phone on his end, he was on a cell phone. After we commented on how someone picked up we heard the phone hang up. I got off the phone real quick and heard a crash up stairs. I peaced out of the house so quickly and when I came back with more people we couldnt find anything that had been disturbed or any sign of anyone's presence.



Drummerking
â€¢ 15y ago

I have these drums called Roto-Toms. Basically they are tuneable by spinning the rim in different directions to tighten/loosen the head. Anyway, when I about 7 I was home alone and sitting at the computer. Out of nowhere, I heard a rhythm being played on my drums. Thinking that someone had broken in, I ran to the kitchen and grabbed a knife and the phone, then ran outside and hid under our grill. I called my mom and she was about 20 minutes from home, so I just waited. When she got there, I went upstairs to examine the drums. I told myself it was probably just a drumstick falling on them or that the drums would not be tuned to those specific notes. What I found was drums that matched the pitches played perfectly and there was nothing on the floor around the drums, so nothing could have fallen. In addition, the beat played was too long to be something dropping on the drums. The only reasonable explanation is that I have a drum-playing ghost!

1 more reply

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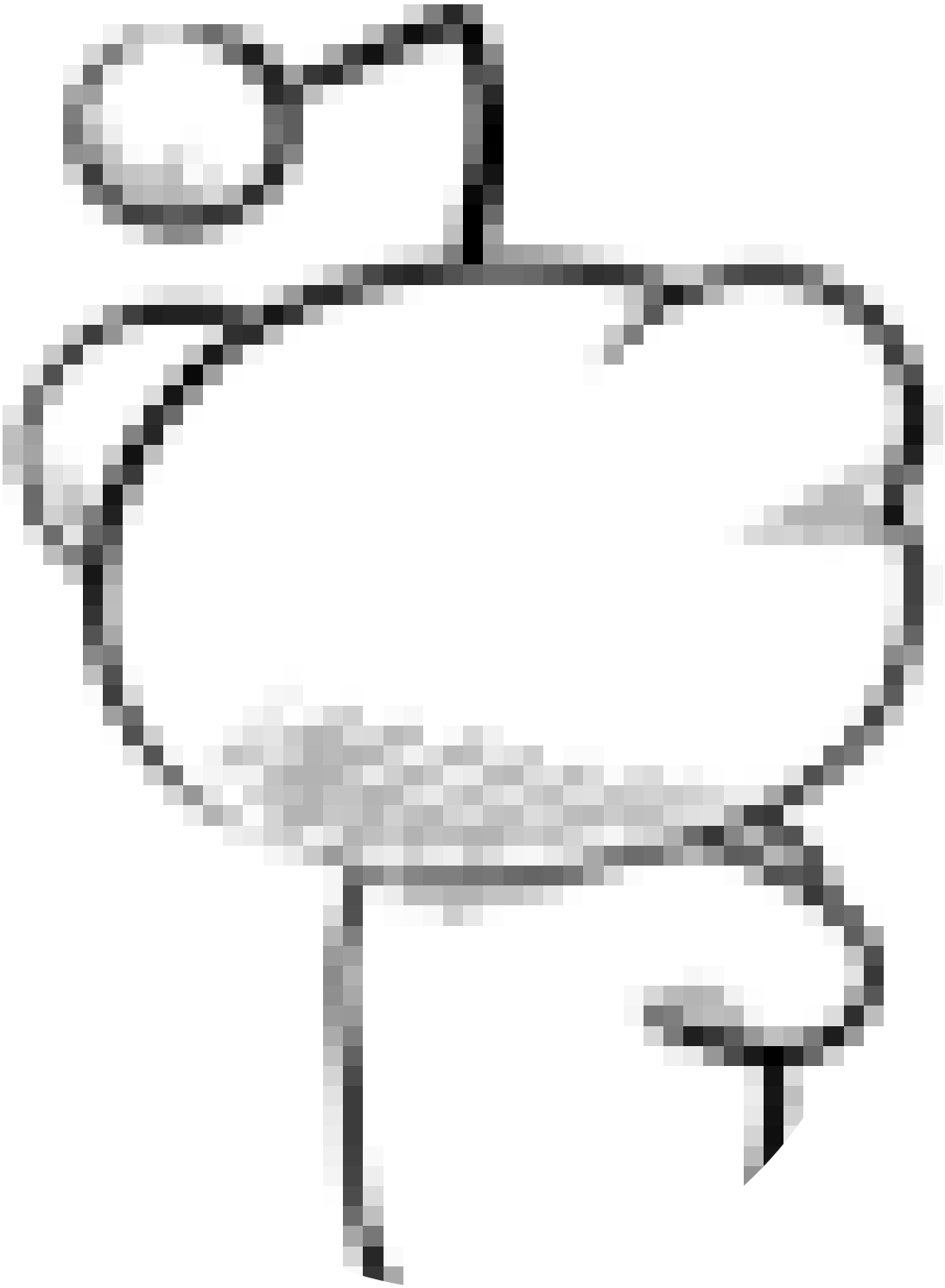

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â€¢ 15y ago

I was going to watch a movie at my friend Deidre's house, with her and her roommate Laura. Anyway, as I'm driving over there, I notice a house with a hazmat crew around it--full white suits, plastic sheeting over the house and everything. Only a block away. So we sit down to watch the movie; we're in kind of a bad neighborhood and there's car alarms, sirens, that kind of thing. And I'm still spooked by the hazmat thing. I start thinking about zombies and patient 0 and all that...

Next think I know, suddenly I hear screaming coming from down on the street level. A woman's screaming, and it's getting closer. Suddenly, there are footsteps running up the stairs to the apartment door. I look to the screen door, praying it's locked. The screaming and running is getting closer. I jump off the couch, instinctively moving toward the TV, thinking I can use it as a weapon against 28 days later infected-types... when suddenly the screaming turns to giggling. At the front door is our friend Hannah and her girlfriend. They were just giddy and wanted to drop in to say hi while they were in the neighborhood.

Reply Share

sunny_2
â€¢ 15y ago

When I was eight, I was in Myrtle Beach with my family. We were jumping and playing in the waves. My mom was on the beach, watching us, and my three older brothers and father were deep in the water. I was right between them, playing on my own. This thirty or forty-something guy started getting really close to me. He was shirtless in the ocean, with khakis on. He started talking to me. I was staring at my mom and dad, scared he would do something, but terrified of being rude or impolite and getting in trouble. My parents watched me like a hawk but did not immediately approach.

The guy started harmless, asking me questions, "Hey, are you having fun?" I answered politely while begging my parents with my eyes to intervene.

Then, he started becoming really inappropriate. He told me I was pretty and asked me where my parents were. I didn't want to answer him, so I tried to just walk to my mom, but the ocean waves were tugging at me, making it difficult. I got to my mom, who was staring at me like a hawk, and we walked away quickly. I remember feeling dirty afterwards. What a creepy man.

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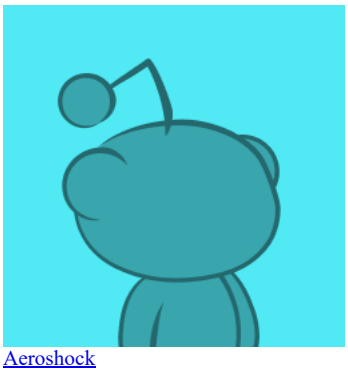
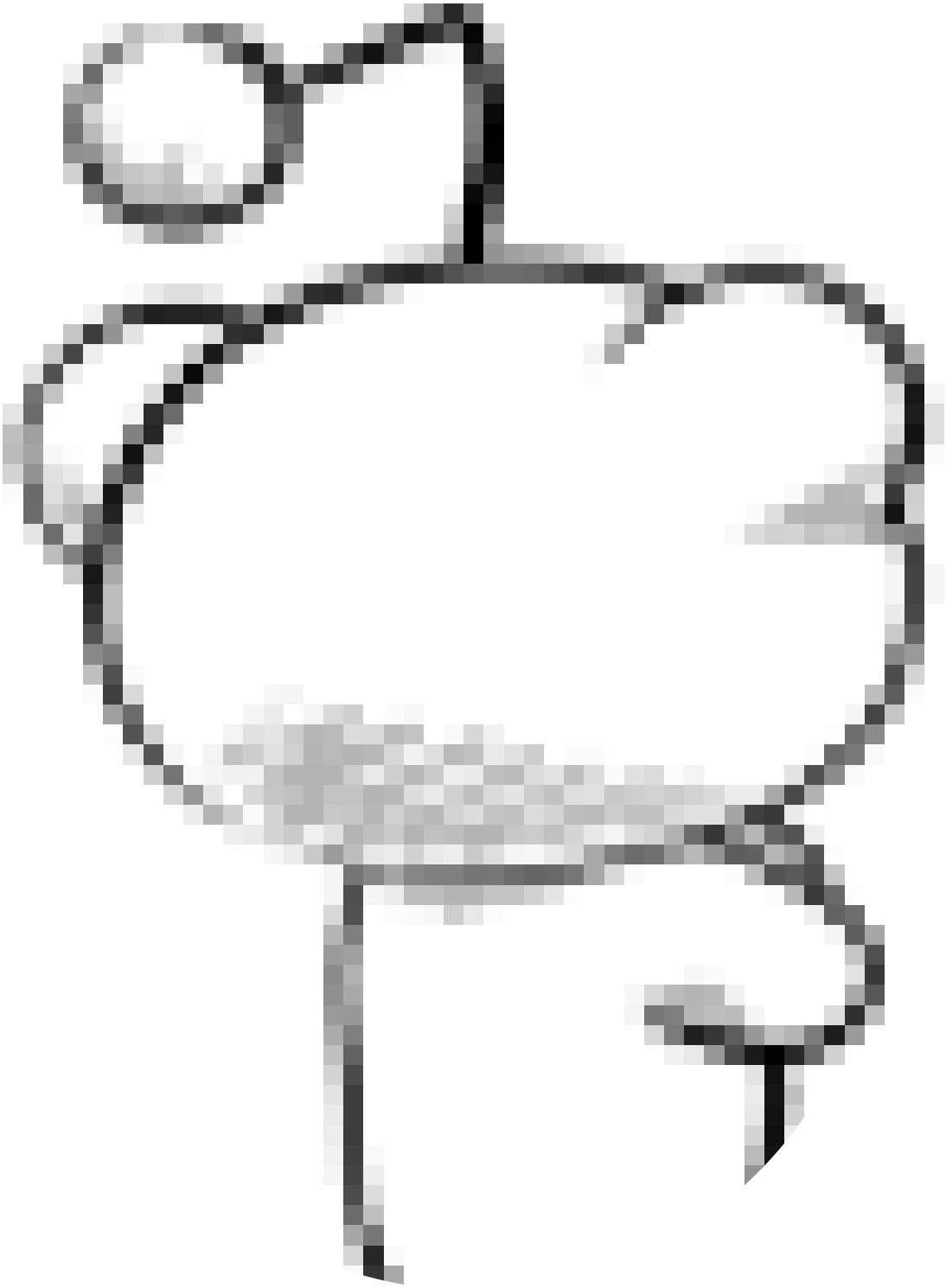


Aeroshock
â€¢ 15y ago

Was driving down to the reservoir with my girlfriend after dark one night, when I was overcome with a feeling of impending doom, as if death awaited us further up the road. For a few minutes I was torn between wanting to turn around and go anywhere but the reservoir; and just keeping quiet and not embarrassing myself in front of my girlfriend.

In the end, the desire to turn around won out, and we went on to do something else, as soon as I turned the car around I felt great relief.. but I still have no idea whether my feeling had been well justified. Either way, we're married now so she mustn't have thought too poorly of me.

Kinda wish I had something to add, like it turned out there was a murderer waiting up ahead or something.



mfskarphedin
â€¢ 15y ago

Hallucinations, and not from drugs. >_o

Contero
â€¢ 15y ago

When I was still in high school I used to stay up late playing video games at my parents house. I had gotten pretty used to moving through the house in complete darkness. One night I get up to go out to the garage and get a drink. Once I'm in the garage I get the most awful, ominous feeling that something is wrong. I start to walk back to the office where my computer is, and the feeling just gets worse. I stare down the hallway, with the office door halfway down on the right. I fucking know something is in the office. I walk down the hallway, turn to look in the office and the strangest fucking thing happens. I can feel every muscle in my body tense up to the point where I can't move and start to fall to the floor. I can't see whatever is in the office. all I can see is my own body from the perspective of the entrance to the hallway. Then I woke up.

That by itself wouldn't have been very creepy even though it was an awful nightmare. About a week later, I actually am staying up really late playing video games in my parents house and the whole place is completely dark again. I get the urge to get a drink and wander out to the garage without a care in the world. Once I'm in the garage again I remember the dream. My mind starts racing and the hair on the back of my neck stands up. I think "Fuck this I am turning on every light in the house between here and the office". I take two steps out of the garage into our dark living room fumbling around for the lightswitch. I finally find it, scared out of my mind and turn it on. Across from the living room and standing at the end of the hallway is a ghostly figure in white. My knees get weak, I nearly shit myself. Then I realize it was my mom. I think that was the worst I've ever been scared / most creeped out I've been in my whole life.

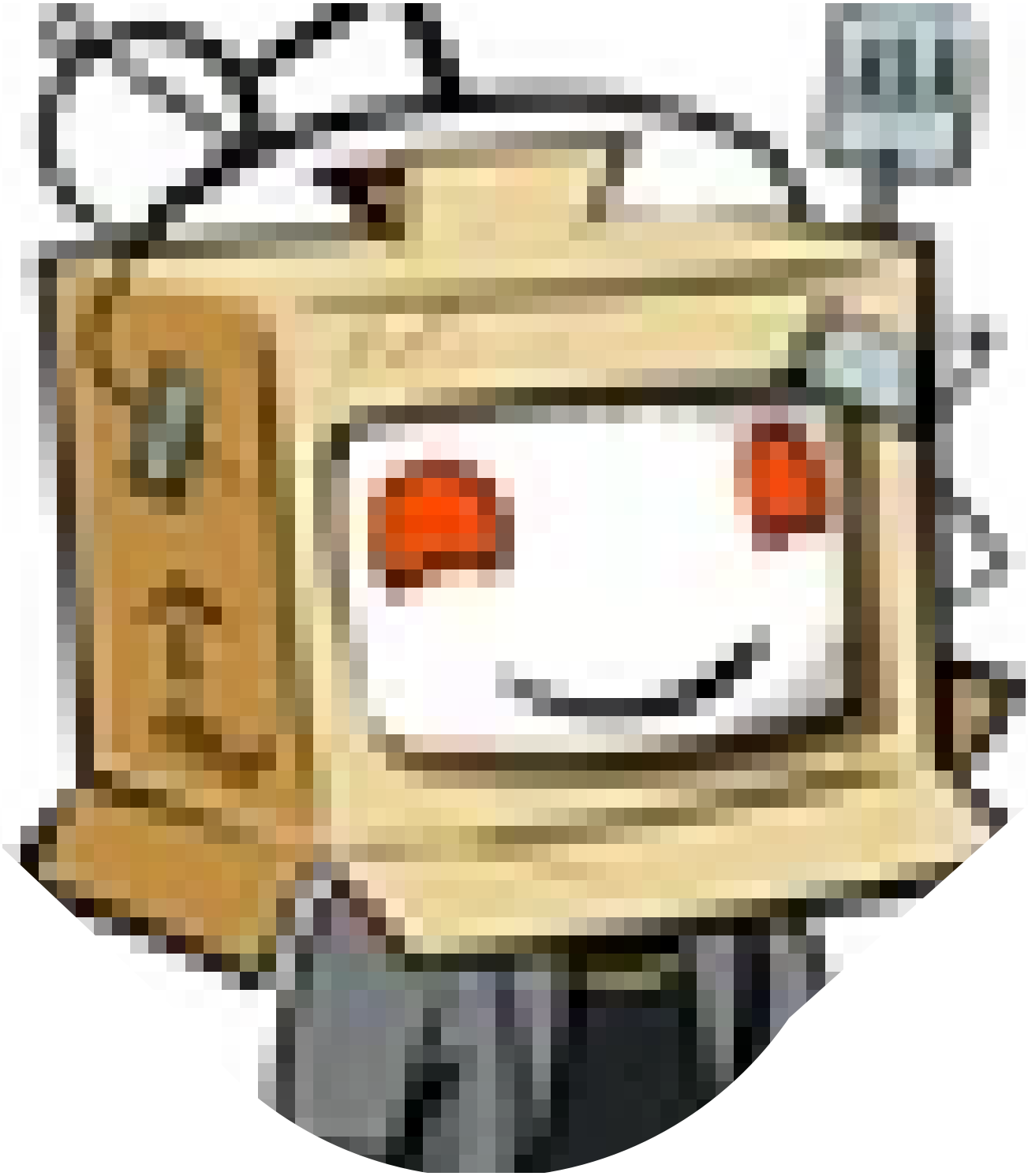
Reply Share

ICallYouOut
â€¢ 15y ago

My aunt made very realistic dolls that I was always creeped out by. My mother asked me to get something from the attic. Our house was an old victorian and she had taken one of the realistic dolls (like a 3ft toddler girl doll) and taped a chef's knife to its arm and put it in the attic so when I opened the door it was the first thing I saw. I was like 11. It scared me, but I respect the set up.

OldTallandUgly
â€¢ 15y ago

About 5 1/2 years ago, I met a girl at a summer internship at Penn State and we hit it off pretty quickly. We used to stay in each others dorm room throughout the summer. One night I'm sleeping right next to her when I wake up to her making noises, as if she was having a nightmare (I'm a light sleeper, so I wake up rather easily). It starts to get more intense, so I decide to wake her up and as soon as she does she starts crying, telling me how she couldn't move or breathe and felt something holding her back, she was quite scared. We go back to sleep a few minutes later, and all was fine for a couple of nights, this time staying on my room. So we go back to her room one night and this time I wake up feeling almost strangled, unable to move (and yes, I now know what sleep paralysis is, but wait for it) looking sideways at her. The creepy thing is, she was staring back at me, talking in a way I couldn't understand, almost as if it wasn't her voice, while I struggled to get up. I finally do and she is startled, so I tell her what happened and asked her if it was similar to what happened to her. She said yes, and that now she remembered how she also saw me staring at her speaking in tongues when it happened, exactly the same. Needless to say we didn't stay in her room from then on.



gozeera
â€¢ 15y ago

I was about 13 years old, living in an old house in Kentucky. I was alone and just sitting at my desk programming on my CoCo 3. All of a sudden in the reflection of the monitor I saw a figure pass behind me. I turned around and nothing was there. A few minutes later I heard a bag rustling in the corner. I go over and look and there was a black snake in the bag. I freaked out and ran outside to find my cousin. He came back in with me and we tried to kill it with a shovel. It got away and crawled into the box springs of my bed. We didn't know what else to do so we started jumping on the bed, hoping to squish it. We never saw it again.

I have a lot of freaky stories from living in this house.

1 more reply
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chosonhawk
â€¢ 15y ago

About 20 years ago I delivered newspapers at 4 am. Was tailed nearly my entire route by buick of some kind. I ended up hiding in a convent for 20 minutes til they drove off and then i ran home and called the cops.

1 more reply

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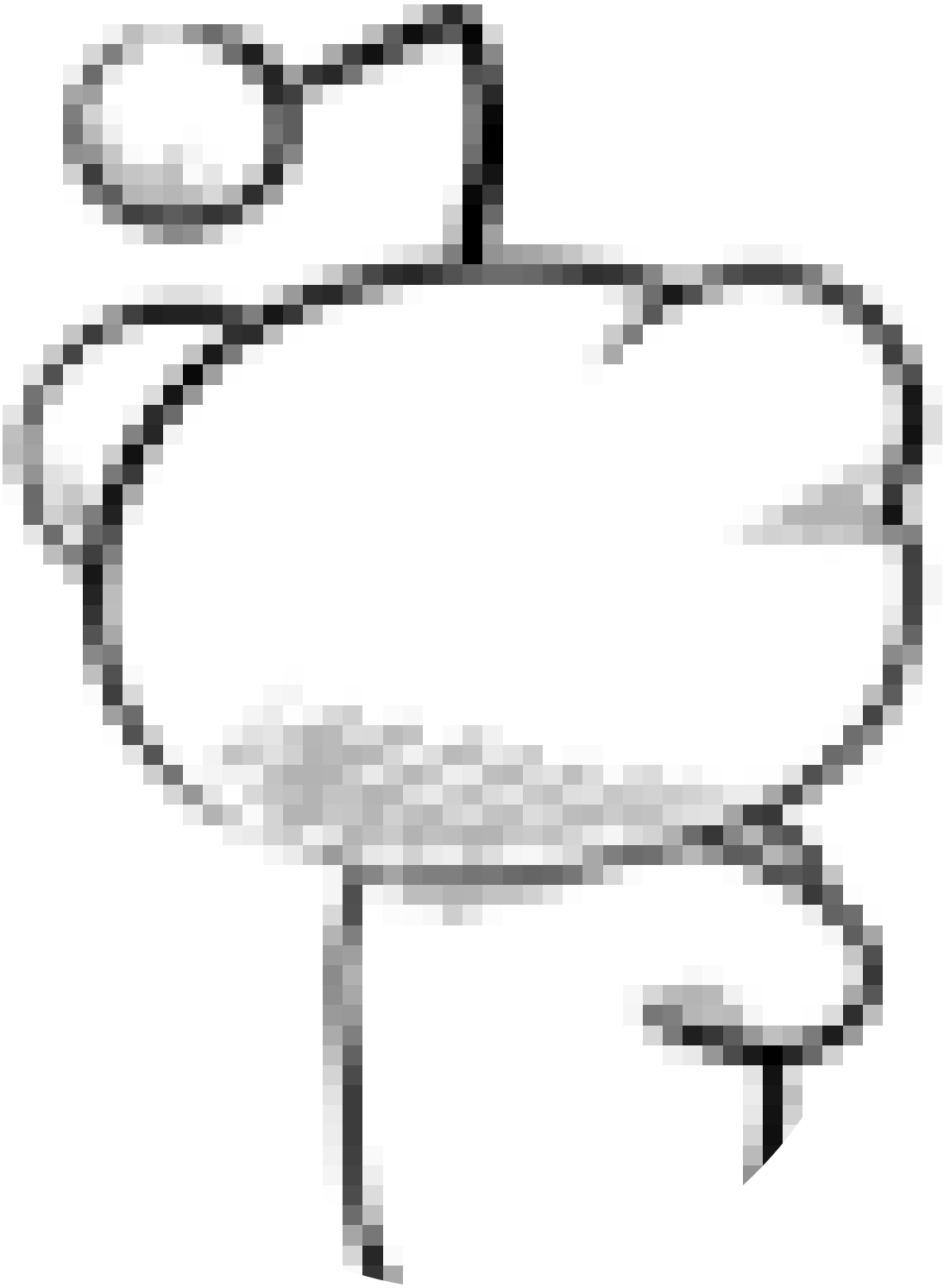
More replies



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â€¢ 15y ago

A few years ago I was about to leave a friend's house near a wooded area late at night. It was black outside, no shine from the moon. I had that creepy feeling people talk about like they're being watched. I always thought that was something out of a cartoon. How do you "feel" being watched? But I did, and it was creepy. I kept looking around to see if there was someone or something around. I kept feeling it, but saw nothing. Also, it was quiet out, like when people say "too quiet" to mean you don't hear any of the normal night noises for some reason, making it extra creepy.

I decided to go back to my car and grab my mag light to shine around in the dark and see if there was anything, but expected there to be nothing, right? Like, obviously I was just being paranoid and stupid.

I shined the light up my friend's driveway at the trees near the rear of the house and two eyes shined back at me. I could make out the shape of a person (or something humanoid) and lots of shaggy hair on top. This "person" slowly backed further behind the tree while I shined the light on them. This lasted only a few seconds, but it scared the hell out of me. I hightailed it out of there after that.

At the time I told my friend maybe there was a werewolf outside the house, except I don't believe in werewolves. Bigfoot? I figure it was some weirdo spying on me, but I couldn't shake the feeling that I was actually being stalked by some kind of animal, like I was being hunted.

I say it's the creepiest thing because it felt super creepy at the time, and I'm still not sure who or what I saw. I tell myself it was a person, but the way it moved seemed... strange.

This was also following an incident where my friend's brother had allegedly seen an alien of some kind in the same area, but what he saw had such a weird description that it just didn't fit anything normal-- truly alien, and speaking an alien language.

1 more reply

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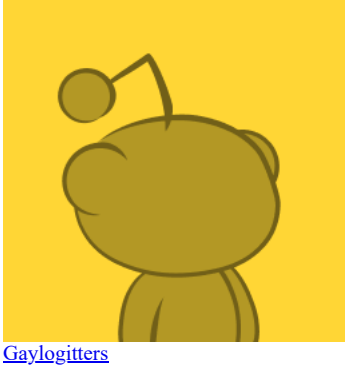
kknk
â€¢ 15y ago

last thanksgiving, my family went to my uncle's house in connecticut to celebrate. i had spent the night watching marble hornets and started to become severely aware of the large windows and glass doors all around the ground floor (the house was in the middle of the woods, so all you could see were tall bare trees)

my parents and i slept in my cousin's room, i was in an inflatable bed and they were in his bed. after struggling to fall asleep, i woke up in the middle of the night in cold sweat around 3 am.

i heard footsteps on the wooden floor inside of the house, and then the sound of something very heavy being dragged across his desk. pretty much shit myself and didn't sleep for the rest of the night.



Gaylogitters
â€¢ 15y ago

When I was in high school I was really into thrift stores. One local one had a free lazyboy to anyone that could take it home. It wasn't a reclining one, but was in good condition despite being pretty old. My friends and I took it and drew all over it with magic markers just being idiot 18 year old kids. A couple of nights later I awoke in the middle of the night to something being in my room and moving...slowly. I can't move and am completely paralized. I can't see behind my bed but the thing was spraying the chair and wiping it. The sounds could have been nothing else. This went on for a few minutes and then it left. The next morning I awoke with a frenzy and threw that thing out to the fucking curb.

Tldr: got a free lazyboy. Drew all over it because why not it was free. The previous owner payed me a visit in the middle of the night to clean it off.

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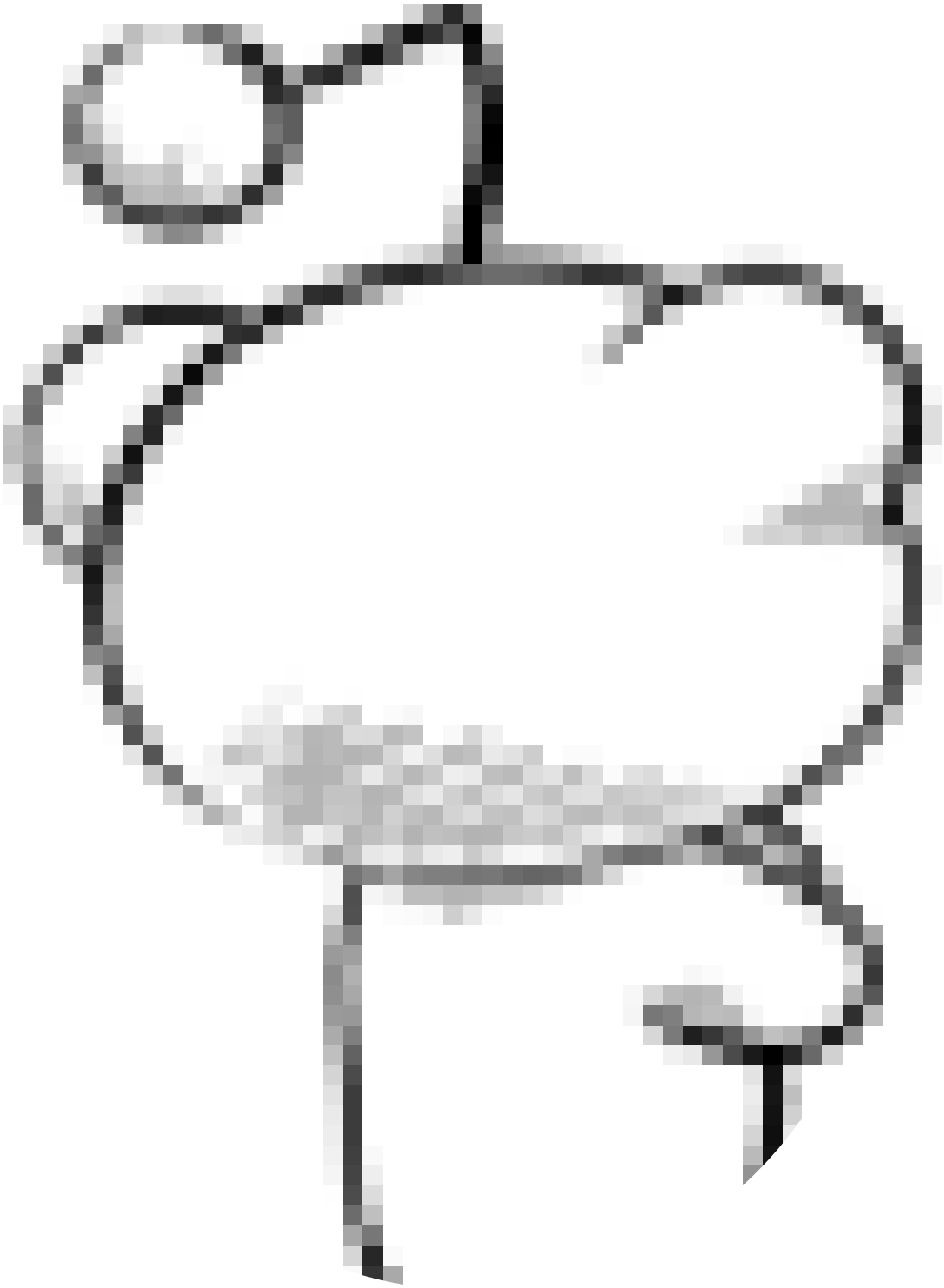

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â€¢ 15y ago

Some of the people who have tried to get rides off of me at truckstops (unemployed now, but I'm a truck driver when I can get work) have seriously creeped me out. It was usually old, drugged-out looking guys, who would approach me, but not ask any other drivers. I started at the earliest legal age (21), so I was always the youngest driver wherever I went, and the scumbags were on me like flies. That said, I did give rides to decent people on a regular basis, when they acted like human beings and not animals. But being treated like easy prey in an obvious way is always creepy.

Reply Share

Habba
â€¢ 15y ago

I find that I'm reading this thread with deathcore blasting from my speakers because that shit will even scare ghosts away.

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hexmedia
â€¢ 15y ago

my friends and I (we ware around age 17)were at a cemetery looking for magic mushrooms (we didn't find any, just checking up on a rumor). It was daytime, but no one was there and there were lots of tall trees, and eerily quiet. After wandering around for a while we could hear music playing - it seems to be coming from above us, or from everywhere, like the trees had speakers in them. The song was familiar and I was struggling for a while to remember what it was... after while of walking I blurted out "Oh my gosh I remember what song this is!" My friends turned around - "its 'Coming Back to Life' by Pink Floyd"
needless to say we ran the fuck out of there.

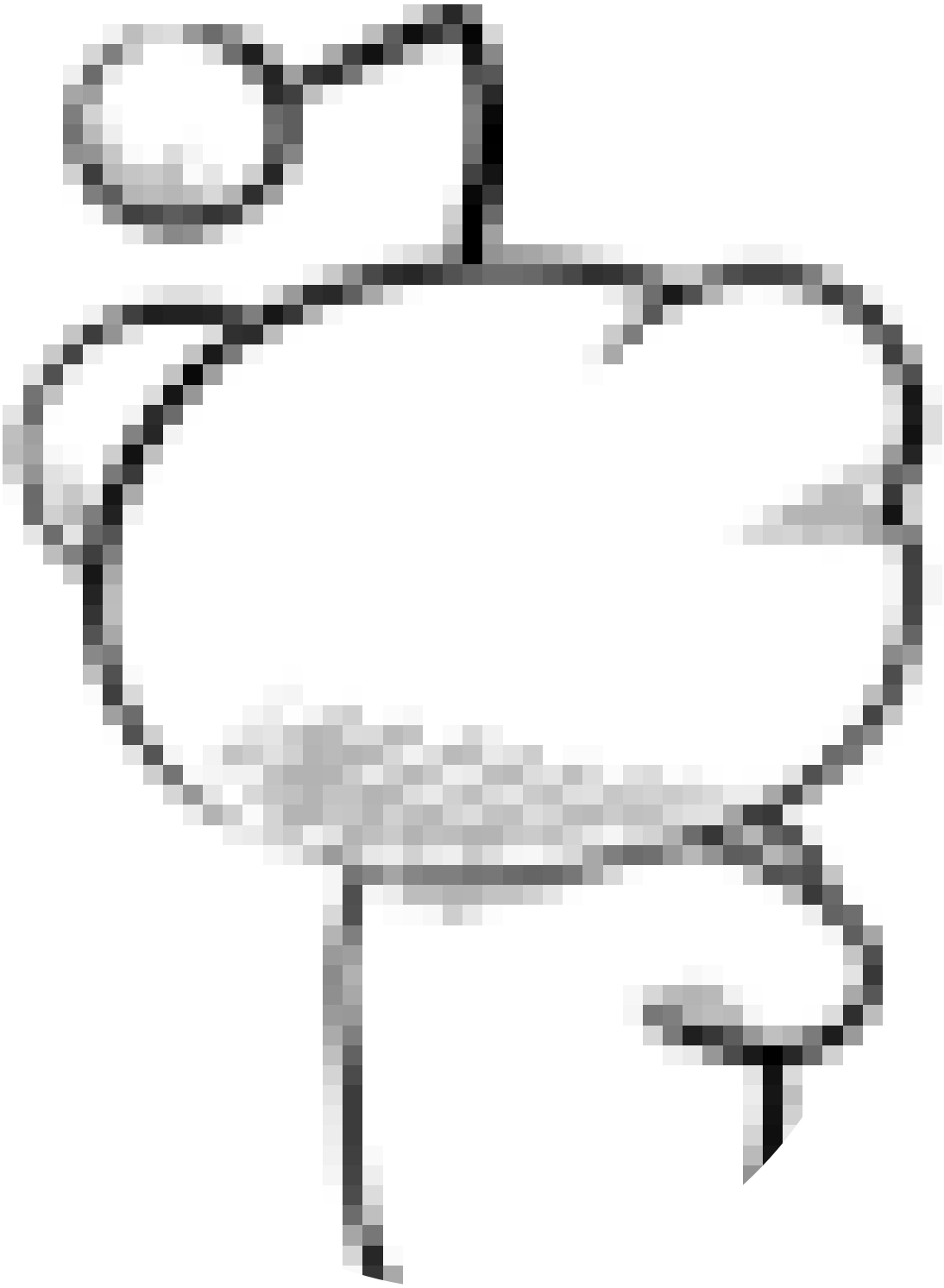
NiMur90
â€¢ 15y ago

I have 2:

1. When I was about 8 or 9, I woke up in the middle of the night to go to the bathroom and felt someone beside me, I thought it was my little sister and when I got up out of the bed so did she. I looked at her and then realised it was a boy..he walked towards me and then vanished into some blue light...I ran into my parents room and woke up there so I knew it wasn't a dream. It wasn't 'til years later that I found out about sleep paralysis...still freaky shit though.

2. I was watching the show 'ghost whisperer'....yeah I know, I only watched it for jennifer love hewitt! Anyway, being a huge skeptic, I decided to look up who the main character who can see ghosts, I came across her website with her biography..and when I was half way done, static started coming out of the speaker and then a scream...that freaked me the shit out!

Reply Share



easycig
â€¢ 15y ago

Similar story with sleep paralysis and not know what is was. I was in my room and cabinets that didn't exist had skeletons and monsters jumping out of then, I look to my brothers bed to see my grandma half naked giving me a come hither motion with her fingers i ran into my parents bedroom and could never explain it till I found out about sleep paralysis

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waytooclever
â€¢ 15y ago

I was repeatedly asked if I wanted a blow job while showering in a RV/trailer park in Wyoming. The first time is understandable, no one can read minds.

I really just wanted a shower. He needed some soap so he stuck his hand in my stall. He then kept asking. At this point I walked out of the shower still soapy.

He told me to send my friends in after me.

Reply Share

diablo75
â€¢ 15y ago

I had a dream where I weaved in and out of a seemingly parallel universe where it was as if I was looking out the eyes of another me, in a room exactly like mine, except this other me wore silver boxer shorts. That came later.... I'll explain what happened...

At the time I was working 2 jobs and going to school, getting about 5 hours of sleep a day, 7 days a week, for 3 months. Sometimes I'd get lucky and get 6, often I'd really get 4 hours. I think this kind of resulted in a mix of the types of hallucinations people say they have when they're sleep deprived.

Because I was working third shift I slept during the day, and covered my head with a pillow, laying on my stomach, head turned to the right, right hand in front of my face. I could see my hand if I opened my eyes. Opening my eyes to see my hand is how the dream began, but I didn't realize that until my hand began to perform these weird contortions, like my fingers bending backwards and stuff like that; kinda slow motion. But I felt none of it. This subsided, I wrote it off as a hallucination and thought, "I really need to get some sleep."

A minute later for some reason I pulled the pillow off my head and reached out to the nightstand to turn on the lights in my room (have a remote light switch for some track lights in here). They weren't responding. My vision was also starting to become very blurry, and I decided to try and stand up. It was then that I looked down at my own body and saw that I was wearing silver boxer shorts, which I don't have.

I started to stumble around a bit and my vision got dark. The next thing I saw was what I saw in the beginning. My hand in front of my face, but not contorting. I thought, "That was a weird dream... what time is it?" I pulled the pillow off my head again, and the lights didn't respond once again and my vision became very blurry. I also started to have trouble breathing and hearing. I remember calling out to the house for my sister to help me, but my voice was very weak, like I had no air to push through my vocal cords to make sound. I couldn't inhale. A blurry, somewhat confused sister who I couldn't hear came in and my vision got dark again... ending with me, looking at my hand under the pillow again. And I laid there for 10 minutes waiting for something to happen, wondering if I was awake or still dreaming. Turns out I was actually awake this time, for real, and was really freaked out by it. I'll never forget it.

Reply Share

Oryx
â€¢ 15y ago

When I was in high school I worked at a pizza place in the small town I grew up in. I became close friends with a girl that worked there. She had been dating a new guy for a week or two and was very excited. She hadn't lost her virginity yet so I used to tease her and say things like "so: is tonight the big night?" and stuff like that, and she'd blush and giggle.

One night she comes in for her shift and she's all upset. She tells me that he had confessed to her that he's involved with "a group of satanists". I thought she must be joking, but she wasn't the type to joke that way and she was seriously upset.

There had been some rumors for years about a coven that existed way out of town near a vacation lodge out in the country, but nobody believed it. She said that he had been trying to get her to come out to a gathering with his friends at the lodge, but it was always happening very late at night and her parents wouldn't let her. (She was actually just waiting to find the right excuse like a slumber party with her girlfriends; it just hadn't gelled yet.)

Anyway, this girl is the epitome of sweet and naive. Not especially the brightest...? But very sweet. She's seriously upset this night at work and doesn't know what to do. So I spend the entire shift calming her down and telling her that he's just bullshitting her and there aren't any satanists (while wondering to myself if there are any satanists), and that if he really said that stuff she should definitely stay away from him.

So around 11 she is feeling better and clocks out and heads out to her car. 2 minutes later she comes running back in completely freaking out and hysterical. She takes me out to her car, and written in the dust on her back window is what appears to be *latin writing and a pentagram in a circle.*

She stayed at my place that night. I didn't sleep much. (Yes, she left still a virgin.)

Nothing ever happened to her aside from her losing a lot of sleep over this. She never went out with the guy again. But I did some asking around (small town), and it turns out that the guy's parents were the ones who owned the lodge.

TL;DR: Satanic script on a virgin coworker's car.

GunslingerFollowed
â€¢ 15y ago

When I was a kid I had a crazy recurring nightmare.

In my dream I wake up to the sound of the Tetris theme song coming from the basement. I mindlessly walk over to the stairs, and start the descent into the pitch black. The music is coming from my laundry room... so I walk in that direction. I see a red glow from the corner of the laundry room - I head towards it. It's the power light on my old grey gameboy... it's playing tetris. I pick it up and the game screen illuminates my dead cats face staring at me from above the screen. Then I notice the bloody tumors that I had imagined would be what 'cancer' was like at the time.

Freaky shit for an 6-10 year old, especially when it recurred every month or so.

Spazdout
â€¢ 15y ago

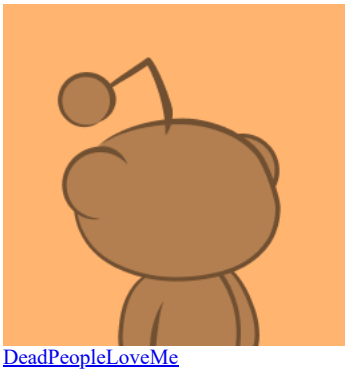
When I was about 10 or 11, I lived in California and was involved in Scouts. One of the kids dads was a Park Ranger and spent sometime out at one of the rivers watching salmon spawning habits. He invited our troop up to spend the weekend doing scout things. It was beautiful out there, but it was right in the middle of black bear country, and when salmon spawn, the bears are right there with em' trying to pick up a quick meal.

We were warned of the black bears, and all the precautions you need to take towards being near black bears. Keeping the food and trash up in a tree, no food in our tents, etc. All the adults had hand guns to protect us from the bears. Our camp site was a cattle pen, and was completely fenced in, except for the side that the tree crashed through the week earlier due to a heavy Storm.

Our first night there, we didn't see or hear any bears, our second night though, as the sun was going down, we started to see bears out in the distance. This scared the mess out of me, some of the bears were about 100 yards away and were curious about what we were doing there. We wound down for the night, and took the basic precautions to keep the bears out of our camp site. The cattle pen doors were closed, and the only way in would be through the part of the pen where the tree crashed through.

About 2 or 3 in the morning I was woken up by something in our campsite. I knew as it was walking around it was a bear, grunting and moving very slowly looking for food. It walked behind my tent, and I was scared out of my mind. It probably paced behind our tents about 4-5 times, and sat down behind mine. I was pretty much paralyzed by fear as this creature was just sitting there. After about an hour of the bear searching our site, it gave up and moved on. I was finally able to calm down and go back to sleep.

At sunrise, we were up, and moving around. I told the rest of the campers we had a bear in the camp ground last night , but everyone thought the story was a lie. I knew it sounded far fetched, but I wouldn't of been up for 1-2 two hours that night terrified about being near a bear.



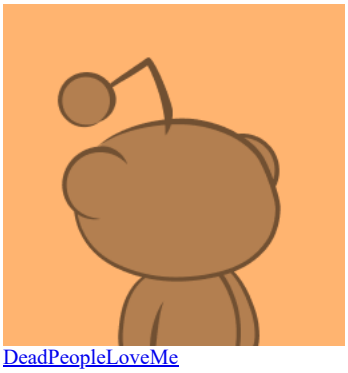
DeadPeopleLoveMe
â€¢ 15y ago

I hate myself for this, but I swear it has happened.

When I was younger, I began having dreams and visions of people I've never met. They would just stare at me. It didnt happen often -- maybe every few months.

After a while of this, I started to connect the people I was seeing with the people I was interacting with on a daily basis. I decided to try to intentionally invoke one of these visions. I've had quite a few "successful" "readings" of people I knew online.

I shall post three of them as responses to this.



DeadPeopleLoveMe
â€¢ 15y ago

Case 1:

I shared this information with my friend who lived across the country online. He decided to be my first guinea pig, so the session began. I started by just concentrating on my friend. The conversation went something like this:

> Me: Are you in a room with a lot of pink? What the hell?
>
> Him: Woah. Yeah, I'm at my girlfriends house in her room... how did you know that?
>
> Me: I have no idea. Is there a shelf on the wall above the bed?
>
> Him: Damn, yeah there is... you're freaking me out.
>
> Me: Me too... on that shelf, theres a snowglobe?
>
> Him: Dude... yeah. What about it?
>
> Me: Your girlfriends grandmother loves her very much, I guess she just wanted to make an appearance..
>
> **radio silence**
>
> Him: My girlfriend is crying... her grandmother gave her that snowglobe.
>
> Me: Yeah, and that afghan blanket in her closet.

The rest of the conversation was pretty typical "how did you know? whats going on?" etc...

The truth is I never truly know what these people want. They don't communicate in a typical fashion, I just see them and I can tell what they want to convey.

4 more replies

4 more replies

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justforthis12
â€¢ 15y ago

Back in the mid 90's my dad and I were driving back from Portland Maine to New Hampshire. We were almost home around midnight when a bright flash of red light lit up everything. It was so powerful that I was able to see into the trees next to the road, only everything had a red tint to it. I'm not sure if the source of the light was from some sort of flare or what, but it was able to light up pretty much everything that I could see. Also, I couldn't see any sort of source to it, it seemed equally powerful where ever I looked. It only last for a few seconds and was gone. Still not sure what it could have been.

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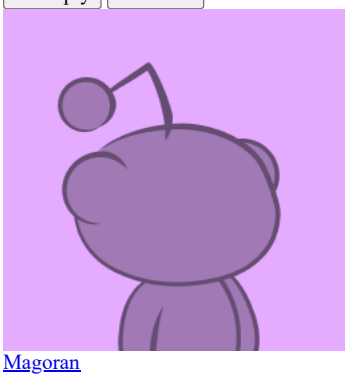
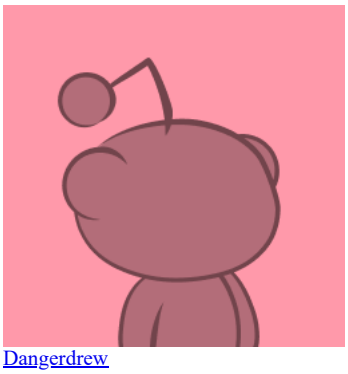


Magoran
â€¢ 15y ago

I was working on a term paper late one night in my room at my university's residence. The way the residences are set up is C-shaped towers, like this: one building

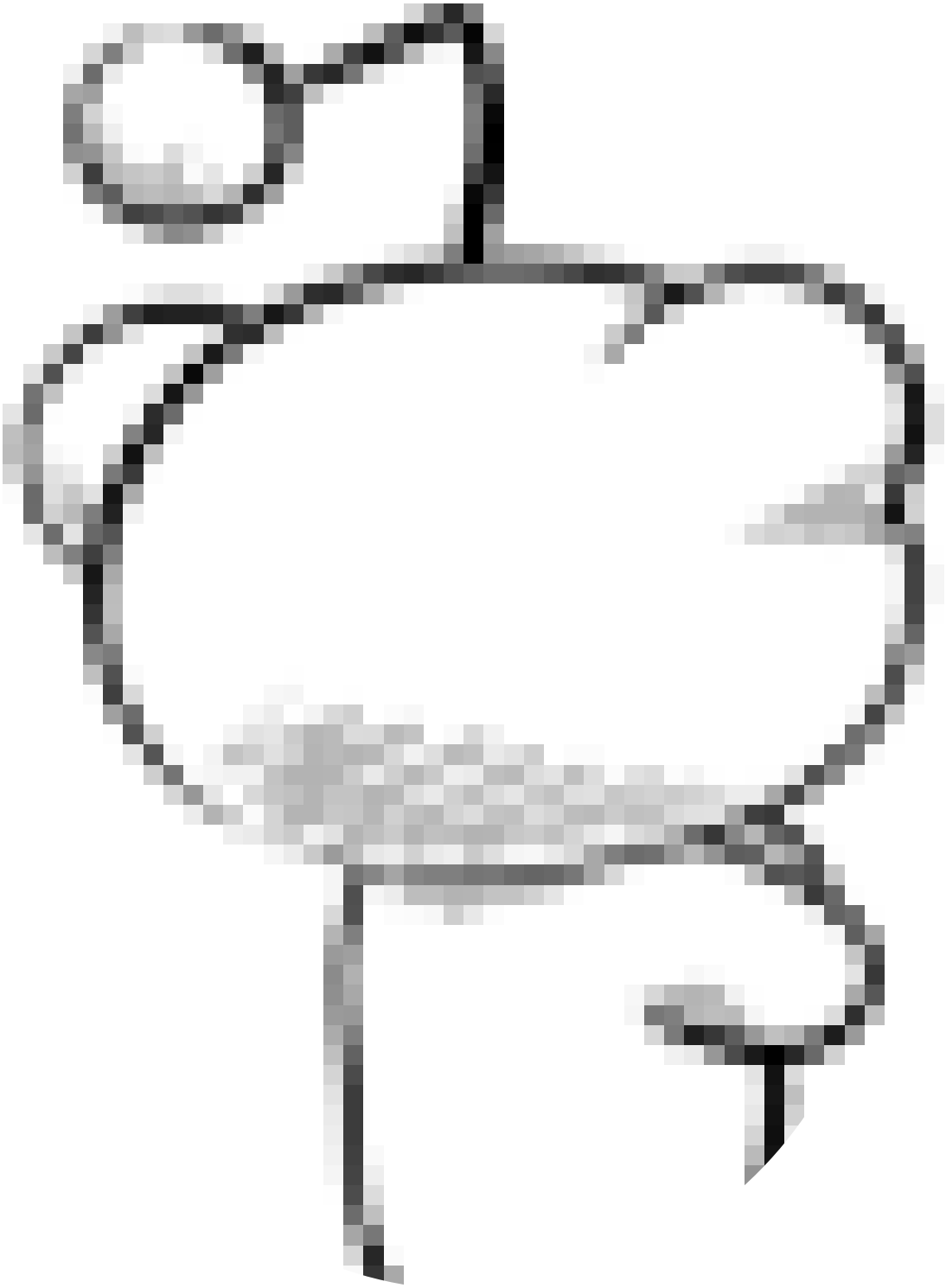
I was on the 4th floor (of 8, so 3rd window up), on the inside part of the building; second window from the end of the "arm" of the building. I heard something like a walkie talkie chirp from outside my window, and there was a strange orange light streaming through my closed blinds. I quickly opened the blinds just in time to see whatever the source of the light was go around the corner. Thinking this was a LITTLE strange, I went to close the blinds when I was stopped dead in my tracks by an orb of orange light, about the size of my room, pass over the building. It was low enough that the entire interior of the "[" shape that the building made was lit up, shadows from the corners of the building dancing as it passed. It was at once the most beautiful and the creepiest thing I had ever witnessed.

Tl;DR I was up late one night and I had an experience with a UFO.



Dangerdrew
â€¢ 15y ago

Uhm, one time I was watching the Ring alone at night and I accidentally sat on the remote, which flipped the channel to static. I shit my pants.



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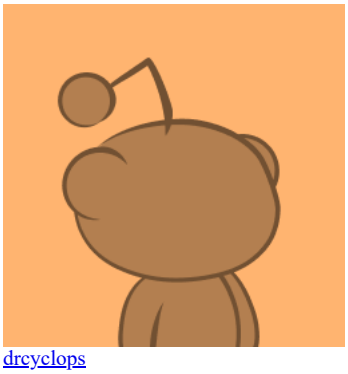
â€¢ 15y ago

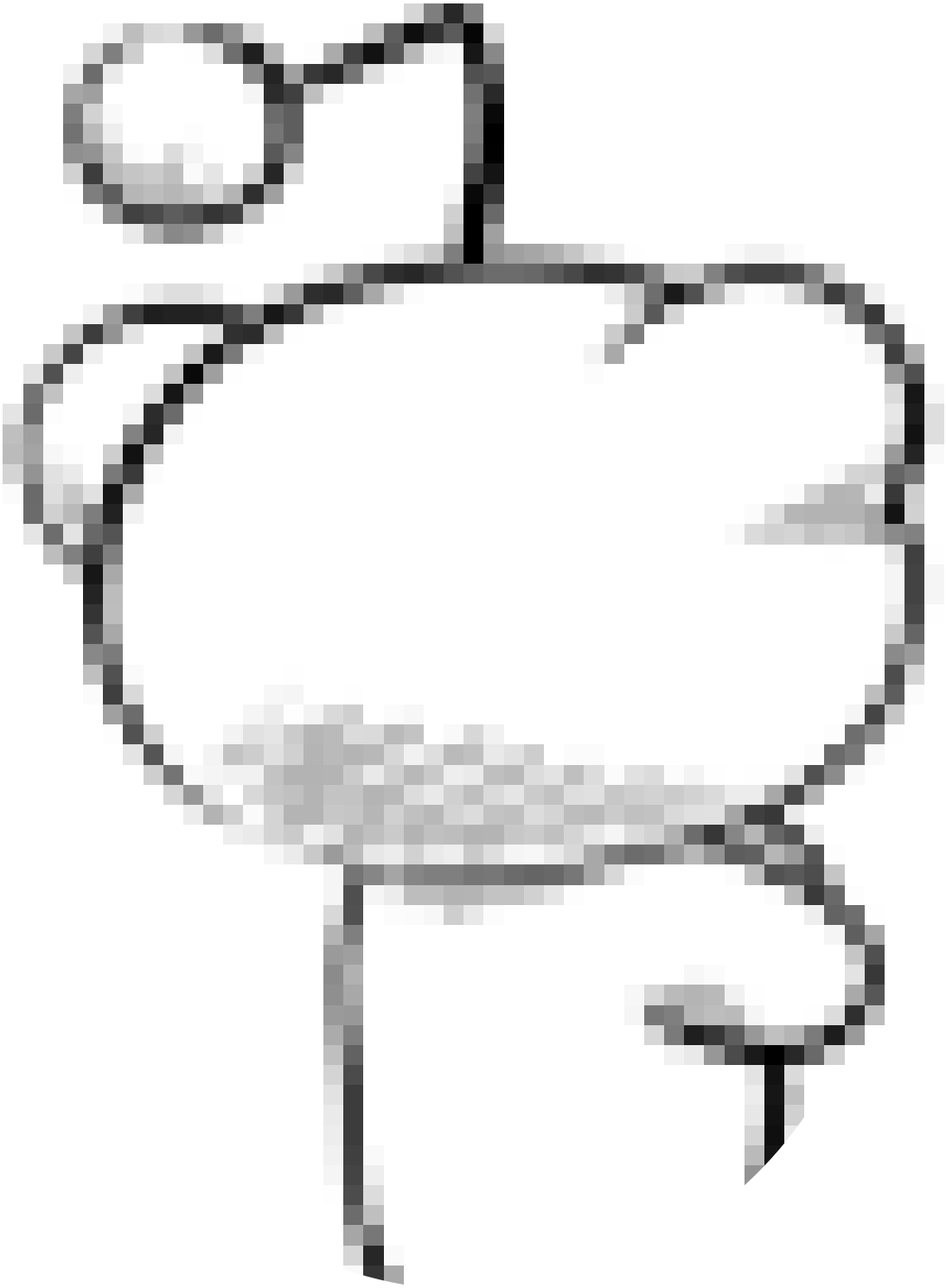
One Halloween about 15 years ago, a puffy black cat with little white freckles on his chest "followed" my little sister home from trick-or-treating, we called him starry. We decided to take the cat back to its neighborhood the next day, so we settled in for the night. Starry had the run of the house, but he decided to jump in bed with me. It was about 3 am when I woke up to Starry grooming me, I reached up and found that the entire side of my head was wet and my hair plastered to my head, perfectly in one direction...we never got the chance to take him back, he found a way out during the night, and we never heard from him again...though I swear I used to see him here and there on my way to work.



drcyclops
â€¢ 15y ago

The creepiest thing that's ever happened to me was the first time I had sleep paralysis. I used to be terrified of alien abduction when I was a kid, so naturally I assumed that there were aliens in my room about to rape my ass with science.

Also, my mother swears that she met Ted Bundy in the 70s.



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â€¢ 15y ago

I sleep-walk and talk, and I tend to have very real dreams where I'll essentially be awake (I'll be laying in my bed, looking at my room) and I'll see some really freaky shit.

Like last night, I was laying in bed and imagined there were massive snakes all over my walls. My heart starts pounding, and I'm freaking out. I get up, being really careful to not run into or piss off the snakes. In my "dream" I am telling myself it's not real as I stare at their beady eyes. I manage to walk all the way across my room, and turn on the light. Only to fully wake up and see that the "snakes" were just tapestries I have hanging around my room.

I've also had times where I'm convinced that there are millions of cockroaches in my bed. I ***feel*** them even. I jump up, and the movement of jumping up wakes me up and I realize there are no cockroaches.

Freaky as shit!

OhJesusWOW
â€¢ 15y ago

After reading most of the top-rated comments in this thread, I now want to own a gun. And, no, I'm not being cute or funny - I'm buying a gun after I deposit my next pay check. Fuck this place...Earth, not Reddit.

1 more reply
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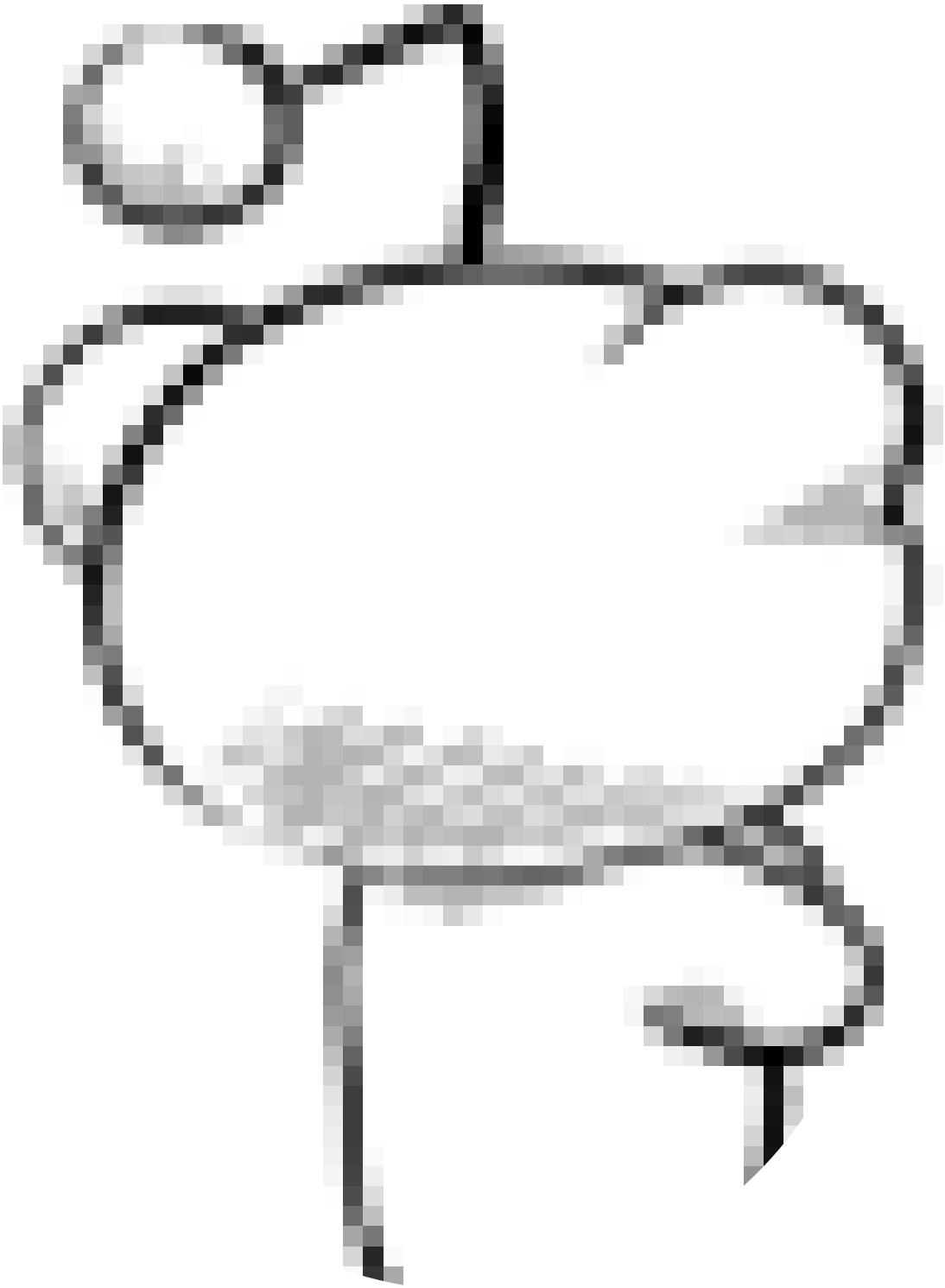

[deleted]
â€¢ 15y ago

I used to have my computer desk in a room in the front of the house right next to a window. I was playing some CS or something one day and notice a car roll by really slow. For some reason I get really anxious about cars on my street that I don't recognize (its a cal-de-sac). A few seconds later there is a motorcycle parked in front of my house, and some dude in a helmet standing on my driveway just staring at my house. I go to the door, and kindly ask him "WTF you doing?" He looks at me, casually says "Nothin" and puts the wind shield part of the helmet down. Go inside to call the cops, come back and hes gone.

Still have no idea where the car went, how I didn't hear his bike, or where the fuck the dude went.

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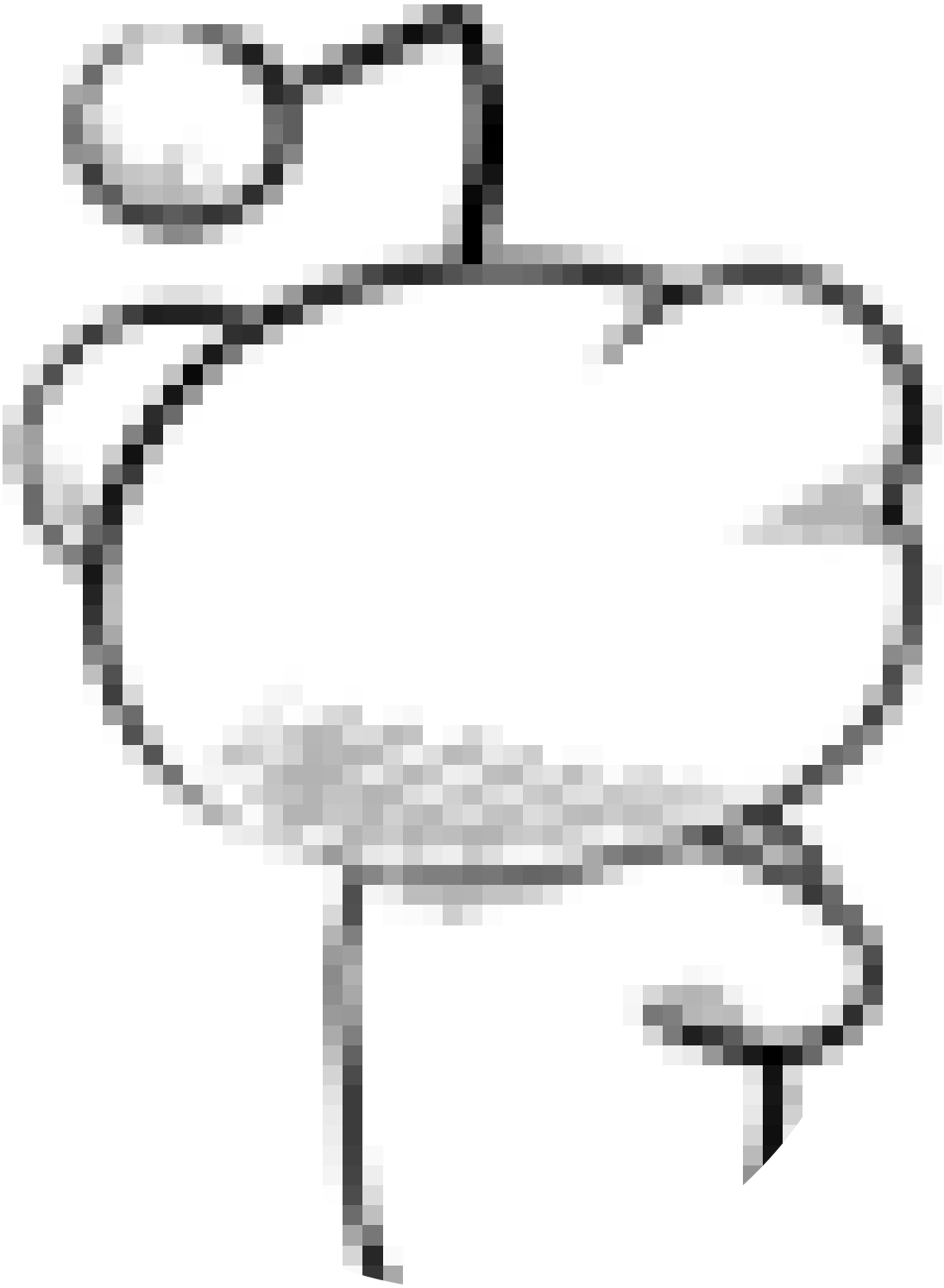

LaziestManAlive
â€¢ 15y ago

Was reading about baseball players and came across Donnie Moore, who committed suicide. Just as I had finished reading his story my smoke alarm blared into action. Nothing was wrong with it, the batteries were fine it seemed.. but that coincidence was enough for me to close out the tab.

Reply Share

Shmowzow
â€¢ 15y ago

When I was around 14/15, my mom was driving a friend and me home from the movie theater pretty late at night. We were driving in the right lane when a green Ford Explorer came up fast in the left lane. At the speed they were going, they could have easily left us in their dust but for some reason they slowed down when they reached us and stayed next to us. My mother is pretty passive and didn't look over but I sure as hell did and I was shocked to see that all four people in the car had ski masks on (this was a warm night in Florida). Both windows on the passenger side were open and they were just glaring at us. I immediately started to tell my mom to slow down and let them pass but for some reason, she didn't take it seriously and she maintained her speed. They drove next to us, staring the whole time, for a couple miles before they throttled it and lost us (thankfully) at a yellow light. We recorded the license plate and watched the news the next night for any reported robberies, murders, etc. Never found out what the hell they were doing.

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sugardeath
â€¢ 15y ago

As kid at my dad's house, I would here what sounded like the downstairs' kitchen cabinets being shut throughout the night, as if someone was going through them. For about a week or so in highschool, during the summer, I heard what sounded like someone playing with the handle to the front door. It was locked, and they never made it in (to the best of my knowledge), but it still kept me up for hours.

It's likely it was just some kids from the neighborhood (the door handle, not the cabinets.. I hope..); someone (we think the kid next door) broke into a few vehicles on the street, my dad's van included. Luckily for my dad, the kid found out that all the CDs he had stolen from the car were Christian music, tango/salsa/something-that-begins-with-an-M, and easy listening (think Jim Croce) and dumped them in the lawn.

3 more replies

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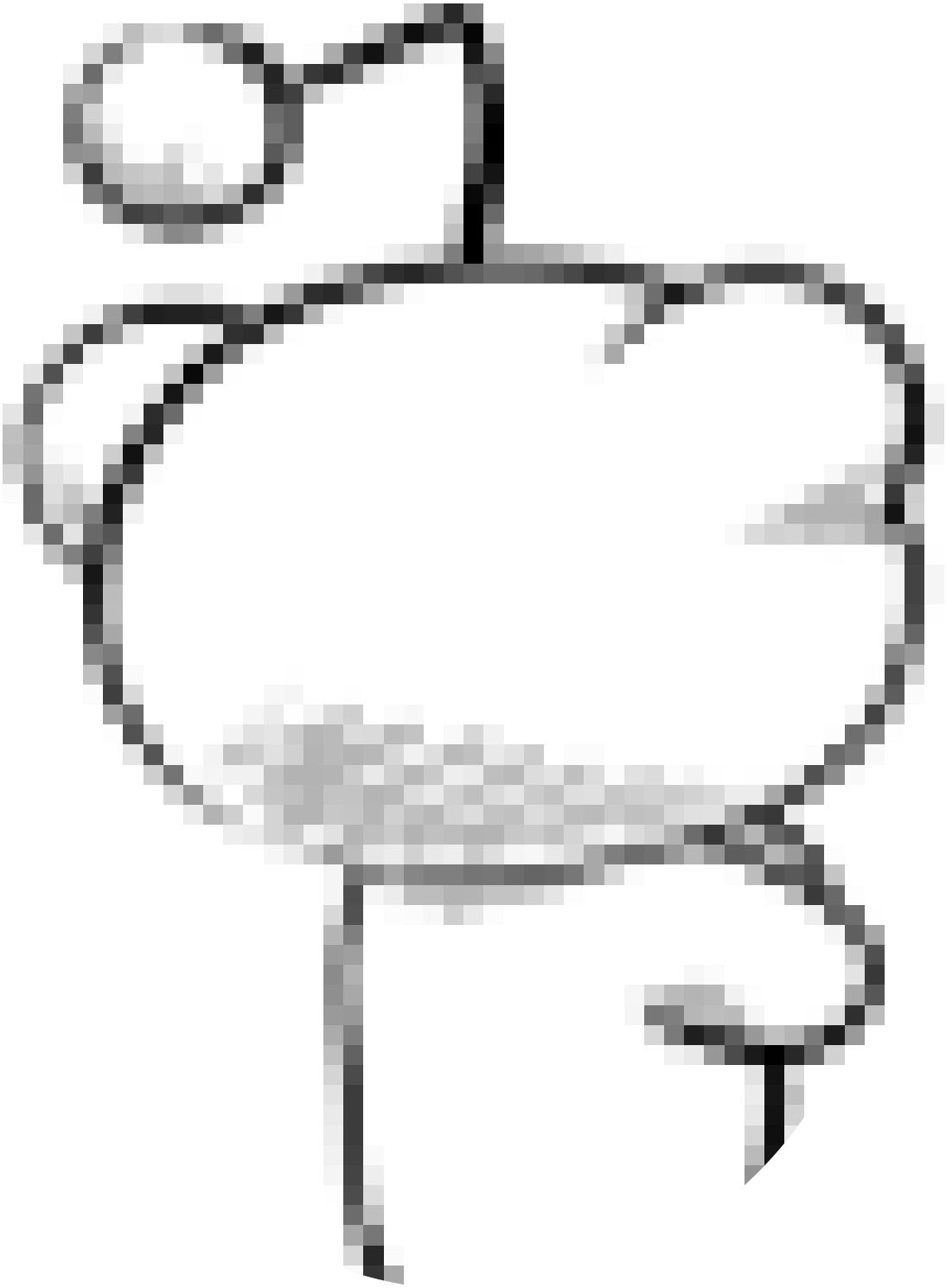
Hydrodentoplosion
â€¢ 15y ago

My family had a fortnights summer holiday in Tuscany a few years back. My mother has a habit of finding large farmhouses with absolutely nothing close just for my family (dad, mum, brother, sister) and sometimes my grandparents. We rented one such house out in the Garfagnana Valley, 20 minutes by car from the nearest town. So we're driving back from dinner and drinks one night, pitch black, up the mountainside (treacherous, thin, steep roads) and we eventually reach the border of the estate... and it is entirely blocked off with wooden planks. We sat with the engine running for about 10 minutes completely terrified. Reversing down the hill was not an option, and no one wanted to leave the car. Eventually me, my dad and my brother managed to find a set of balls between us and hurriedly cleared the road for my mum to drive my sister to the house. We sat up all night upstairs unable to get to sleep, my dad with a knife under his pillow. Upon speaking to the renter, it turns out it was the neighbouring land owner playing some twisted fucking prank because he objected to the touristification of the area. My mother had heart palpitations for about a year after that night.



rtreesbeard
â€¢ 15y ago

Me and my friend (we were about 13 - 14), going to play football in the alley near his house, it was kind of a trashy place and this alley was always empty so we played football lots there.

When we got to the top of the alley we saw a car with a boot open. A man was standing by the open boot with two burly men next to him, he turned around and saw us looking. I shit you not, he was wearing a white suit and had white hair, he ran towards us and we ran all the way back to my mates house.

We went back after an hour or so and we couldn't find any trace of anything, the closest we found was a suitcase (empty, we hoped it had money in I remember)

And just to make this more creepy for me, I stopped speaking to this friend as we both grew up. Added him on Facebook last year, a few months ago I remembered what happened, and I asked him if we was chased by a man in an alley once (I didn't mention the white hair etc, because I suspected I was making it up to myself) He told me the exact same story.

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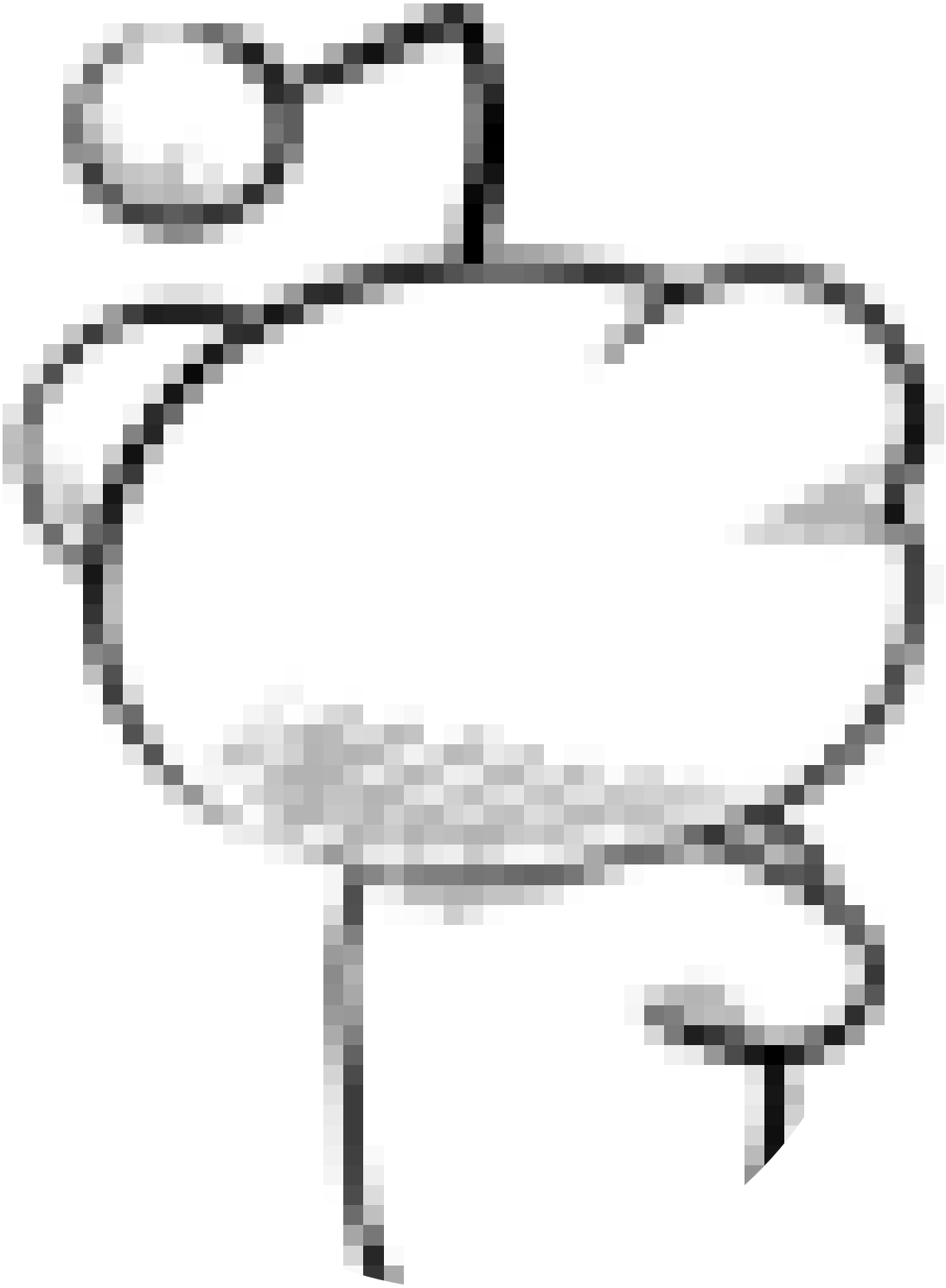
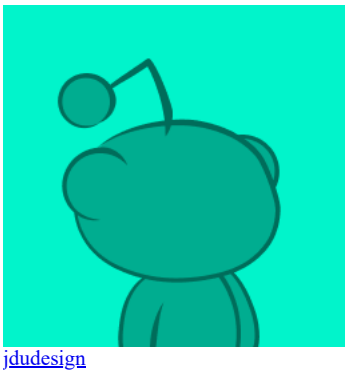


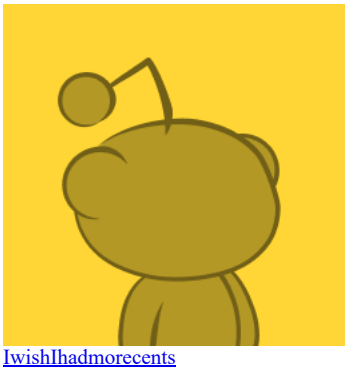
Deputy_Schrute
â€¢ 15y ago

I was in eighth grade, two friends and I were walking to one their houses after school. We were going to our very first Hanson concert that evening! So we're walking down the road when a pick-up truck pulls up next to us and starts talking to the one of us that was closest to the road. I finally start paying attention and realize that there are two ~40 year old men in the truck and I hear one of them tell my friend that they're "looking for girlfriends". Here we are, three eighth grade girls going to their very first Hanson concert and these two guys are trying to get us into their truck. I ran like hell, I lived with my overprotective single father and if I got abducted he'd have never let me leave the house again! I never told him that for that very reason.



jdudesign
â€¢ 15y ago

When I was a kid me and my sisters went over to our neighbors exploring the land. We were just hanging out and I decided to hang on a small tree that grows on the property line. I remember my sister saying, "don't be hanging on that tree or it will break". Before long, CRACK!! The tree branch breaks and we think uh oh. The crazy thing is one of the guys in one of the homes runs out with a shot gun and starts cussing at us. We run like bats out of hell and we think about what is going to happen next or if we are going to end up going to court. Anyways I went with my mom to the house and I apologized about everything. The old man was not around however when we looked into the house we noticed that there was trash everywhere. She was a horder. We eventually moved out of our house and when we went through the neighborhood visiting we looked back and the house was fenced in with a eviction notice.



IwishIhadmorecents
â€¢ 15y ago

When I was 3 I had various figurines and blocks on the window sills in my room. Every time a car would come by their shadows would move across the walls. I was always scared by this, but one time in particular I got the idea that the shadows were going to come off of the wall and get me. I climbed out of my crib and fell very painfully on my rear and crawled into my parents room. While they did put me back, I think my mom removed all the figures soon after.

Also, when I was about 14 or 15 I'd gotten up to use the bathroom and as I stepped into the hall I looked up and saw what appeared to be a tall shadowy figure in a black robe at the end. I dashed to the bathroom, jammed on the light and slammed the door shut. I left the light on as I ventured out to check what it might have been. The kitchen is right across a maybe 6ft long hall from the bathroom and sometimes my mom would leave a laundry basket on the table. It was the only thing I could think of that would've caused that sight. The was no basket, but I figured it was my overactive imagination combined with some effect of the antidepressant I was on at the time. I'd never seen anything like that before or since and that house is small and creaky enough that someone walking would've made noise I could hear and any presence of any sort would've set our bird off :D

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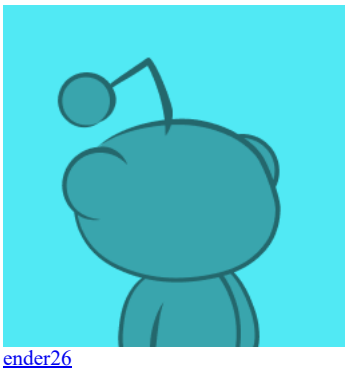

ender26
â€¢ 15y ago

This actually happened to my friend.

She was hailing a cab in Manhattan when the shifts were changing, which means that most cabs that are available have a light that says they're off-duty but they will still pull over and if you need to go somewhere that's on their way back to the garage, they'll take you.

A cab with the off-duty light on pulled over and she said, "are you available?" He said, "sorry, Tina" and drove away.

Her name is Tina.

No, she wasn't wearing anything that would identify her and she had never seen him in her life.

1 more reply
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Jofuzz
â€¢ 15y ago

Around 2 years ago I was driving home from a friends house when I saw something in the road. I screeched to a halt and found myself staring at what looked like a possum the size of a large dog. It stared straight into my eyes, and I stared into its. I'm about as sure as you can be that it wasn't a dog or cat, and the only animals in our area are: Kit Foxes(endangered, little foxes), coyotes, Dogs, cats, and other smaller animals. It ran off, and I drove the rest of the way home trying to figure out what happened.

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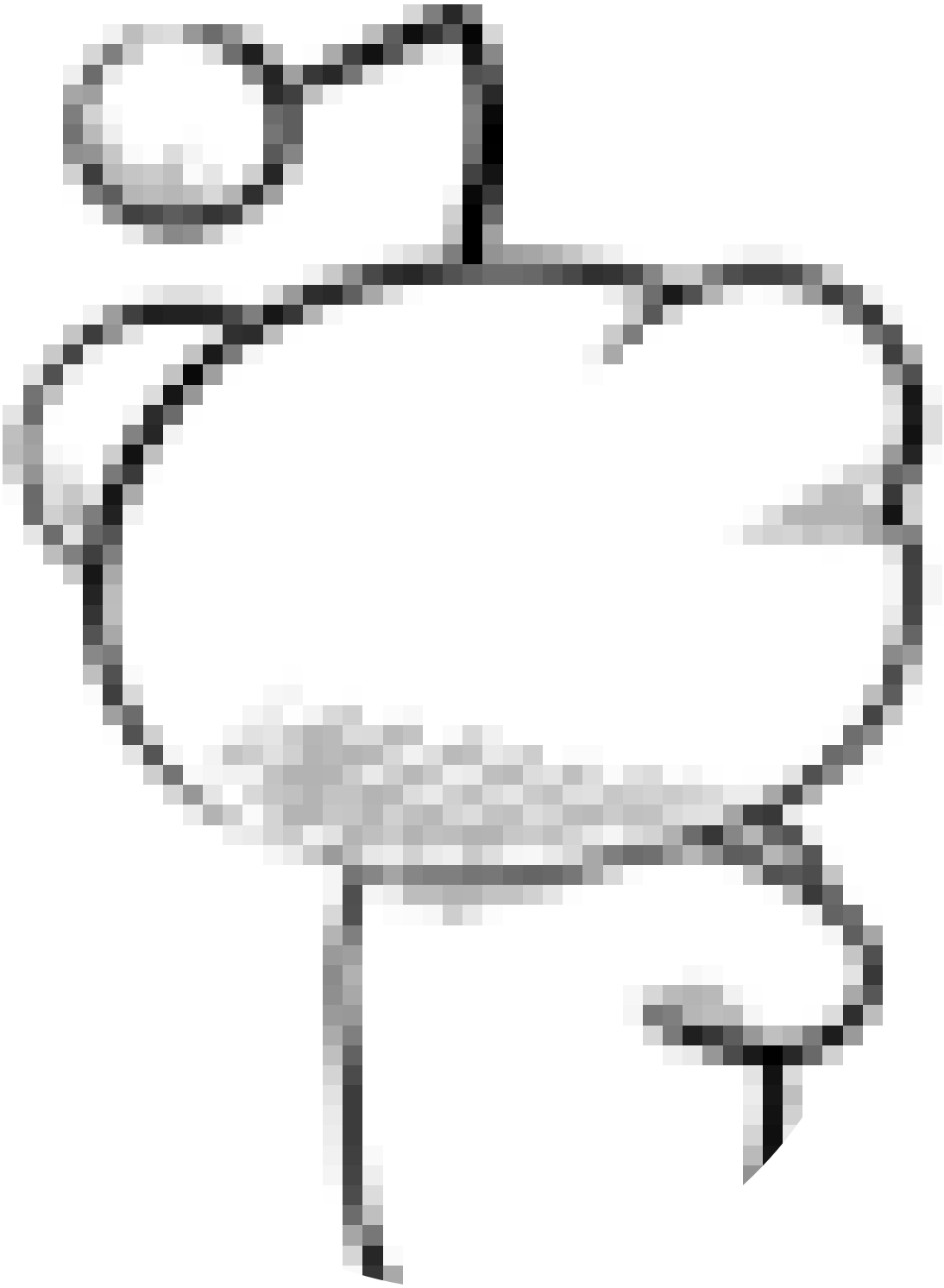

kellydean1
â€¢ 15y ago

My grandfather had passed away about a year before my mom and grandmother came to see the house that I had bought and moved into. I was standing at my sink, cleaning dishes about 30 minutes before they showed up. At that moment, I caught a very strong whiff of the cologne that my grandfather wore all of the time. I didn't wear cologne. I actually felt comforted by this; when I told my grandmother about it when they showed up she just smiled.

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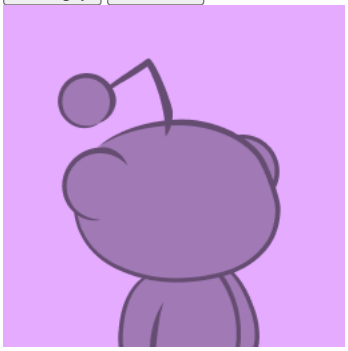

rAzzB1tCh
â€¢ 15y ago

Living in a small farm town.

Reply Share

happinessisachoice
â€¢ 15y ago

i am not sleeping tonight.

abnmowgli
â€¢ 15y ago

I was almost twelve when this one happened... Now i was an extremely imaginative child... and i was a bit weird. i've been diagnosed with bipolar and i've been having semi-delusions and stuff since i was, i don't know, five. I mean, i could have had hallucinations and whatnot that I don't even remember. I still wonder if parts of this were the product of my mind, but in the end... well you'll see.

My friend and I were riding bikes one day. We were trying to get to a part of the forest that we hadn't seen before. There's this huge forest and river in my town, and I practically grew up in it, playing there all day and stuff... but i've always been absolutely terrified to go in alone. For some reason ever since I was a little kid I've always had really freaky dreams about the forest every night. Not freaky like monsters and rapists and stuff... more like i was trapped and I could never get out.

Anyway my friend and I got to the part that we'd never been to. I started to walk in and for some reason I felt very calm and almost like i was being drawn in. I suddenly saw a huge black dog shape jump from out of a tree (that's the best way to describe it) and "into" another. I screamed, hyperventilating, and ran out. My friend was asking, "what the hell?" and I told her what i saw. Of course, the "dog" was nowhere to be found. We rode home and got another one of our friends and my younger brother to come back again.

We went back the next day, I think, and we saw a freak freaky black shapes and strange noises... I have no idea if they were figments of our imagination or what... but I distinctly remember walking back into the forest and seeing this big patch of really thin trees (not like big oaks or something... almost more like bushes) that were... i'm trying to think of how to describe this... every single one was either bent over into the V of another tree, or holding a tree in its V. does that make sense? Anyway they looked like freaky, perverted crosses. And there had been no storms or anything lately (September is dry season in illinois) and they were very cleanly bent into each other. There were a few other freaky things that happened but they're not really necessary to add. We had had enough for the day, so we left.

A few weeks later my brother and I biked over there again. We didn't really look around, we just biked around the forest. While we were leaving... holy shit, this was the freakiest. We both heard this ridiculously otherworldly laughter... it did not sound human, it was quite fucked up, it sounded like the steriotypical demon laugh or something... anyways we both looked at each other, screamed, and biked off as fast as we possibly could. I never go back there anymore.

I still get shaky when i think about it... and so do my friends. Very occasionally we'll talk about it. they'll say "remember that haunted forest? that was fucking creepy." apparently it was freaky/real enough that they still believe it.

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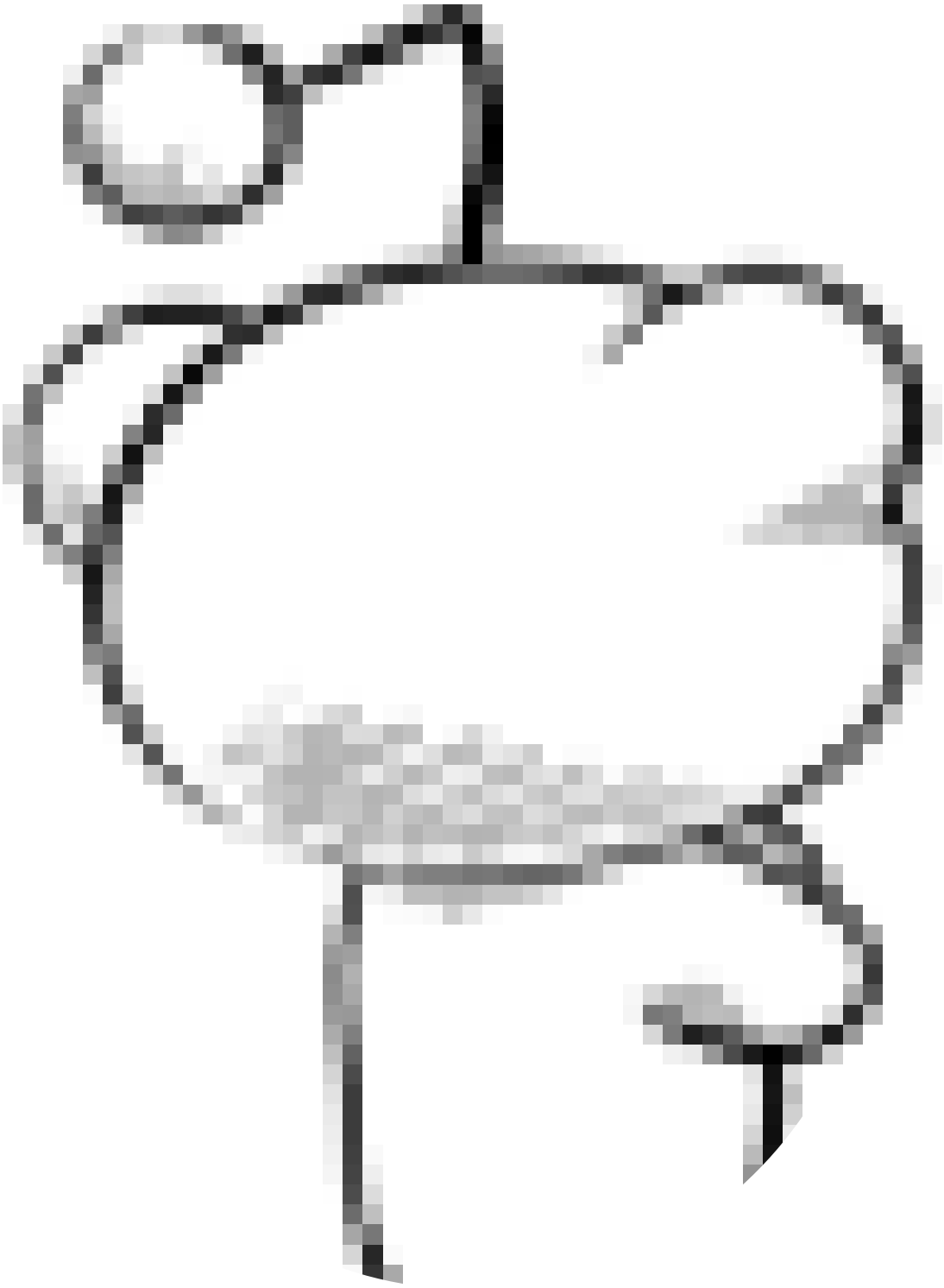

[deleted]
â€¢ 15y ago

My cousin T and I were staying at a hotel in San Diego while visting another cousin who was in the military. Being only 19 at the time we thought we would be badasses by smoking the illegal cuban cigars we had bought the day before in TJ. But first a little chibba. We smoked a bit, then decided to go down to the hotels outside hot tub and light up the cigars there. Oh man. We arrive at the tub a little buzzed to find to 2 older chinese women already soaking away and we join them. We ask if its ok if we smoke and they nod and apologetically smile. Just as we start smoking away this rather large man comes out of nowhere and gets into the hot tub as awkwardly as he can without looking at any of us. He is about 300 lbs, 6 foot-ish wearing a sea captains hat, white cut offs and huge black aviators. He is breathing heavily and sits motionless for quite a while. Its creepy enough that after a bit the two women give T and I a look like "we are getting the fuck out" and they leave. He moves into their place across from us. T and I are feeling pretty good and I decided to start a conversation with "The Captain". Gorgeous weather, huh? "Ooohhh yes, it is, by GOD it IS." Is his reply. Where you from? I asked. "That boat over there" (points to a distant pier behind the hotel)."I wanted to soak myself a bit and relax. Jumping the fence was pretty hard on my old...." trails off into awkward silence. Looks at us, over his glasses with the most bloodshot fucking gray eyes and says "Are you boys from the hotel security?" Making quotations with his fingers. Uh no, no. T and I both say. Where from Arizona, just visiting family out here. He sighs and starts to talk. What follows is the most disturbing rant of paranoia I have ever heard. He starts talking about gutting fish to look for tracking devises, living at sea for months so "they" can't find you. Killing "spies" and dumping the bodies. Satellites in underground orbit. How he tried living on "the pills" for a while made him see everything. The whole time asking us little questions here and there. Being stoned

young guys we were kind of feeding his nuttiness for a bit I have to admit. Giving him smart ass answers and egging him on. As he talks he is getting more and more worked up, his faced gets beet red and his hands start splashing around in the water. He started to talk about how he help draft the Geneva convention and asked if we were there at the time. "Yeah sure" I say, starting to get freaked out and not thinking. This launches him into space and his tirade takes a turn for the worst. "...you could be driving down the road and "they" could suddenly open a huge hole in it and swallow you and your vehicle up, then torture you to death for singing while your vacation!...and you can't answer the PhONE cause thats how they get you! They shoot FUCKING LASERS though the PHONE and MELT YOUR FUCKING BRAIN!!!" Suddenly he stood up, got this weird look on his face and says something like "Oh I get, I see whats happening here, well I don't have it anymore, ok? OK? ITS AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA! GOD DAMN IT!" Then "The Captain" gets all quiet and starts to struggle with his cutoffs before he pulling out a small knife(!) from his shorts. T and I shit our fucking pants, and the weed we has smoked earlier was not helping. I shot T a look, but before we could bolt The Captain begins backing out of the hot tub, not even looking at us, says "good night fellas, no use following me" then walks out of the pool area into the night. We did not sleep well that night, needless to say. I hadn't thought about this in years until this thread. Fuck me, its ten years later and it still is the craziest, creepiest thing I have ever seen.

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SteveJEO
â€¢ 15y ago

OK.

I donâ€™t really know how to either place or describe this but it struck me as both creepy and just basically fucken weird.

(at the time that is, now itâ€™s just unbelievable weird since Iâ€™ve seen creepy)

Anyhowâ€¦

Once upon a time I was on my way home from a party and had to get the train. (It was one of those suburban ones that stopped literally everywhere). Nice quiet Sunday morning in any case, so the train was mostly empty and after a few stops a woman gets on with her kid..

Little bloke, nothing special. He (it was a he) was playing with something as far as I can remember.

Soâ€¦ Ya know, mum kinda shuffles over to the seat, plops herself down and sticks with the magazine she was carrying when the kid grabs her arm and yells (literally yells) â€˜Look Mum, itâ€™s SteveJEO, thatâ€™s SteveJEO!!!â€ 

Eh? Thinks Iâ€¦ WTF?

Iâ€™ll shut the fuck up and not open my mouth obviously, I have no idea who this kid is.

Never mindâ€¦ getting outta here in a few stops.

The kid doesnâ€™t shut up. â€œNo mum, it is, thatâ€™s him, I dreamed himâ€ 

His mum: Donâ€™t be silly, leave the nice man alone.

He doesnâ€™t stop..

People are starting to look.

Reality kind of breaks down.

He doesnâ€™t stop. He yells straight for about 30 minutes that its SteveJEO, He pulls her jumper, grabs her, jumps up and down and points. The mum eventually gives up trying to control the wee sprog cos heâ€™s gone mental. All she can do is agree with him.

I canâ€™t hide. The wee bastard is 3 feet away so I sit like an idiot trying to attract no attention like itâ€™s gonna work.

My Stop!!.

Yayyâ€¦ getting the fuck outta there. I leg it.

Station platform, nice and quiet, time to go home.

Thereâ€™s a bunch of kids playing in the dead ground. One pipes up.. â€˜Look its SteveJEOâ€™.

They start to crowd and even start fucking waving.

I run like an idiot and take a back road.

Like shite did that work.

There was another group of them, even more, just waiting.

Bye Bye.

Bodysnatcher-tastic it was just bloody strange.

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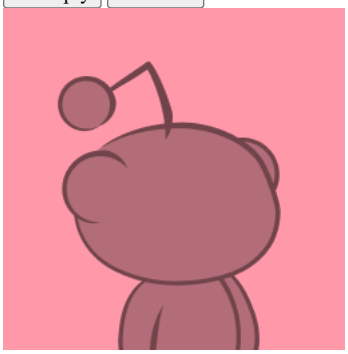


angeliquezombified
â€¢ 15y ago â€¢ Edited 15y ago

I don't know if someone is going to read this. This is a repost from r/nosleep, and I thought it was suitable for this thread too:

Two hours or so had passed since I went to bed to sleep. I used to share the room with my younger brother (this was back in 2001 or so when I was 15 or 16 years old), but I don't remember why he wasn't sleeping there that night. I thought I was conscious because I could clearly see my room in the dark, like if I were awake.

Suddenly something grabbed one of my ankles and drag me off from my bed. Then I started to float in a horizontal position... I know I was not conscious at that moment, but what I cannot explain is why I could see my room as exactly as it was at the very moment (bed and furnitures in same position, it was dark, I could see the door's silhouette).

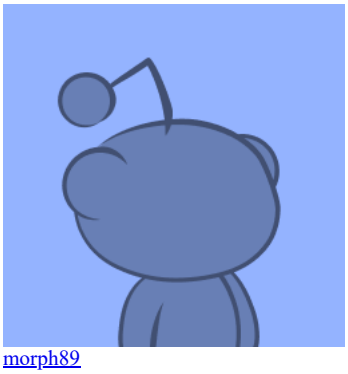
I was still floating when I saw a grey alien with huge black eyes, with a bright, white light behind him/her (I've always liked to sleep with the door closed but the alien had opened the door to get inside), and was trying to reach me with its hand in a very dramatic way, and telepathically told me "come with me".

One of my biggest fears at the time (not anymore, thanks to my skepticism) were of aliens, specially that kind. I don't know why but I tried to grasp its hand too. Out of nothing, still floating in that position, I got out of the room 'floating' from my room all the way through the hallway, like 16 feet, until I made it to my mother's room.

After that, I found myself on my bed. I freaked out and started to call my mother like crazy... I started to cry out of horror. She came in, got me a glass of water... I ended up sleeping next to her that night. I will never forget it; it was for sure sleep paralysis, but it was one of the worst episodes of that phenomenon that I have ever experienced.

Not being a liar here, but after those episodes ended I noticed it was often midnight, or five minutes before midnight.

I stopped having sleep paralysis after I turned 18. But it comes back every time I take prescription sleep medication.



morph89
â€¢ 15y ago

I've had sleep paralysis where I was "floating" as well. Perhaps the craziest part about it was that I floated towards the ceiling in the corner of my room and when I turned around I could see myself sleeping in my bed (this was very vivid and during the day).

I then could see my cat walking into my room, from this 3rd person view at the ceiling. I forced myself to wake up at this point and sure enough my cat was making her way into my room. I thought it was pretty cool, which is probably the only incident of sleep paralysis I can say that about.

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kelsiekb
â€¢ 15y ago

one night my best friend and i were watching the Hills have Eyes. we were watching it on our laptop and it was at night. JUST WHEN it came to the scene with the cell phone call to the father (daddyyyyyy...) and the killer answering; my own cell phone rang and read RESTRICTED. so i just didn't answer thinking it was a telemarketer. i had a voicemail just then, so i listened to it, and all the voicemail said was my name in a very calm male voice that was unrecognizable. i texted all my friends asking if anyone did it, but no one could have known we were watching that... my best friend called verizon to see where the number came from, but they said it was untraceable and would just appear like that on the bill. till this day i don't know who it was..

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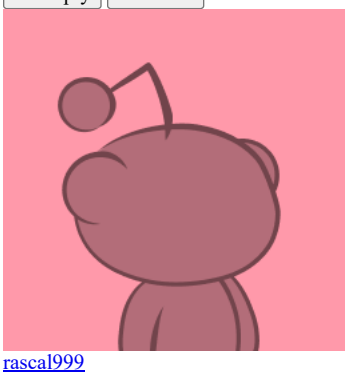

rascal999
â€¢ 15y ago

There's someone behind you.

Reply Share

K_isforKnockers
â€¢ 15y ago

My roommate just walked in and it scared the hell out of me.

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sadhoboclown
â€¢ 15y ago

Once when I was a kid I had a dream that the time was 2:18. I woke up and looked excitedly at the clock to see what time it was. I had to sit up because I was in a bunk bed and there was a safety rail. I look at the digital clock.. but it was flashing because the power had gone out.

So I grabbed my wristwatch from beside the bed, turn on the indiglo... 2:18!

2 more replies

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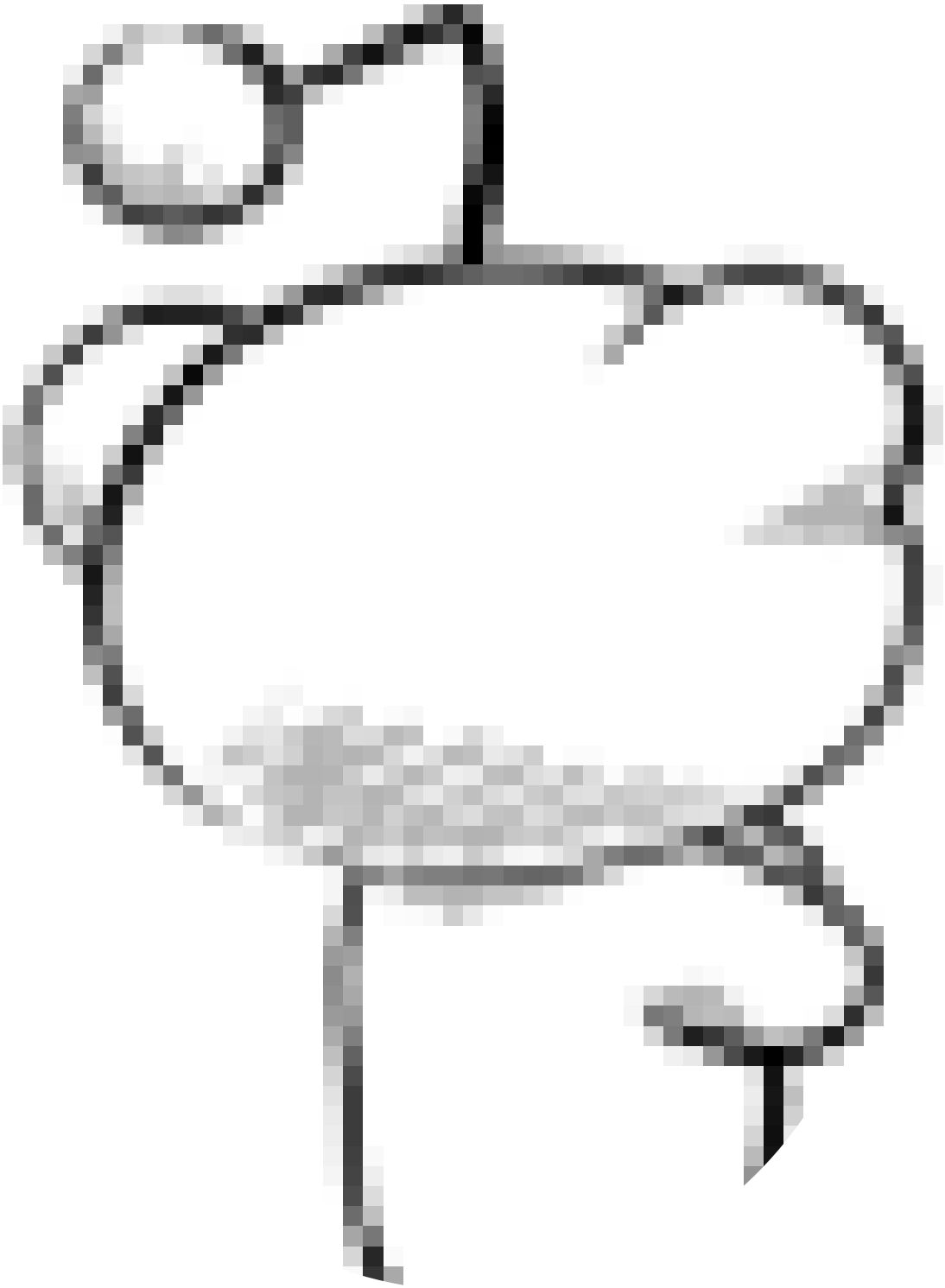

KanadianLogik
â€¢ 15y ago

I just posted my creepiest experience as a story in Nosleep http://www.reddit.com/r/nosleep/comments/fxkyl/the_website/

1 more reply

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More replies

what_up
â€¢ 15y ago

Probably too late and won't be seen.

I was driving home late one night by USC, the streets were empty. I was stopped at a stop light, and I glanced at the corner right next to me, and there is this guy just standing on the sidewalk, facing me and not moving, with a paper bag on his head with holes torn out of it so he could see.

3 more replies

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BeardedGourd
â€¢ 15y ago

Damn, reddit, you scary?

anon715
â€¢ 15y ago

SssSSsss...

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switchbladewar
â€¢ 15y ago

Happened to my dad not me..

but we used to live in a bad part of Philly before I was born, my dad and mom were probably the only white people on the whole block. My mom worked night shift a local hospital and my dad would usually bring my older sister (who was baby at the time) to my grandparents so they could see her during the week. He comes home at about 11:30 pm and get's out of the car, he walks around the car to get the baby carrier and 4 guys dressed in black with shirts rapped around there head start walking down the street, 2 of them walk around the car and the other 2 start walking to my dad. At the time he was a security card so he had a license to carry a concealed weapon, He reached in his coat and they take off. He didn't even have to take it out. Reaching into his coat was enough to scare them off.

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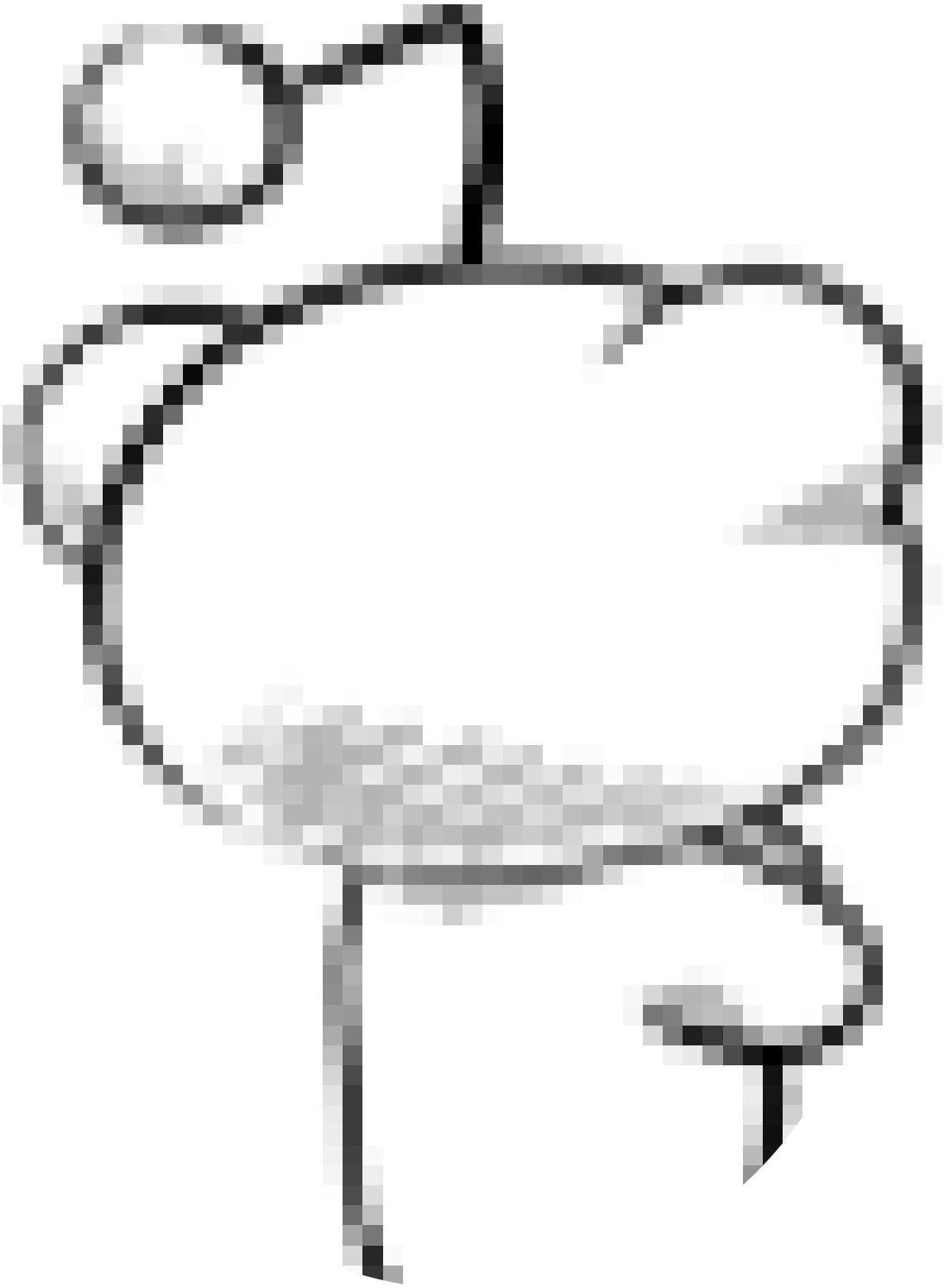

[deleted]
â€¢ 15y ago

This thread is amazing but the stories are too good - I'm getting creeped out. Sweet dreams everybody!

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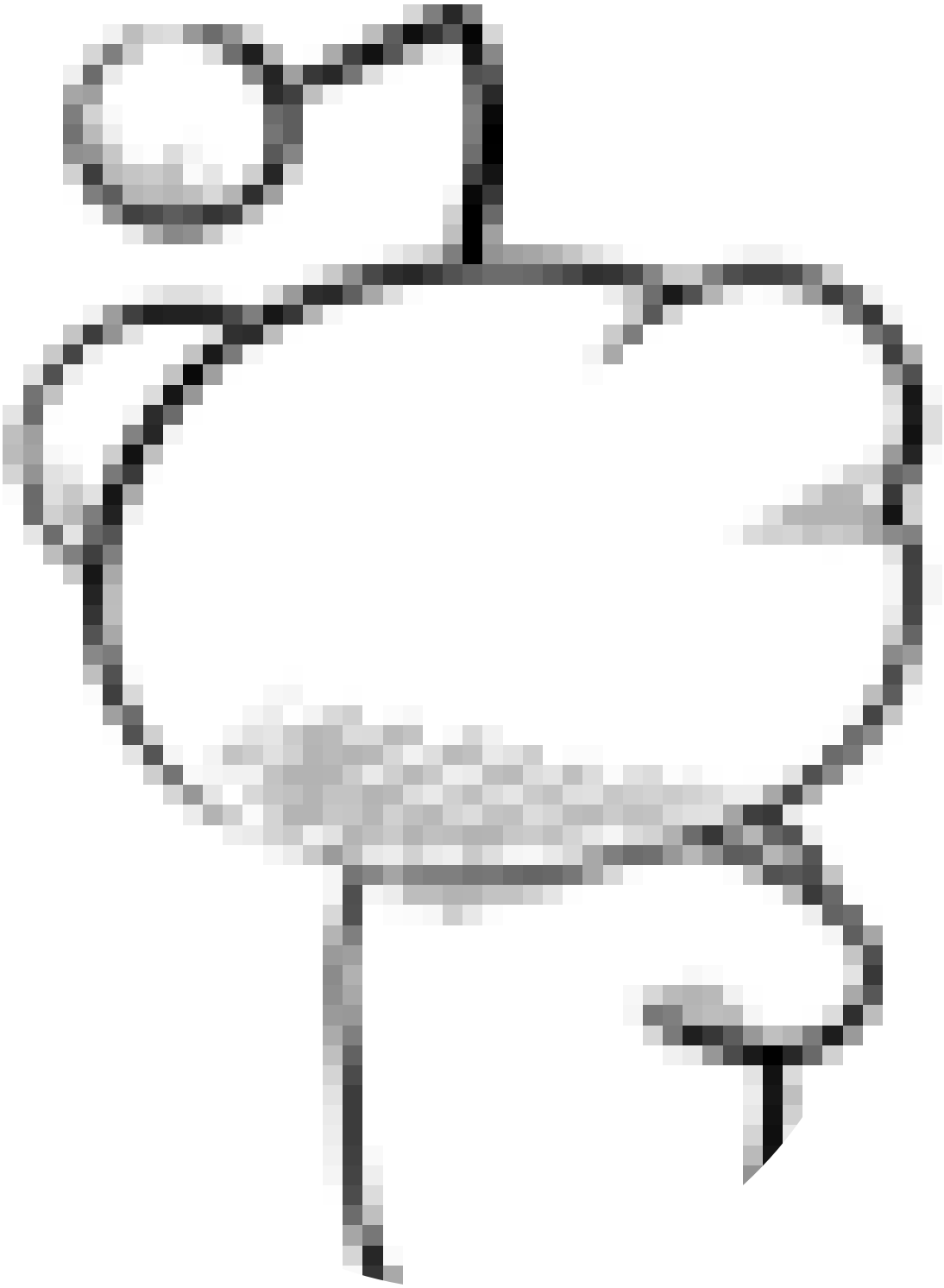

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â€¢ 15y ago

I just HAD to come cross this before I started sleeping, didn't I?

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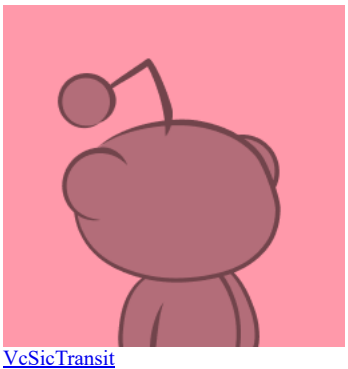
RossRaws
â€¢ 15y ago

New Year's Eve 2007-2008. I was a senior in high school at a small house party (12 people) celebrating New Year's Eve. My buddy and I decided to dip out to get high in this girl's garage. Now a few years prior to this, a man had hung himself in that very garage.

My buddy and I finish smoking and start talking about how messed up that is. We started to try to communicate to the dead guy. We were being drunkenly high and stupid and walked over to the spot where he did it. As we walked over, the lights went out. They weren't on a timer or anything. Needless to say, we ran back inside scared out of our minds.

As we got back inside, there is a knock on the front door (situated adjacent to the garage entrance). Its the cops. Someone opens and then immediately shuts the door in the cop's face. We hid in the girl's mom's bedroom for 2 hours while they tried shown their flashlights in the windows. Apparently eight patrol cars showed up for only 12 kids. Just a crazy chain of events!



VcSicTransit
â€¢ 15y ago â€¢ Edited 15y ago

There is this old abandoned town near Grayling MI called Pere Cheney. Along with this town there is an old cemetery that is 'Haunted'. We go camping in Grayling a lot and it was a tradition to go and get scared. The road back to this cemetery is sandy and almost impassable without some serious transportation. Lucky for us, we have a jeep. Unfortunately, or fortunately as it always made it scarier, the jeep was open. So, my girlfriend, her little brother and I are heading there at about midnight. I'm 20, shes 20, and hes 13. After driving on the road heading back there, its about 3 miles long or so and heavily wooded on both sides, we get a log thrown at us from the woods. Luckily the log was thrown early, maybe the person was trying to stop whoever was driving, IDK, but my girlfriend guns over it. About 20 seconds later an old suv pulls out of the woods behind us with its brights on and follows us to the cemetery. We go past it down an even smaller trail and it keeps following. Were creaped out as all I have is a baseball bat for protection and kept thinking about Deliverance. Finally, my girlfriend being as awesome as she is, start to offroad and the bastard still follows us. Finally we get to a place with deep sand and lose him as we can make it through and he got stuck. Haven't went back since because I am now more scared of the people who haunt the place.

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dossier
â€¢ 15y ago

I work in a giftshop.. I accidentally said fuck you instead of thankyou. Came out of nowhere

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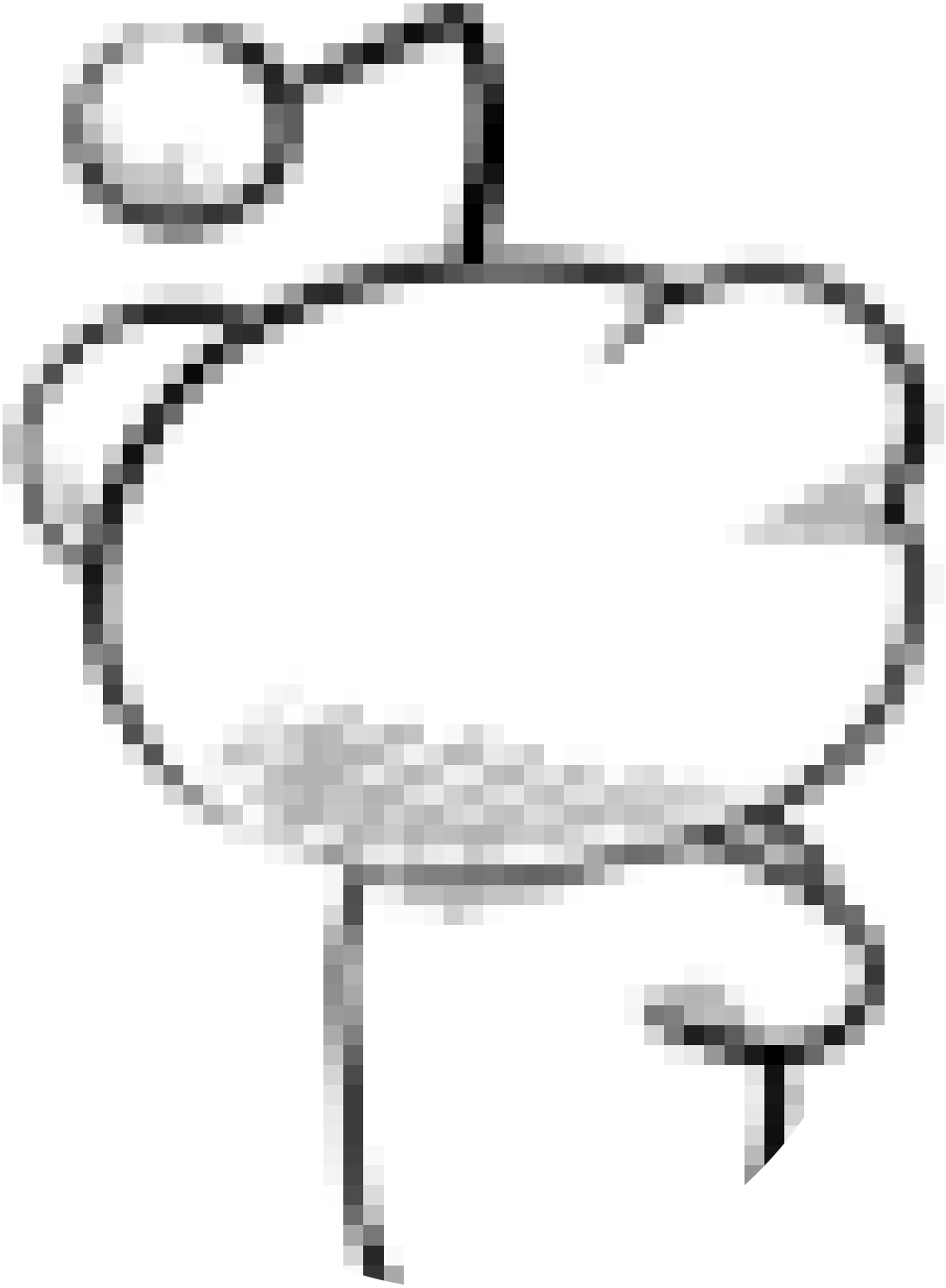
hanglerfig
â€¢ 15y ago

Realizing the lizard people are quite real.



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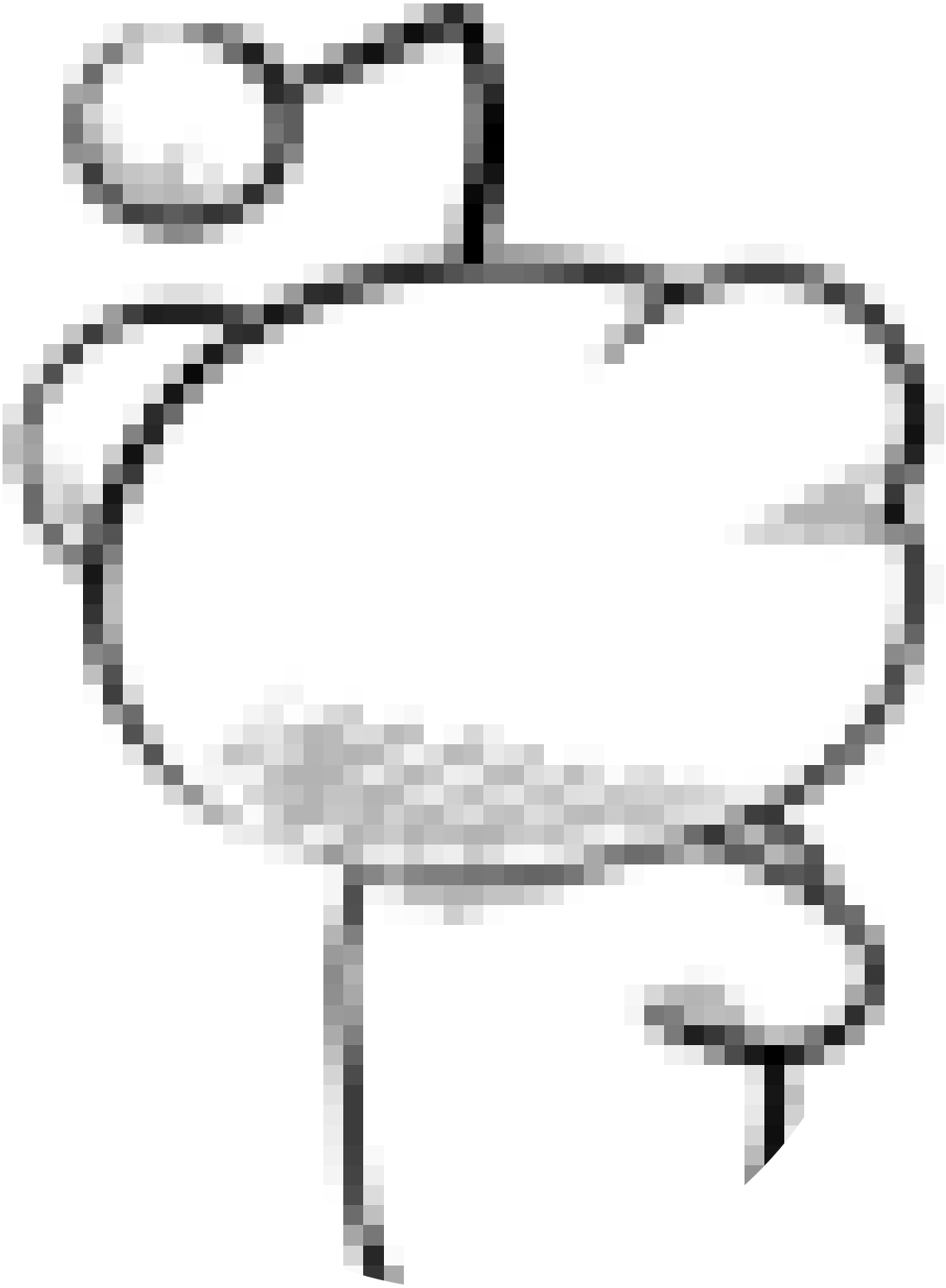
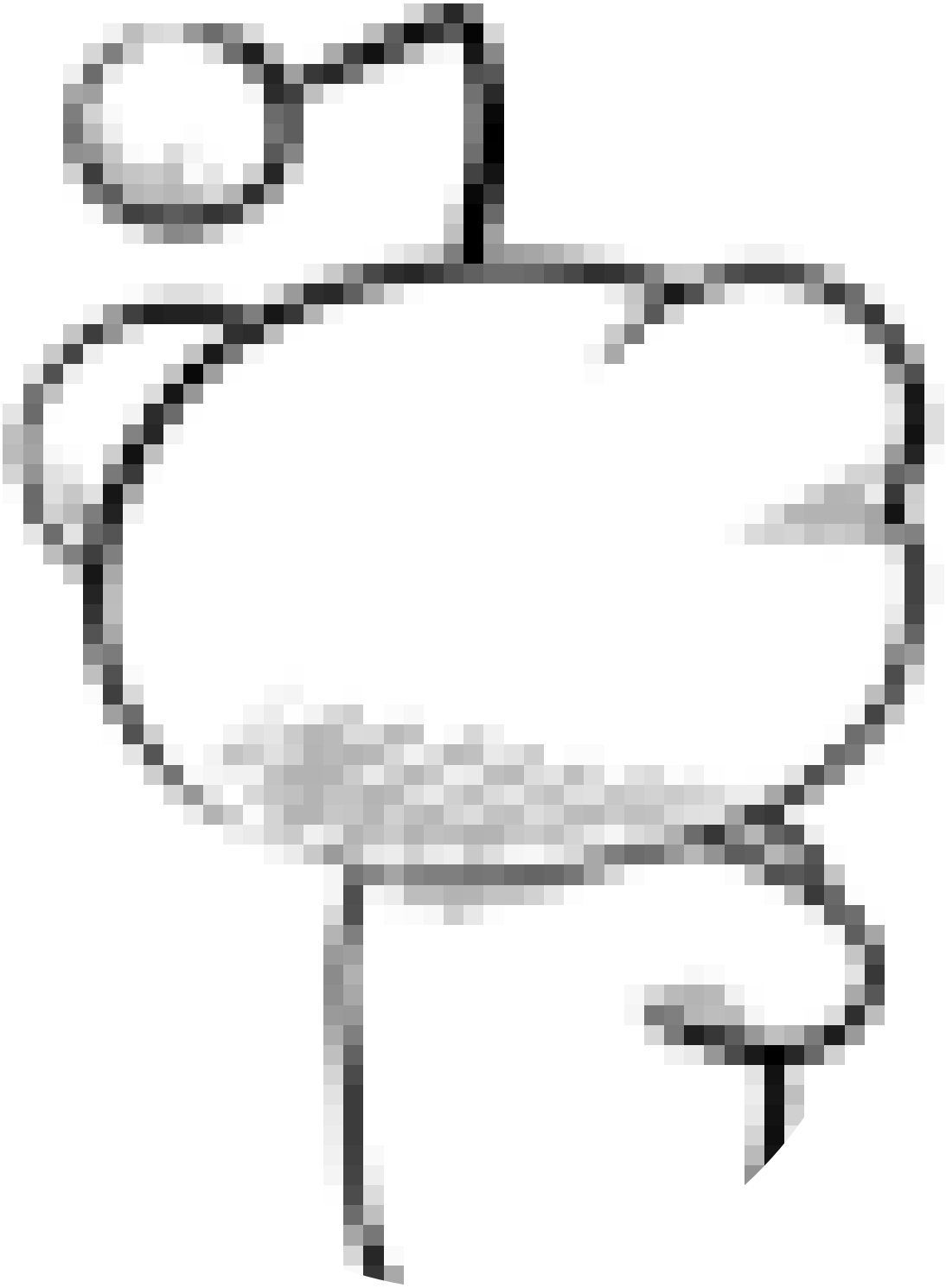
â€¢ 15y ago

Funny. I'd class people who believe in "lizard people" as creepy.



[deleted]
â€¢ 15y ago

My two older brothers swear up and down that they used to see lizard people in our house late at night when they were children. One brother tells a story about how he was woken from a deep sleep because his bed was vibrating violently, and he could hear hissing and the sound of movement over a wooden floor under his bed. He knew that he couldnt jump off the bed or else whatever it was would grab him, so he jumped across to my other brother's bed. Once his feet hit the mattress, the bed stopped shaking. To this day, my brothers get very quiet and somber when asked about their experiences in the old house.



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â€¢ 15y ago

Elaborate?

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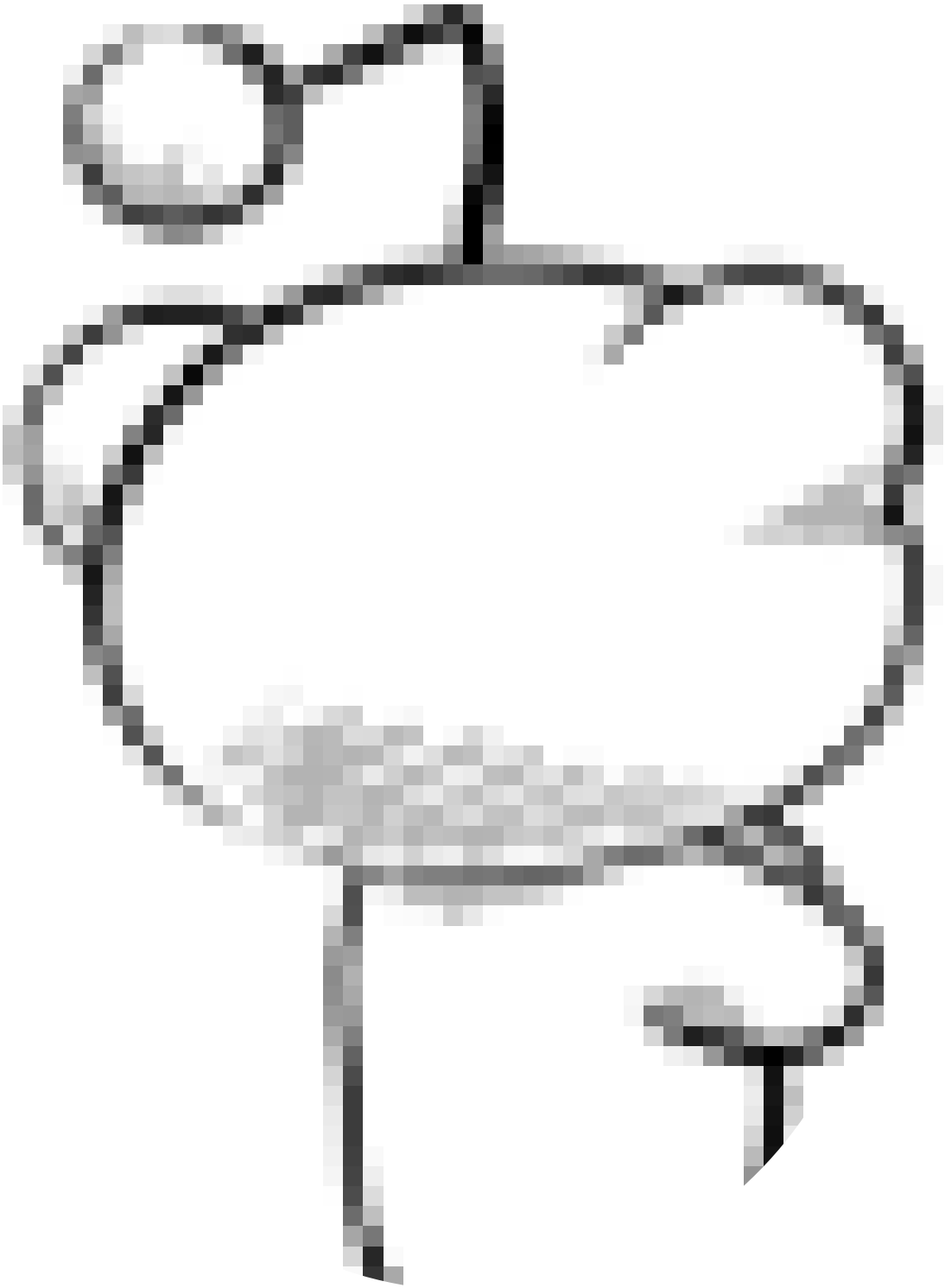

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â€¢ 15y ago â€¢ Edited 15y ago

There was tapping on my 3rd story window all night one night as a kid, no trees or fire escape or anyway for anything to be up there. as I looked out I thought I saw a gremlin as I recently watched the twilight zone with the airplane/gremlin, anyways when I got up I saw a handprint in the frost on the outside pane like tiny 4 knuckles and a thumb!

Thanks! It's easy to downvote when you weren't nearly the sole invitee to an all night gremlin butt rape party

Kintaro08
â€¢ 15y ago

That's my favorite candy. That is creepy.

1 more reply
1 more reply
More replies
2 more replies
2 more replies

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OutaNowhere
â€¢ 15y ago â€¢ Edited 15y ago

True story: I work in the mental health professional and work with people who have severe mental disorders such as schizophrenia, etc. One of my patients who had a history of psychosis (seeing and hearing things that were not there) said he was being visited by a 'presence' a 'girl'. We KNEW she didn't exist because he had no family or friends and was extremely isolated.

We (the team) decided to have him take a picture of her ....to challenge his delusion. We were shocked when he did bring a photo back...and horrified to see a hazy image of a girl hovering next to him in the picture!!! It was hazy and she had her ghost like arms encircling him with long flowing hair. We examined in disbelief the photo...he had no photography skills and was not bright enough to photoshop, etc. The pic was so eary AND legit.

The psychiatrist equally shocked...announced to him 'I can't help you with this...you need to see your pastor for this one.' Freaky!

Edit: I am a mental health professional. It was EERIE. We gave the client his photo back to respect his confidentiality.

Reply Share

DeepDuh
â€¢ 15y ago

That's the kind of story where I would need some believable source or an experience of my own to believe it. ;-)

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Sealbhach
â€¢ 15y ago

I don't suppose you have a copy of the pic anywhere?

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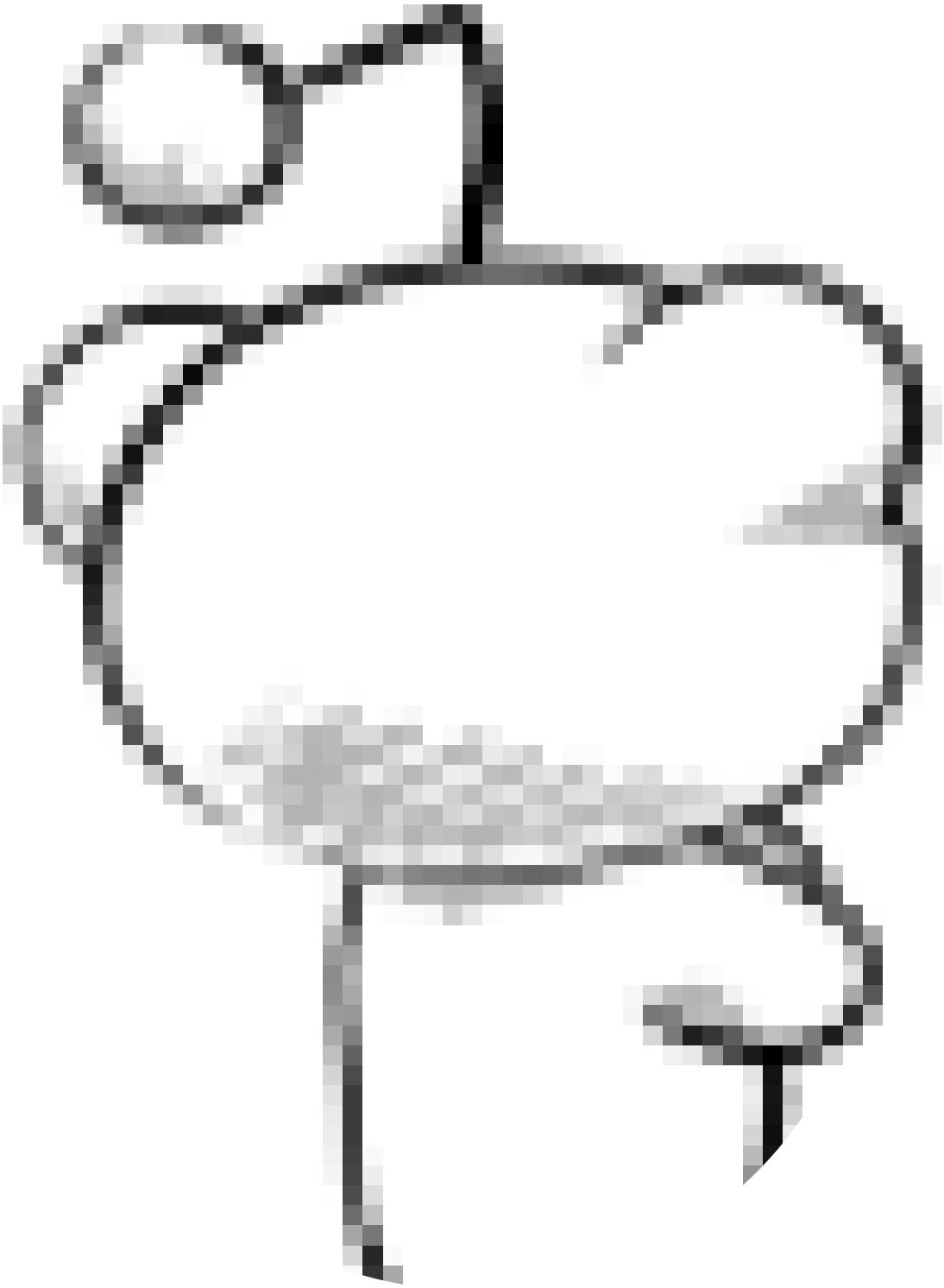

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â€¢ 15y ago

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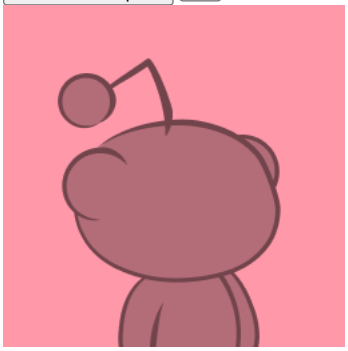

TheWatchBird
â€¢ 15y ago

It's funny how little girls are always so scary

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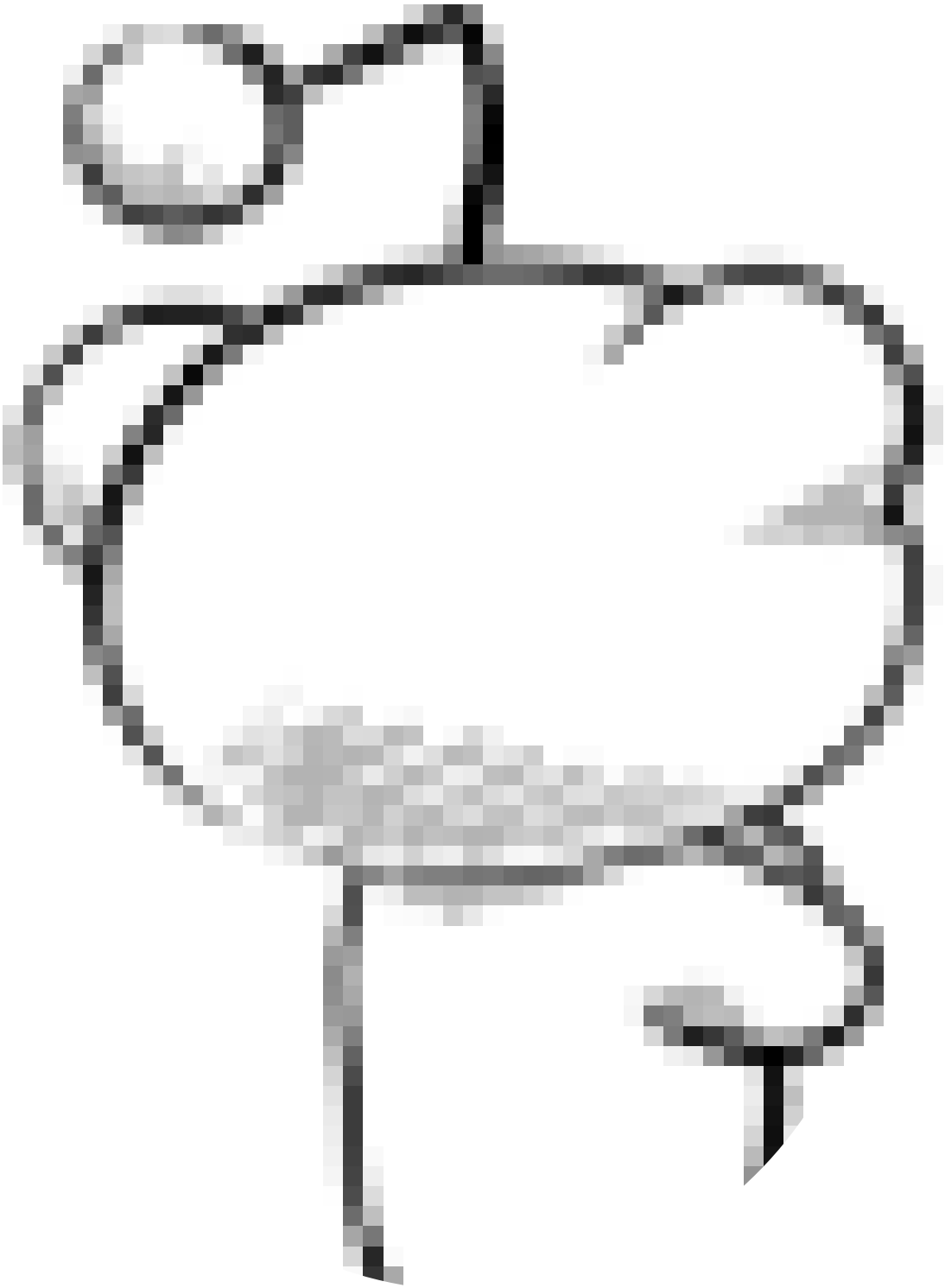

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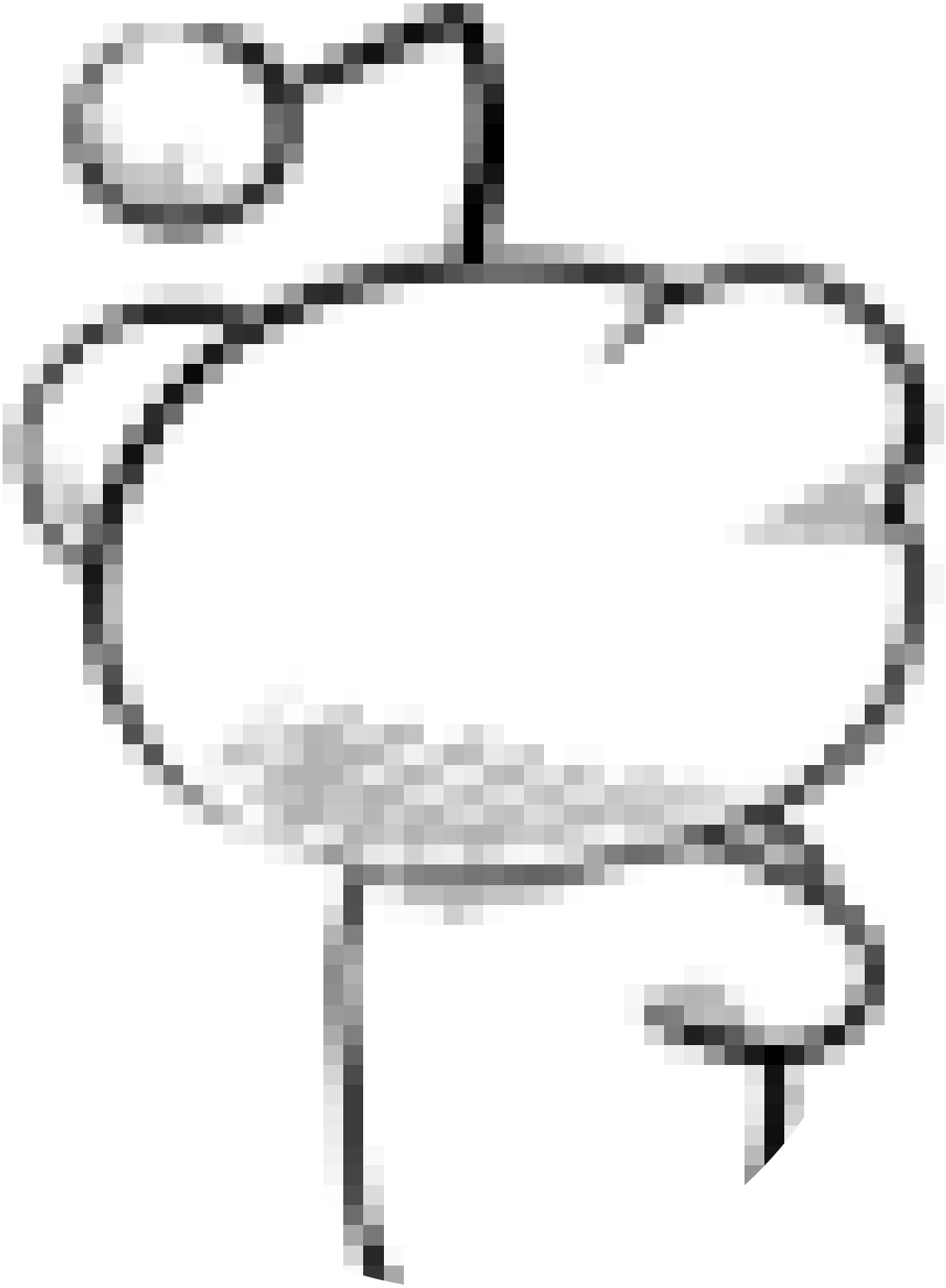
â€¢ 15y ago

Do you still have the picture?



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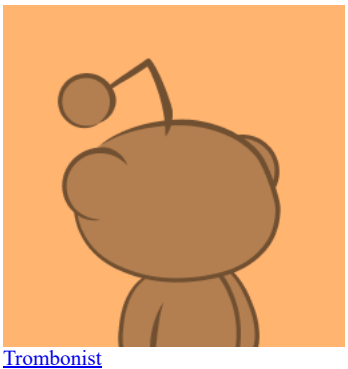

Trombonist
â€¢ 15y ago

POIDH

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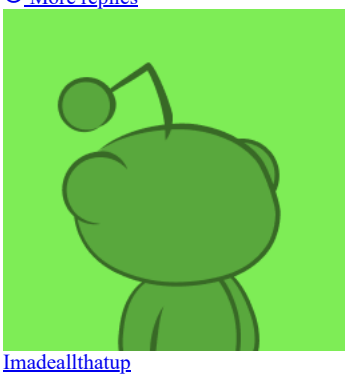

Imadeallthatup
â€¢ 15y ago

When I was a kid I went to a party to a friend house, it was a really big house and they just moved in. We were playing hide and seek. When it was my turn to find the other kids, I decided to go to the attic because it's usually a good place to hide, I found a girl there but she wasn't playing with us, I was a little disappointed. She told me her name was Christine and she asked me if I wanted to play with her and her dolls, before I could answer my mom's friend called us for dinner. At the table I realized Christine wasn't here, I asked about her but nobody seemed to know her. Long story short it turns out the name of the previous owner daughter was Christine and she was dead for five years.

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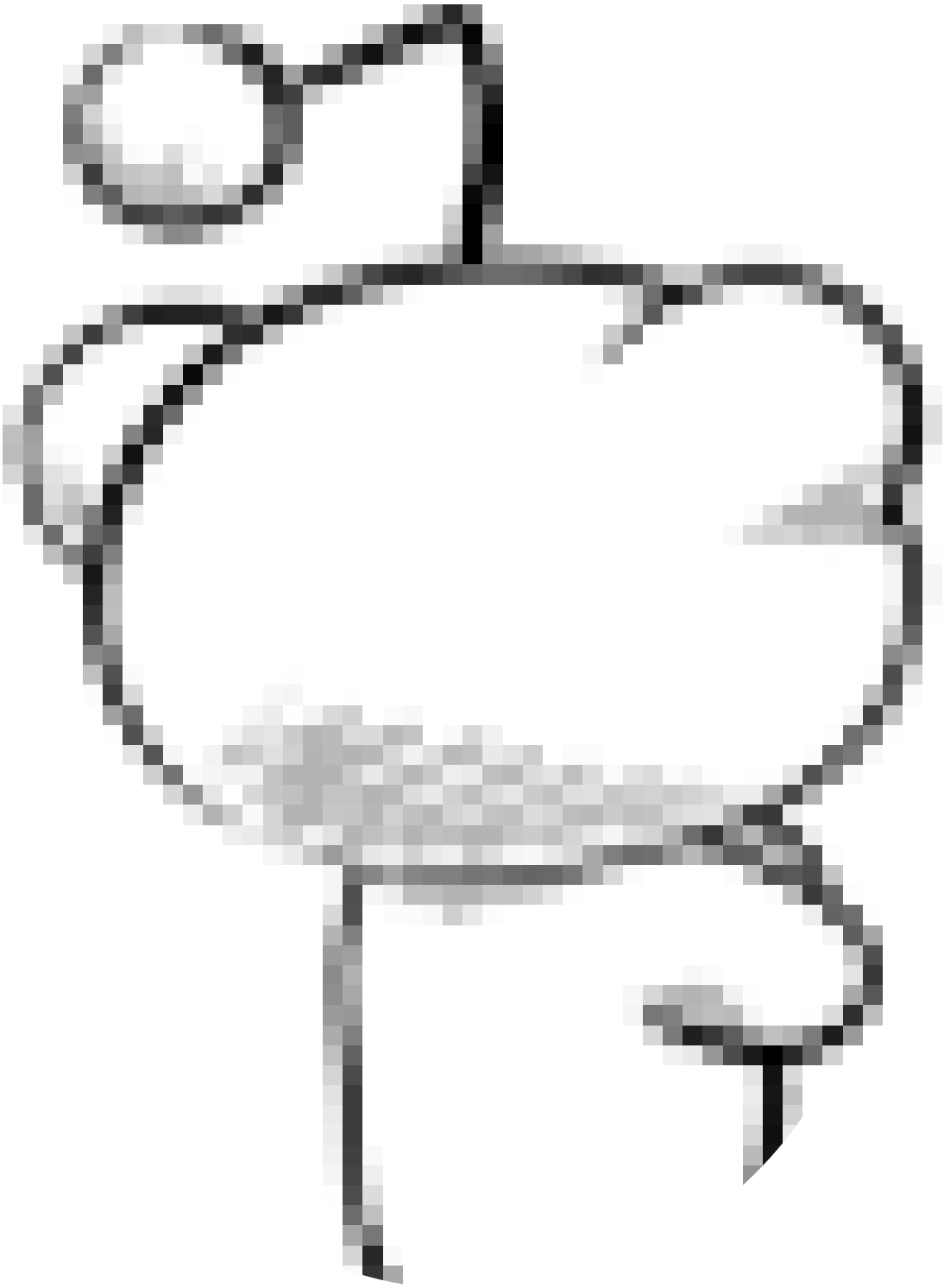

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â€¢ 15y ago

Fuck everything about this thread. I want more.

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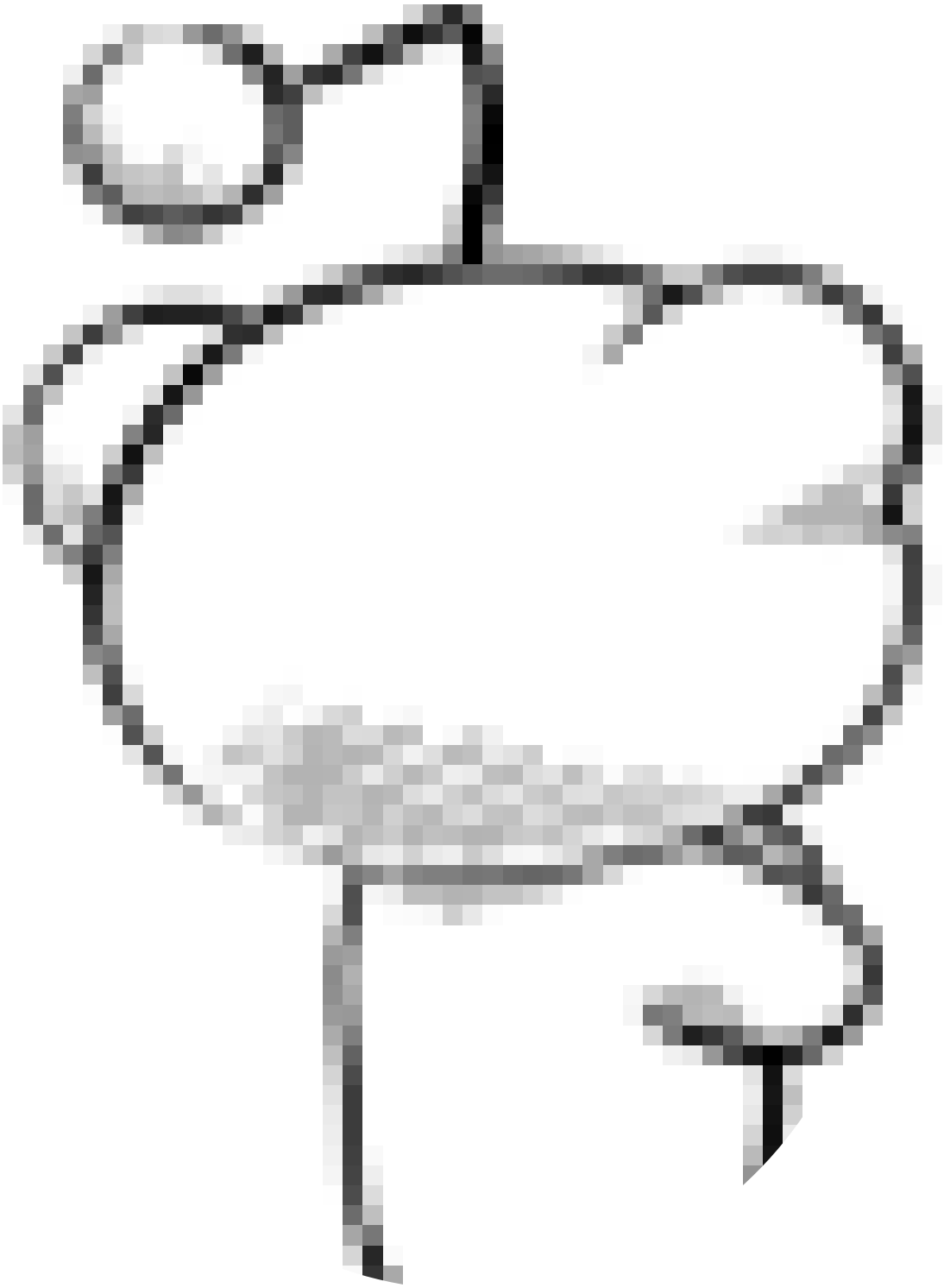

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â€¢ 15y ago

I was 10. I was riding my skateboard West on Venice Blvd in California heading for the beach. A big, faded yellow car pulled up to the curb with it's window down. and asked me if I wanted a ride. I told him "Sure." (It was 1974.) I pushed the button on the door handle and pulled the huge door open and slammed it shut as I sat on the cumfy seat with my skateboard in my lap. The driver asked me how far I was going and I told him "to the beach." He said "I'm only going a few blocks up, but... I'll take you all the way there if you show me your penis. :-0 I said "My Mom is a cop and you'd better let me out now." He slammed the brakes on and let me go. Whew!

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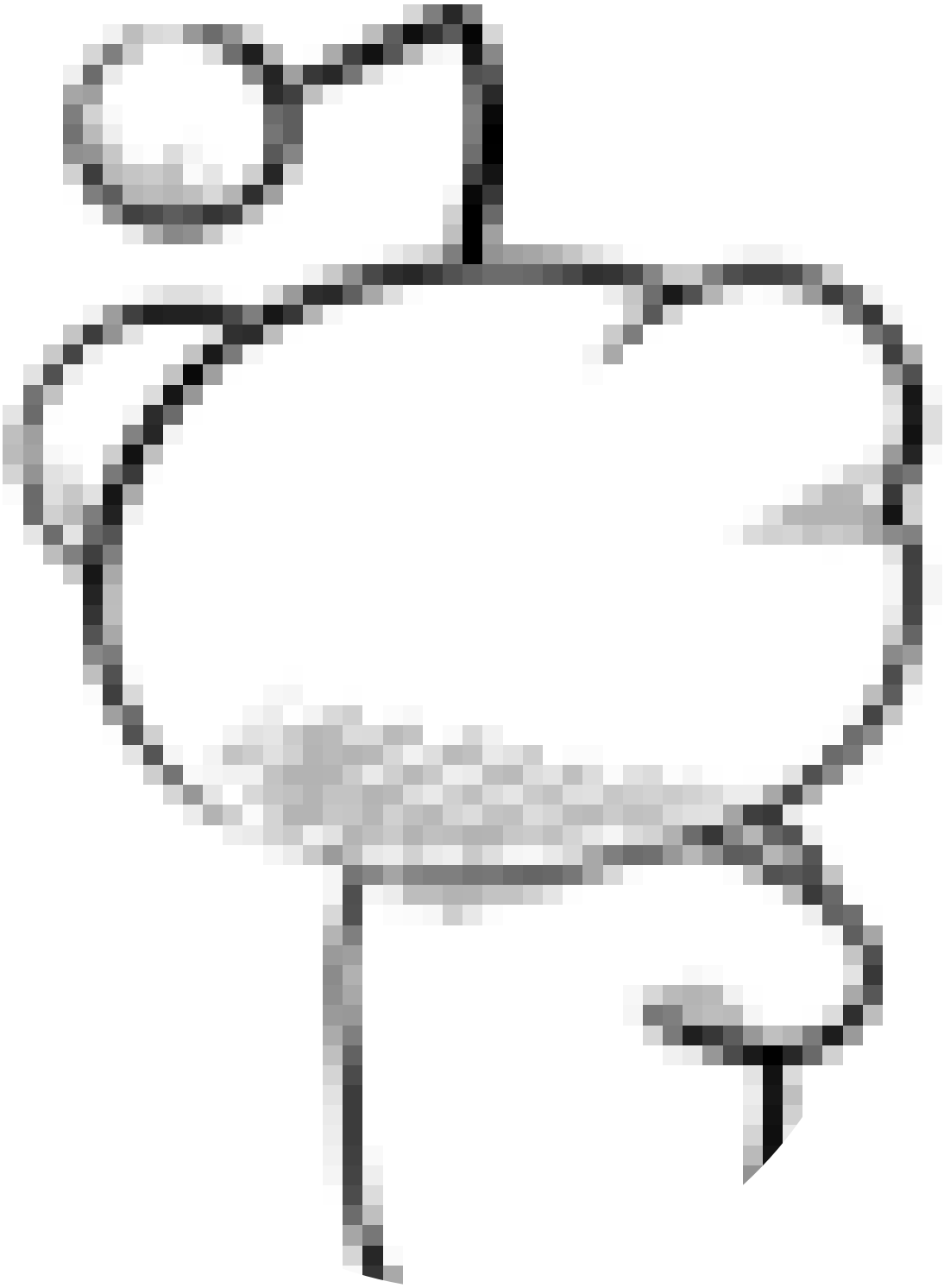

magister0
â€¢ 15y ago

One night, when I was in high school, me and some of my friends were driving around at night in this small town outside the city and we happened upon a church. The sign in front of the church said something like "WORSHIP: SAT 9 AM / SUN 10 AM." Obviously, we got out of the car and changed it to "WORSHIP SATAN." We got back in my car, I looked back, and there was a guy running towards us carrying a big white bag. He ran up and starting hitting my car with the bag. I sped out of there. I have no idea what was in that bag.

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2 more replies
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TattooedLady
â€¢ 15y ago

It's almost 1am (EST), I've been reading these for almost 2 hours now, I am alone in my apartment with every light I have on. I desperately need someone to talk to to dispel this creepy feeling! Am I allowed to give out my IM information on here??

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fuzzybeard
â€¢ 15y ago

My first wife.

Reply Share

Tax_Ninja
â€¢ 15y ago

So did they ever find her body?

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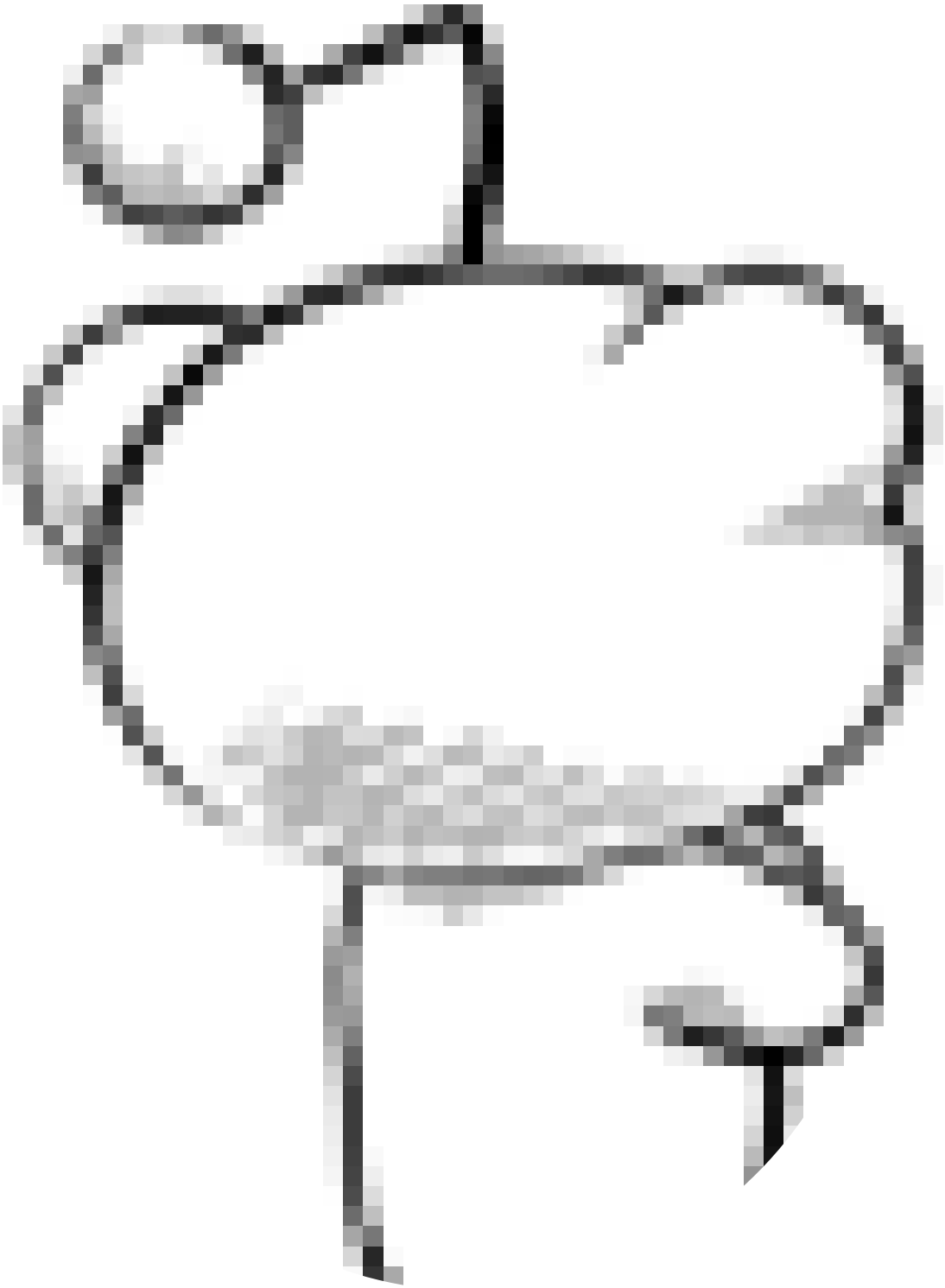

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â€¢ 15y ago

Two creepy stories...one funny creepy (the tension breaker) and the other downright creepy.

The first, if you're old enough to remember Hanna-Barbera, was when I was called to breakfast during Saturday Morning Cartoons. Just as I reached to turn it off (You used to have to walk up to the TV and (gasp!) touch it to turn it off!) Yogi Bear came on and said "Hey, hey! Don't touch that dial!" The timing was perfect. Scared the six-year-old crap out of me for a second.

Second story more odd: I was visiting my mom in Seattle, but she had to work during the day and she lived in the 'burbs so there wasn't much for me to do until she got home. I found a computer game about a guy who has no memory and wakes up in a mental hospital. Psych drugs and doctors play a big role in this game. I play it for about four solid hours and I'm totally into figuring this mystery out. Then I hear my mom's cat playing with something so after about thirty minutes of this I tear myself away from the game to check out what she was doing.

She was batting around an unsheathed hypodermic needle.

The only reason I didn't piss myself was that my mom would never have forgiven the rug stain.

When she got home and I told her about it, she said it was the second time the cat had come up with an empty hypodermic but no idea where she was getting them from. My mom isn't diabetic.

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MagicSPA
â€¢ 15y ago

I broke up with a chick. She'd fallen for me pretty hard, but things just weren't working out. She was always calling and asking to stay over multiple nights in a row, buying stuff at the drop of a hat even when I told her not to, and things like that.

She got on with some of my friends, though, and I thought it would be best if we still hung out now and then as part of the disengagement. One Christmas we both went to a pal's place for Christmas lunch, and the chick was going to stay at my place that night, sleeping on the guest couch.

The meal itself went great, but shortly after we left her mood changed very quickly. She was quiet on the way to my place, not far to walk on foot, and when we got in the house she said she needed to go back out to find her purse, which she said she'd dropped. That was strange, as she'd given my flat-mate a Â£20 note in exchange for all his change earlier, so if she HAD dropped it we'd have surely all noticed.

Anyway, I go out to join her after a few minutes and she seems to have found her purse, but she's still all sullen and quiet. We go back into the house and she sits on the couch, staring into space and shrugging when I ask her what's wrong. I give it ten minutes and go upstairs to hit the hay.

An hour later, she texts me to say we should talk. So, blinking sleep out of my eyes I go downstairs - but she's not talking, just quiet, and withdrawn. Baffled, I give it a few more minutes, but she's still got this sad, stonewalling thing going on.

I go back upstairs, and pull a heavy table across my door, as I got the intuition that she would try to get into my room later.

Sure enough, she did. After I'd dozed off, I was awoken by the sound of my bedroom door banging against the table, a brief pause, and then quiet footsteps moving away. I called out "<name>, what's wrong?!" but her eerie footsteps recede, with no answer, back downstairs again.

My heart is pounding. I feel like I've just dodged a bullet.

I go downstairs and ask what her business was. I'm angry now, and shaken. For as long as she thought I was unconscious, she was cool trying to get to me in my room. But the moment I was awake and able to talk, she started walking away. That troubled me for a long time.

She didn't offer any explanation for why she wanted to come into my room, and said she kept walking away after I'd called because "by then it was obvious that I'd wanted to keep her out", which wasn't really an explanation.

I go back upstairs, shaking, and call the train company. The first train for her to catch home was 90 minutes later, and I went downstairs again to tell her that I wanted her to be on it. She left, and only then could i actually fall asleep.

I honestly do not know or would like to think what she was going to do after approaching me while I was asleep, but it was one prolonged, spooky night, hot on the heels of a great shindig at my pal's place, with no warning whatsoever about how her mood was going to change or how things were going to play out.

TL;DR Psycho ex goes into a strange mood and walks quietly away after failing to get into my bedroom when she thought I was asleep.

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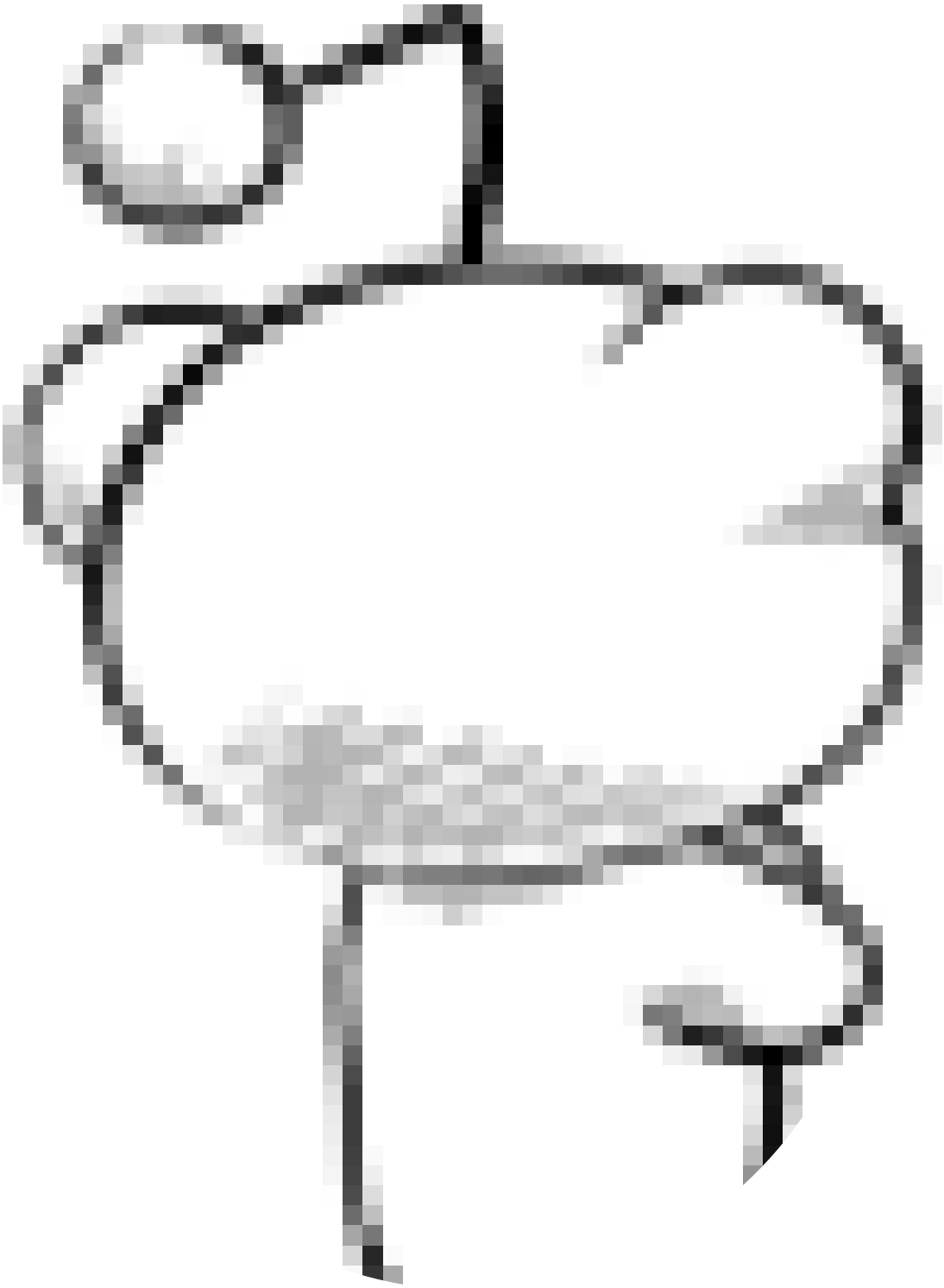

JesterMereel
â€¢ 15y ago

Did you ever talk to her again afterwards? Did you ever find out anything at all?

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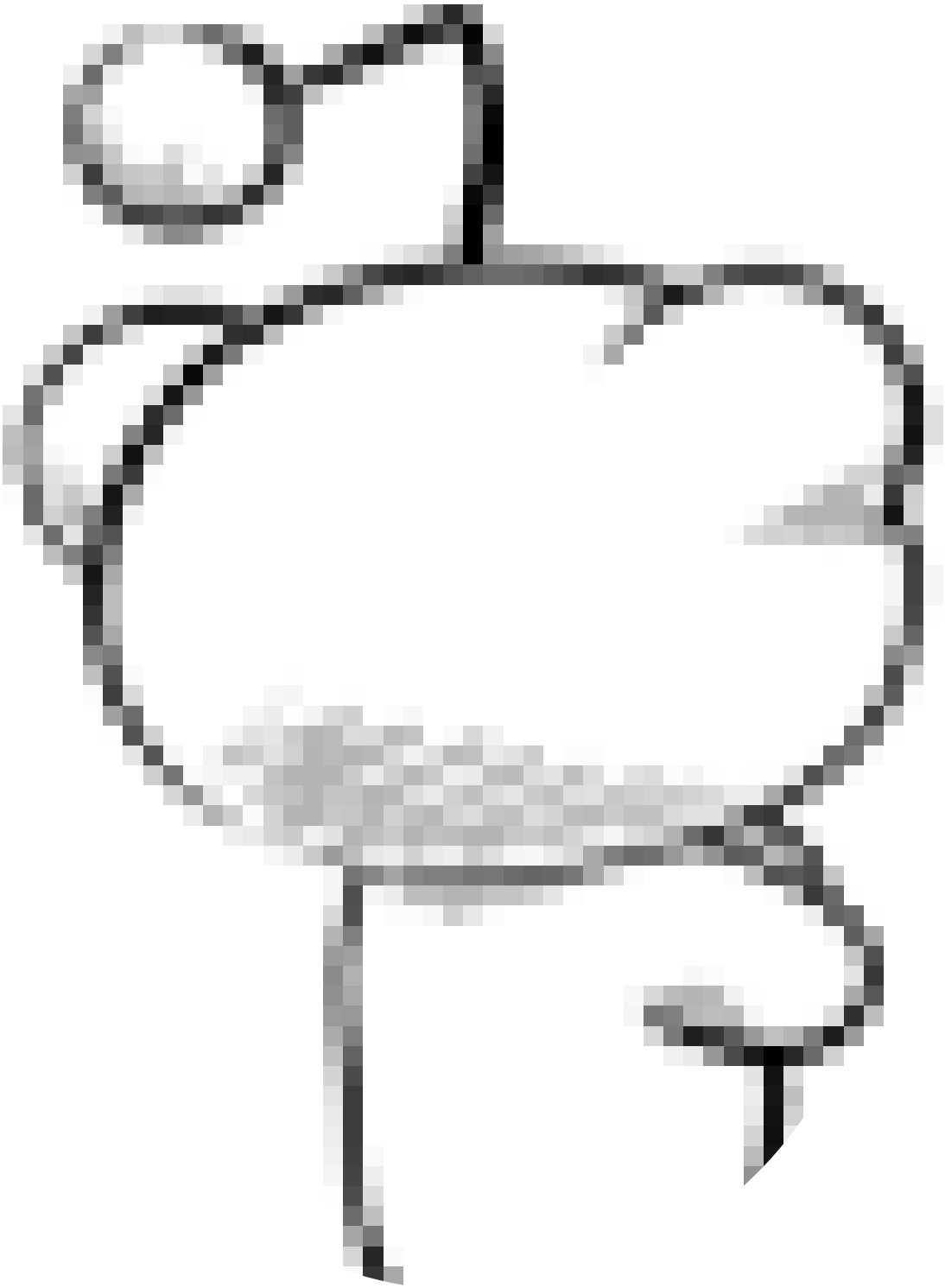

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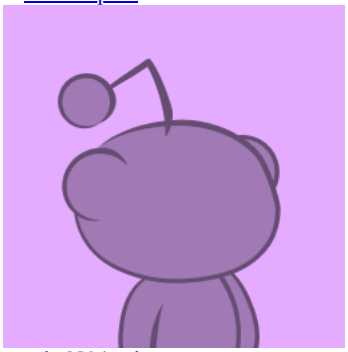

wendysNO1wcheese
â€¢ 15y ago â€¢ Edited 15y ago

I'm pretty sure I experienced what it would be like to get shot, point blank, in the head. This only happened to me one time. Right when I was about to fall asleep, I heard an extremely loud blast through my one ear. I felt a huge jolt through my body also. Very disturbing.

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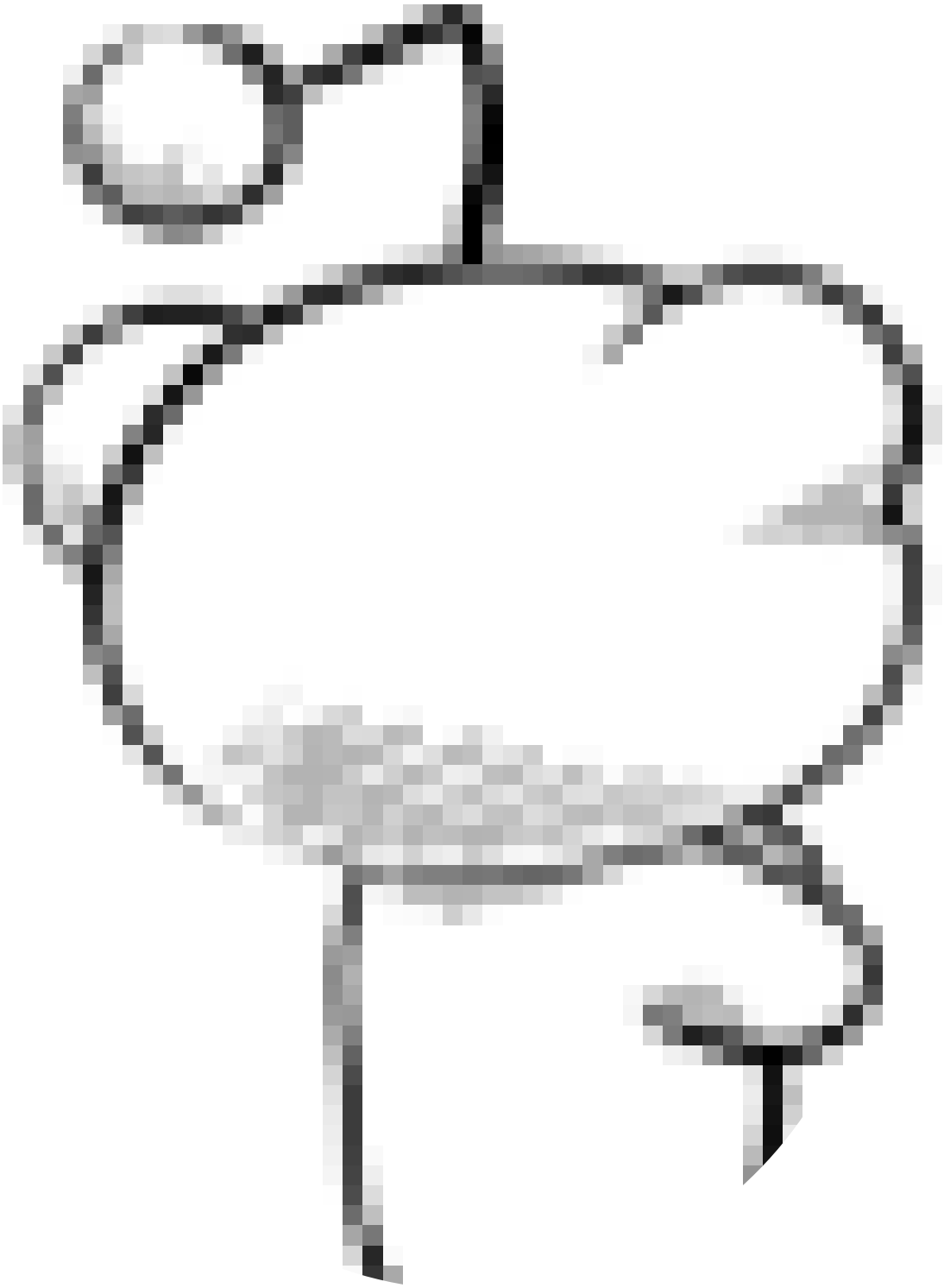

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â€¢ 15y ago

Exploding Head Syndrome.

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kitchlol
â€¢ 15y ago

Got REALLY high and walked down a country lane in the dark, and cows and shit were making noises, wind moving trees ect... This was just after I'd watched the entire Marble Hornets first collection...

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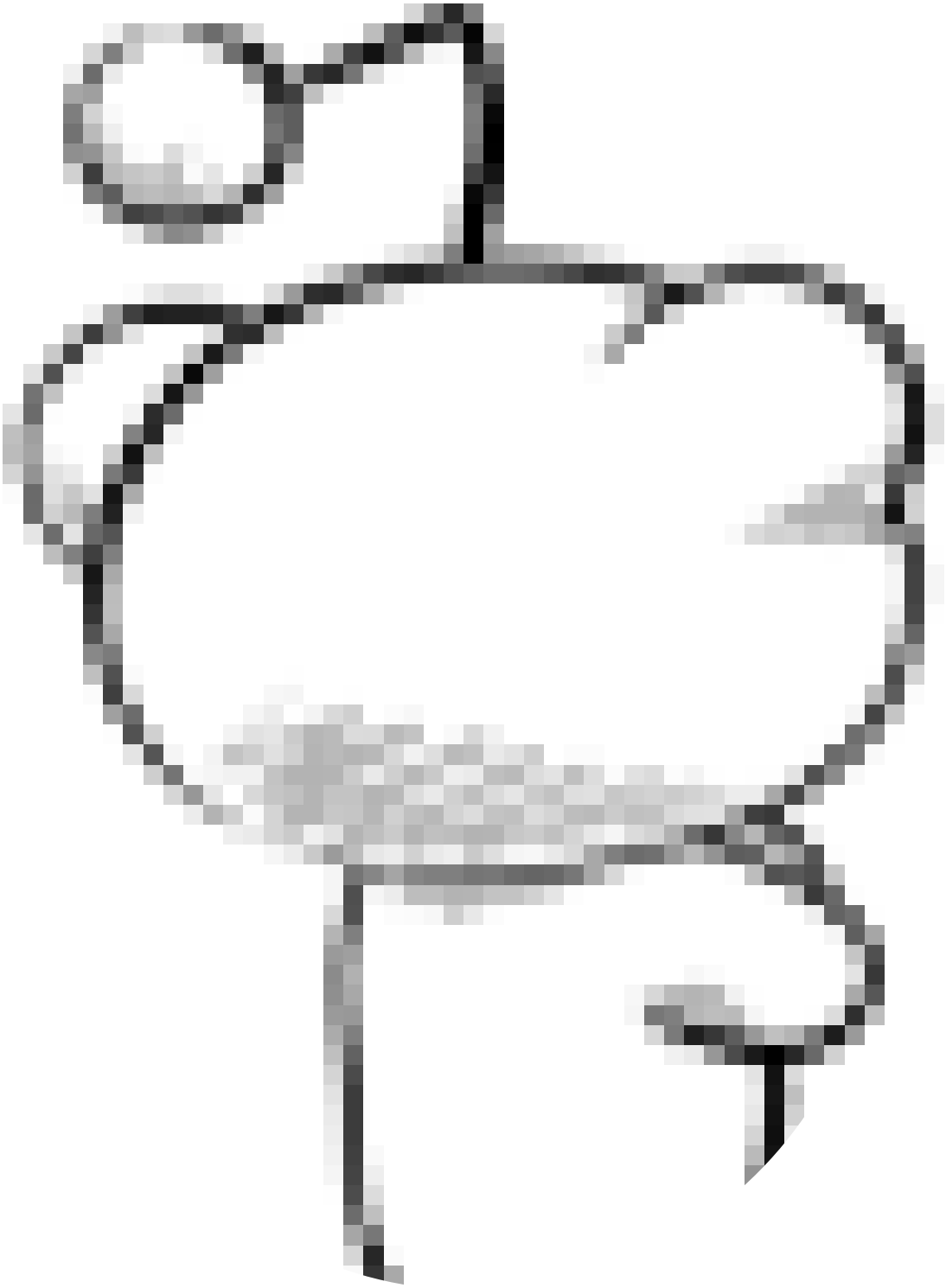
sonofslackerboy
â€¢ 15y ago

Michael Jackson coming out of a ride at dizzknee land with a little kid around 9 pm one night. This was before he was accused of abusing little boys.



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â€¢ 15y ago

At my grandparent's house in a very rural area. I was maybe 10 years old at the time. Since we were in the country, the dogs were allowed to roam around the yard unsecured. One of them takes off across a field and up into the woods after a rabbit or something (who knows). All of the adults leave to go look for the dog and I am left alone at the house in case the dog comes back on its own. So I am standing there on the dirt road near the edge of the field just waiting. At the entrance to this dead end dirt road (maybe 200 yards away) there is the only other road in the area, a paved two-lane county road. As I am standing there, a man on a motorcycle drives past on the county road. A few moments later he is coming back in the opposite direction and stops at the entrance to the dirt road and just watches me while sitting there on his motorcycle. After a few seconds I am starting to get freaked out and turn to run towards the house. When I do this, he turns around quickly taking off in his original direction.

I sometimes wonder what could have happened or what he was doing watching me like that.

1 more reply
1 more reply

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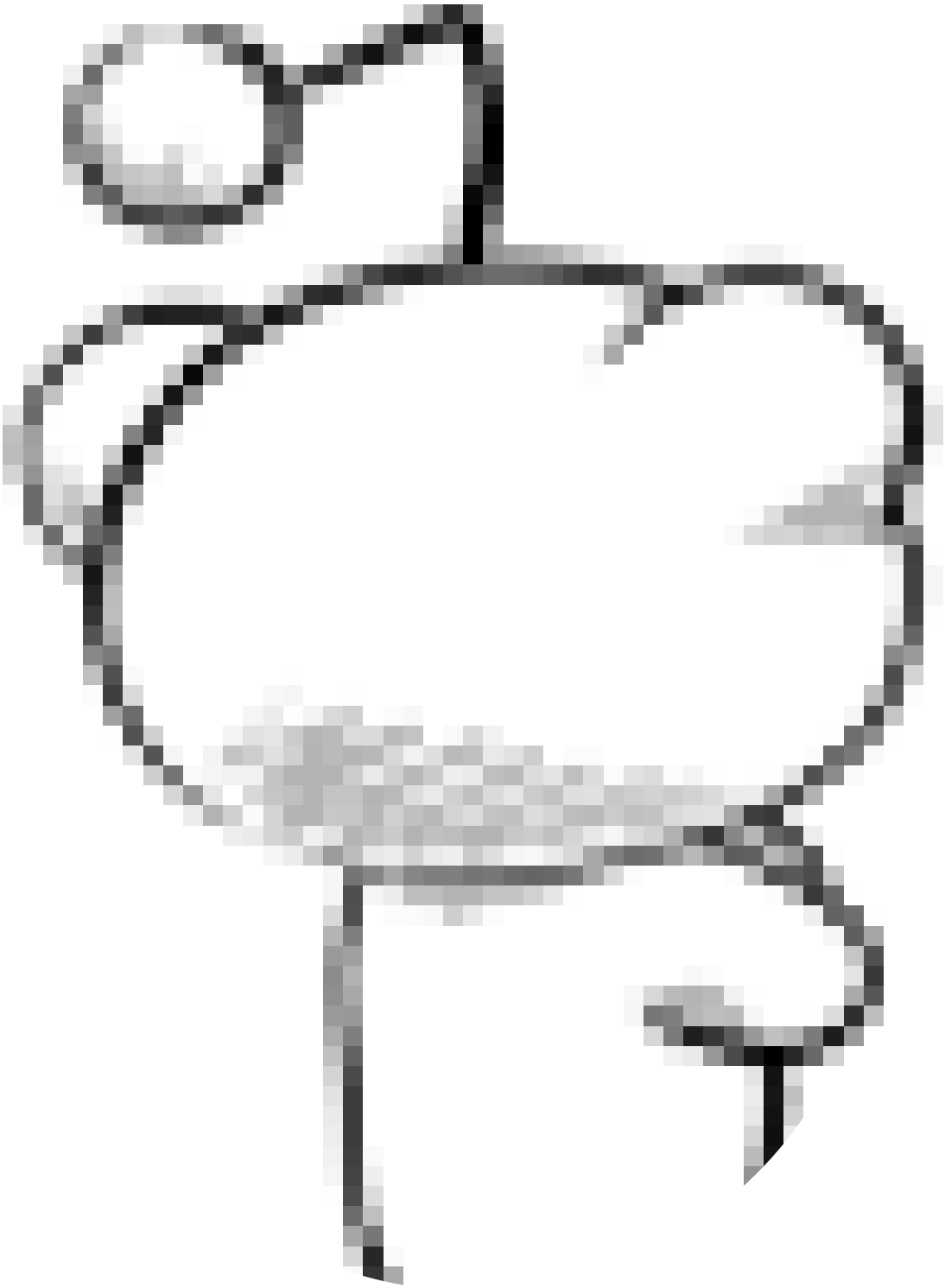

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â€¢ 15y ago

I was about 16, and just started the nicotine patch. For many, this creates many fucked up dreams, myself included.

I awoke to see a man standing at the end of my bed, pointing a gun at me. My heart starting pounding, I pretended to sleep, and then fight or flight kicked in.

I awoke with my fist in the wall.

Reply Share

kleric42
â€¢ 15y ago

I used to have nightmares as a kid about a mysterious black mass coming in my bedroom window and then blocking the hallway and my attempts to run towards my parents bedroom.

Time goes by, I'm 11 or 12 or so and am staying home on a Friday night by myself for one of the first times (family usually went Friday night fish supper with grandparents). We had just got gotten a dog recently and at some point in the night just after dark, the dog starts barking like mad in my bedroom... then down the hallway, then barking towards my parents bedroom. Just won't stop, at all.

I left the house and sat under the corner street light until my family got home.

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Ghostraider
â€¢ 15y ago

Sitting on the couch watching tv when I heard scream outside which sounded like my dead Great Aunt I checked out the window saw nothing.

That same night my sister had a dream where she was back in my parents place in her old room she heard knock on her window she looked outside to see my Great Aunt standing on the fence in our back garden staring at her then she jumped off the fence into the river.

chiggins89
â€¢ 15y ago

Woke up one winter's morning in my aunt's house and it seemed colder than usual when I went downstairs, but I just attributed that to it having just snowed heavily the night before and there was a 2-inch carpet of powder over the entire city. Went to the kitchen to get some juice and the door to the garage was slightly ajar. After having a little look inside nothing looked out of the ordinary, cars still there, doors still locked etc. I just guessed my uncle hadn't closed it properly after coming in the night before.

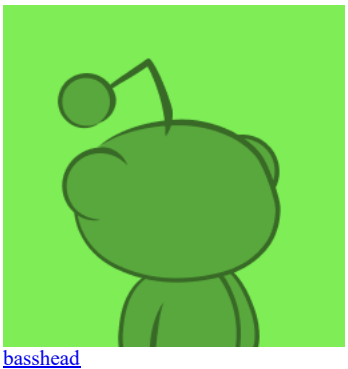
All very mundane and boring right? It was around this time that I noticed a set of footprints leading away from the back door, through the small garden and over a fence into the next. No prints leading up to the door. The gardens of this apartment block are all facing into each other, in a sort of courtyard. There is no way into it, or out of it, other than a house's back door. The back door was still locked.

I have never figured this out.

pestdantic
â€¢ 15y ago

I have a living room window that is a few front across from my neighbor's living room window. I remember staying up late one night and noticing that while their window was dark every couple minutes there was a bright flash of light. It was too bright to be the tv and there was no sound.

I've also seen several cop cars parked around their house on multiple occasions and a detective once came to our house to ask my dad about some neighbors. This has all happened over several years and it has taken me awhile to make a connection between the flashes and the police activitiy. I still don't know what it could mean or if it is anything at all.



basshead
â€¢ 15y ago

I was once followed in a Sam Goody store (yeah, when THOSE were still around) by an old man. I moved into the rap section and he followed me, caressing himself the entire time. I left as fast as I could.

2 more replies

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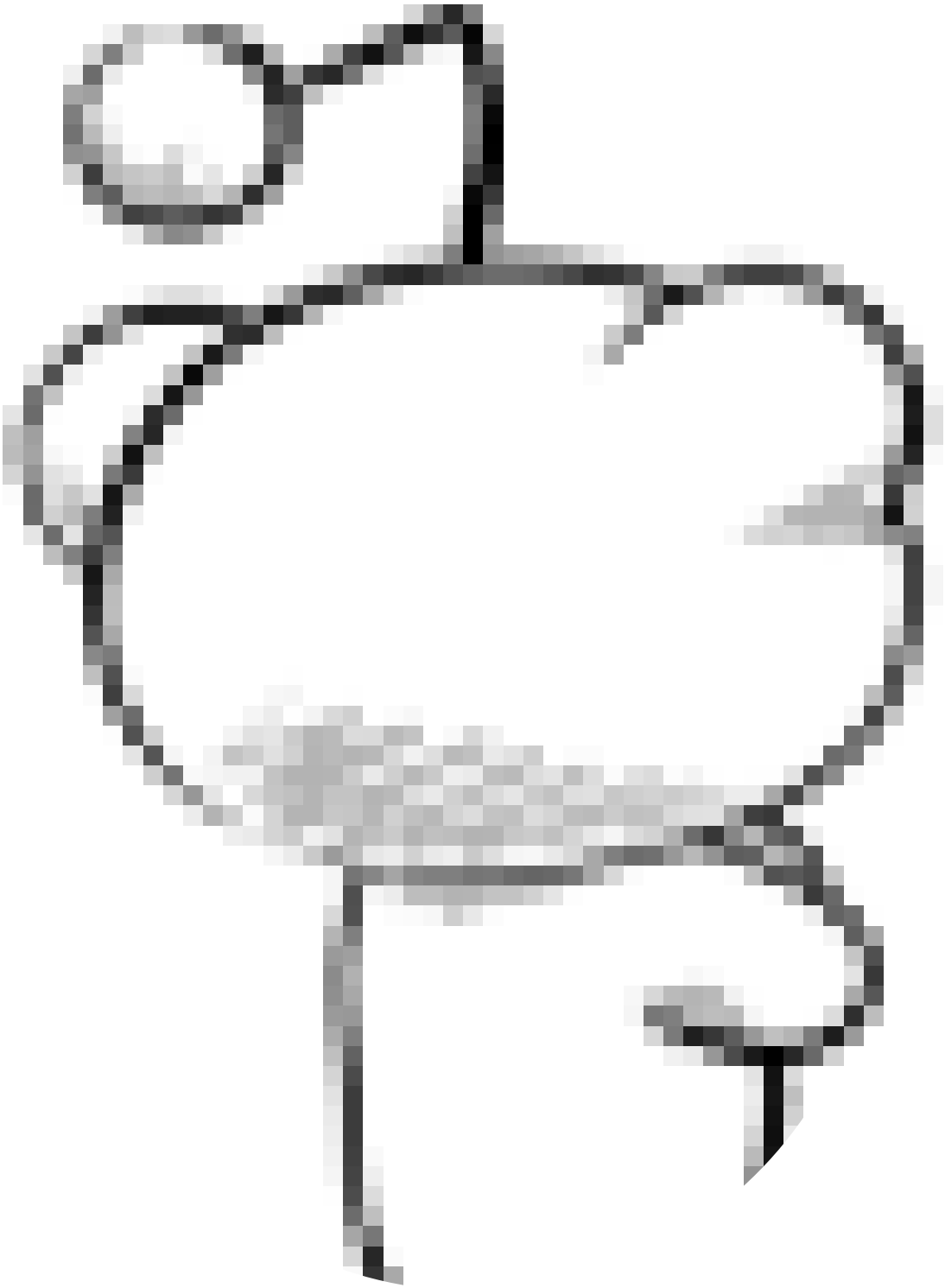

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â€¢ 15y ago

This is creepy and terrible and sad. Just before Christmas I was driving home and got stuck in a bit of a traffic jam. I made my way up to where traffic was bottle-necked and I saw that someone had hit a deer. The car was off to the side of the road, and a cop was directing traffic around the deer, which was still alive - barely - and attempting to drag its broken body to the woods. Its eyes were wide and terrified, and its tongue was writhing in its mouth as deep puffs of its hot breath hung in the cold winter air around it. The cop wouldn't kill it. It was terrible. I'll never forget the look in its eyes. I teared up and drove around. I was listening to this song at the time and when I saw the deer dying it had gotten to the part with the sample from "Network." It made it all the worse.

2 more replies
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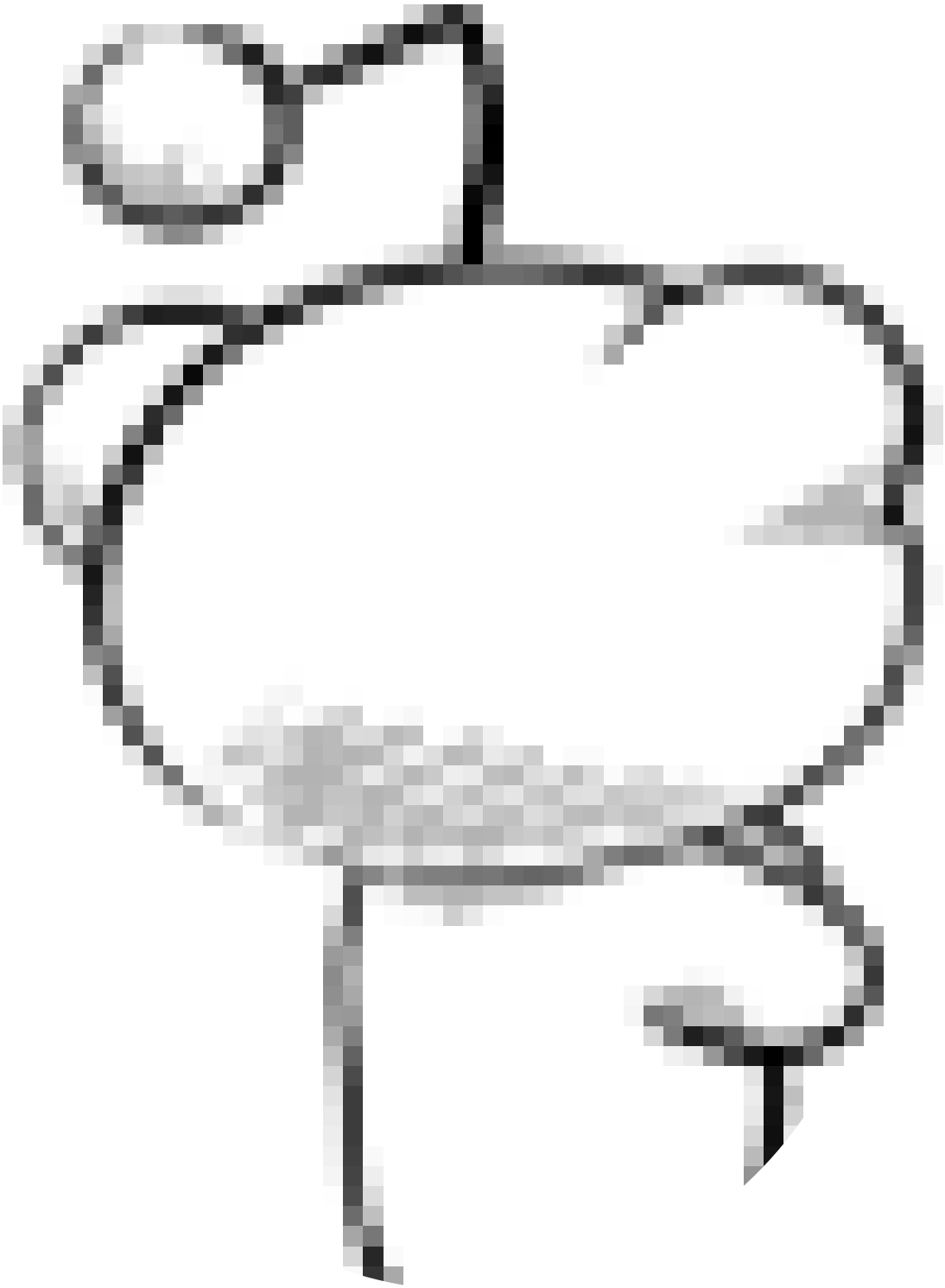

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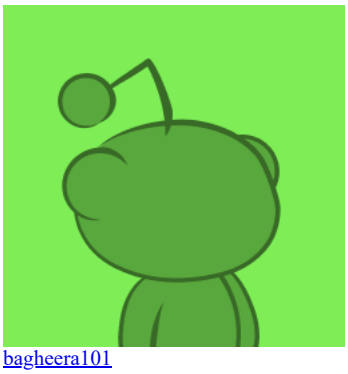
â€¢ 15y ago

I was visiting family in Sioux City, Iowa when i was maybe ten or so. I stayed over at a cousins house and at the time he was living in an old house near the river but had quite a large wooded area on two sides of it. Late one night we had to go find his cat that didnt return and as we went around the side of his home we saw a large black mass climbing up the side of a tree. Not to far off. All i know is we got the fuck out of their and hid for the remainder of the night. Werewolf and shit? No thanks. The cat never told me if he had saw anything suspicious when he returned the next day. Maybe it was a werecat? Ill never know.



bagheera101
â€¢ 15y ago

Ugh, I have a ridiculous number of creepy stories. I seem to attract them all around me. ._. I'll post one at a time since I don't think they're connected.

When I was about six, my parents told me that they'd seen a ghost. Both of them had been sitting in the living room talking when they saw a little girl peeking around at them from the other side of the fireplace. I vaguely remember the details that she was in a dress, and looked a lot like me. After a few seconds, she disappeared. They checked on me and it definitely wasn't me sleepwalking or anything of the sort. I always felt something odd related to this, like it was linked to me, but I had no hard evidence, of course.

Years later, I was talking with my mother, who told me she didn't believe in ghosts. I brought up this incident and she went quiet for a minute before just shrugging. She told me there are some things that she just can't explain. She and my dad are both firmly logical, both skeptics and atheists about anything "supernatural", and both can't deny seeing the ghost. I also was told by someone else who knew some really personal, creepy things about me that the ghost was linked to me, possibly from a past life, and it felt like the completely logical explanation. I still feel that's exactly what it is.

As a product of my parents' upbringing, I'm somewhat skeptical, but I believe ghosts exist based on my parents seeing one more than even *me* seeing one, since I'm less skeptical, haha.

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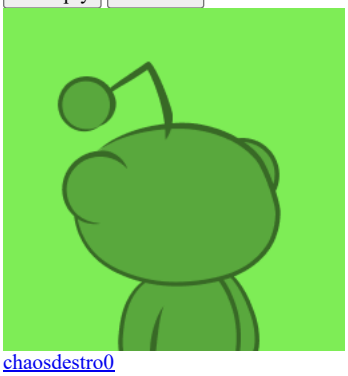

chaosdestro0
â€¢ 15y ago

It was a few years back and I just got back from holiday and were on the way back home from the airport

We were driving through a dodgy area of Bristol at about ~2 am and we stopped at a red light, the taxi driver then locked the doors because there was this guy in a full coat with tophat and it looked like he was holding something. He was walking around and crossed in front of the road, it was so flipping terrifying.

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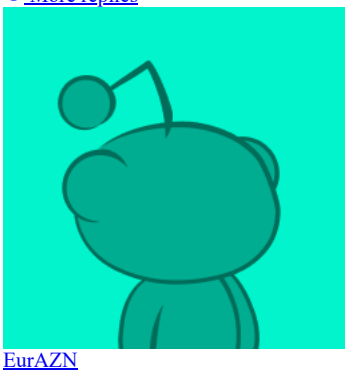


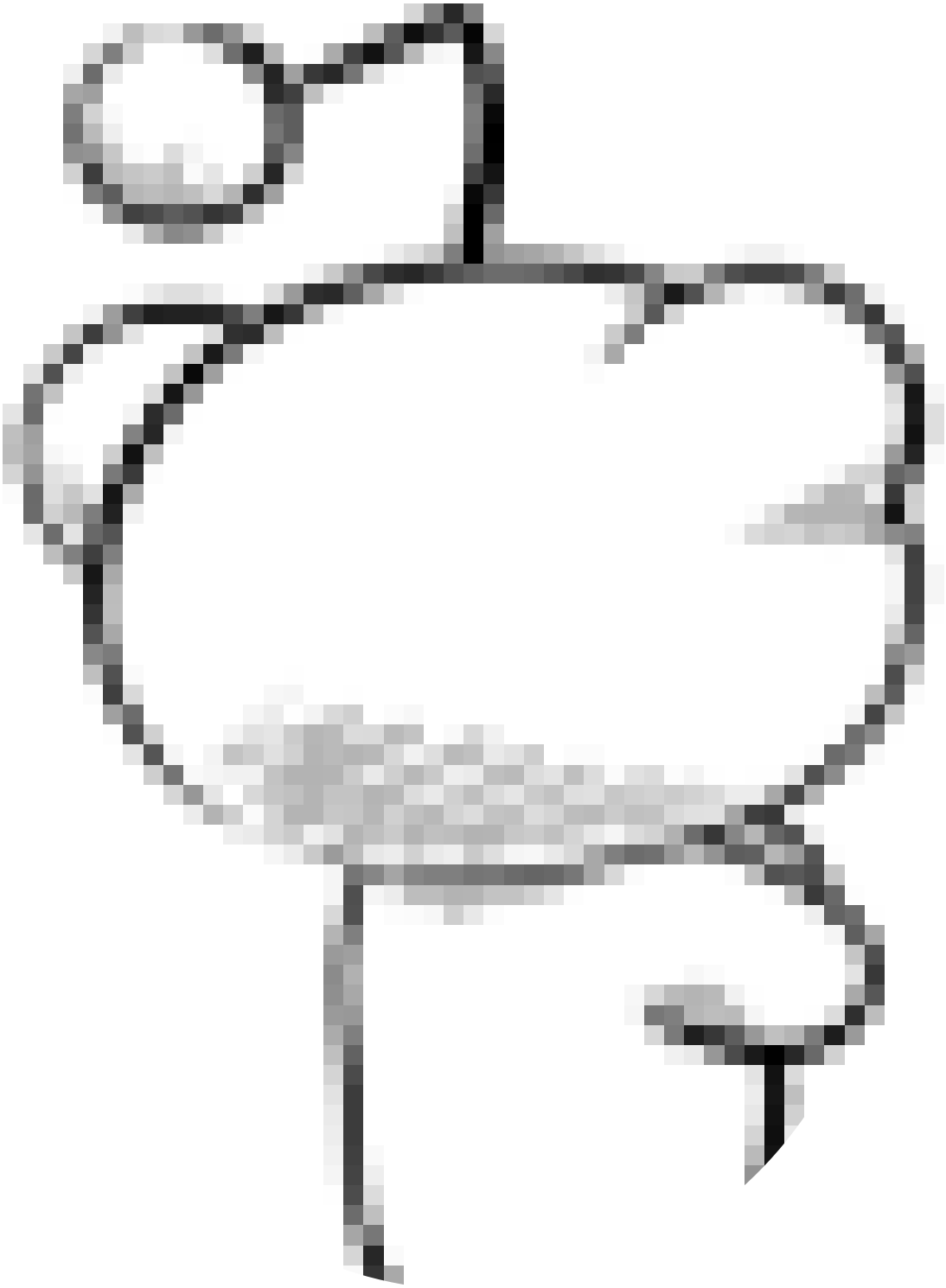
EurAZN
â€¢ 15y ago

My friends and I once tried to go out on a Sunday night, but this being the Netherlands there is nothing open then usually. It was also a day of the dead mourning kind of thing (there are no zombies in this story though, sorry). We found a little snackbar where we sat down for some fries and a few drinks, and we asked the guy: is there really nothing open? And he suggested this one place across the inner city (10 min walk). All the time he kept calling to somebody saying things in turkish or moroccan.

So, we leave there at like 12:30, and go find the place. It's just an alley with a dead end, and the place that was supposed to be open. Now, the loudest of my friends is like: FUCK guys something is up. We started hearing footsteps so we just ran the fuck away and were imagining what might've happened to us if we hadn't been fast enough. Weird thing was, at the end of the alley and walking out of it there was nobody.

GI1911
â€¢ 15y ago

I woke up one night and felt a weight across my chest. I reach up to see what it is, and I discover it is a hand. Immediately the adrenaline starts pumping as I went to bed alone, and there was no reason that there should be anyone in my bed. So I reach over to the left side of the bed where it seems to be coming from and in the process I get a smack in the face by the mystery arm. Confused, I take another second and feel it again and follow the arm all the way to my shoulder. Apparently I slept on it and it went totally dead. Weirdest feeling ever. It took me a little while to get back to sleep too.



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â€¢ 15y ago

This.

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Toast
â€¢ 15y ago

Theres this creepy guy who works at CVS near me, he hands you your change back so you always touch his hand. I go wash my hands the second I get back. He never turns his head up, its always down, he only shifts his eyes up to look at you.

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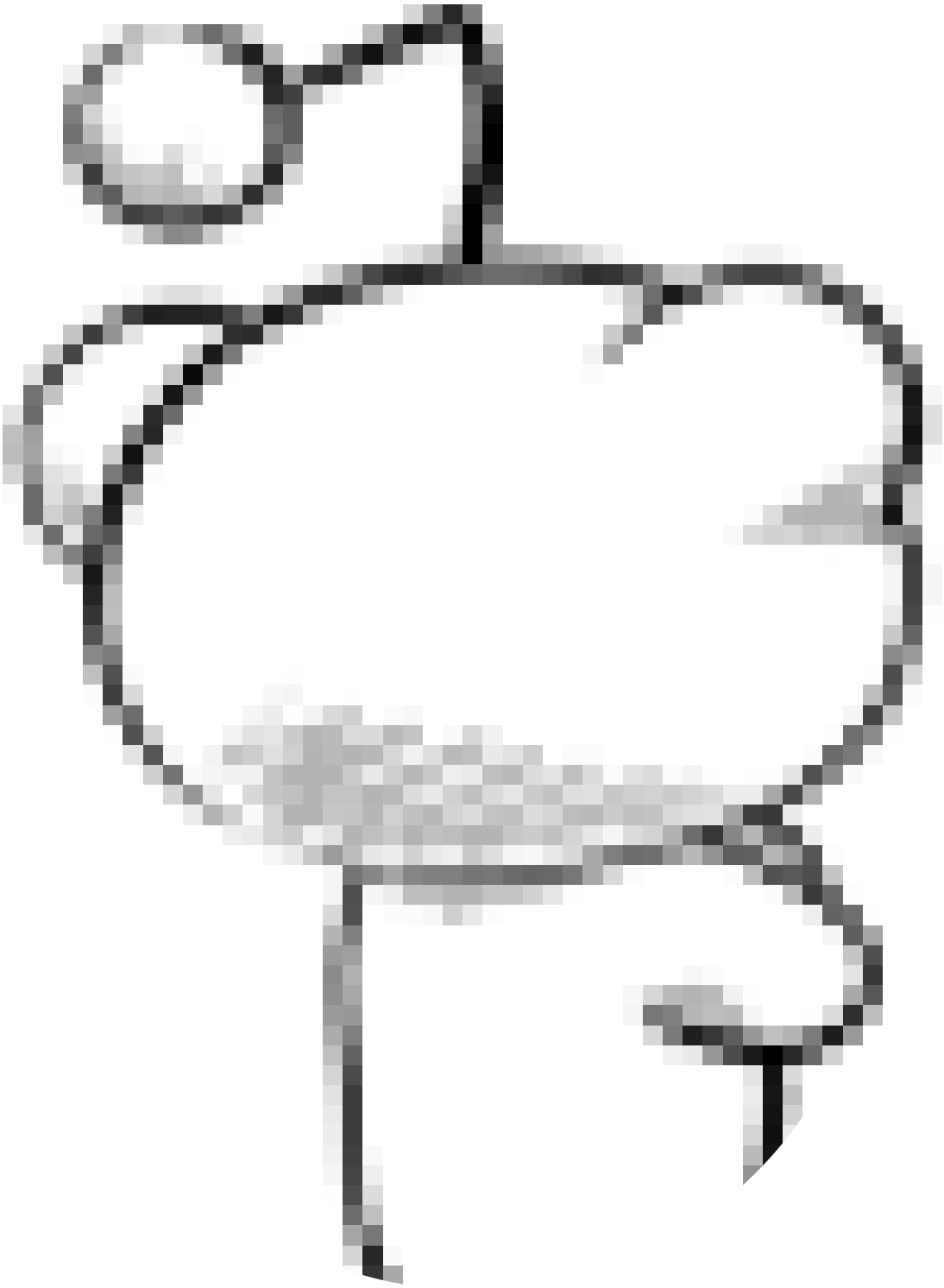

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â€¢ 15y ago

Oh man, this just came back to me like a repressed memory. I was driving back from my girlfriends house about a week after my aunt died. The road was this desolate highway maybe 30 minutes in either direction to the respective towns we lived in. It was 2 in the morning, no other cars were around. About halfway back to my house my radio starts to go static on every channel, the static turns into clicks and whirrs and buzzes, so naturally i turn that shit the fuck off. Around this time the hairs on my neck literally stood up like a dogs when its about to fight, its the only time this has actually happened to me. I felt something else in my car. By this time I'm creeped as all hell but still driving until my head lights, and dash lights start dimming and flickering. I pulled over got the fuck out and had my girlfriend come and get me. Next day, car drives fine, has ever since.

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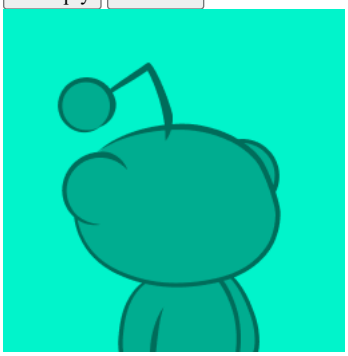
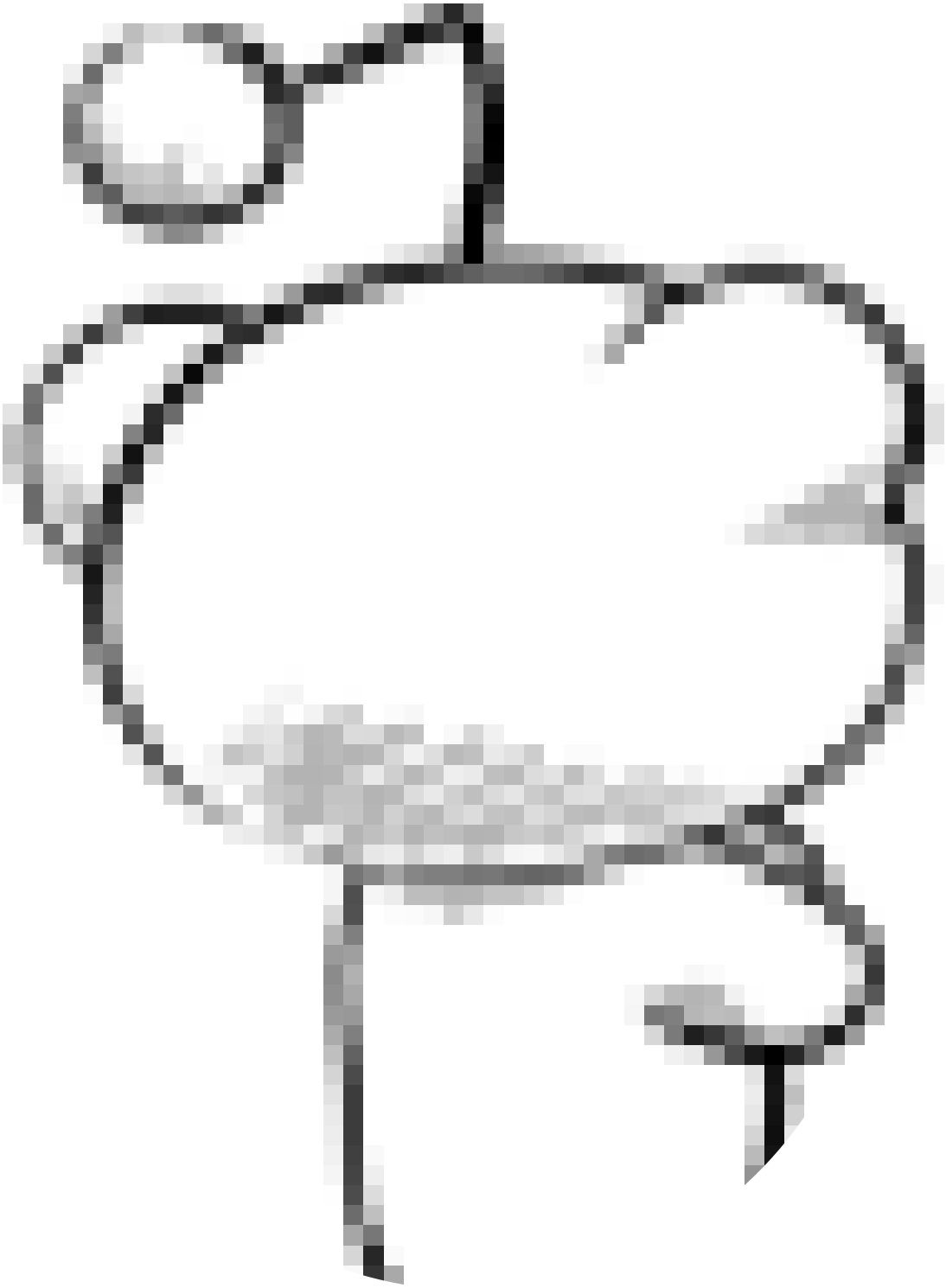


gwac
â€¢ 15y ago

I was high as fuck one day at my cousins house. Just marijuana, nothing else. Like, 2 blunts of good shit high. I went into the other room, where there was a TV on playing some bullshit commercial about soap, or something. I was completely stoned to the point where I was analyzing my every thought. About 15 seconds into staring at the screen, but not actually paying attention to it, very gradually I begin to hear a man screaming. One of those over the top, fell into a pool of lava, blood curdling screams, but it was a man, almost demon-like. Really grizzly and manly. It was subtle, then very loud, then slowly faded. The show on TV literally had no reason to play a piece of audio like that. I stood there for a few seconds pondering where that noise could have come from. The thing is, the noise was sort of centralized. I couldn't actually tell you which direction it came from. It was just.. in the air sort of. Weirdest thing I've ever experienced, seeing as how I don't believe in supernatural things, etc.



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â€¢ 15y ago

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g0rth
â€¢ 15y ago

Not so long ago, I experimented a false awakening for the first time ever. I knew I was dreaming and then I woke up... but I woke up at a totally different place then my house (and I clearly remembered that I went to sleep in my own bed). The whole room was looking surreal, but it still looked true enough to be believable; I was pretty confused. Took me a while to realized it was the guest room of my best buddy (a place where I'm used to wake up).

Physically looking the room wasn't that weird, but there was an extremely creepy/eerie atmosphere that hinted me that something wasn't right. Because of that I almost felt like if I was drunk or something. I tried to reach out my cellphone to check out what hour it was and the moment I looked at it I "awoke a second time", in my room, still confused.

That was pretty intense and it all happened during a nap, not even core sleep.

robotmonkeydoom
â€¢ 15y ago

One night / morning (It was at 3o'clock in the morning) I woke up for no apparent reason, and as I was about to fall back asleep, I heard a hissing noise outside, but as if it were right next to my window, but at the same time, right next to my ear, if that makes sense. At first I thought it was a snake, but I've never heard a snake hiss that loud, nor was it warm enough outside. I then dismissed it as the water sprinklers, but something kept nagging me that couldn't be, because we didn't have a sprinkler right up next to my window. I eventually fell back asleep, and I haven't heard it happen in a while, but it still bugs me as to what it was.

pizzarina
â€¢ 15y ago

Not to get all sixth sense but... at least once a fuckin' week I think I see someone that I know is dead... or who I just haven't seen in a long time.

I do a double take, realize it's just someone who looks similar to them. And continue on with my life. My mom has told me she does this too.

notsocrazy22
â€¢ 15y ago

I was into hallucinogens, entheogens I liked to call them, around the time I started college. I developed a pretty serious Messiah complex that primarily surfaced under the influence. When the complex was most severe, I was tripping and rolling and I was having a conversation with a homeless man at a gas station. I had no money to offer him, but I gave him a cigarette. He thanked me and said "You're Jesus...that's you." I'm fairly certain I gave him no subconscious verbal or non-verbal cues to ever lead him to that conclusion. I just asked how he was, and if he wanted a smoke.

On the same night, I was walking on campus during a big drug influenced party, hence my pharmacological state. A stranger, who was clearly rolling face, approached me unsolicited and said "I know what you're thinking, you're crazy..."

Not so much creepy, but just confusing. I think it's funny how both sides of uncertainty surfaced arbitrarily in my social interactions. I think it bespeaks the strength of the psychic forces that guide the collective unconscious and social dynamics.

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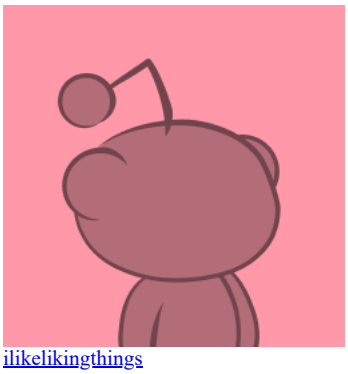
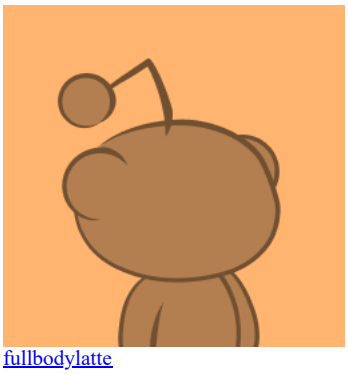


ilikelikingthings
â€¢ 15y ago

Sounding.

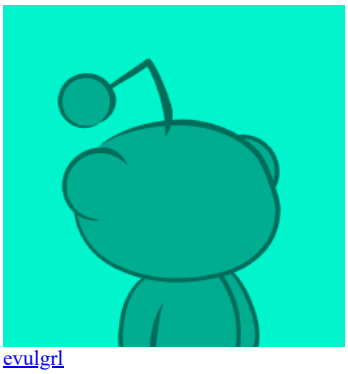


fullbodylatte
â€¢ 15y ago

I once had a dream where my girlfriend and I were in our basement and I was sitting in a chair that she was standing next to. Suddenly, she dropped her body on me and pinned me against a table. Dead weight. IRL if this happened I could easily push her off of me as she is small and would be easy to move. The dream was different.

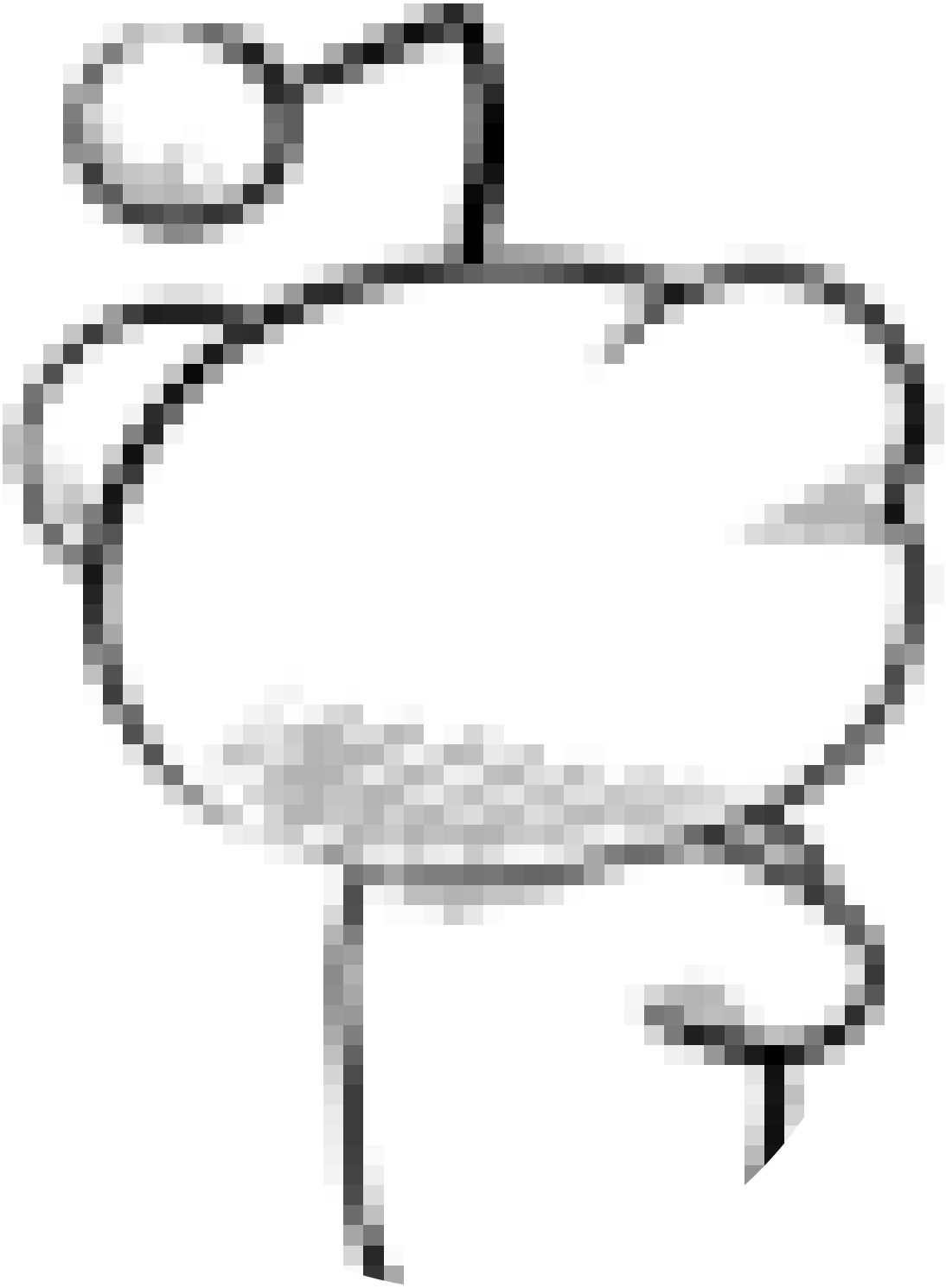
**Here comes the creepy part.**

I woke up from the dream with my girlfriend sitting in bed next to me, staring at me. She started asking me if I was ok and I could hear her, but I couldn't fucking move. I just laid there with my eyes open, staring, and I couldn't move. I couldn't even blink. Weirded me out for a long while :-/



evulgrl
â€¢ 15y ago

I baby sat for a couple that had a haunted house. It was a relative that had died in the old house that was tore down on the site. "Uncle John" used to turn on and off various electrical appliances and lock me out of the bathroom. They had eight electricians in there over the years and could never find the source of all the "electrical problems".



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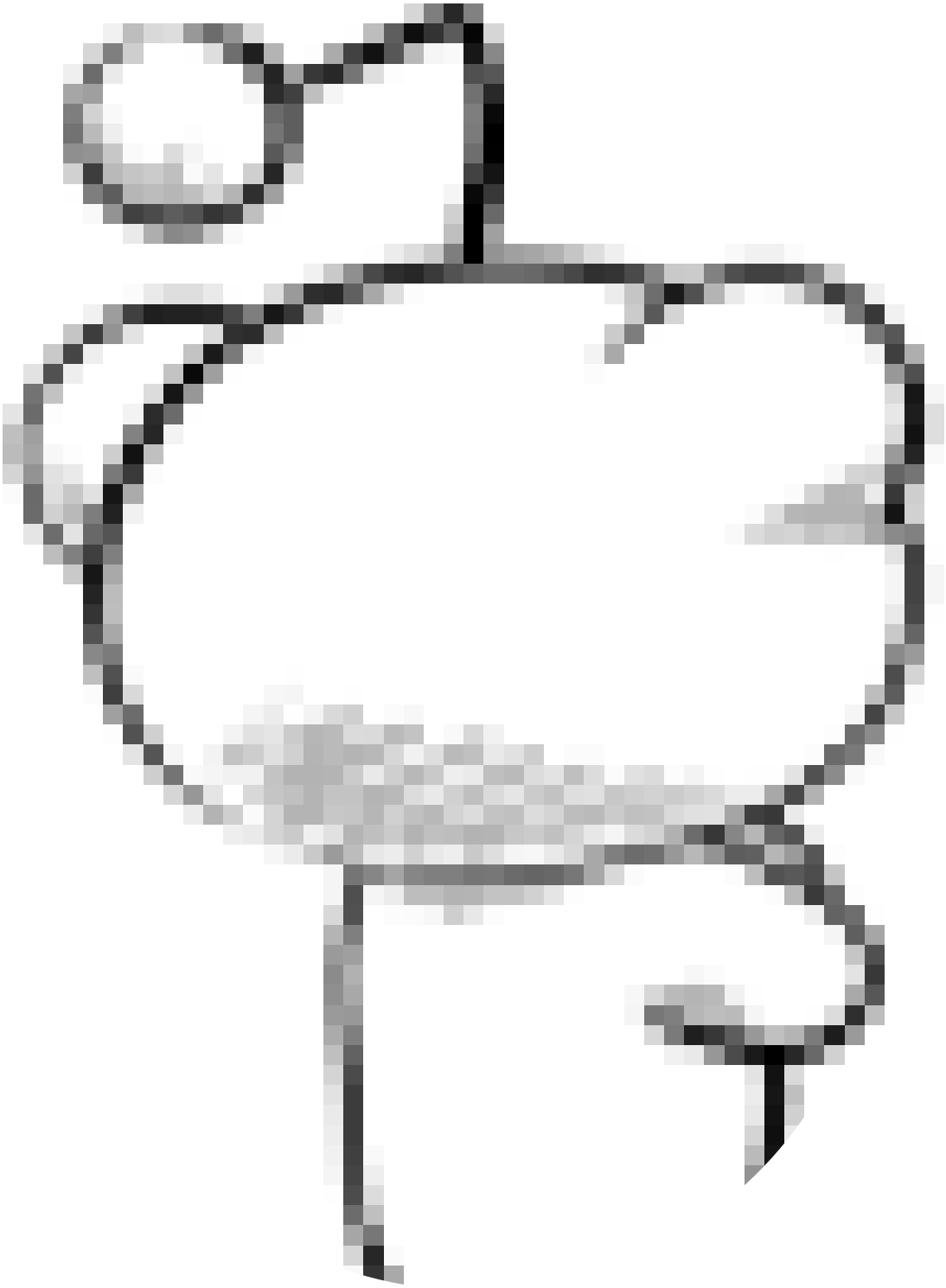
â€¢ 15y ago

sitting on my room, just a little tiny bit high, staring at my clock, and the minute hand goes from top of the hour to straight at :30. first thought was 'huh, clock broke' but then turns out i gained 30 minutes in about 2 seconds. no wonder i feel off for the rest of my life



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â€¢ 15y ago â€¢ Edited 15y ago

Had some psycho dream where a faceless figure pulled back my curtain and stared directly at me. I awoke startled, unable to move or speak for about 10 seconds or so... freakiest shit ever.

Edit - My korean friend mentioned to me that this is some folklore here, where a ghost holds you down, stopping you from moving or speaking.... made the situation all the more worse at the time.

Also around that time, similar to what someone else mentioned below, I woke up to the feeling of someone jumping or sitting rather heavily on my bed. I remember hearing the sound, and feeling the bed jolt; obviously enough to wake me up.

Freaked me out quite a bit at the time, coz I was new to the country where I'm currently living.

Reply Share

aboothe726
â€¢ 15y ago

A much older name for sleep paralysis is old hag syndrome because folklore contended that the real cause for sleep paralysis, with its symptoms like difficulty breathing and a "weight" on the chest, is actually a demonic old hag sitting on your chest. Much more widespread myth than just in Korea.

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fiennesite
â€¢ 15y ago

Woke up in the middle of the night and felt like someone was sitting next to me on my bed. Overwhelming feeling that presence wanted my "place" on the bed. I just said "Oh God" about twenty times and the feeling went away. I think it was that sleep paralysis thing probably, but it was still creepy.

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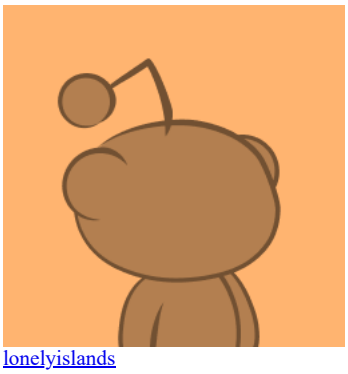

lonelyislands
â€¢ 15y ago

My family has a cabin in a pretty remote town in Montana that we go to every summer. Last August the night I got there a grizzly bear attacked 3 people and killed 1. I woke up that morning and go to the store, where the owner tells me of the attack in which there was a mother bear and three baby bears. I get back to the cabin and turn a corner and about 10 feet in front of me is a small brown bear that resembled a baby grizzly bear. Thinking I was about to get mauled by a mother grizzly bear, I ran back to the cabin and got out our pellet gun and sat there until the bear walked away.

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screentest
â€¢ 15y ago

Just the other day I was driving through Berkley for the first time, and I saw a building I had had a dream about. I couldn't get it out of my mind for the rest of the day.

tysstang
â€¢ 15y ago

After I got my braces off in high school I wore a retainer every night. One morning I woke up for school and it wasn't in my mouth. Confused, I started searching everywhere. I finally found it, totally across my room sitting right next to my tv. I just dunno

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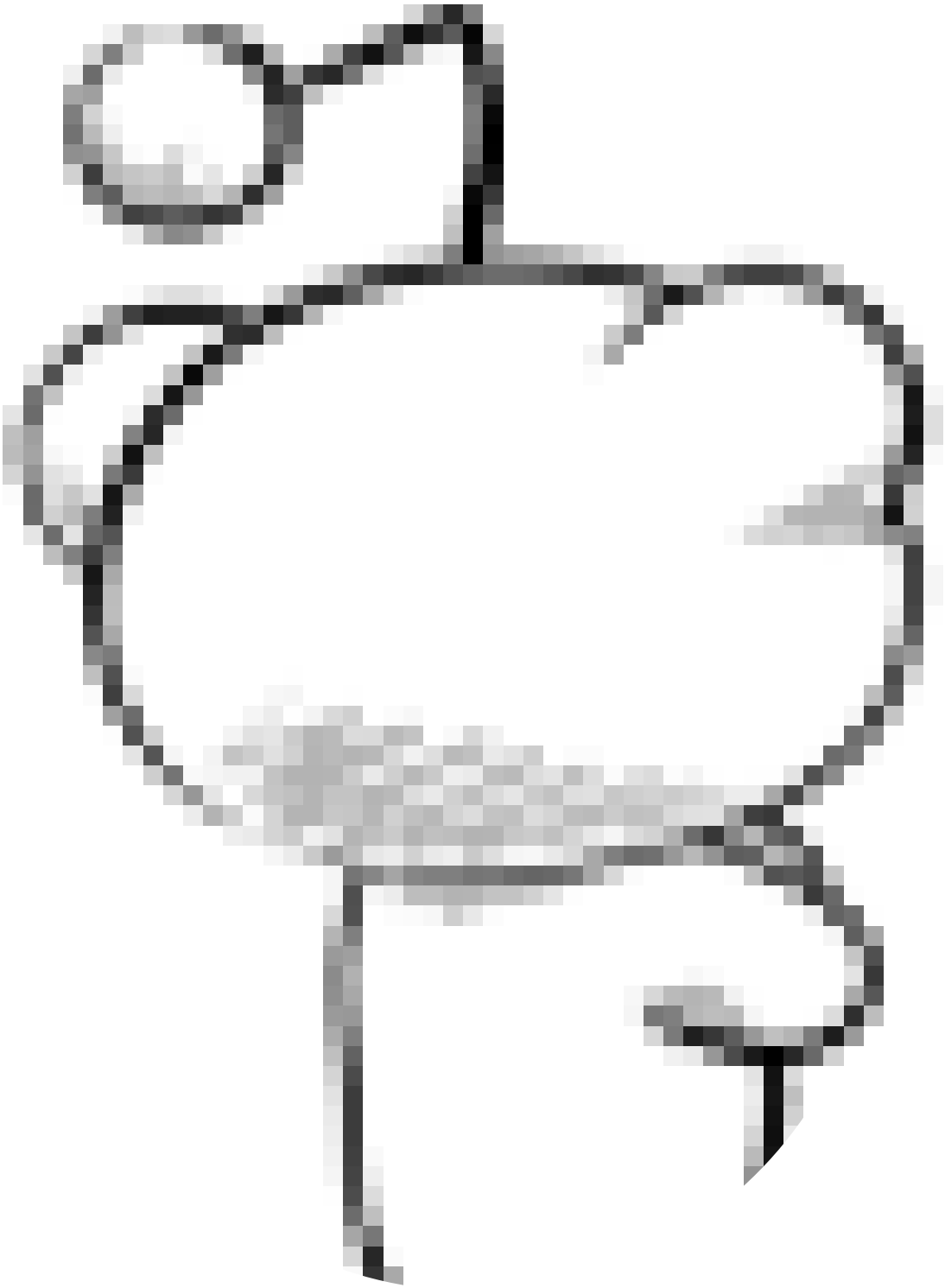

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â€¢ 15y ago

So I was in Clearwater, FL for New Years, and I have this odd desire to stay at haunted hotels. So I booked a night in the Belleview Biltmore (google it, lot of haunted stories about it). Staying with an ex, I neglected to mention the haunted history as she would never have gone along with it. Anyways, at night we went exploring through the huge hotel, heading up to floors that we weren't really supposed to be on, just basically looking for anything / touring the place. After not seeing anything, we gave up and decided to call it a night.

The next morning, we awake, and we both notice the dresser drawer has been randomly pulled open. We both were freaked out by this, as neither of us had touched the drawer (not keeping anything in it), and when I pushed it back in it wasn't easily able to slide in or out. Not the smoking gun, but in the context of everything, scared the shit out of both of us.

(I guess it should be mentioned at this point, I did mention that the hotel had a history of being haunted. She wasn't a fan.)

rargs
â€¢ 15y ago

I was sleeping on the couch at my in-laws' house and it was about 8 AM so there was some early morning light. Their cat had jumped on me and woke me up so I lied there petting and drifting back to sleep. Suddenly I became vaguely aware of the edge of the couch depressing as though someone were kneeling on it, so I barely cracked my eyes. As I did so I felt a huge pressure on my throat as though someone was choking me and I thought I could see the translucent outline of someone leaning over my face. I couldn't move or do anything, but I realized I was actually able to breathe if I focused and as I realized this it stopped and I shot up.

I'm pretty sure it was a hypnagogic hallucination, and I don't believe in ghosts, but for the first few minutes after that I was certain some demon had attacked me.

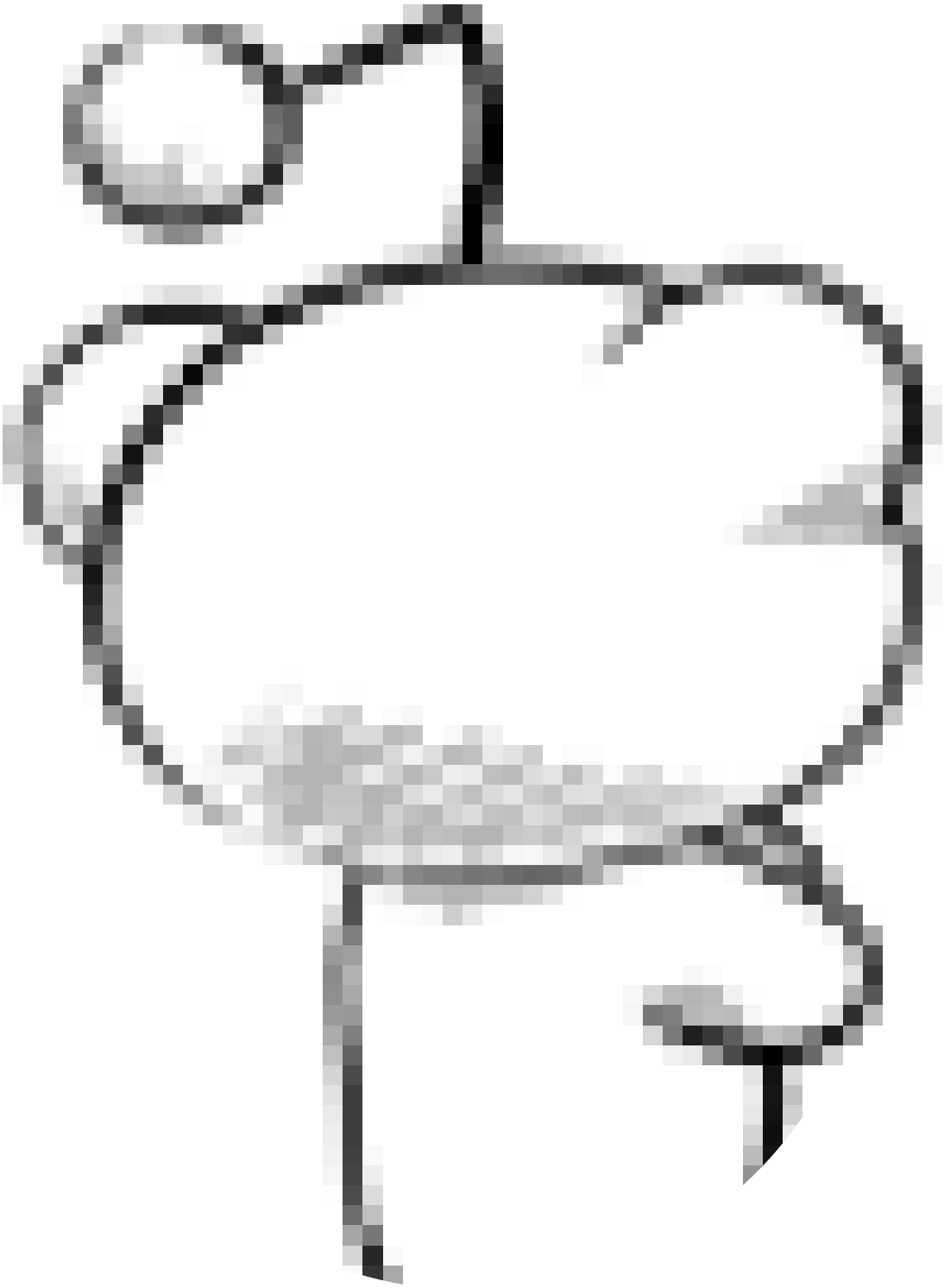
k80k80k80
â€¢ 15y ago

Man on the train kept grunting at me and looking down. When I followed his gaze, I saw that he had a huge boner.

Skacowan

â€¢ 15y ago

I had a reoccurring dream for three years where my stuffed animal would throw me through a wall where I would land on my bed. It was always at this point I would wake up and without fail I would be bouncing on my bed like I had just landed. My parents moved the toy into the garage, but I would still have the dreams. They would not stop until we gave it away to a family friend.



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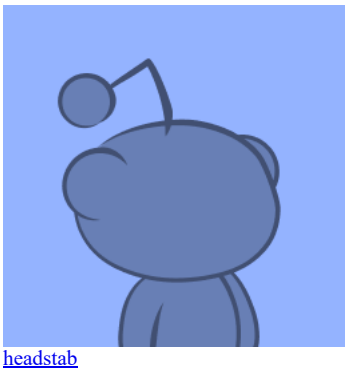
â€¢ 15y ago

When I was in grade 8, the girl that had a crush on me kept following me home. It took me two weeks to finally catch on. Brings chills to my spine to this day.



headstab
â€¢ 15y ago

Out on a camping trip a couple years ago noticed an animal bone lying in the grass about 20 feet off the path in the woods. I went to get a closer look and from the first bone I noticed more bones deeper in the woods. When I approached the 2nd set of bones I saw even more. I eventually ended up following a trail of bones, usually 1 or 2 at a time each spaced from 20 to 50 feet or so, for about 1/2 a mile. The bones were mostly deer and wild pig from what I could tell, animals common in the area, Green Swamp in central Florida. Occasionally along the trail were intact rib cages and skulls (which was how I knew what the animals were). At the end of the trail were 4 severed deer feet, fur still on, planted into the ground in such a way that it gave the appearance a deer had been standing around when everything from the ankles up was disintegrated.

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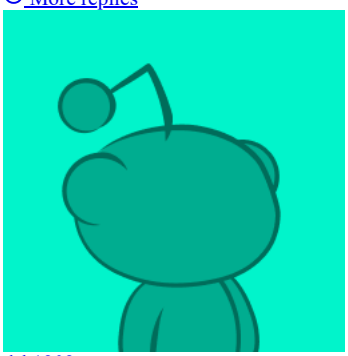


dsh1202
â€¢ 15y ago

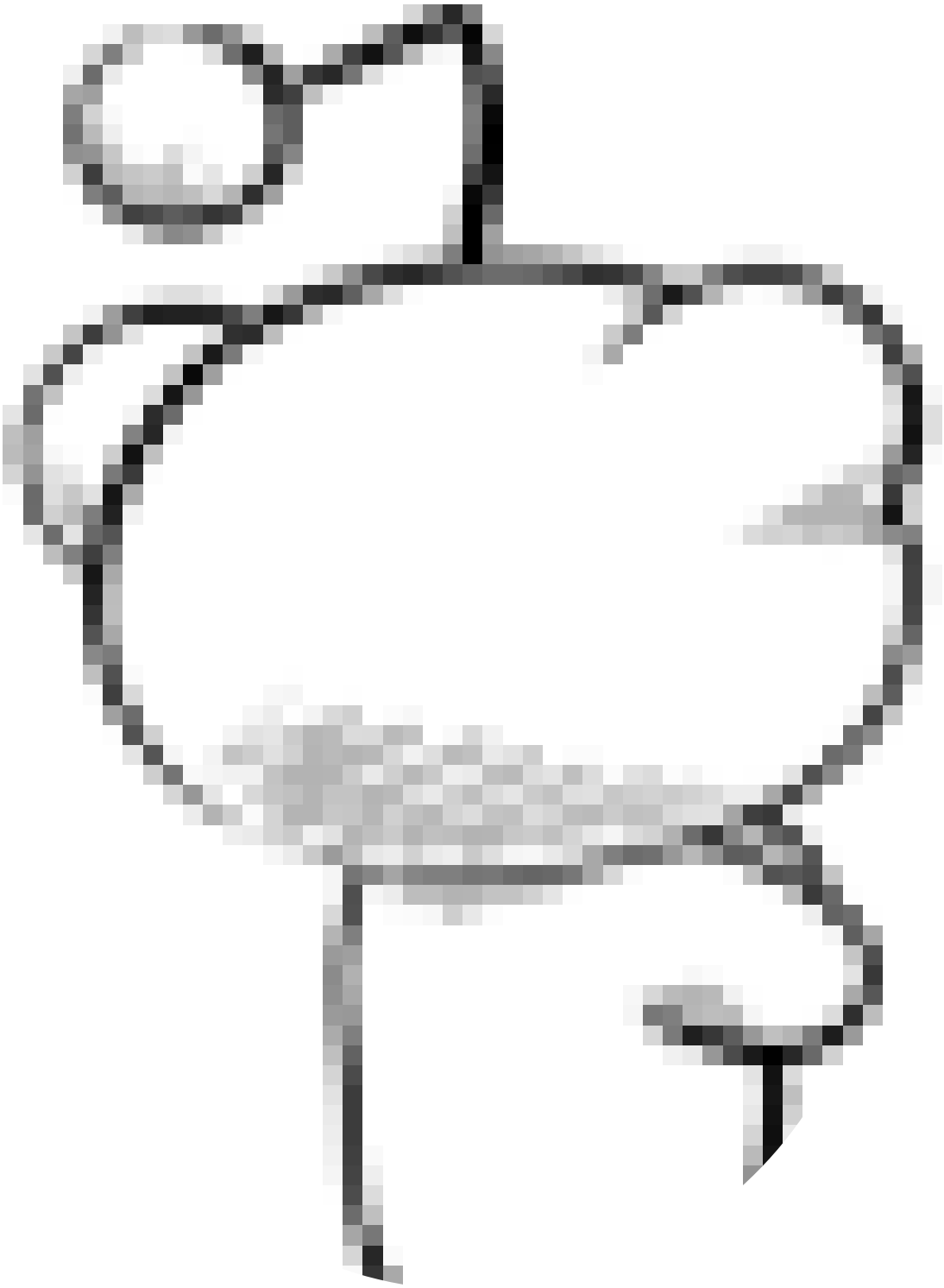
Last semester I was in my dorm just reading or something, and my roommate comes in and asks did I hear what happened. I tell him no, and he says that like 30 mins ago a girl had killed herself on our quad. It really freaked me out.

Reply Share

cbk123
â€¢ 15y ago

when i was in california visiting a friend, we were all looking at some purses near the beach. this guy comes up to us and asks if we wanted to buy some pepper spray. he said it was up in his apartment and it was really close by and that it had windows so people could hear us scream, so we shouldnt worry. it was so creepy

Reply Share



RogerGunz
â€¢ 15y ago

I was walking back to my dorm room with one female friend and three dude friends, and a homeless man turns the corner and sees us and walks up to us. Just as he's about a foot in front of us he gets this really creepy, chipped tooth smile and just yells "GAAAANG BANG!"

that was that.

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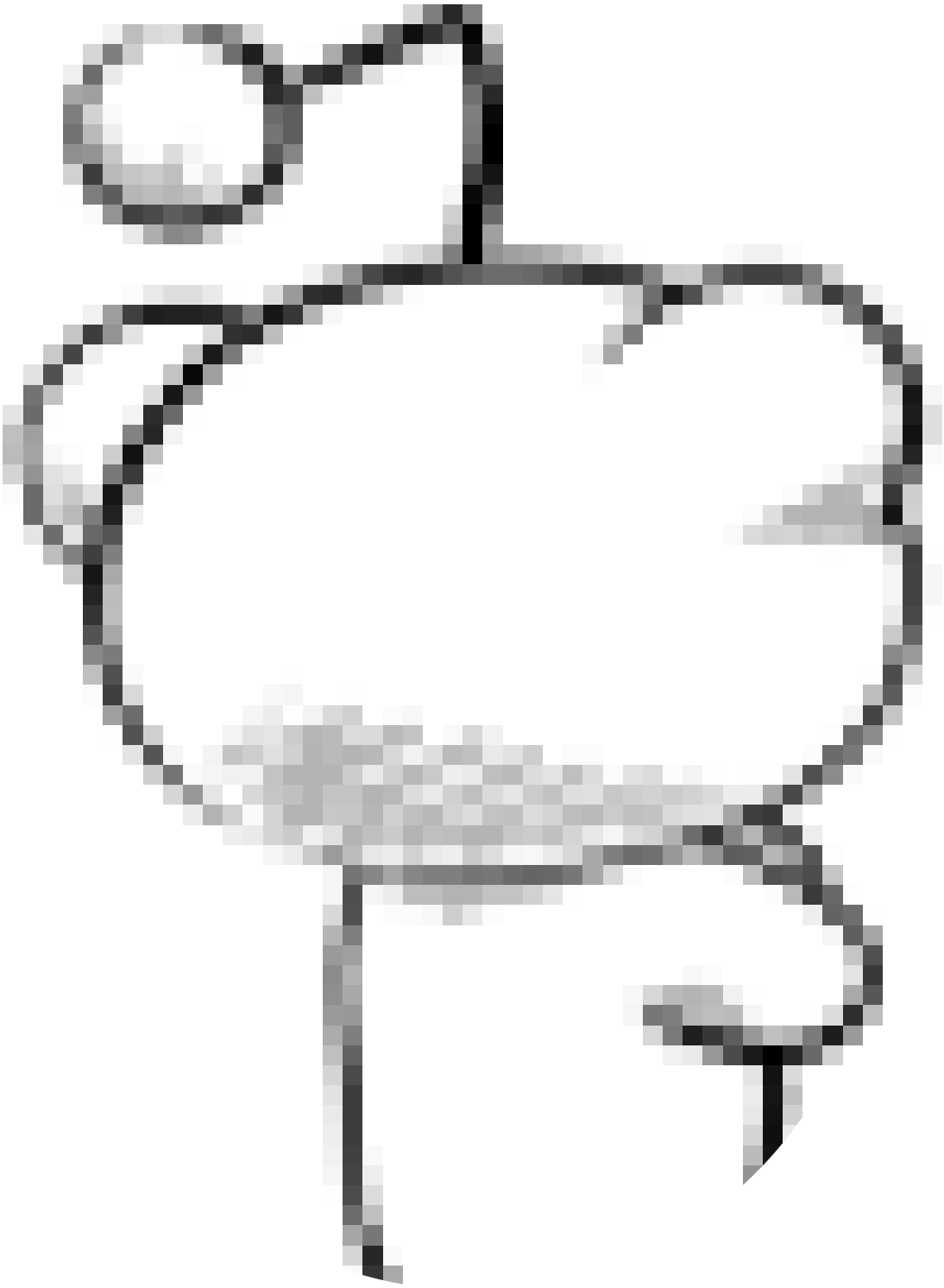
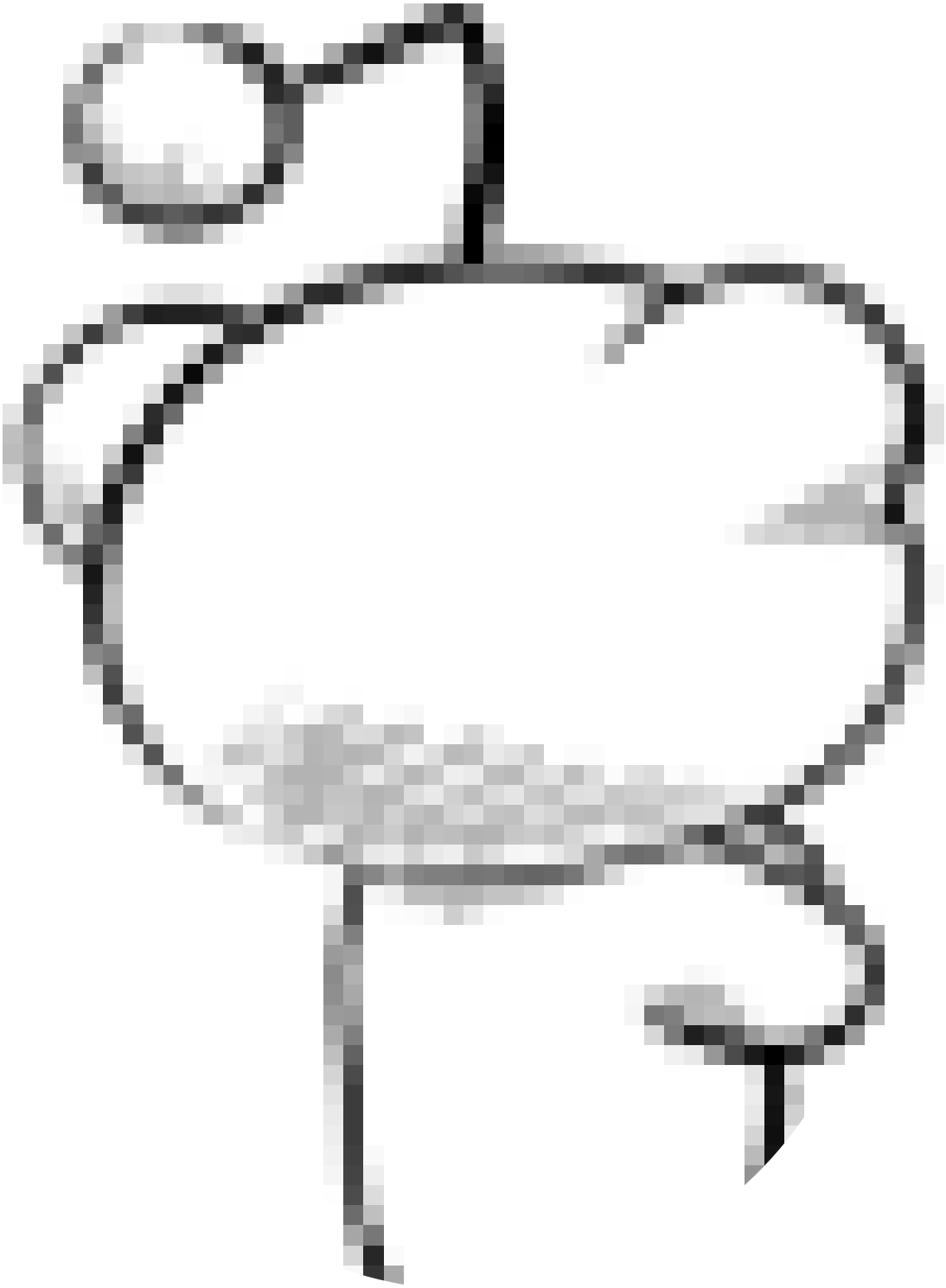


kim_il_sung
â€¢ 15y ago

I've got a few. I was asleep in my bed one summer night when I was awoken by a giant explosion. I just went back to sleep. Found out on the news the next morning about the July 7th bombings. What makes this all really weird is I'm an American... I guess it was curiously timed case of http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Exploding_head_syndrome. That is the best rational explanation I can offer.



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â€¢ 15y ago â€¢ Edited 15y ago

Me and a friend were leaving a cinema and we crossed a bridge on the way home to the estate we lived on, near the end of the bridge we both turned around, i felt a compulsion to look behind me, he agreed that's what he felt, in the middle of the bridge a few feet away from us there was a black shape in the middle of the bridge.

This is the odd part and what i noticed first, it was human shaped but had no feature, it was like a shadow against a wall but this was not against a wall, it blocked out all the light behind it, then it was gone, like someone had turned out a light, it just blinked out.

Even stranger, or maybe not so strange, we didn't investigate, my friend said did you see that? it was like a flicker of a person, then i said we should leave and we turned around to head home.

Normally i would hang around and look around but it felt like the right thing to do was leave immediately.

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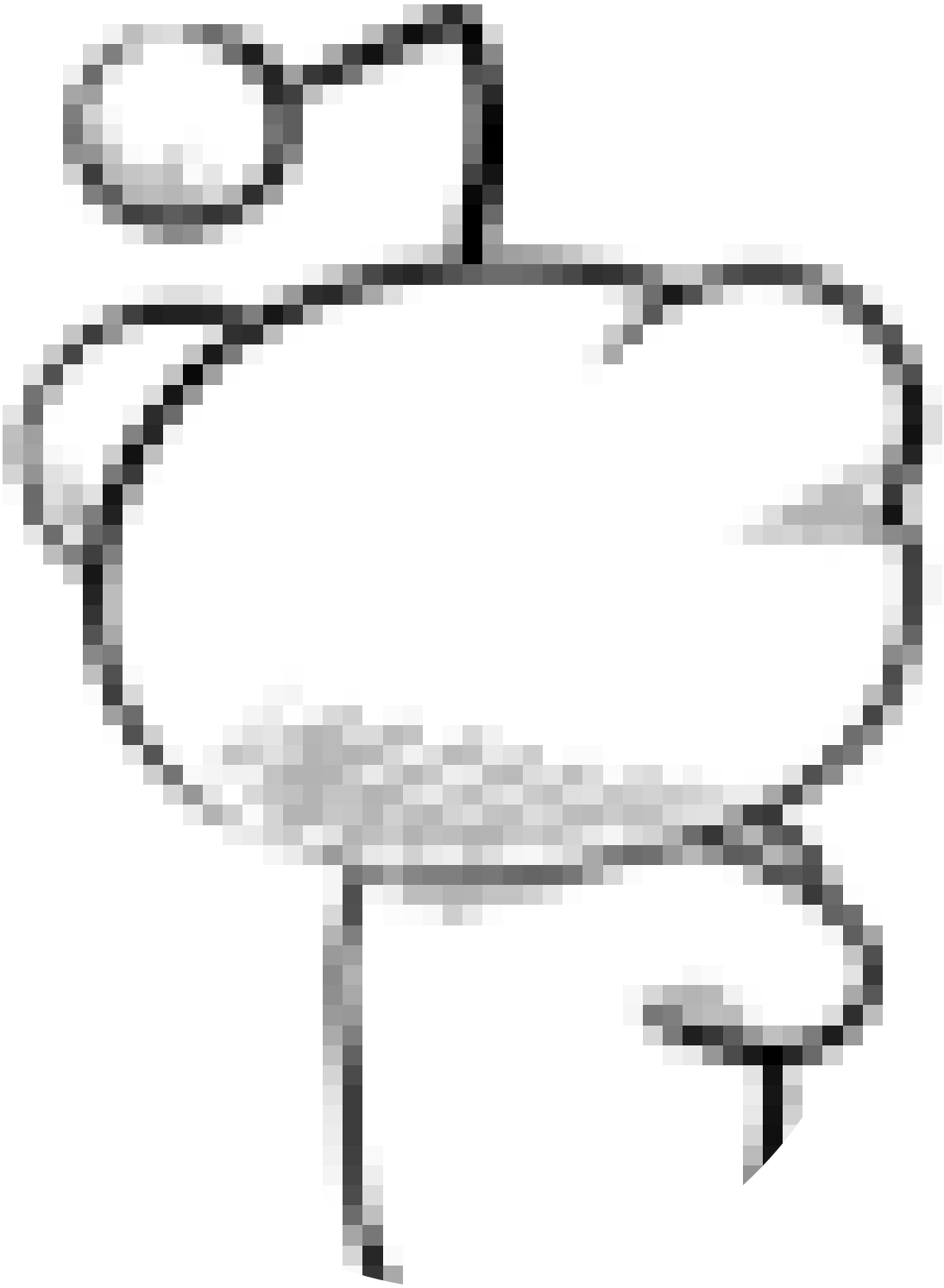

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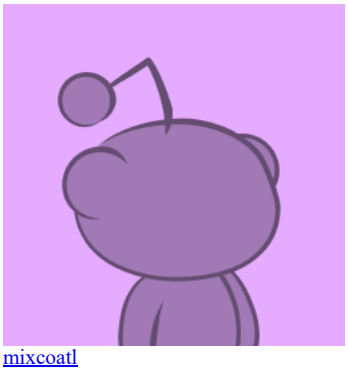
â€¢ 15y ago

When I was 14 I had this nightmare of going though a full school day morning a close friend of mine. In particular being comforted by a guy who wouldn't have given me the time of day otherwise, being told by the school counselor "since you all are not morning properly you might as well all go back to class", and after school all his friends and I gathering together and talking about the shock about him really being gone. In particular specific statements from specific people in a specific order. I woke up, a little disturbed I would dream of my friends death and didn't mention it to anyone out of fear of sounding nuts. I thought I was a little nuts actually! I forgot about it relativity quickly, it was just a stupid dream. About a month later everything I dreamed to the last finite detail happened. It took years for me to stop thinking I could have prevented his death. In truth it still creeps me out a bit.

Sticktotheplan
â€¢ 15y ago

I remember one night when I was in middle school I was suddenly having a really restless spell in my otherwise deep normal sleep. My bed is just under my bedroom window and I remember looking up into a bothersome light, thinking nothing of it, and just turning over to continue sleeping. ...Once the sun rose and I woke my first thought turned into a belated, ".....THE FUCK WAS THAT SHIT?" There's no street light near my house. It had to be a flashlight. I don't sleep under windows anymore. I don't like sleeping anywhere near windows unless there's a weapon closer to me than the potential window intruder

edit: I'm also a petite female, more so at the time, in a neighborhood of old people and assholes.



mixcoatl
â€¢ 15y ago

I never experienced this, but my mom's friend did. He was playing ball with his kid in the basement (why?) and then kid throws the ball randomly to the side and says, "I want to play with him!" There being no one there.

I'm sure the kid was just imagining things but still...kind of creepy.

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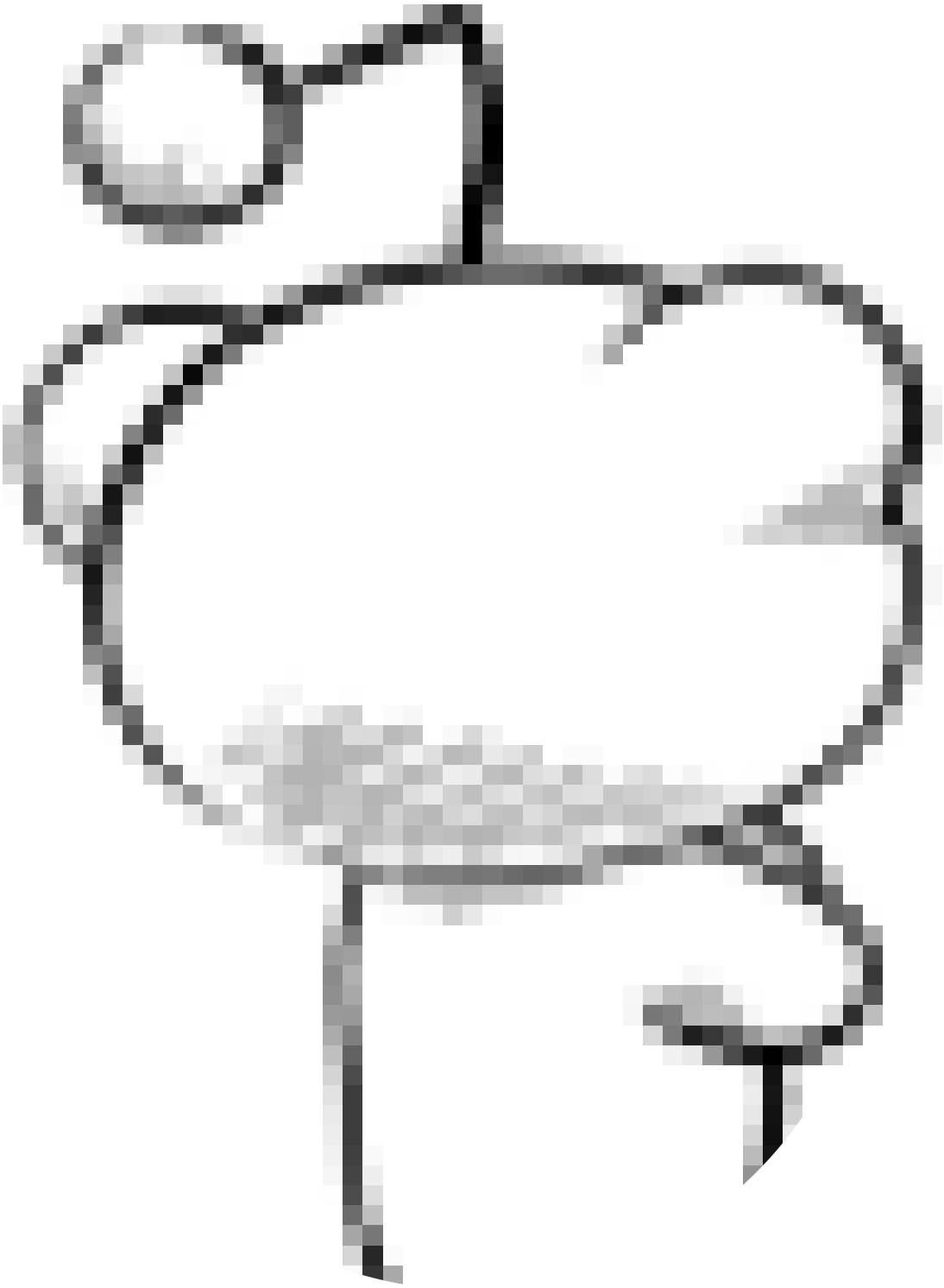

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â€¢ 15y ago

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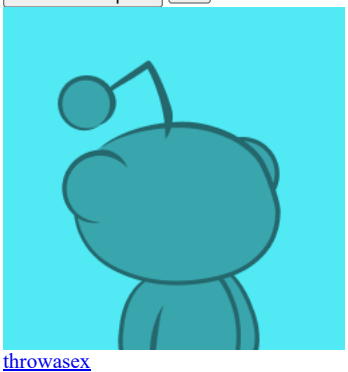

throwasex
â€¢ 15y ago

When I was in middle school, I dreamt about a hallway with a lot of doors on both sides, and me walking quickly because somehow I knew there was a bomb about to explode and I would need to find a shelter. So I duck into the first open door and then wake up. This dream repeated the next night, so I told it to my friends the next day as we came back from school. When I got home my parents were listening to the news, and a bomb had just exploded a couple of hours before in a school from another city. I still get weirded out about it when I remember.

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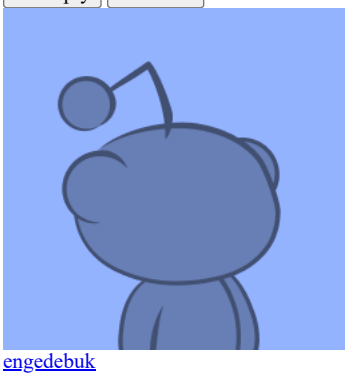

engedebuk
â€¢ 15y ago

On a heavy dose of dimenhydrinate I became convinced I had died and was a ghost trapped in limbo between this world and the afterlife. I panicked and took a long walk, but people I met didn't acknowledge my existence, and one of my friends' specter was the only one I could talk with. Also, spiders everywhere. Fun times.

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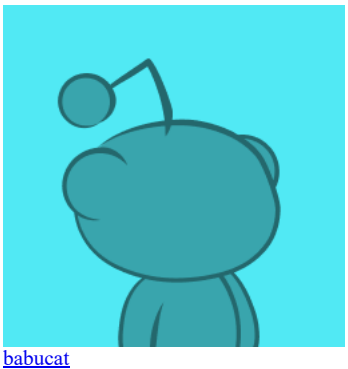


babucat
â€¢ 15y ago

I talked to this guy at a bar. All I told him was a vague something another about what line of work I was in and what city it was in... no company name, no office complex.

the next day I see him outside the office in his car when I'm taking a walk... he looks and smiles and drives off.

Then I saw him randomly in my neighborhood, etc... then on and off I'd notice him around for months.

Then he lost interest and went away. I think... I mean I kinda thought I saw him a few months ago but I don't know if it was him.

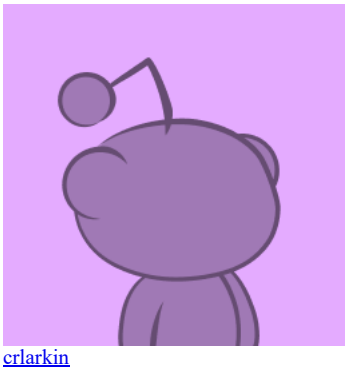
I didn't file a police report, or get a restraining order or anything because he didn't really do anything except follow me around... I figured that'd just piss him off and maybe make him violent.

queeniemab
â€¢ 15y ago

Once, I went to an amusement park with my mom, my brother, my mom's boyfriend and his two kids.

We decided to go to the Haunted Mansion. It was a house with a built in ride that took you around through it and ghosts would pop out here and there. There was a train-like thing with 10 seats. I was 15 so I wasn't too scared to go through it, and since I was the oldest kid, decided to sit at the very last seat, the sixth one. Turns out, the ride was only 5 seats... so the first five took off and I was left there, alone at the entrance of the haunted house, strapped into my seat with no one behind me, waiting for the ride to begin.

I had to go through the whole haunted house by myself and even though I was already 15, the fact that I was strapped down to a seat and had no control on when to leave made me almost shit my pants.



crlarkin
â€¢ 15y ago

I have had a couple of really creepy experiences. The first was at my parent's old house, at the time my room was in the basement and to separate it off from the stairwell, my dad and I built this folding wall, it was four panels that had hinges in between them. One night, I wake up for no reason at about 3AM. There is a light on upstairs that is sending just a bit of light down the stairwell. As I am wondering why I am awake, I look over and a shadow passes the space between the stairwell and the folding wall and turns to come around the wall and into my room. The silhouette looked like a girl with long hair, so it could have been one of my sisters, weird, but possible. The shadow continues to move behind the wall and it blocks the light coming through the spaces between each of the panels in turn. After the last panel when it would have been in my room, there was nothing there. While I was too terrified to get up and look, I was also awake for the rest of the night, so if it had been one of my sisters, I would have known. The second experience was on a class trip to Gettysburg, we went on a night tour of the battlefield and were walking down this path when I see what looks like a soldier on a horse. This would not have been abnormal for Gettysburg except that it was 10PM and dark, and yet somehow, I could still see him. I asked several people around me what they saw and they all said the same thing. As we kept walking, he never moved, but did not get closer, and eventually was just gone.

Reply Share

cocoon56
â€¢ 15y ago

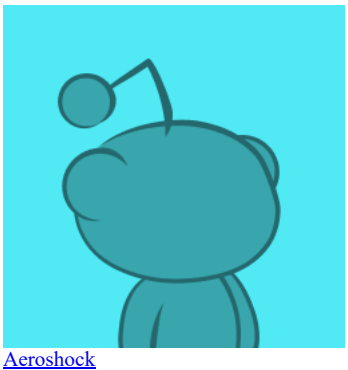
Maybe not the creepiest story around here, but it just pops to mind: Someone sent me a cinema voucher - one free ticket for one person. Redeemable at any film, any time. The letter had my name and address handwritten on it, but that was all information that came with it. Nobody I asked knew anything about it.

spazz911
â€¢ 15y ago

Not sure if this actually happened since I hadn't drank much water for a week and I was hallucinating from dehydration but nonetheless...

So I was getting toured around Orange County with my friends (I was visiting them on vacation). We go to this bubbletea place, it's midnight, and we're hanging outside on a patio table. This lanky guy that was probably 6ft 5 was wearing all black clothing, long hair past his shoulders, and a leather trench coat. He just stood with his back to us while staring into the front window of a children's toy store that was closed.

I remember him looking at me and then leaving slowly. I shit myself thoroughly at how weird the situation was.



Aeroshock
â€¢ 15y ago

I was walking home from elementary school one day (probably 3rd grade or so), and a car full of guys pulled up along side me. They didn't stop, they just kept pace with me, and after about 5-10 seconds of this I felt the need to start running. As soon as I did, they took off at full speed..

I don't wanna know what would have happened if I had stuck around. Apparently someone witnessed this and told my mom, who had many questions for me later on :)

Also, I'm a guy fwiw.

Reply Share

MonsieurBon
â€¢ 15y ago

I was followed by a ratty black van that said "Ice Cream" on the side. It was playing a reaaaally creepy tune, not the normal kind you hear from a normal ice cream truck. It was the kind of tune you'd hear at a carnival right before you get stabbed in the Fun House. I was walking home from school (I was 20) and for about 15 blocks it was waiting at every street I crossed. Freaked me out.

Reply Share

PunchSmackCow
â€¢ 15y ago

Reading this thread.

Reply Share

Seekr12
â€¢ 15y ago

One night, as I was driving to visit home from college, I pulled into one of those rest stops at about 12:30 at night. The weird thing about this rest stop was that the exit you had to take to get into was unusually long- it curved around for a bit and went under an overpass and there was a viaduct on the side of it. After this relatively long ordeal, I got out, took a pee and got back in the car. As I was making my way on the exit back to the highway, I noticed a woman shambling towards my car, almost zombie like. Her whole body looked emaciated, and she was grinning psychotically. She also had a white nightgown on. The most terrifying thing that happened, and I am not trolling you guys, is that she looked me directly in the eye and pointed at me, all the while smiling that horrifying smile. A sense of dread and terror overtook my whole body and I drove as fast as I could out of that exit. To this day I don't know what the hell that was, but even writing about it gives me cold shivers.

The closest thing I've found to what she looked like is this photo, although without the wings and headgear, but pretty close:

http://fc03.deviantart.net/fs27/i/2009/054/b/6/The_Tooth_Fairy_by_scaryjesus.jpg

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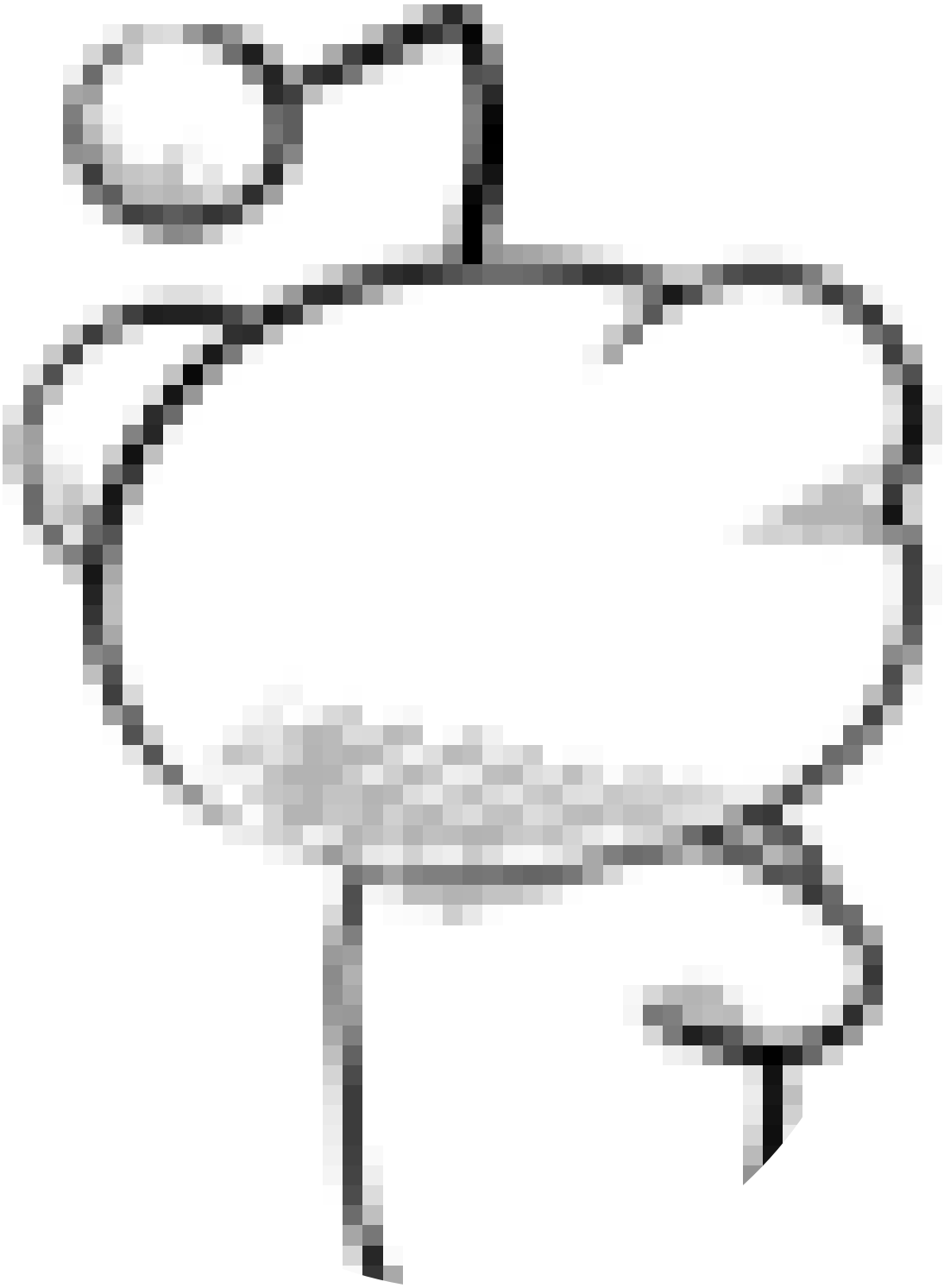

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â€¢ 15y ago

In middle school my best friend went on a family trip to Sweden for an unspecified amount of time. One night, I had a dream that he had returned and started wearing glasses. Within minutes of waking up my mom told me Mikael had called; he's back from his trip. We got dropped off at the movie theatre by his mom and as we're exiting the car his mom tells him, "Mikael, don't forget your glasses."

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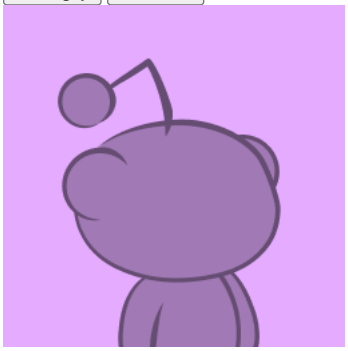

kirbsome
â€¢ 15y ago

Just now, I saw a bright flash of light outside my window. There's normally a forest there.

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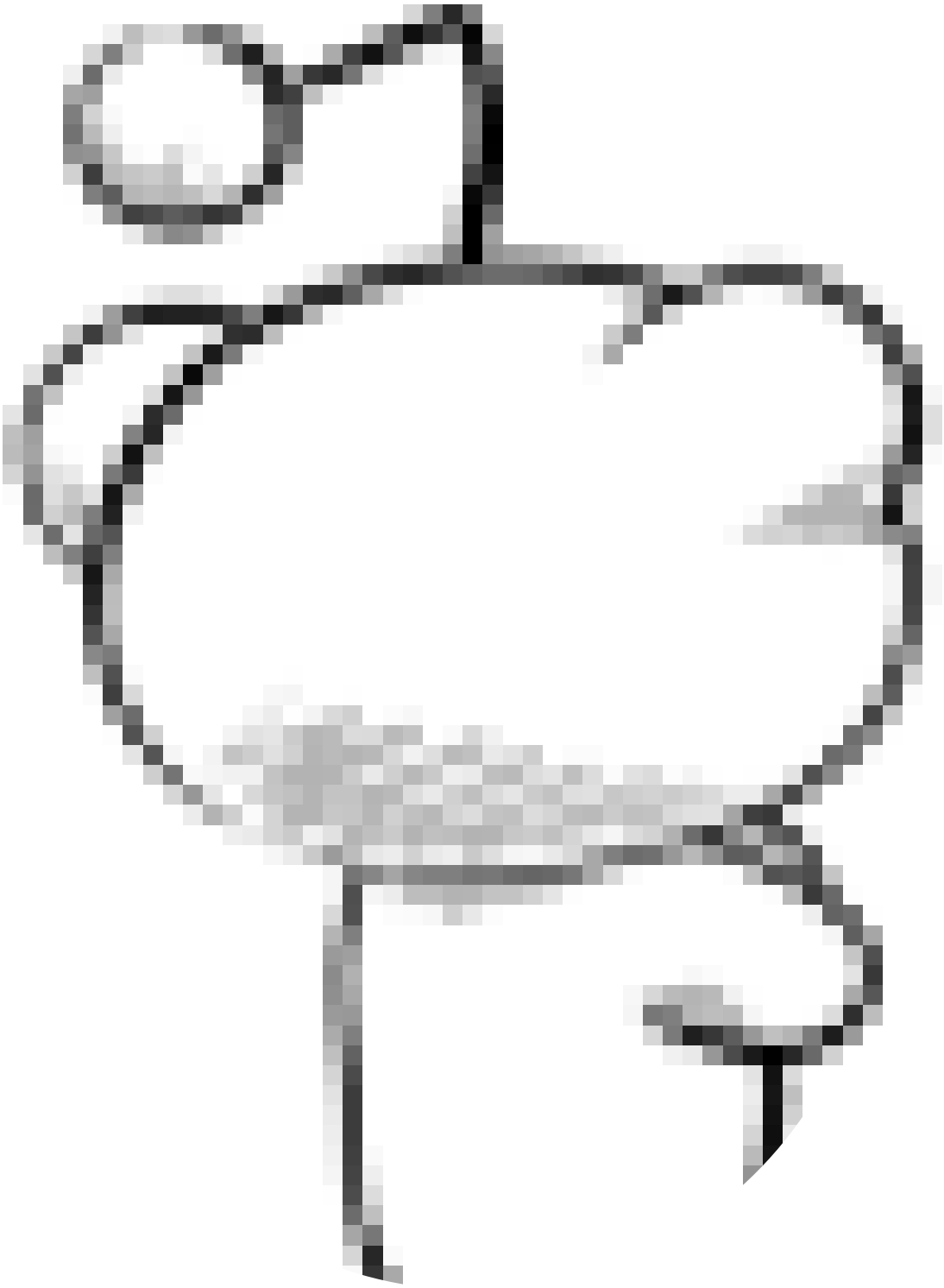

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â€¢ 15y ago

One of the first 'porn' videos that i watched was a girl being abducted and raped...put me off porn for another 7 months.

Reply Share

hagathacrusty
â€¢ 15y ago

When I was about 6, I woke up to extremely loud banging on the front door. I was sleeping with my mom and little sis in mom's bed because dad was out of town. The banging/knocking went on for a long time. It was a guys voice saying "let me in, let me in". I remember being really scared and more so because I had never seen my mom so freaked out. At one point I think she asked "who are you?, I'm gonna call the police" or something. Eventually he went away. Still to this day when I hear a strong knock on a door, I get a little shiver. Mom never did explain what that was all about. Neither of my parents were the type to have drunken brawls or have shady dealings or anything, they are pretty normal working folk. To this day I'm a little baffled by it.

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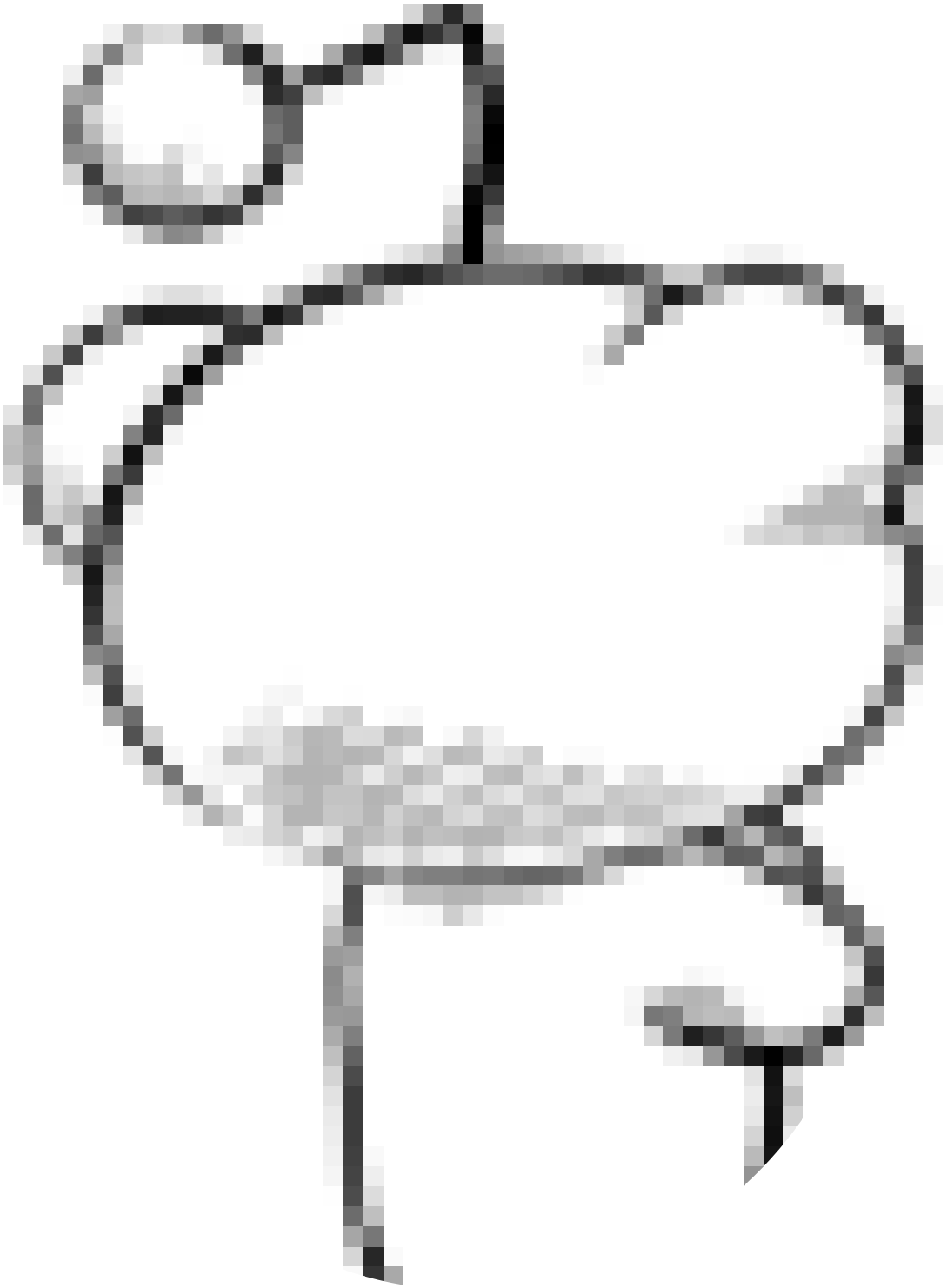

UberAce
â€¢ 15y ago

I've got 3:

1. When I was little, I had a dream that I was in our basement, in the playroom, playing PS2. My brother was with me. At some point, I looked back to check on him. He was either asleep or not there. I can't remember which. Feeling alone and freaked out, I ran out into the dark hallway of our basement and began running to the stairs. Suddenly, I heard a typical female horror movie scream. I can't remember anything after that.

2. In probably 4th grade, I had a dream that some demon had conquered God and that everyone was going to hell. I had never felt so hopeless and scared. Felt so good when I woke up.

3. Also around 4th grade, I went to my friend's house. The whole time I was there, I felt depressed and guilty about bad things that I'd done in my life up until then. Also, when trying to sleep there, this menacing clock that they still have kept me up all night. Later, my friend told me that he and his mom both thought they had seen a demon in that house.

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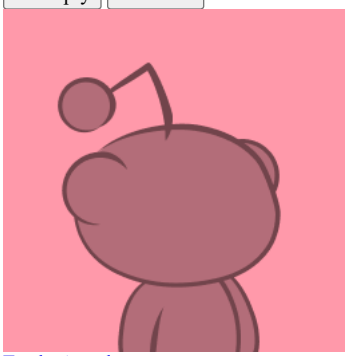

Earth_Angel
â€¢ 15y ago

When I was around 16, my friend and and I were leaning against one of the buildings passing time. This late thirty year old guy walked across the cross walk to us really slow and creepy. He was wearing a hat and was dressed in complete black with almost cow boy boots. The only thing of color was a red poppy. He started talking to us and said something like " do you kno what kinda day it is? the day I'm going to die." and walked away. I tried to read the paper to see if anything came up but never found anything out.

Reply Share

scottie0083
â€¢ 15y ago

Reading this thread. I've had a creepy suspicion that someone has been standing behind my shoulder ready to hurt me as soon as I turn around.

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jbmar412
â€¢ 15y ago

My GIRLFRIEND and I were on campus near the auditorium. A lot of people were exiting the auditorium after an event had ended. As the two of us were walking by a bald man wearing a suit he turned around and revealed the most goblin-like face I had ever seen: tall pointy ears, wrinkles, squinty eyes, the whole nine yards. Nothing else about his appearance was the least bit abnormal, nor was anyone else's who was exiting the auditorium. The shock of seeing a goblin on campus in broad daylight and my automatic assumption that it was just a man wearing some kind of halloween mask (but it was spring-time) caused me to uncontrollably blurt out "WHAT THE HECK!?" while the man/creature looked right at us. My GIRLFRIEND tugged hurriedly on my arm and as we walked away in an embarrassed/utterly confused manner his gobliny eyes followed us all the way around the corner. We asked all of our friends who were on campus that day about it, but no one had seen him/it. And neither of us ever saw him again. If it hadn't been for her seeing it too I would have talked myself out of my belief that I had ever seen it at all.

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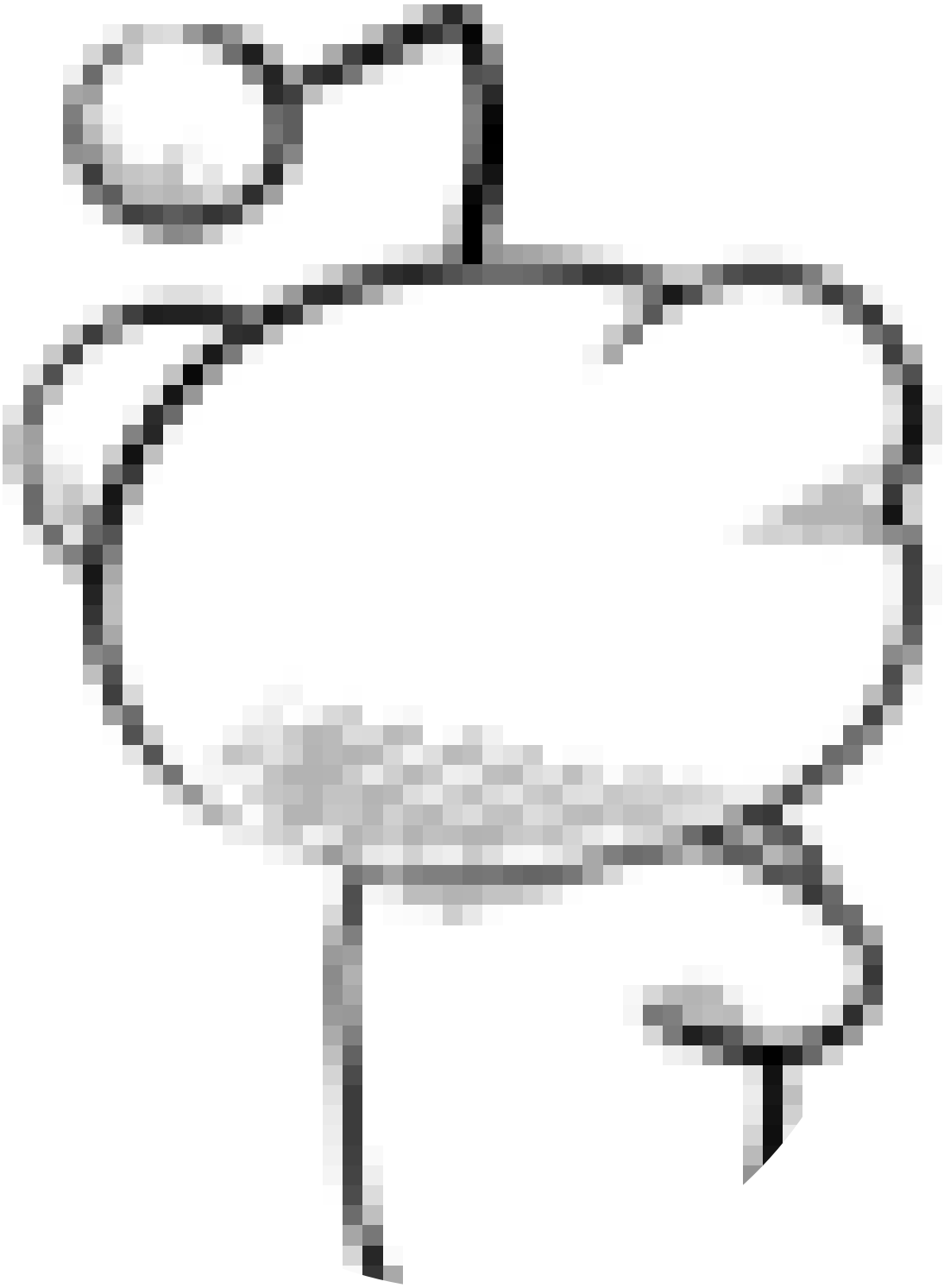

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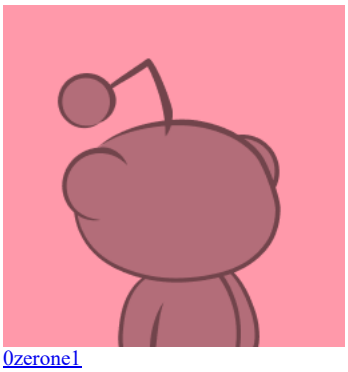
â€¢ 15y ago

No one is gonna see this but I had sleep paralysis but it took a turn for the weird. I took a nap at around 6pm and I had a dream about the Daniel Craig James bond. I was in an SUV driving and he was on the side of it trying to kill me. I was swerving around trying to get him off. Violence ensued. I woke up and I couldn't move, I had sleep paralysis. I've had it many times before but this time was different, I could feel something evil in the room trying to kill me and I somehow knew it was James Bond. Then I hear a dull metallic sound and I start to feel like im moving on a conveyor belt. I was thinking to myself "shit I'm going to have a alien abduction experience with a fucking evil James Bond." I try to move and after a few seconds of intense focusing I finally move and get the fuck out of there. That was the creepiest thing that has ever happened to me and Im really terrified of aliens.

TL;DR Was almost "abducted" by evil James Bond

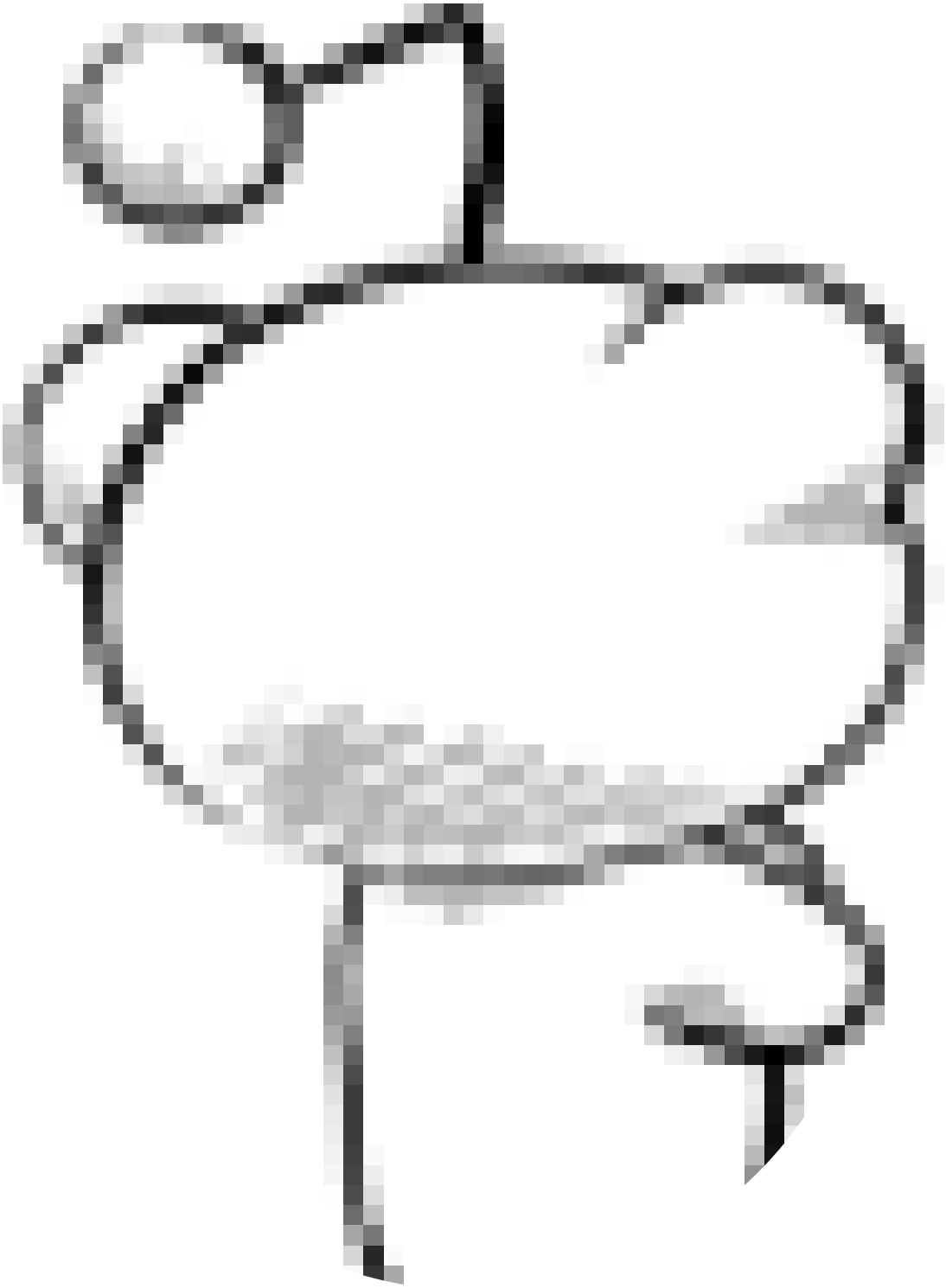


0zerone1
â€¢ 15y ago

This Adventure time episode

Volopok
â€¢ 15y ago

I was hunting I was sitting in a blind looking out onto a long field on the property my grandparents just bought. Where i was sitting there use to be a house that had burned down, the barn is still standing.. but barley. So as dying of boredom and starting to fall asleep I jerk awake as I hear a foot step to my right (It was totally silent). I look out the window...nothing is there...again foot steps approaching me.. I look out; they stop. This happens repeatedly until they are right outside the tent. I put the butt of the gun on my shoulder and turn off the safety. I rush out of the tent ready to blow away what i was sure was a cyote that had smelled my food... nothing... no squirrel no birds just silence... THAT is creepy.



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â€¢ 15y ago

Sleep Paralysis. It has happened 3 times in my life. The first time i was taking a nap on my bed after a hard day of cleaning house. i had all the windows open and was laying on top of the blankets. I woke up mentally but not physically. i was aware of where i was but i could not move. It felt like a long time but was probably only 30 secs. The second time was the worse. I was at work (I was a vendor for pepsi cola) and was at a grocery store, i decided to catch some zzzz's in my car (on the clock) and reclined the driver seat and rolled down all the windows. I was probably sleeping for 30 mins when i was awoke by a man talking to me in Spanish. I was awake and could hear everything but i could not move. This one lasted the longest. I couldn't understand him but he left and came back with more people. someone reached in and started shaking me and i still could not wake up. it was terrifying. then all of the sudden i snapped out of it to discover i had left the parking break off and my car had rolled back into the road. the most recent one was about 5 months ago i woke in the middle of the night. nothing too epic.

wwwDJTUNEZnet
â€¢ 15y ago

I live around many cemeteries in NYC, one night I was walking my dog around midnight near a cemetery. My dog usually walked around calmly but this night he was acting up and barking at something. Soon I heard a very very soft but old voice singing in the cemetery (which closes at 7PM). As I heard this I got shivers down my spine and ran home. Till this day telling the story sends shivers down my body

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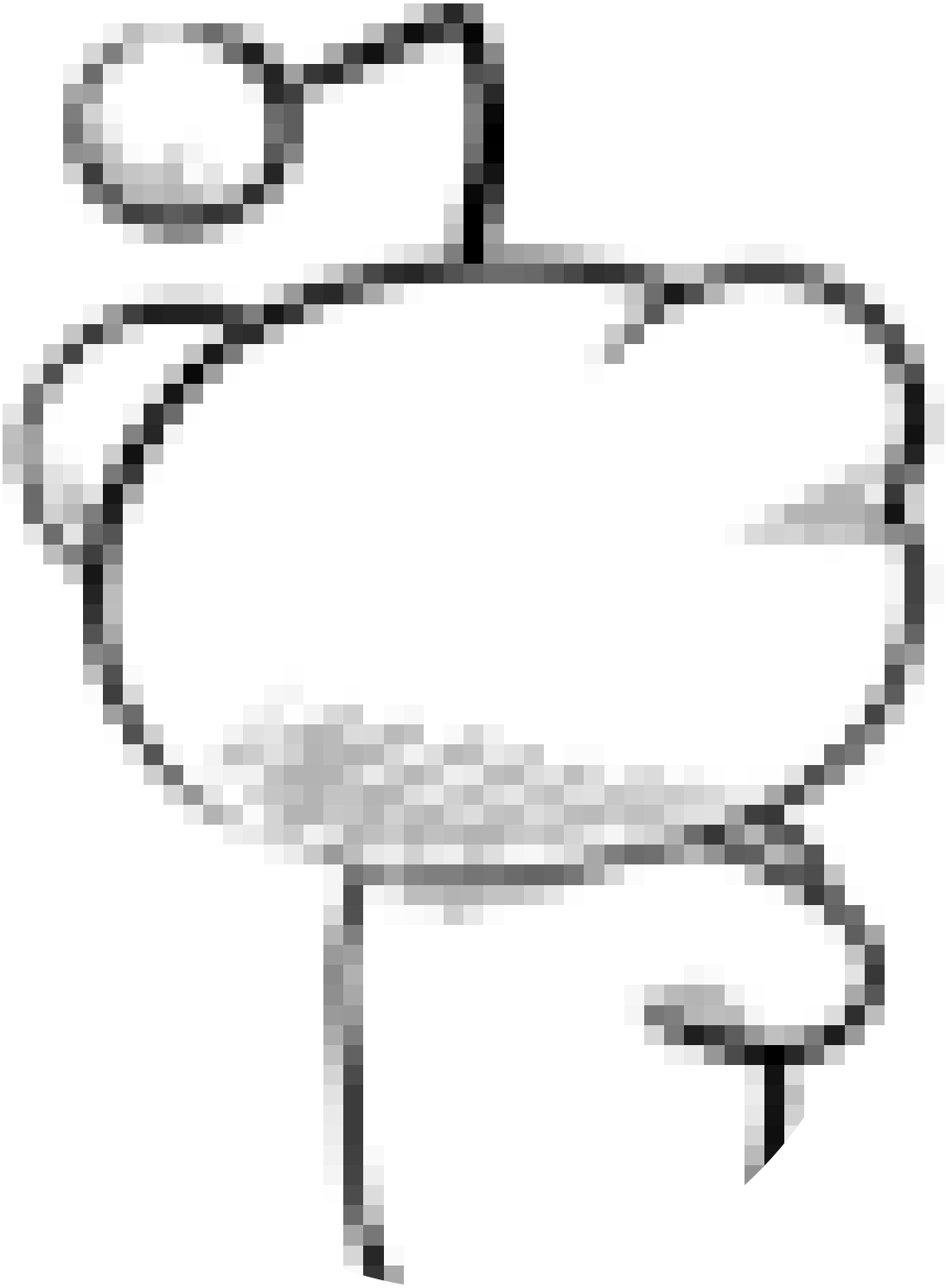

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â€¢ 15y ago

I work graveyard at Target. Every night as I am about to leave I flick off the lights. My TV is always glowing. The damn thing isn't plugged in and the blinds are always closed. Is there some reasonable explaination for this?

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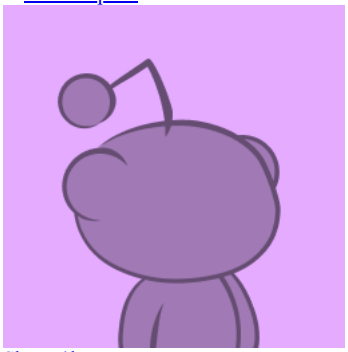

Skysta1ker
â€¢ 15y ago

A couple years back when we had just moved into my grandmothers house, my dad and I were talking in the kitchen. Now, as a frame of reference, this house is in the middle of the woods and pretty far away from other houses. So we're sitting there talking to one another and suddenly we both hear "HEY DAD!" in my brothers voice, coming from the woods.

You see, at the time my brother was still in school and it was 12:00. He gets out at 2:15. We both stopped talking and looked at each other, wondering if we both had heard it. It definitely happened because we both heard it, but to this day we can't figure it out. My brother actually came home about three hours later and we never mentioned it to him.

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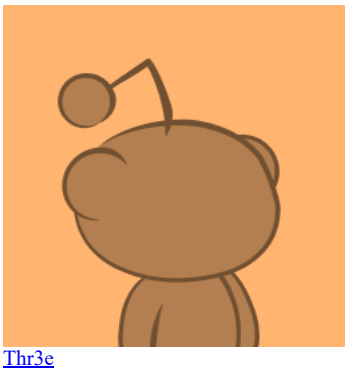
synapseE
â€¢ 15y ago

I was 25 and selling newspapers on a fairly busy street corner (community service hours) near a high school when I was signaled by an older 50ish looking man in a early 90s style white ford to come over. I approached his window and asked if he would like a newspaper and he just handed me a piece of paper with a note written on it. I opened it up and it read "I will pay you money to suck your cock." I looked at him and told him to get the fuck out of here. REGRETFULLY I was so caught up in the moment I didnt get a chance to fully memorize his license plate. I called 911 and a police car came about 15-20min later and I gave him a description of the man and vehicle and gave him the note in hopes of getting ANY kind of fingerprint off it. The officer said theres not much he could do but keep an eye out. After it had happened and knowing he probably got off, I was filled with rage and second thoughts of how I should of pulled him from his vehicle and restrained him till the cops game.

tl;dr was approached by a child molester near a high school who offered me money to suck my cock.

teester88
â€¢ 15y ago

My grandmothers house was a pre Civil War farm house in a remote part of Central Illinois. After her death we were trying to sell the house and for the most part if was vacant for 4 years. One day as were preparing to clean and move all of the furniture from the house, we pulled up and saw the screen door cracked. We walked in and saw stick like figures ,kinda like blair witch, hammered all over the wall. There were hot coals in the fire and the back door was open. To this day i have never felt so creeped out in my entire life.



Thr3e
â€¢ 15y ago

This may not be "creepy" but it was absolutely horrifying and years later I still have not fully recovered, psychologically.

Both my father and I have experienced anesthetic awareness. He was having a colon procedure (I don't know the details) and I was having my torn rotator cuff repaired. He doesn't remember really anything from his experience, because the moment his blood pressure and heart rate spiked, the anesthesiologist acted immediately. He only had a few flashbacks once he spoke with a nurse afterward.

I, however, remember every detail of my episode. I had the injection in my neck prior to the surgery (I apologize for my lack of medical knowledge but I believe it's called a nerve blocking or something to that effect) so I didn't feel the entire right side of my body. That being said, I was absolutely conscious and awake for what felt like ages, but was actually no more than 12 seconds, as I was later told. Once I became oriented and realized I was still in surgery, I panicked. And sure enough, the conversation I heard around me transitioned from an anecdotal golf story to sheer confusion about my spiking blood pressure, and my memory ends there. I'm told that when I regained consciousness, I began flailing my legs and grunting, but I don't remember this.

I suffered from night terrors for months following the surgery. I still have a recurring nightmare that my arm is being amputated, although this has been progressively rarer over the years.

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poochootrain1
â€¢ 15y ago

um, a guy made sexual advances toward me in jail

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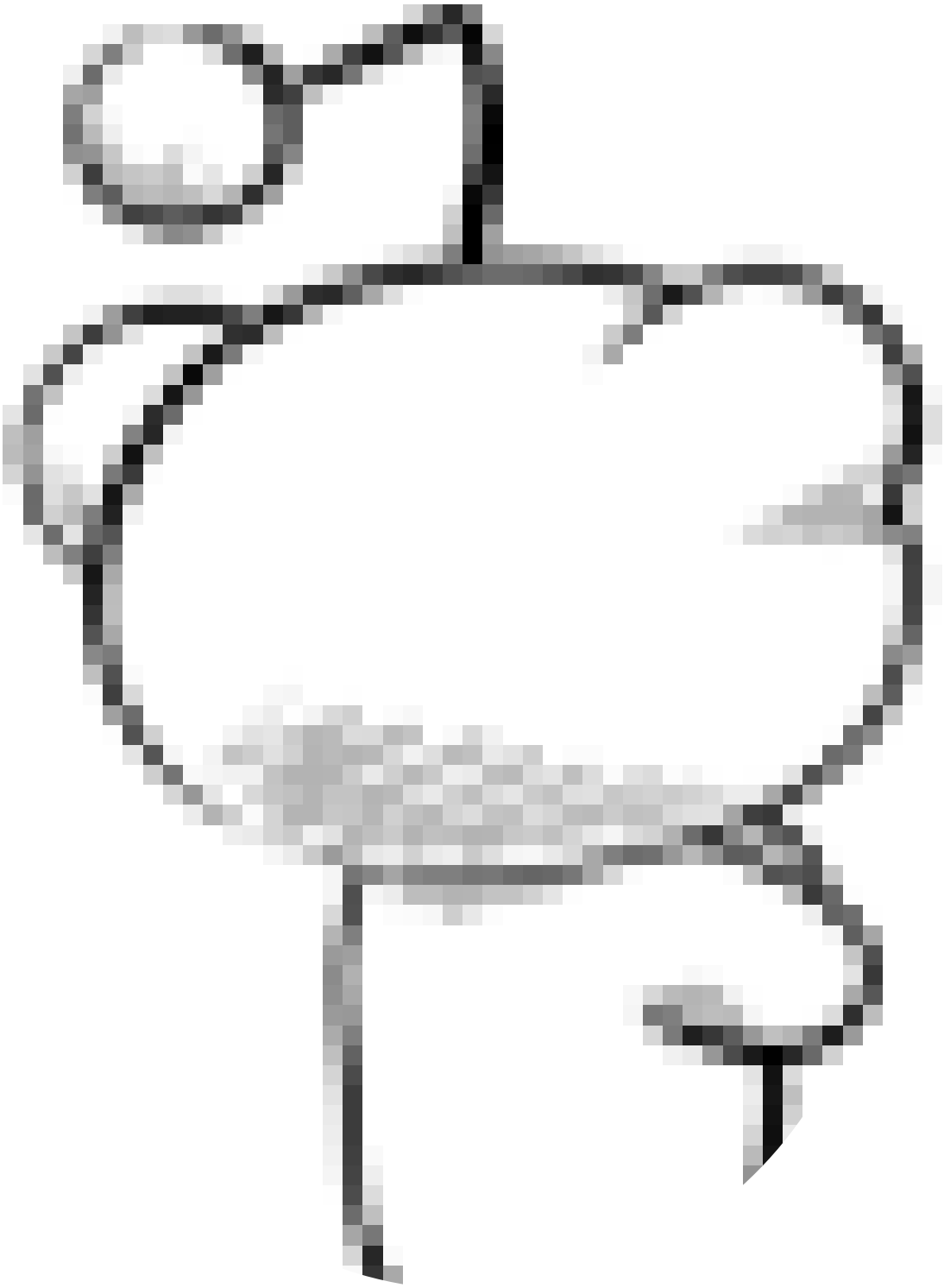

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â€¢ 15y ago

Laying in bed one summer day watching TV, hear the front door open, look toward the hallway and see the shadow of someone going up the stairs just around the corner. A few minutes later, i walk upstairs, talking to my mom who i assumed had just gotten home. I get no response, the house is dead quiet. Go back downstairs to see that the front door is closed and locked.

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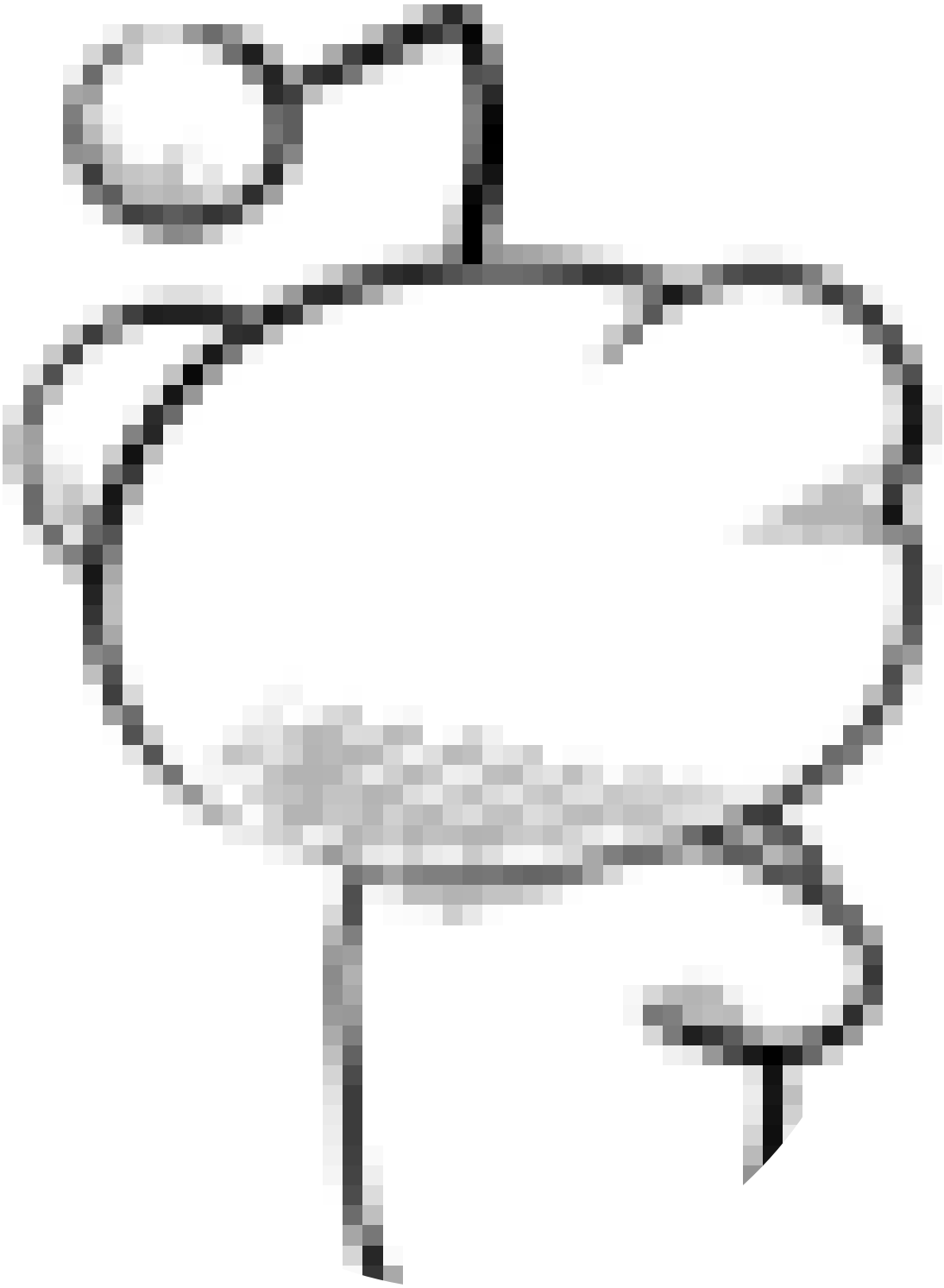

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â€¢ 15y ago

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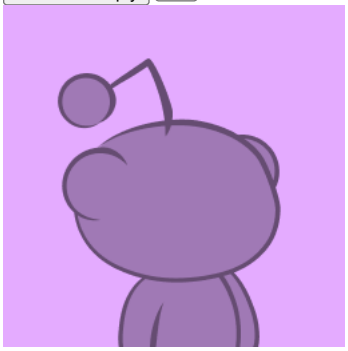

LetsGetMystical
â€¢ 15y ago

When I was 12 years old I was coming home from the community pool in our subdivision with my fat friend Jimmy. We were both roller skating down the sidewalk when an on-coming van drives up to us and starts shouting at us to "GET IN THE FUCKING CAR". Needless to say, we were both scared shitless and started skating fast as our little pre-teen legs could carry us. The car had to do a u-turn before it could reach us so we scrambled to get out of there before it had the chance. Just as we pick up pace, Jimmy hits a raised up portion of the sidewalk and falls down. Just like something out of a movie scene I turn back around to see him on the ground yelling for help (Need I remind you he was quite large and was already out of breathe) and In the single most douchebag move I've ever made, I yelled out "GOOD LUCK!" and skated away into my section of the neighborhood. Karma got me instantly as the truck began to chase me with 3 people yelling insults at me and trying to get me in their van. I manage to go into my friend's open garage and close the garage door behind me until they went away (A trick I learned from GTA). After about 5 minutes I opened the garage and frantically made it to my house, arriving hysterical and exhausted.

TL;DR: Van tries to abduct me, I leave my fat friend and hide in a garage until the coast is clear.

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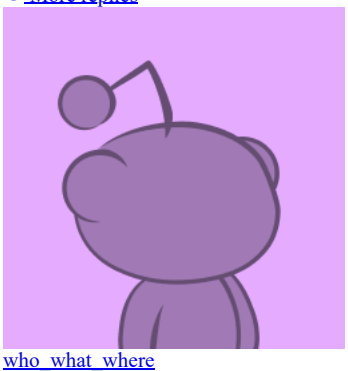

who_what_where
â€¢ 15y ago

This wasn't to me, but it still creeped me out. My sister was on the bus one day and this woman comes up to her and says "I don't normally do this, but I have this ability to tell when something is wrong. I think you have cancer and you should get checked out." How the hell are you supposed to respond to that? Ultimate creepy troll if you ask me. Three years later, there is nothing wrong with my sister.

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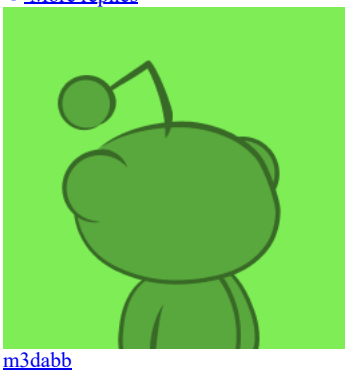

m3dabb
â€¢ 15y ago

i finished a lesson at driving school when my parents said i needed to find my own way home as they were leaving somewhere. I didn't know which bus to take and decided to wait at a random bus stop. After 3 buses went by and didn't stop, i decided to take a taxi. When I got in the taxi, I noticed that the driver was wearing sunglasses and had a

huge purple/black eye. I didn't make much of it. Half way thru the ride the driver asks where I was and I told him at driving school. Then he asks me if something is wrong with the current situation. I was confused and I said no. He pointed out that he doesn't have his seatbelt on. So I asked him why not and he said that a week ago a guy got in the back of his car and told him to drive and that he wont pay him. So he refused and the guy punched him in the head/eye and ran out. Then he said from that day he doesn't wear seat belts so that if anyone tries to attack him he can reach down and grab his gun!!! That was the oh...FUCK moment for me. What freaked me out more was that he knew exactly where my street was and how to get there. He's a cab driver but my area was pretty new and not many people knew where it was. So I'm freaking out and decided to ask him to stop at my neighbours house (of course I pretended it was mine). I get out, and as I'm giving him the money, my neighbour's daughter comes out. I pretended like she was my sister and gave the guy the money and told him to keep the change ($5). I waited till he was out of sight and went to my house.

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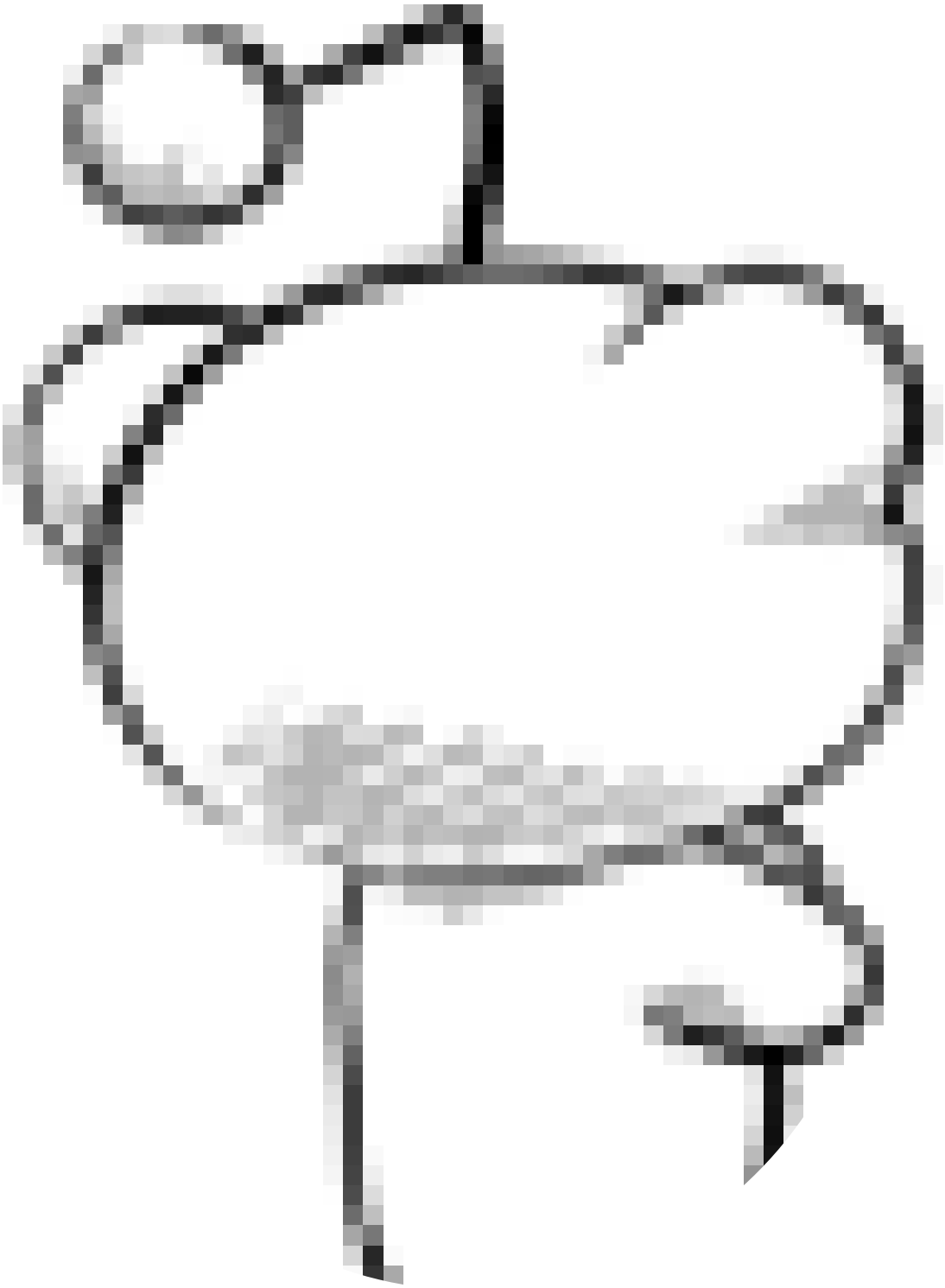

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â€¢ 15y ago

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isocline
â€¢ 15y ago

I've had a couple of experiences - not horrifying, but still just creepy.

Me and my brother are really close; he's four years older than me, but we've always been pretty similar. We've had a couple of seemingly telepathic experiences that neither of us can explain.

I was once folding clothes in the living room while he was sweeping the kitchen. I started singing this random song from our childhood. He stopped sweeping and stared at me, and asked if he had been singing out loud just then. I told him no. He said "That song was just playing in my head, and you started singing the same verse at the exact same time as it started in my head."

Also, he is a big computer guy. When computers were just starting to get big in the mid 90s, he was about 15, I guess, and I was about 11. He had put a password on our computer, and I was goofing around with it, trying to guess it. He said I'd never guess. I looked at him, looked down at the keyboard, and typed "Phineas." It worked - he had used the name of a character in a book they'd been reading at school as the password, which I had no idea about. I had not even been aware of that name before - but it popped in my head, out of the blue. We were both completely freaked.

Another time, we were riding around, just talking. He was in college, and was a Physics major. I was joking around with him, poking fun at his being such a geek, and asked if he was having fun studying "random-what-I-thought-was-mathematical-gibberish." He looked at me funny, and said "That is what we've just started studying. How did you know that?" I was 14 at the time, horrible at math, and hadn't even studied Physics yet.

This kind of thing only happens between me and him. It's cool, but when it happens, it's really freaky.

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RabbiSchlem
â€¢ 15y ago

I just posted but it was way too long. Here's a TL;DR of my stories:

1. I stayed in my bosses vacation mansion in Palm Springs. The night I got there the security guard for the gated community had to let me in. When he let me into the house he told me that it was a really creepy house because weird stuff happens that the night shift security guards have to take care of (locked doors opening, lights turning on, etc.).

The first night I woke up at 4am and the whole room was shaking like an earthquake. The lights were turned on and it sounded like chairs were being dragged on a wooden floor overhead. This lasted for 45 seconds. There was no second floor and there was no earthquake.

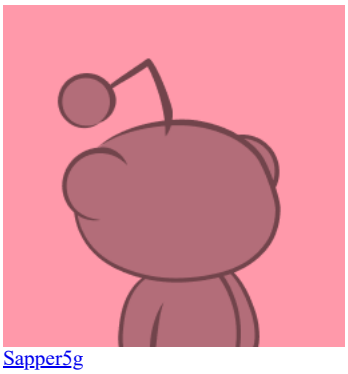
The second night my GF had arrived. She woke me up startled and terrified, but still half asleep. I told her to go back to sleep and put my arm around her. As she fell asleep I looked past her and saw on the nightstand a half-full glass of water balancing on just one edge. In disbelief I watched it for 10 seconds and right before my eyes it dropped down, water swishing and everything.

When we left the place, the cab driver that picked us up told us he used to work the night shift in the gated community and asked me if I had seen anything weird (ghosts). I didn't let on to anything because I wanted to hear his stories first -- in a few years of working there he had seen a few ghosts, watched things open themselves, had things moved misplaced etc. A few first time night shifters had quit their jobs because it was too much to handle. He said that the house I was staying in was usually the worst/creepiest.

2) A few months ago I saw a UFO in northern cal, about an hour north of San Francisco. I went up on a night hike with a girl to a remote area with a very low level of light pollution to watch a meteor shower. We saw two bright flashes in the sky before we saw a colored dot a little above the horizon that was flashing different colors every 200ms.

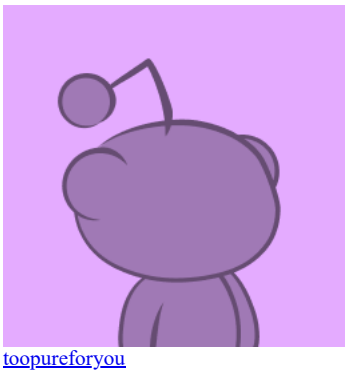
As we stared at it, it would occasionally (every few minutes) teleport what had to be 1000+ ft in an instant in any direction. I could tell that it had a faint circular glow around the bright light. Eventually, the teleporting went nuts -- it was darting back and forth within its glowing circle. After a watching this for 10s of seconds, the sky flashed white again. We were sufficiently freaked out, so we hauled ass outta there.

All in all, we had studied the light for about 45 minutes.



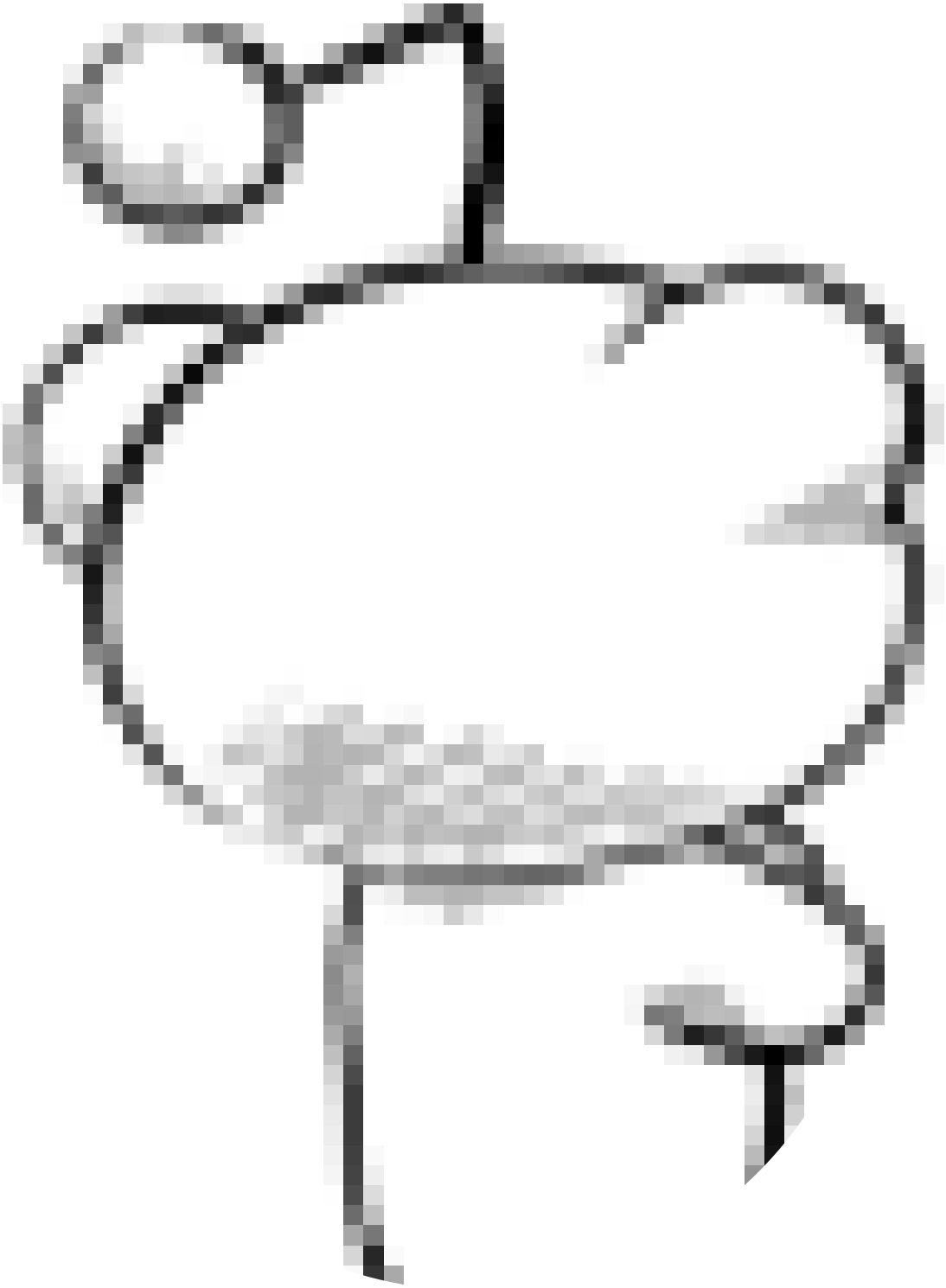
Sapper5g
â€¢ 15y ago

Similar to op's. "FBI Monitoring Van 2"



toopureforyou
â€¢ 15y ago

Last night when I was reading comments it was around 2am already we had a black out for 5 minutes I swear I was already sweating thinking of all the stuff I read here, I was so relieved when the lights went back on



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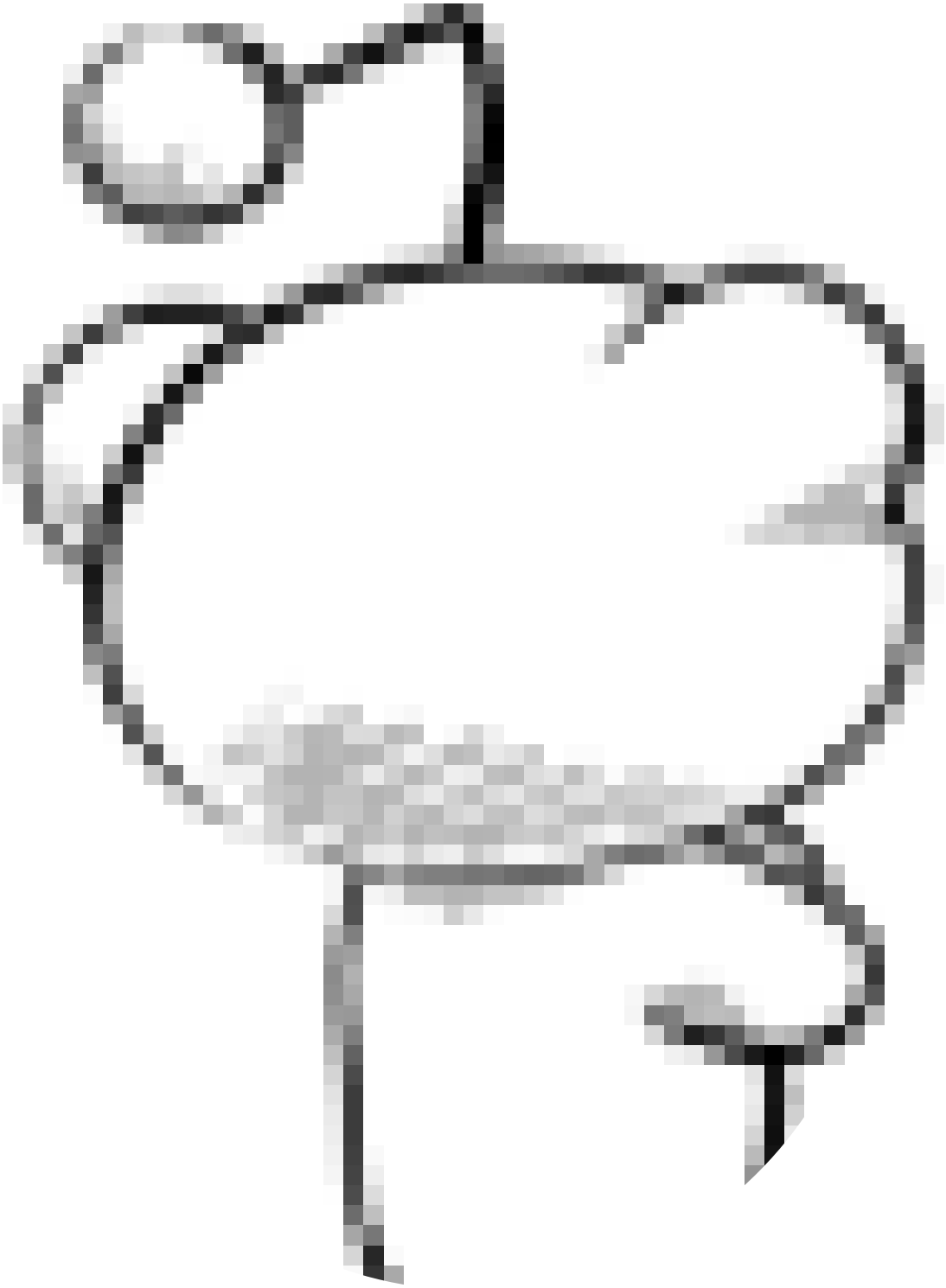
â€¢ 15y ago

Cool im not sleeping tonight.



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â€¢ 15y ago

I am laying in bed. Fully awake. Full of energy. My brother is on the computer. He has the headphones on. I hear a sharp static sound that is so loud. It is if it's right next to my ear. It continues and does not stop for a good twenty seconds.

The previous day, I had viewed many UFO bullshit videos and alien yada-yada nonsense. I have never believed in any of this sort of thing. This is how I view these sort of things. If I never seen or heard one in person, then they don't exist. PERIOD. So, during those twenty seconds, I cannot move. It is if I am paralyzed. I try so hard to get up & move to see if it is my brother messing around. It is hard to describe the noise because I never heard it before. The closest thing I could relate it to is the noise your computer makes when your cellphone is receiving a text message before it arrives. I get the shivers up and down my body. It finally ends and I am shocked. I do not know what just happened. I do not tell my brother, afraid of him calling me a nut job or an idiot for that matter. The only thing he noticed was my face when I leave the room. He asked what was the matter. He said it was if someone had painted my face white. I felt my face turn pale. I do not know how to describe that actual sense. To this day, I do not know what happened that day. I was afraid to fall asleep that day because I work nights.

Speaking of work, I am late as it is. I hope my story is worthy. Thanks for reading. To me it is the creepiest. Although, there was a man who winked at me nonstop when I was younger. Not sure what became of him.

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palpebral
â€¢ 15y ago

I'm STILL going through these, 5 months later. Seriously, some gems in here.

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MCA2142
â€¢ 15y ago

reading this: http://www.mangatoshokan.com/read/Suck-It

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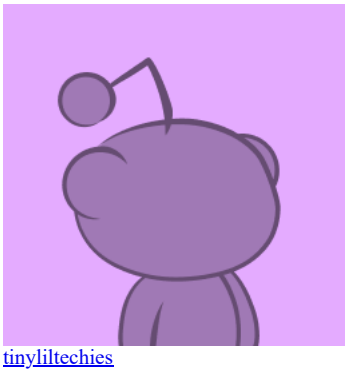

tinyliltechies
â€¢ 15y ago

Well that's all for me. Goodnight everyone.

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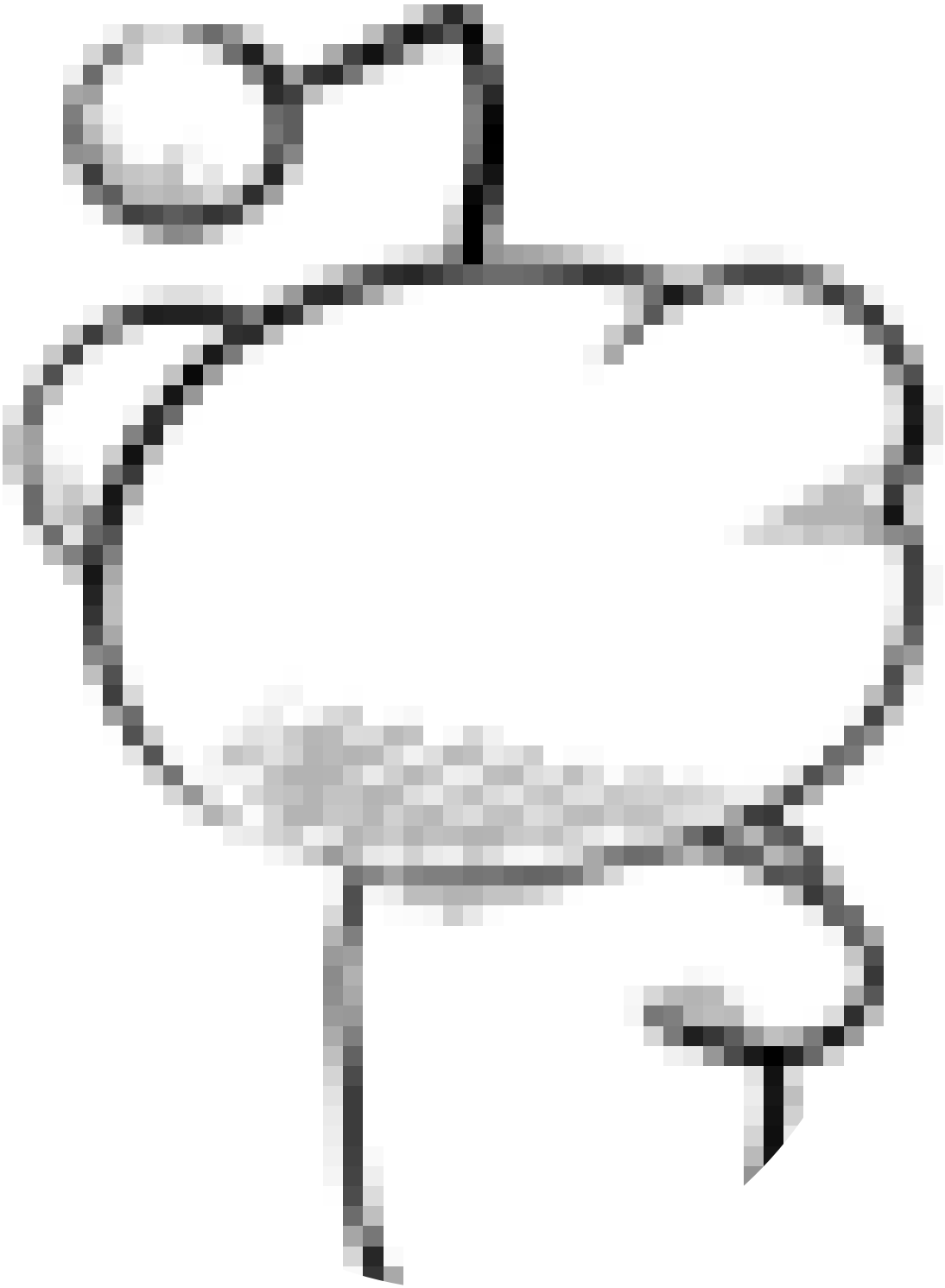

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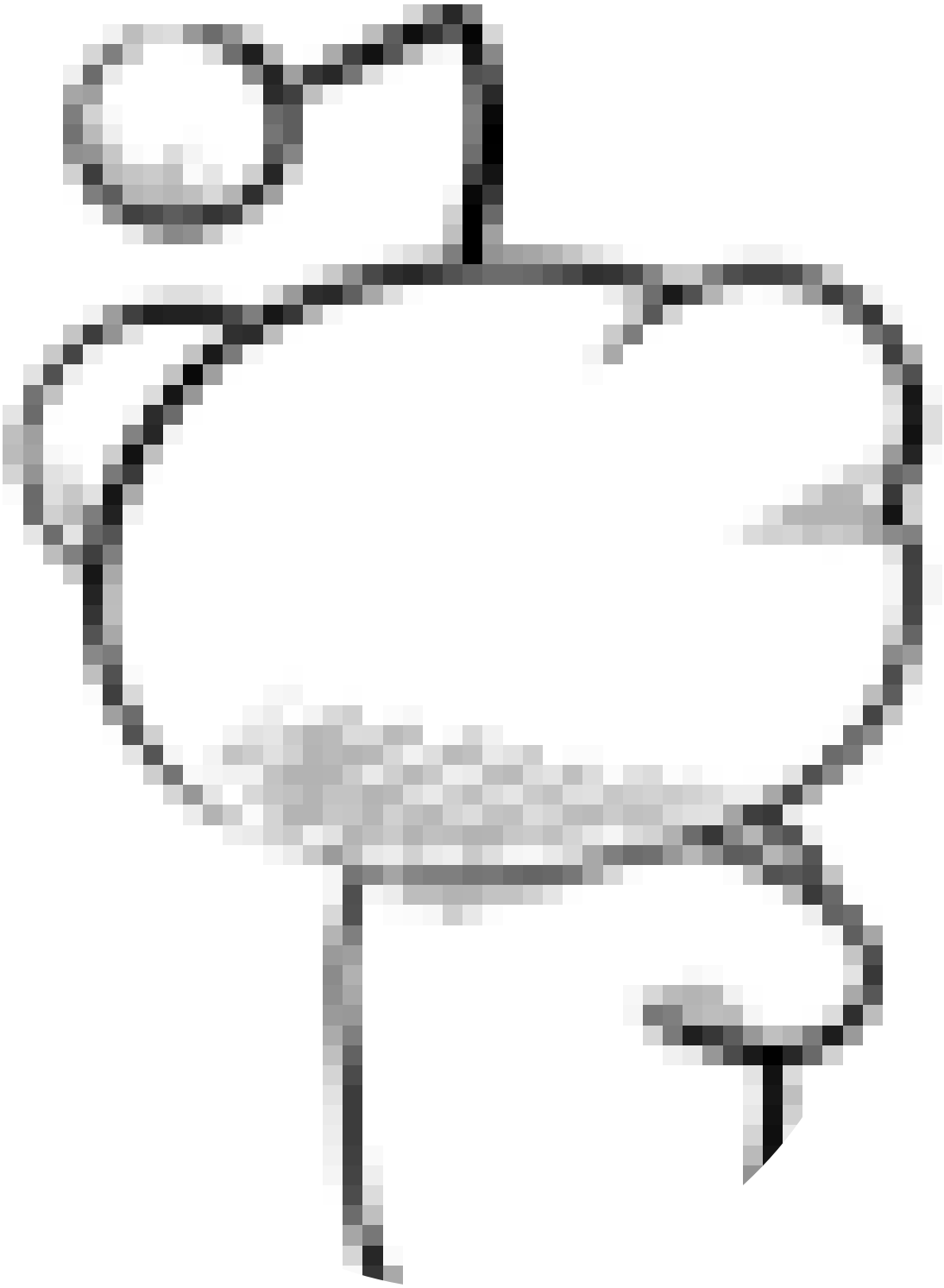

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â€¢ 15y ago

r/nosleep

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gusto22
â€¢ 15y ago

lima beans on a pizza

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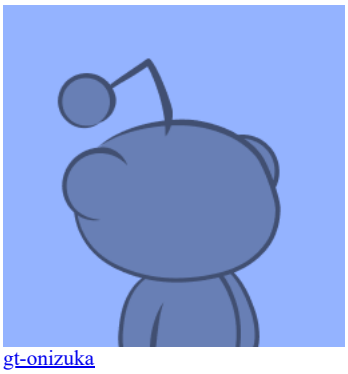


gt-onizuka
â€¢ 15y ago

I was working on a term paper in my dorm room late at night (2am) when I heard a faint buzzing sound. So naturally, I went to check if the sound came from my cellphone vibrating and strangely enough it wasn't. At that point the buzzing had stopped so I just told myself to forget about it and continue working on my paper. As soon as I came to sit at my desk the buzzing started again except it was louder this time. I knew it wasnâ€™t my cell because I had it in my hand, so I began to search my room for the source andâ€¦well I found it; a beetle. It had, SOME HOW, ended up falling on itâ€™s back and has been trying to turn itself over using itâ€™s wings; which explains the buzzing.

Now the strange thing to me was how it got into my room in the first place. My window was closed (shut tight) for the past 2 days, and Iâ€™m SURE of it because

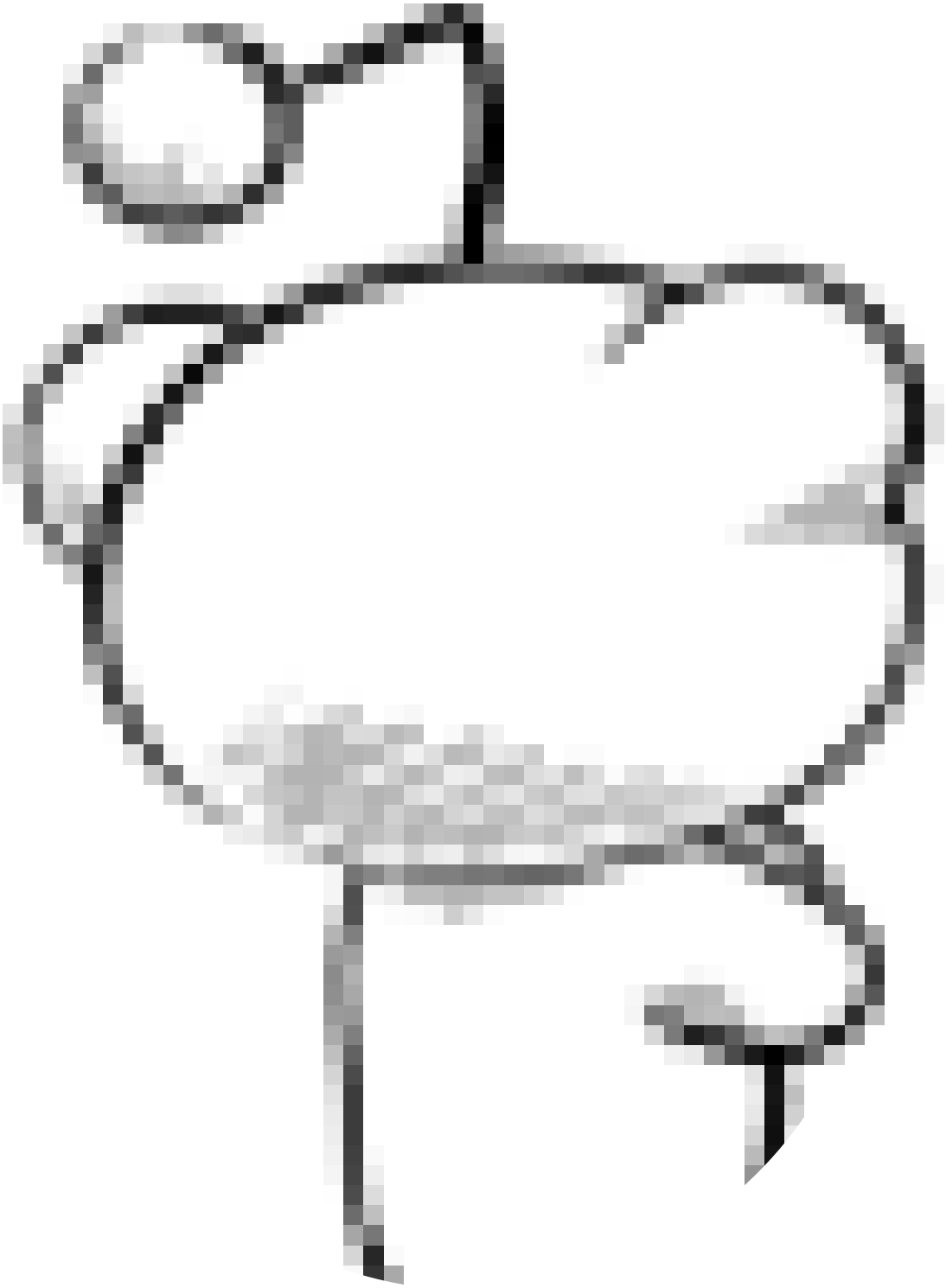
1- I am the only one who has access to the room; 2- I was stuck in my room studying for the past two days preparing for exams, so I would have surely heard it before; and 3- Thereâ€™s no way it could have crawled from under my door because thereâ€™s BARELY a gap of 1cm between the floor and the door base for the beetle to fit through.

This is not the end.

I figured ignorance is bliss and went on to help the little thing. So I fetch a small, empty, unpierced, cologne box (approx. 12cm x 3cm x 5cm) and put it in there and closed the box.

Now, to make sure it is in there I gently shook the box and I felt/heard moving around in there. I got out of my room and walked down the hallway towards the garden outside and it was buzzing the whole way there until I got to the main door and thatâ€™s when I realized itâ€™s been silent for about a minute now, I figured it might have just stopped from exhaustion.

Once I got outside I slowly opened the box just above the grass but nothing fell out. I shook the box downwards to force the beetle out butâ€¦it never fell out. hmm weird is it stuck? So I opened the other end of the box to see whatâ€™s going on in there to find myself looking inside an empty hollow boxâ€¦



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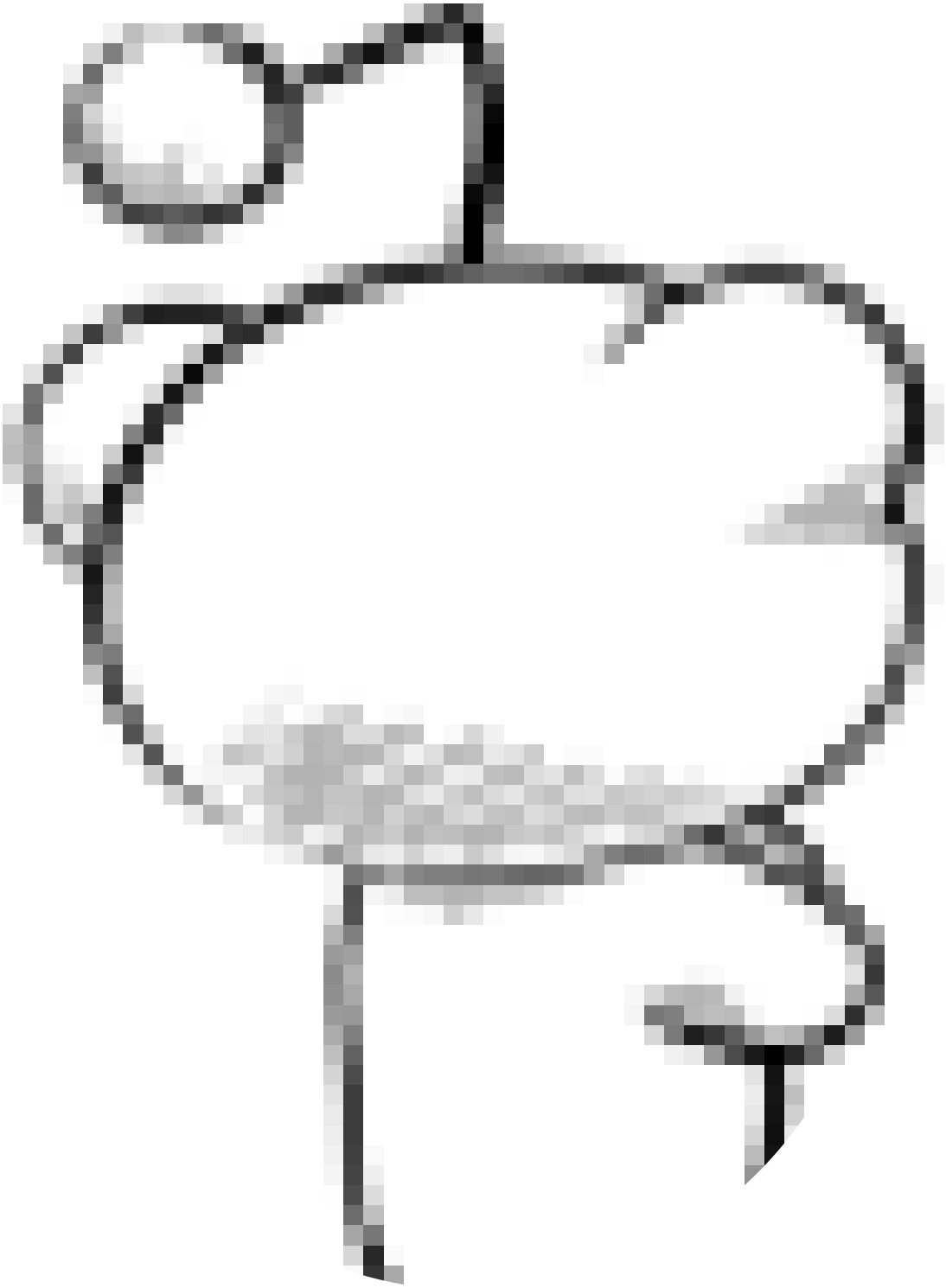
â€¢ 15y ago

One night, I was downstairs first floor of our housing unit which, then, was in the projects. Suddenly, I heard a bunch of stuff crashing and breaking, and the noises were coming from my sisters room upstairs. I ran up to figure out what was going on and I saw a rapist trying to rape my sister, but he got away -- although leaving evidence of his attack. Turns out he climbed onto a ledge using a garbage can and came in through the window.

Talked with the police the next morning, and explained: we gon' find him. Be warned though, he's climbing in your widows, snatching your people up.



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â€¢ 15y ago

Better hide your kids, hide your wife, and hide your husband too.

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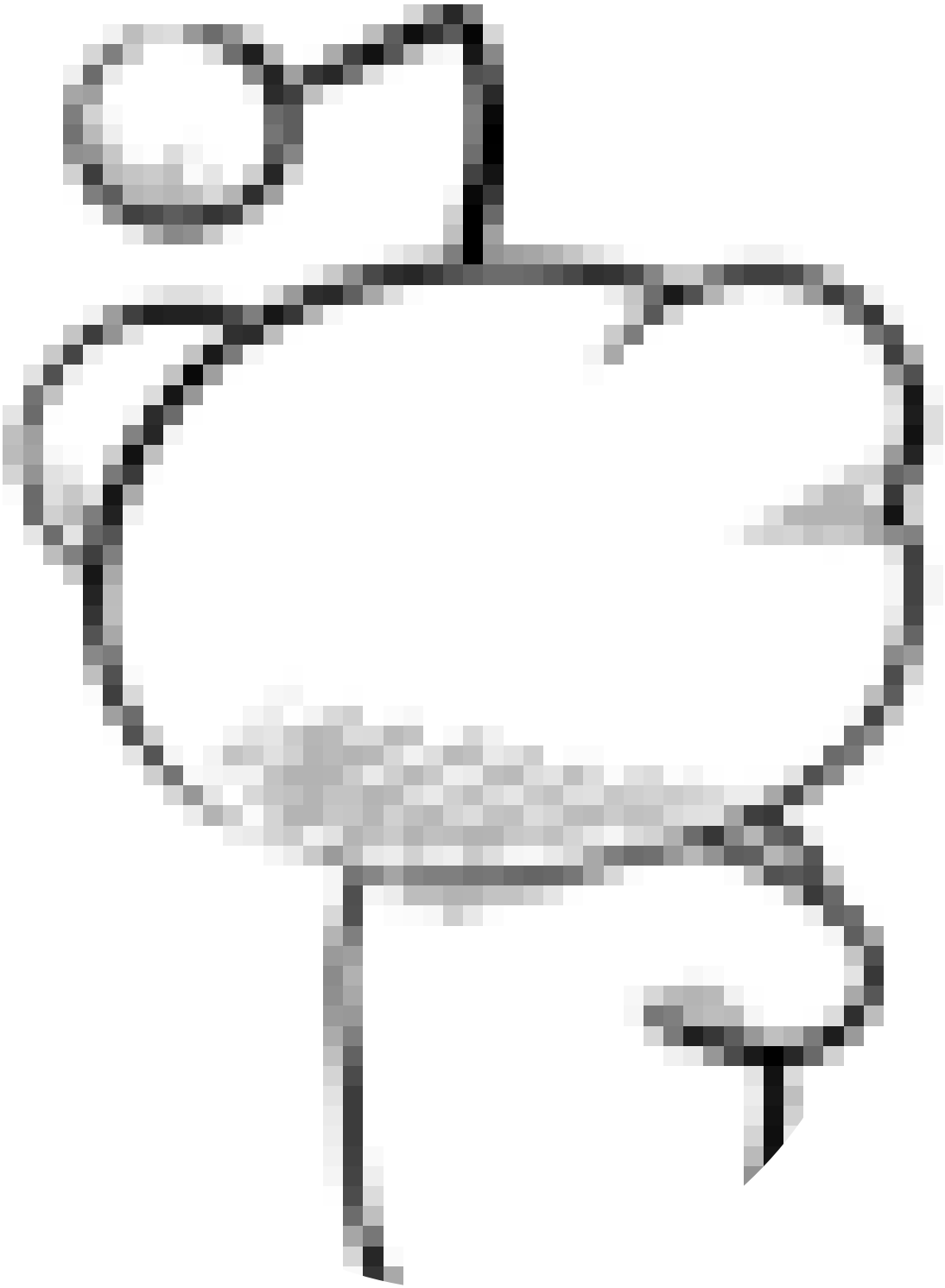

jabjabhook
â€¢ 15y ago

One night there was a dark figure standing over me next to my bed. Creepy as hell so I punched it. Work myself up.

Tdogg425
â€¢ 15y ago

I was hit on by a gay midget last night. He wanted to help me get into the modeling industry.

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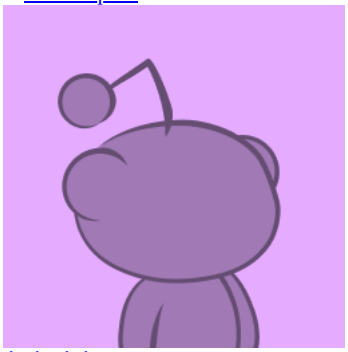
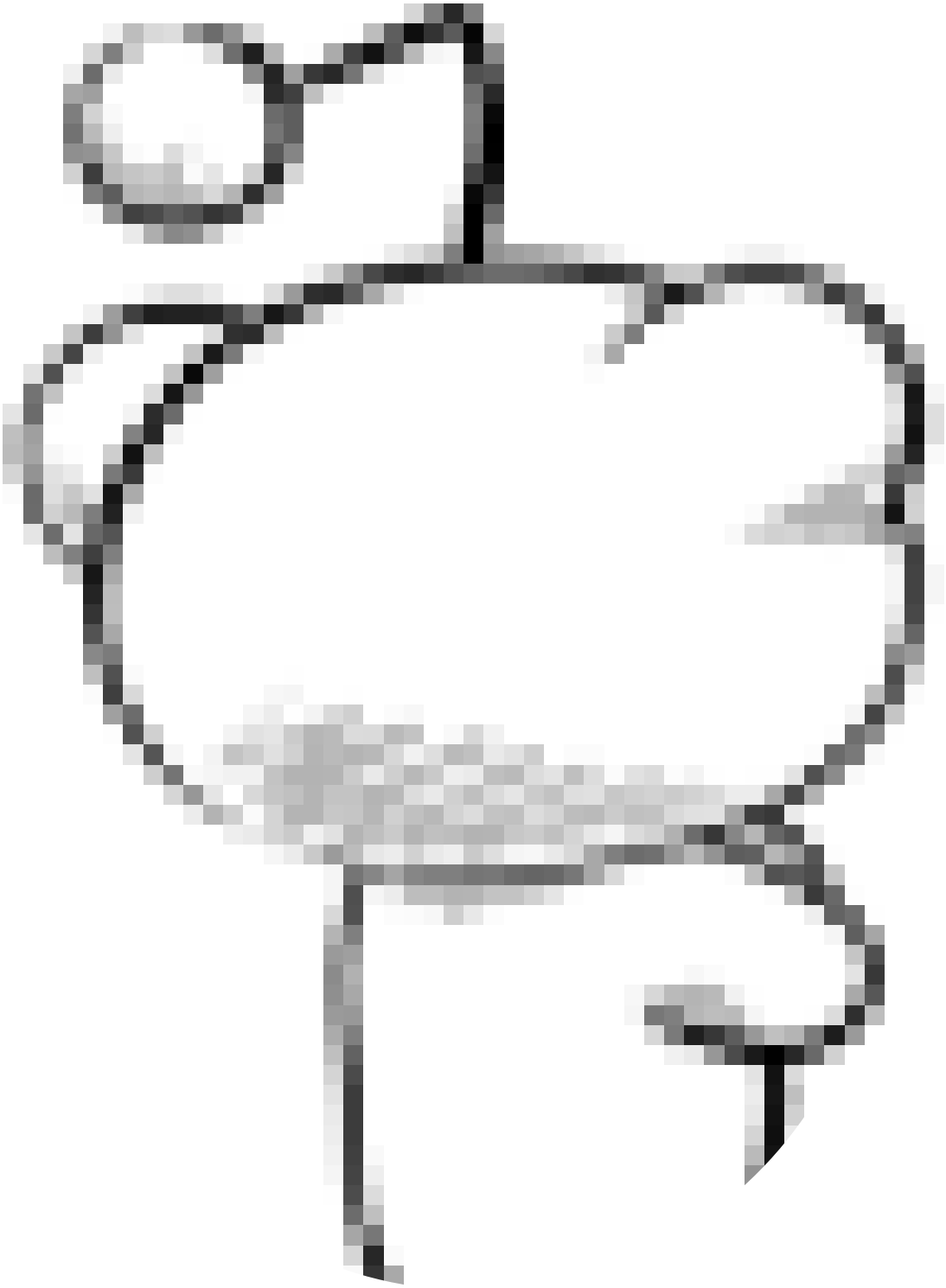


thedeathsheep
â€¢ 15y ago

I just started basic training in the army. It was the first week. On one of the nights an hour after lights out I went to the toilet to pee i saw a guy at a urinal back facing me. Now since it was the first week I couldn't tell who it was and he seemed a little creepy standing there all quiet I decided to use the stalls instead. Then while I was peeing in suddenly realised there was no noise whatsoever. No sound of liquid splashing against porcelain nothing.

I came out, washed my hands and he was still standing there silent and still. I got the fuck out of there quickly.



PharaohJoe
â€¢ 15y ago

I knew dudes in basic who could sleep standing up. Maybe this dude was like that, the stress made a lot of guys sleep walk too.

One of the Plt Sgts we had was a drill in Leonardwood, he said a lot of the guys on fire guard would hear dog tags jingle down the hallways and hear them move past them but no person, and randomly see some soldiers face pop out of an empty room down the hall peeking out at them. He said privates from different cycles repeated the same story.

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alphabetoes
â€¢ 15y ago

I began receiving text messages from a guy who took my plasma.

I never gave him my number.

I reported his ass.

He still works there.

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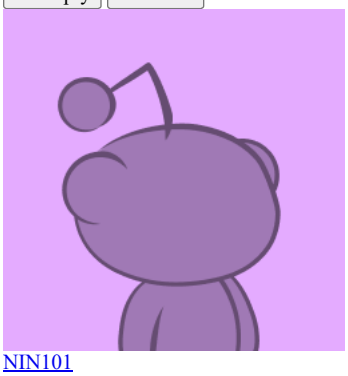

NIN101
â€¢ 15y ago

Well. I clicked on this thread knowing that I can't contribute. But now I have read so much about dolls, flying girls, ghosts and other paranormal stuff . Best part: its 0:30 am here. Will it be a sleepless night with some shitty dreams? No. But I think some people will have :P I have to admit that I was a bit(read very) scared though.

So as already said, I have nothing to share. Interesting thread. I just can't stop reading here.

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HomerJunior
â€¢ 15y ago

Try r/nosleep, some good stuff there.

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someinterestedparty
â€¢ 15y ago

maybe not the creepiest, but the creepiest most recent.. the other night i couldn't sleep, so i was just tossing and turning until like 7 AM. i have 3 cats and live in a small cottage in a very populated area of austin, right near campus where there are often bums and students everywhere all the time. around 5 AM i heard a woman's low voice say,

"here kitty kitty kitty... Delhi..." so that's my cat's name right? and this person was standing RIGHT outside my window, calling for my cat by name (she has a collar with her name on it).. in the middle of the night.. WHO IS SHE

2 more replies

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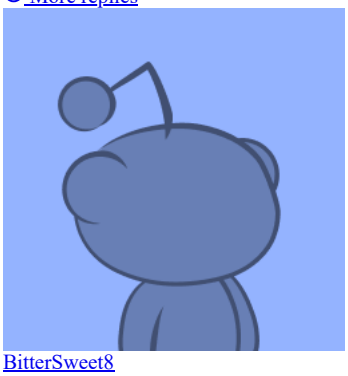

BitterSweet8
â€¢ 15y ago

I came home from my friend's house at about 2am one night. As I opened the gate, a man jumped over the adjoining retaining wall and landed crouched on the ground in front of me. I froze.

He said, "You scared me!"

Shocked, I replied, "You scared *me*!" I quickly ran back to my car and drove into the carport. Too scared to get out and close the gate, I called my little brother to come get me.

Little brother came downstairs armed with a knife. Not just any knife. A steak knife. A STEAK knife! WTF kind of damage can you do with a steak knife?!

Never saw the man before and haven't seen him since. I figured he was a drunkard pissing behind our wall. Just can't believe he had the audacity to say that *I* scared *him*. Always scared coming home late now.

3 more replies

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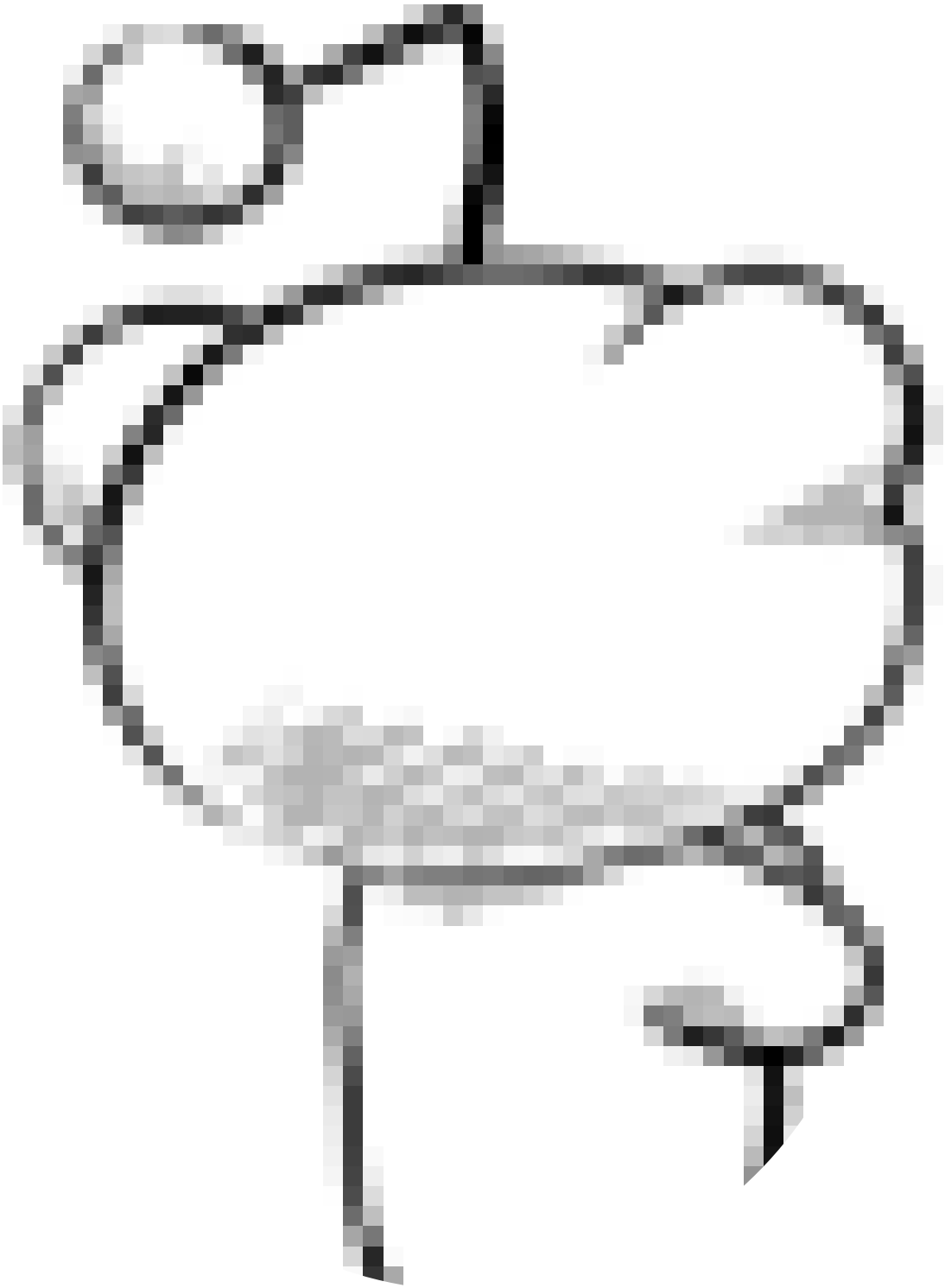
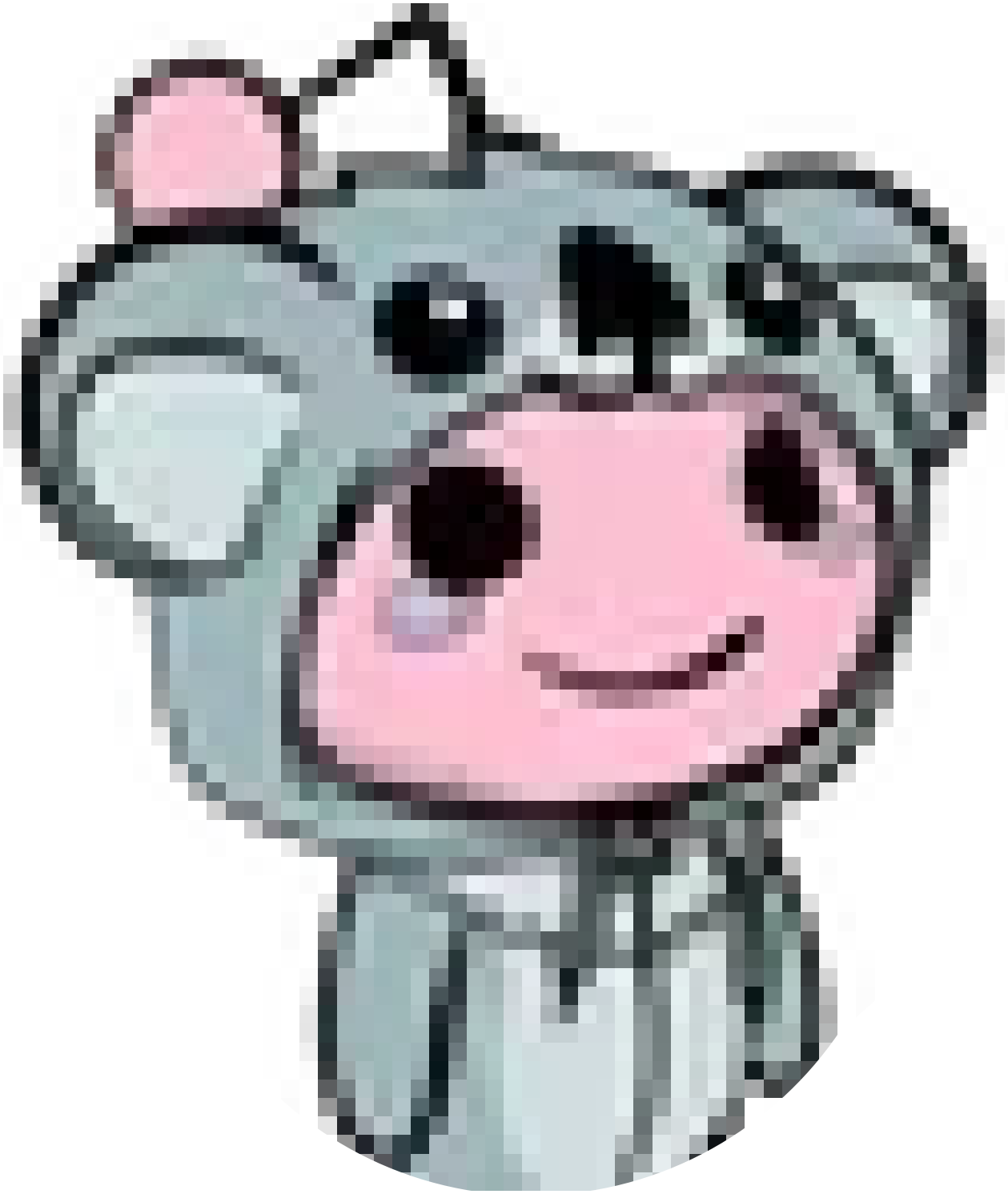


[deleted]
â€¢ 15y ago

Not as bad as many on here but once at the mall, there was this guy taking pictures of a family with his phone, the wife said "just leave me and my family alone" and he continued to follow them taking pictures, standing way too close, they started to takes pictures of him, and he still continued. I knew something was going down but thought it was best to get out before I got caught in the middle of it. Anyone have a clue what was going on?



piyokochan
â€¢ 15y ago

I was reading this thread at work and was thoroughly creeped out by the stories of the paranormal and inexplicable, so halfway down the page, the CURSOR ON THE SCREEN STARTS TO MOVE AND MY HAND IS NOT ON THE MOUSE. Holy whralsdbfakbdvhb it scared me stiff, and I froze, not knowing wtf was happening and what to do. And then I remembered sometimes my boss remotely connects to my desktop to retrieve work files, and I had to call him to confirm it was indeed him accessing the desktop. He confirmed that he accessed the desktop for a short second, and then I got busted for being on Reddit at work.

Then, 5 minutes later, I get a phone call, and I check the call display to see who it was. It said "Silent Hill 2..." and I was like NOT AGAIN *frozen in fear*. I let it ring a few times because I couldn't bring myself to answer the call, but then eventually I picked up the receiver and gave a shaky "hello....?" Turns out it was just the costume designer for the movie (currently being filmed) asking about stuff.

Pretty tame, but I swear it was super scary at the time! (I'm such a wimp u_u)

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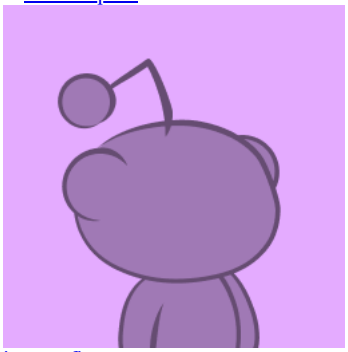

jonnyrufles
â€¢ 15y ago

Marking to read later

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DaisyDoozer
â€¢ 15y ago

The tea party

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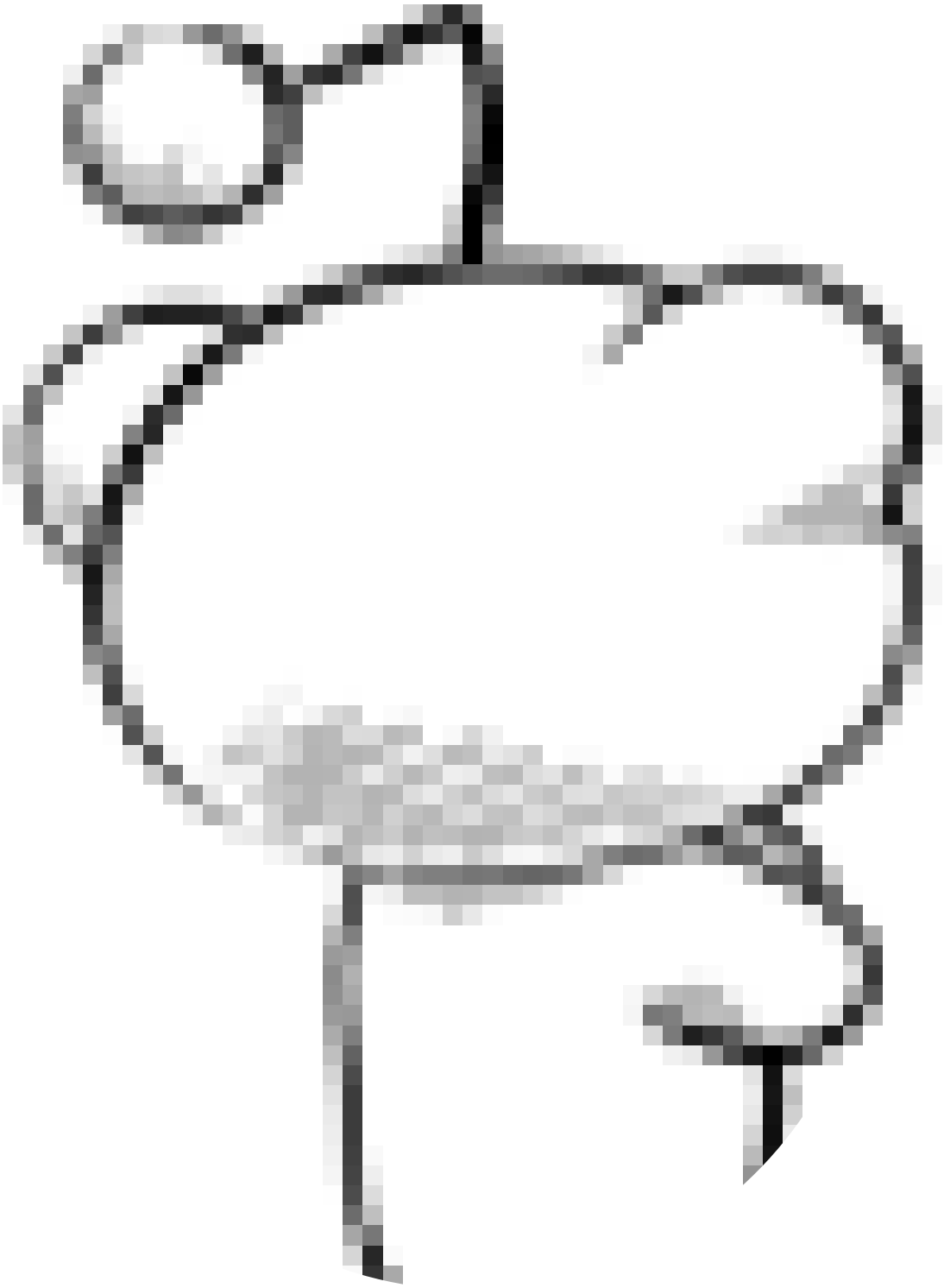

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â€¢ 15y ago

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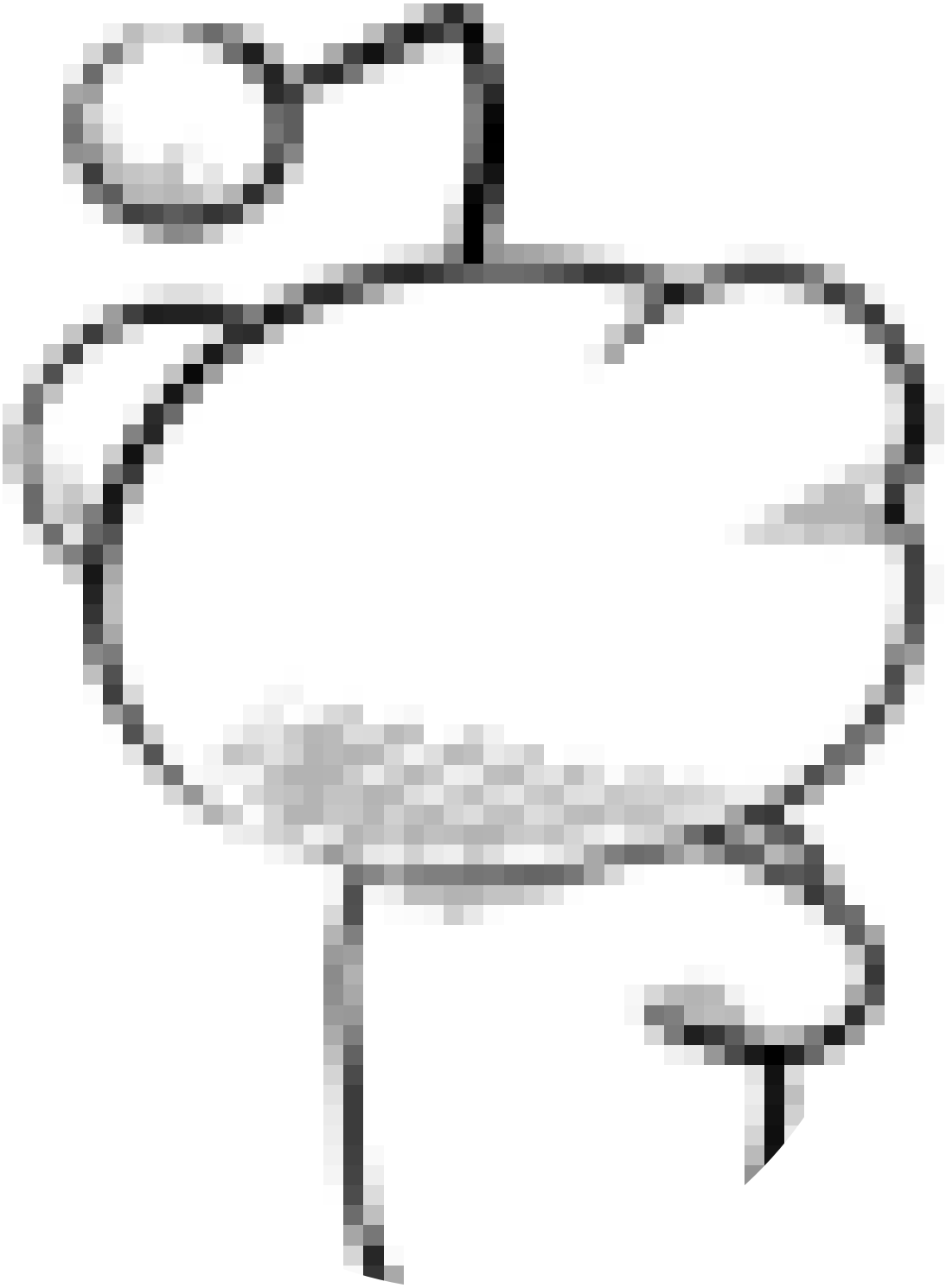

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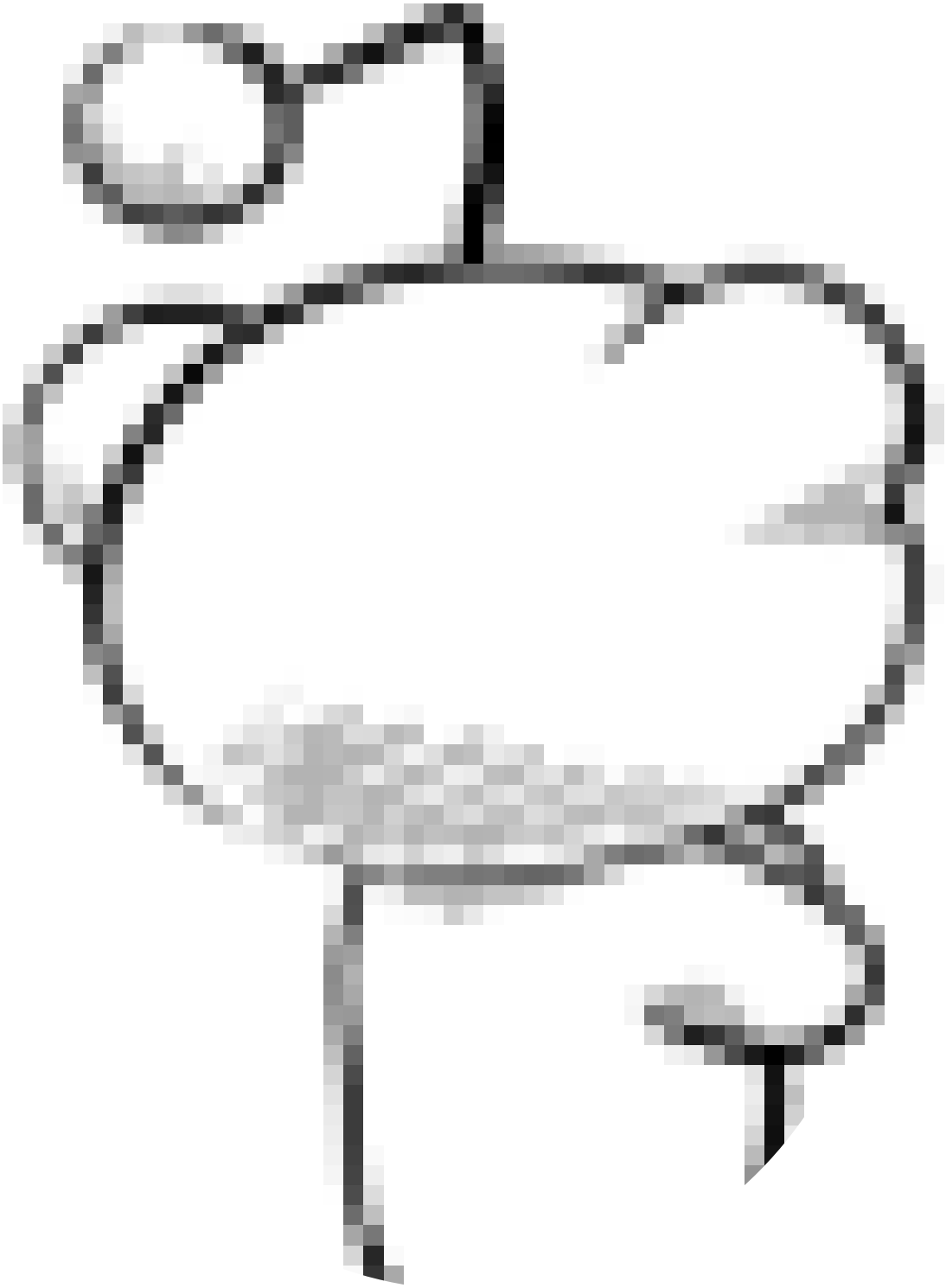
â€¢ 15y ago

> faint meat-tenderizing hammer sound

Good god man, I've been reading this thread for more than five hours and this is probably the most gruesome thing I've mentally imagined all day.



boblodiablo
â€¢ 15y ago â€¢ Edited 15y ago

First off let me describe one of my old houses to you, we will call this house A: Its an older house that is posted right behind a grade school. It has an accessible gate, which we would use to go to class. There was brush and ivy everywhere so if anything was alive and moving in my back yard you could hear it. We have had dogs, bikes, food, pool toys. Tons of shit abducted from that stupid access gate. There are huge bushes that separate the school from our backyard so you cant see anything from my bedroom window which faces my back yard. There is a billion places to hide in this yard. Tons of creepy shit. a giant shed and an even larger green house. So im used to tons of scary sounds and shadows by this time from living here.

in my current house(house B) in the summer, a couple times we have accidentally left the front door open all night...We have no fence around our back yard and a helicopter looking for criminals passes over us semiannually. 1st story: One of our neighbors(the father) used to take his 2 daughters into some brush way deep in our back yards as they are connected. The oldest daughter was old enough that im sure the molestation could have manifested into how she acted and dressed. That should have been a shot in the dark to guess that, but the dad did look like the dad that filmed the child porn in the butterfly effect. Shit was just utterly disturbing that my mind went there. So i decided to creep back there after they left and the house was empty. There was nothing creepy back there except A HOMEMADE CAVE WITH AN IRON CAGE BIG ENOUGH FOR 2 GIRLS TO FIT INTO. Needless to say i attempted to track the family down at this time to question the daughter. Nothing. I should have gone with my gut.

2nd story takes place at house A: So my mom and dad sit us down late one night right before we go to bed to break the news to us that my mom is leaving my dad on a break, this is the second time they have done this...needless to say I now kill people for a living. Anyhow so I am relatively young like 7th or 8th grade and im crying in bed from the utterly horrible news I have just gotten I keep hearing this gigantic thud. then a short pause, then another thud. Now because I live right behind the school my best

friend is the Janitor. A cool dude, taught me to fight and how all women are crazy at one time or another. So im like WTF is going on up there. I know specific people that do routine tasks at that school, like run or walk the dog or practice rugby or soccer or baseball. Now this was very unusual for this time of night and for the sound that was coming from the school. Also it was very close to my house and loud. So I get up because i obviously cant sleep whatsoever and put on my shit and creep up to the gate. I dont open that shit because its old and rusty so i know how loud it gets when i use the latch(thank god i never heard that in the middle of the night). So i hop the fence and creep up to where i think i hear the sound coming from. Thud.....Thud.....Thud. So i slowly peak my hear around to see what is it...and its this fucking huge guy like 6'5" or taller who is doing round house kicks to the overhanging top of the roof. he has his shirt off and hes fucking pale as fuck, but he is doing perfect kicks and smashing his foot really hard against the overhanging roof. So this creepy giant is sweating and kicking and im thinking alright i need to creep down and find my janitor homie and see why he didnt call a swat team to come get this guy...now its like thursday night and i know his schedule so i need to cross over and go down to the lower wing to get to where his cart should be. So i go as slow as possible and creep down in the darkness so this guy who is in the light cant see me. I get down to the second wing and peek my head over to see if he is attending to one of the rooms or something just ignoring the guy kicking the shit out of the roof, but nothing...so i walk out front to look for his car and nothing...There's no way this guy just randomly misses work without calling and getting a sub janitor.....so you mean to tell me that there is this gigantic guy who is roundhouse kicking the roof on one wing of the school, and the janitor who is usually always around is absent from the lower wing...At this point i was really scared because i had no backup in-case this giant ninja found me and wanted to spar...so i just walk out of the front of the school and around to the front of my house. Walk in and go to bed(walking because i didnt want to be at that school but i sure as fuck didnt want to go back home).
Later the next week i find the janitor working and ask him what happened last Thursday, and he said he just finished early and went home...I never told a soul about this crazy huge dude doing round houses to the overhanging roof. I mean as i was typing this i was like, this sounds like something out of TMNT...

TLDR, creepy backyards + creepy neighbors = trouble. Giant white ninja doing round house kicks to the roof...on the night your mom tells you shes leaving your dad.

fangisland
â€¢ 15y ago

Late to the party, but here goes...

Back when I was younger, after high school was finished, a few of my friends and I used to hang out a lot at this guy Jeff's house. I'm extremely logically/scientifically minded, but a lot of us felt "bad energy" at his house. You know those feelings you sometimes get (however unreasonable) that someone's "chasing" you or there's some kind of dark force after you? Well it felt like that at Jeff's place x10 at times.

Anyway, one night I remember I was downstairs on one of the computers chatting with people on AIM, and Jeff was upstairs in his bedroom playing Everquest. Jeff's room wasn't directly above me, but kind across the hall from the room directly above me. It was just me and him in the house, kind of doing our own thing. All of the sudden, I hear LOUD noises coming from the room directly above me - it sounded like 2 people were wrestling on the floor! Wondering what the hell was going on, I raced upstairs and went into Jeff's room, only to see him sitting on his computer, playing Everquest. He just looked at me kind of like "what's wrong?" as though nothing had happened.

The room across from him, the one I heard noises coming from, had been abandoned for some time. It was his little sister's old room, but she had moved out months ago. I didn't even bother going inside because I didn't want to find out what the hell that noise was.

1 more reply
1 more reply

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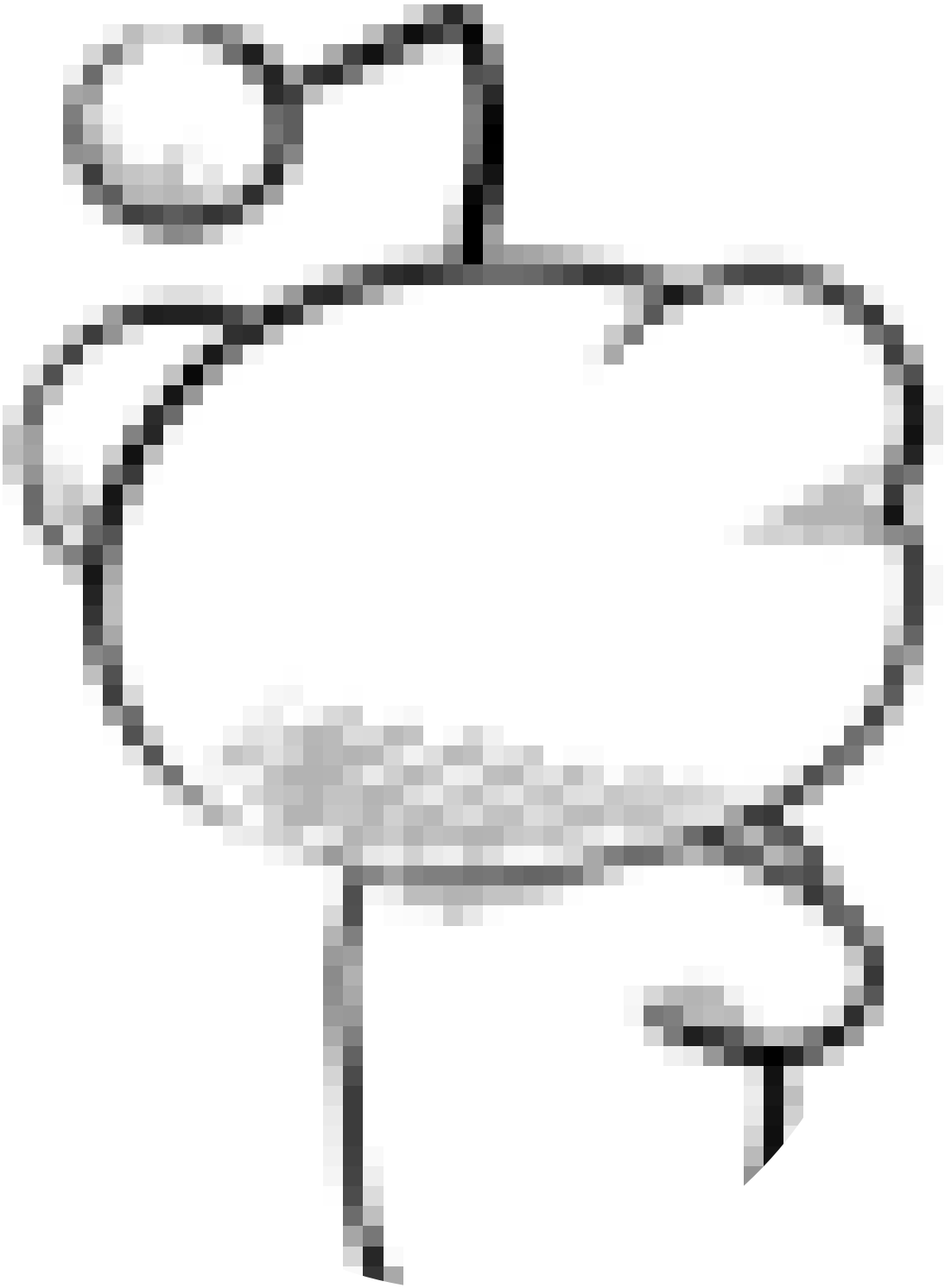


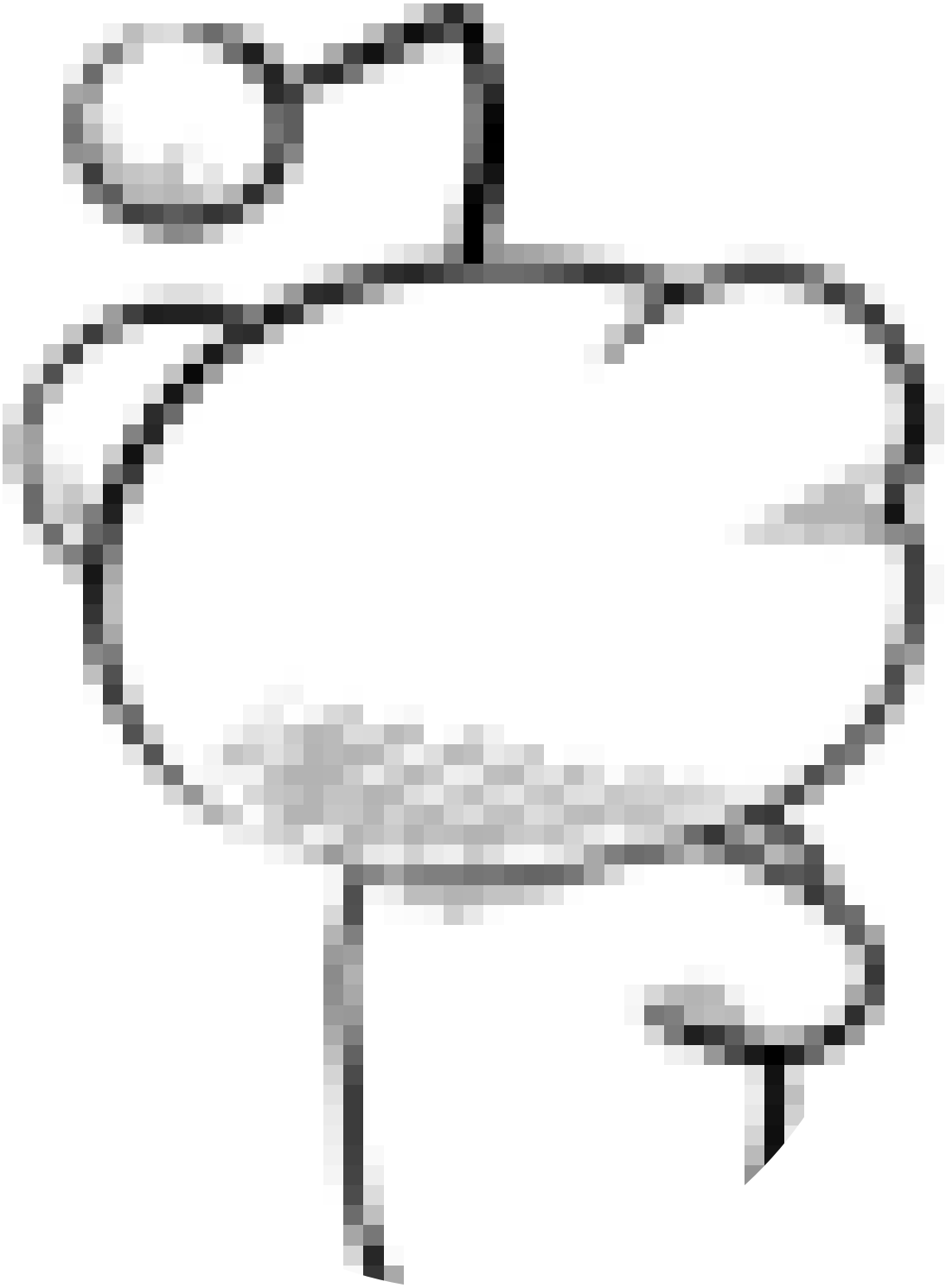
surpriseawesomeness
â€¢ 15y ago

The comments on this are creeping the hell out of me.

I do not want to be forever alone right now!

AnotherJokeAccount
â€¢ 15y ago

No shit, as I was reading through this thread my dad opened my bedroom door and scared the shit out of me. I think I just pissed myself.



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â€¢ 15y ago

One time I was wandering the grocery store with my mom and stopped to look at re different color ketchups. Turned around and she wasn't there. Searched three aisles before I found her. Scariest thing a child can experience.

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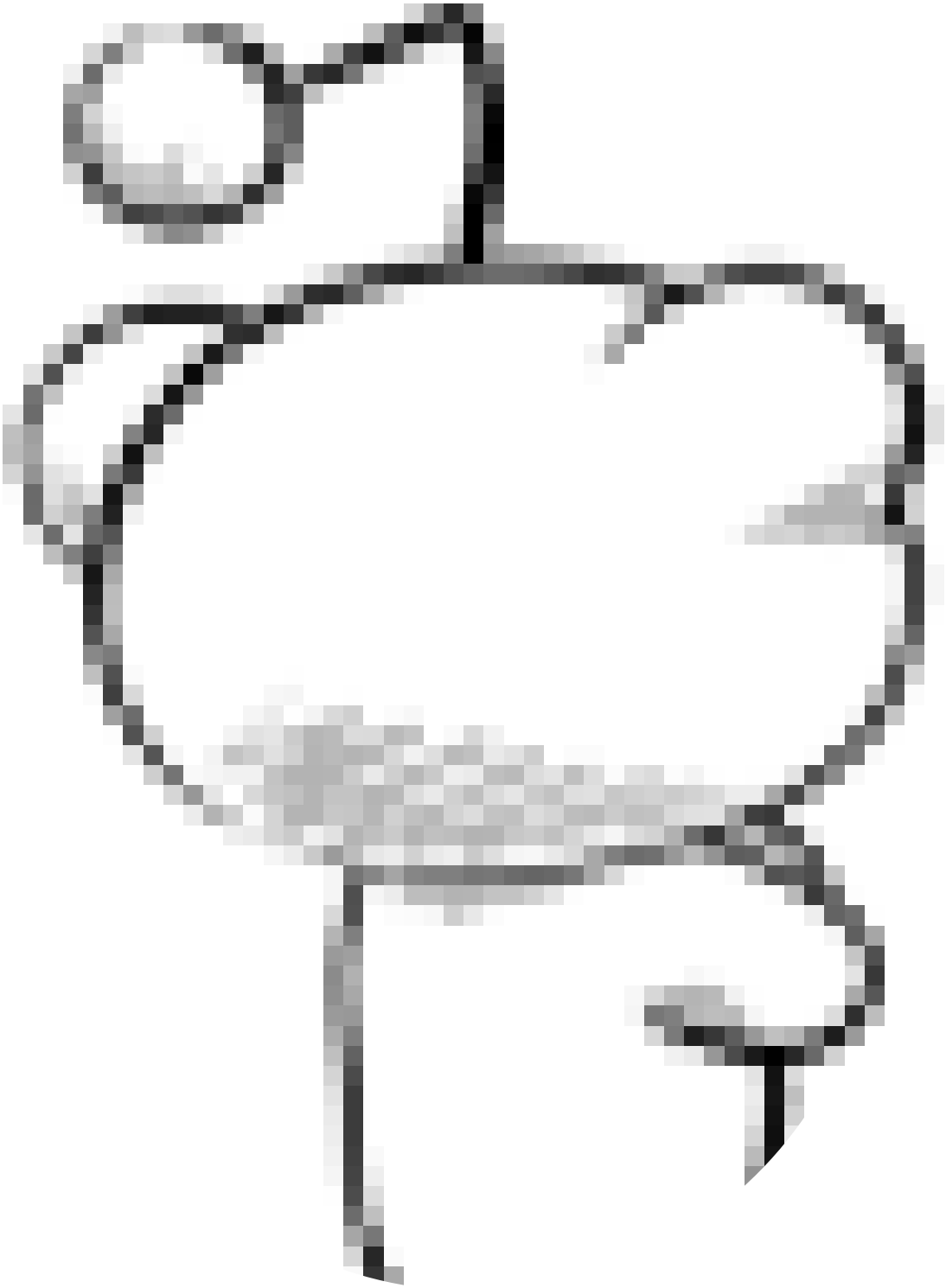

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â€¢ 15y ago

There is an old table in my parent's house in the dining room that we inherited from my great-grandmother. At some point before they had it, a chandelier broke and crashed on top of the table.

Twice now since the table has been in my parents house, they have both woken up in the middle of the night hearing a huge crashing sound, specifically glass shattering. They say they jump out of bed expecting to find a broken mirror or bowl, and find nothing. The weirdest part is that it's not just one person who wakes up. They both hear it

and jump out of bed.

This makes me really believe in the idea of energy remaining in objects or places after something has already passed.

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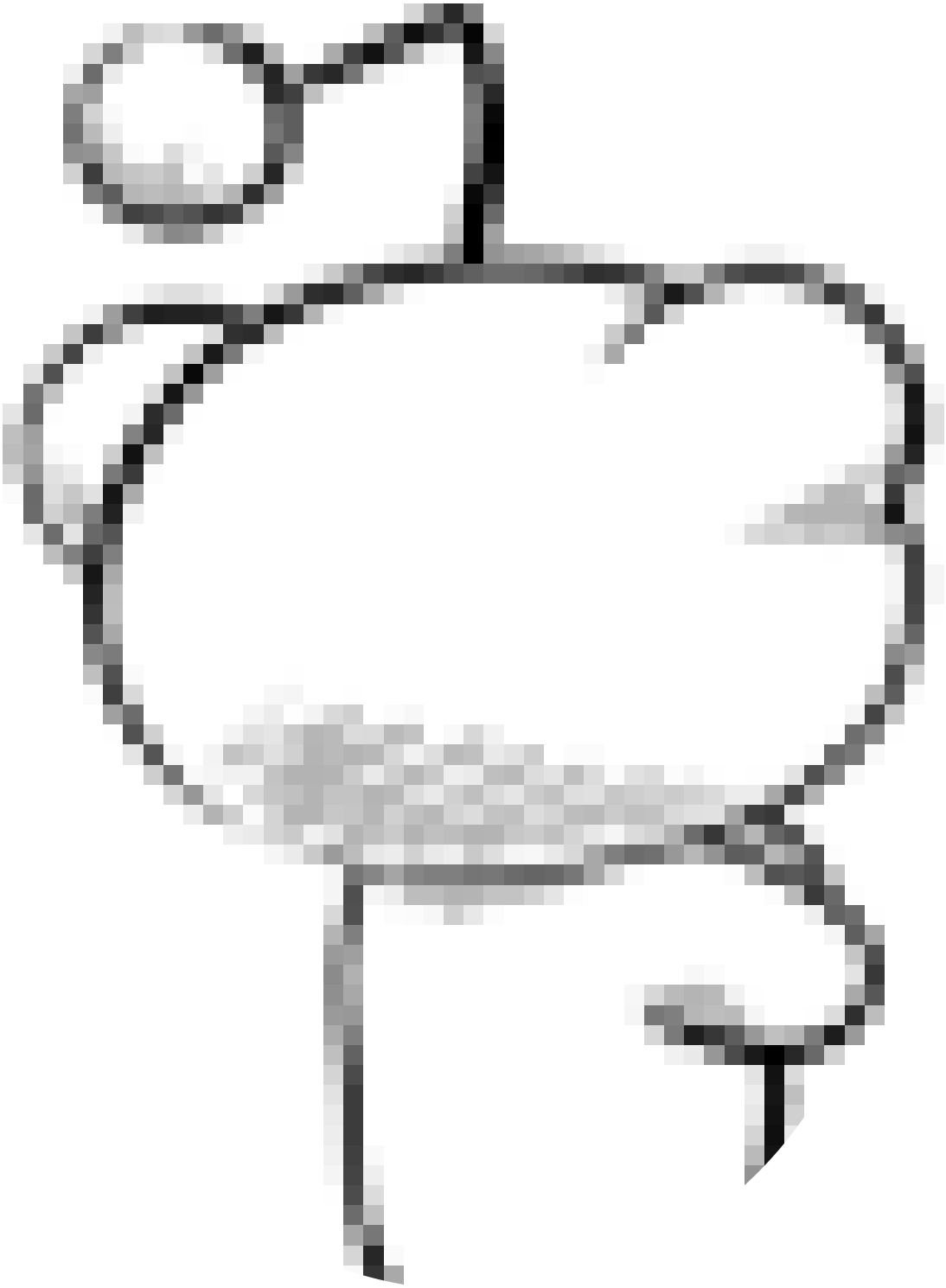

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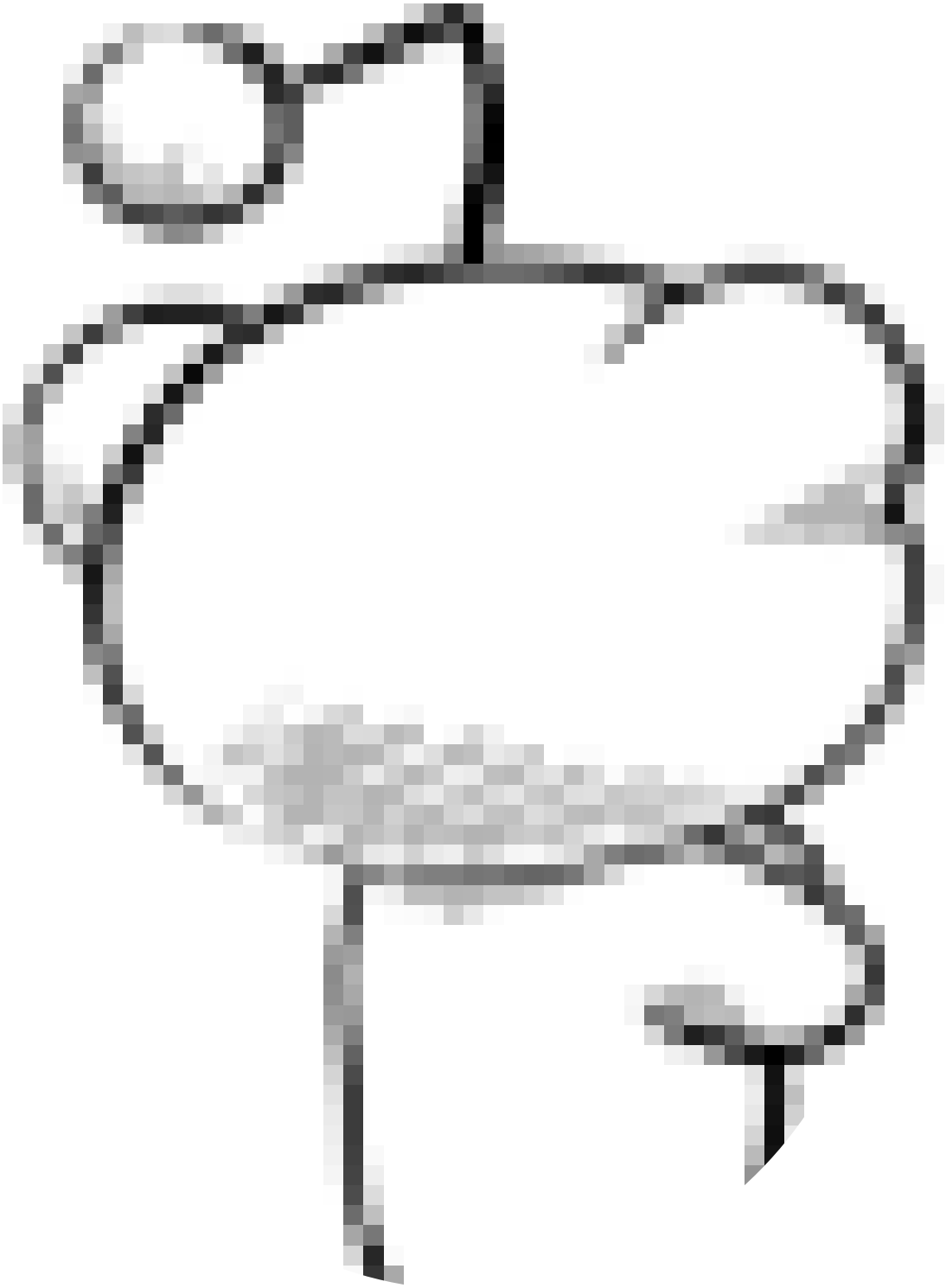
â€¢ 15y ago

When I was a little kid I would have what I guess are called night terrors. The dreams would always take place in the room I was sleeping in and involve dark or black figures who would be moving around in the room or pinning me down to my bed. The one dream I can remember clearly to this day was an arm reaching up through my bed grabbing my leg and pulling me down. For the longest time I thought this all happened because my older sister made me watch horror movies with her. Then in my early 20's I remodeled the bedroom I had as kid. During the remodeling I took photos to show future clients and in one photo somethings showed up, at the time I thought it was dust on the lens and dismissed it. Fast forward 12 years I am watching a video about ghost hunting with my girlfriend and they show some photos they have taken of different haunted locations and each photo has floating orbs in it. I think I said, " holy shit, I've seen those before!". Here is the photo I'm not 100 percent convinced that I got trolled by ghosts as a kid or that the photo doesn't just have dust in it but I will still occasionally have those types of dreams if I sleep in the room and I have only had it happen twice in all the other places I have lived since then.



Coretracker
â€¢ 15y ago

I warn you in advance, this isn't particularly creepy but I did once get a lift from a paedophile. I was about 15 at the time so I could've been a target. I didn't bother to familiarise myself with this particular paedophile's age preferences.

I used to live in the middle of nowhere and missed school **a lot**. I was walking in pretty late and wasn't even sure I was going to make it in before lunch so I was a little panicked because my parents used to get quite annoyed at me for missing school.

A car rolls up and this old camp dude asks me if I want a lift saying he was our new neighbour. I said yes 'cus as I said, my parents faeces were going to hit the electric, rotational air device. Nothing spectacular happened, he gave me a lift, I say thanks, I went to school.

Next day on the bus back home, I find out he's been in the papers. He was a convicted paedophile and he lived up the road from me for about a year. He didn't do anything scary, I suppose he was one of those rare friendly paedophiles.

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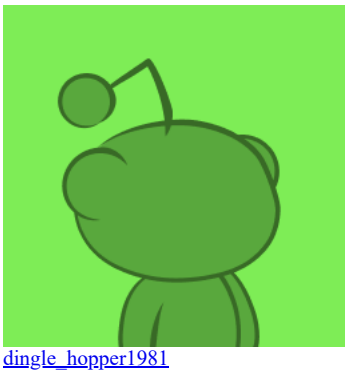

dingle_hopper1981
â€¢ 15y ago

upboat for 'faeces were going to hit the electric, rotational air device'. Made my day :D

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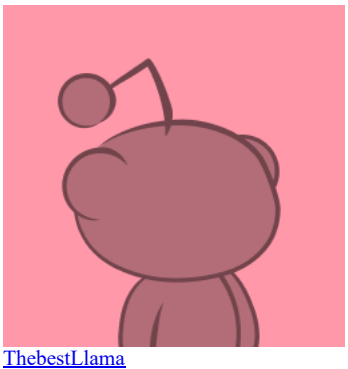


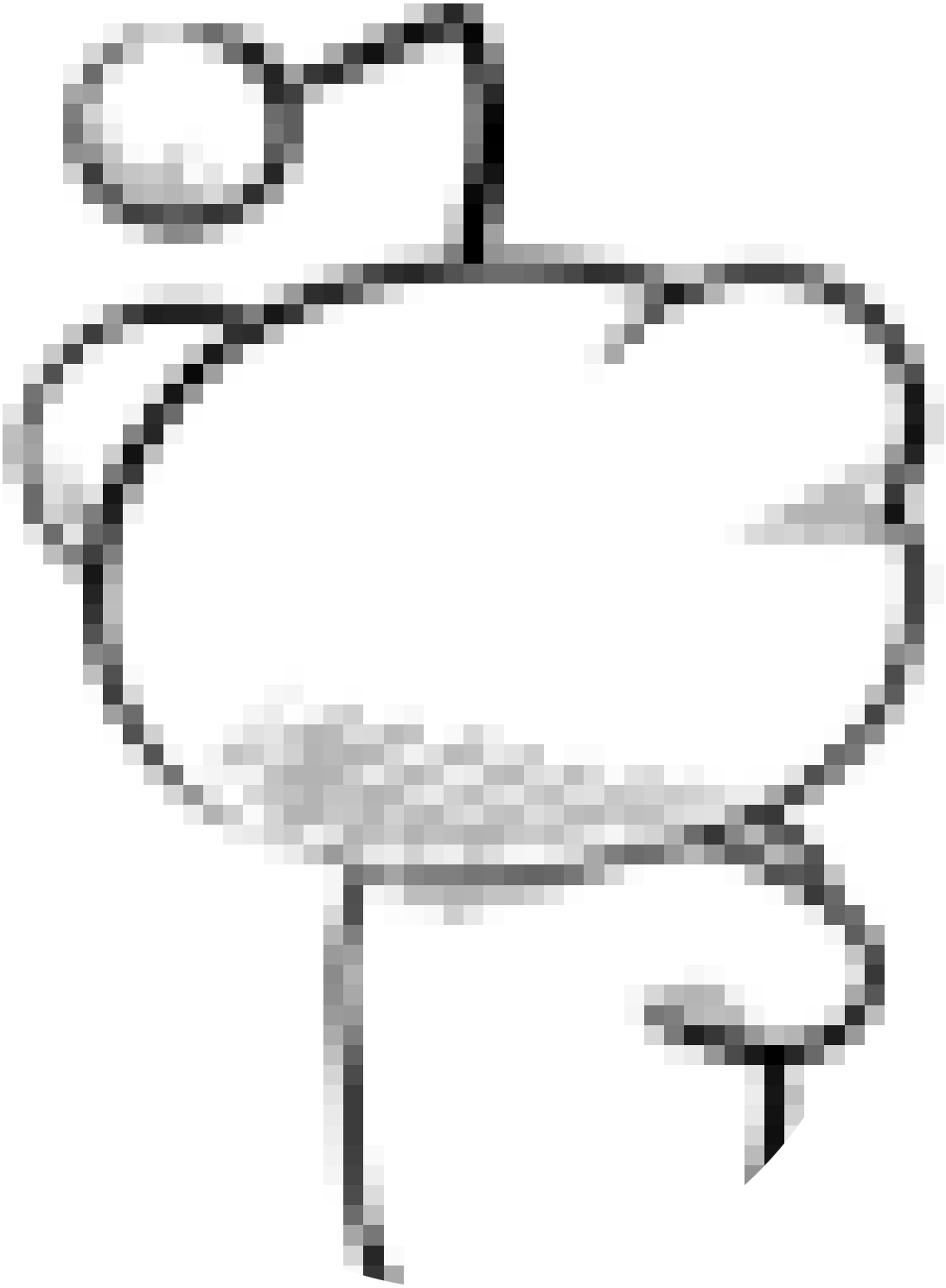
ThebestLlama
â€¢ 15y ago

When i was in the 6th grade (i think, maybe 5th). My school took the boys to a correctional facility. Kind of like a scared straight thing, only we constantly had chaperones. being the "cool kids" we were in the back of the line as we passed through some barrack type building that housed the inmates.

While in the building a correctional officer was talking to us about the barracks when a inmate about 7 rows back started whispering "psst, want some candy" "psst, i have some toys" and junk like that. He was behind a bunk and just sticking his head out while doing this, creeped us the fuck out. I tried to do a quick google and in think this is the place.

Krelboyne
â€¢ 15y ago

Just realized it's dark in the room, better turn the lights on, don't want to... bump into something and such.



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â€¢ 15y ago

My old flat was haunted by a lady who died there. She took a shine to me... Messed with the contents my room. One night she tried to spoon me and I felt her icy fingers gently caress my exposed upper arm. I rolled over and told the empty room that I just wanted to sleep and be left alone. She eventually left and didn't really come around much after that. Then a demon came and I moved out.

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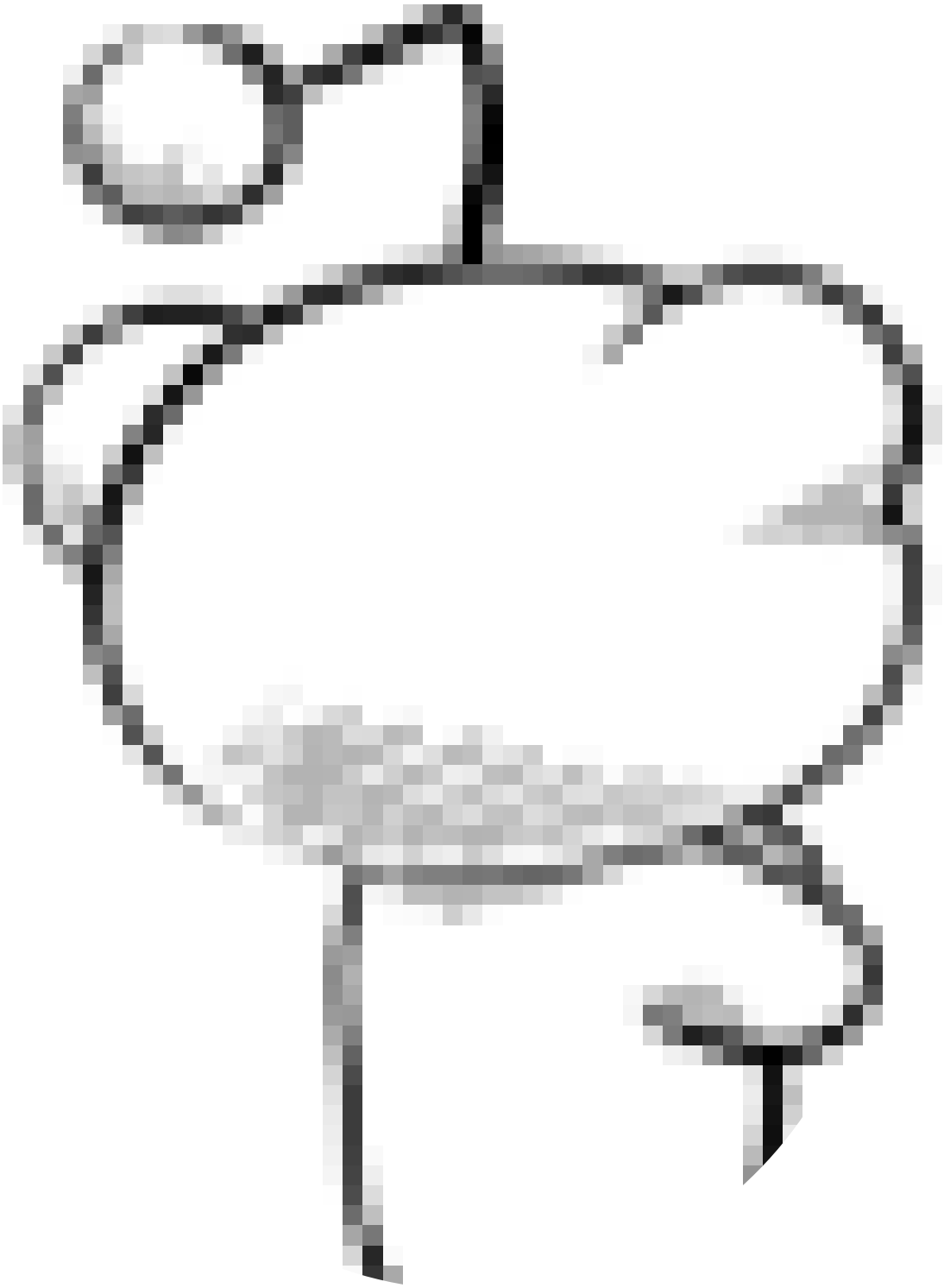

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â€¢ 15y ago

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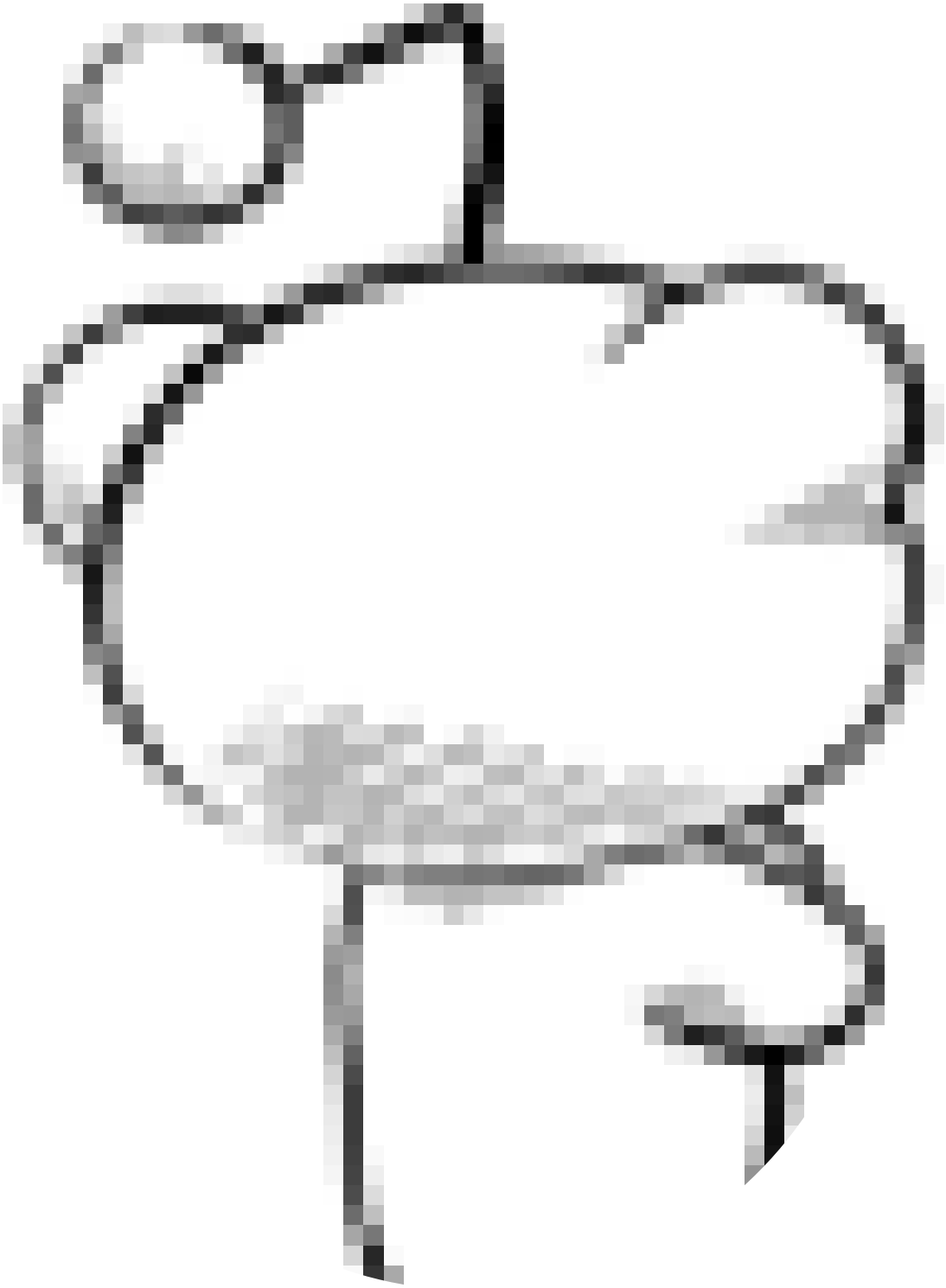

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â€¢ 15y ago

I've been reading these stories for the past couple hours and I have to admit, I'm too scared to watch the video. Could you summarize?

1 more reply
1 more reply
More replies

2 more replies

2 more replies

basilobs
â€¢ 15y ago â€¢ Edited 15y ago

When I was in high school (I'm in my first year of college) I would go running at night. For a girl I'm very very tall and I felt silly running where people could see me. After reading all of these stories, I'm realizing how stupid that was. I live in a really nice neighborhood, but still! I would walk around this tree-filled semi-field area down a quiet street with a broken street light. My favorite was going down that street when it was foggy because it was spookier that way. I'd hop the fence to the local beach and hang out there by myself, or hop the fence to the kids' park that was on the lake, with the sketchiest corner at the bottom of a hill. I'd sneak into the mansions that were still under construction. I did this all the time actually. Anyway, if there was ever a time I was genuinely scared when I was out at night, it was the time I was walking along the very edge of the street and heard a car coming. I'm frightened easily and cars make me nervous, but I just had this feeling that I really didn't want to be seen by this particular car. As it came into view, I ran and jumped on the sidewalk and hid behind a bush. The car had obviously seen me, for the slowed down to a crawl. It could be that a skinny white girl darting up the street and disappearing in the middle of the night surprised them, but I was definitely unnerved.

Another semi-creepy moment. When I was in tenth grade, I was friends with a senior boy who lived pretty close to me. We'd show up at each other's houses at random times and go running or go take walks or something. One night, he came by and we brought my new puppy along. There's a cemetery about two miles from my house. It's the least creepy cemetery I've ever seen. It's small and well-lit, houses line either side, and on a third side is a moderately busy street in the area. Anyway, as we get to the cemetery my puppy is freaking out, barking and jumping. I hop the fence and IMMEDIATELY want to leave. It was creepy.

Also. When I was about 13, I was in my parents' bathroom, about to take a shower, when I could have sworn that something had whispered into my right ear. It either said, "padawan" or "better run." I ran from the bathroom.

One day last summer, I was 18 and driving around and I passed this beautiful brand new neighborhood to which the gates were usually closed. I LOVE driving around nice neighborhoods so I went in. The most beautiful house in there was still under construction, so I parked out front and got out to just walk around. The house is massive, mind you. When I got to the back, I noticed that someone had broken into one of the windows. Instead of deterring me from the place, it only excited me. The window was in the house's kitchen, about 3 feet off the ground, a foot wide, and three feet tall, with broken glass all around the edges. I'm a very tall and skinny girl, so I just climbed in. I walked around that entire house. It was gorgeous and just huge. The scariest part was being inside the part of the house that went over the "car port" area. It was just long and dark, with three or four small windows to the left, which would be the front of the house. The far end of the space was black and I don't think I had the guts to venture back there. Literally nothing happened. I jumped back out of the window and got back in my car and drove up to the house that's in the front of the neighborhood, which was less completely constructed than the house I'd just left. The side door was swinging open so I stepped in. I distinctly smelled churros and something told me I should definitely not venture further. It started to rain so I ran back to my car and drove home.

There's nothing all that creepy about these stories, but I'm just so surprised that, for how much of a genuine scaredy cat I am, that I would do all this stupid shit and I'm seeing all the things that could have happened.

Reply Share

Doleo
â€¢ 15y ago

Does anyone else find the way she types really endearing?

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khthon
â€¢ 15y ago

Back when i was 8 or 9 years old (in late eighties), I was sitting in bed reading a book at night and suddenly, out of nowhere, I got violently slapped in the face! I was somewhat scared and immediately thought about demons and hauntings. I didn't cry or anything and got under the safe thick cover of sheets and blankets! I later learned (on the internet) that it was a common spasm/facial nerves thing. Im glad that it didn't made me religious. Had it been a real paranormal event, I would have accepted it, disregarded it and continued life without turning to religious jive. That's why I know I'm immune to that particular strain of bs.

Reply Share

phildogtheman
â€¢ 15y ago

what has religion got to do with it?

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4 more replies
4 more replies

More replies

Doleo
â€¢ 15y ago

This happened last Saturday, UK. Me and three mates went out doing drive-by super soaking from 20:00-03:30. Covered 140miles in our city just soaking people. Anyway we're going up and down this one strip of road where there are a bunch of clubs and bars soaking these two guys over and over. We get them outside this one club twice. The fat guy is freaking out and starts mouthing off at us, so much so that the bouncers deny him entry and tell him and his mate to fuck off.

As they're walking out of town up this strip of road we get them 4 more times, obviously their anger is rising. We go to our reload spot and refill our guns. I'm driving and my mates are in the passenger seat (Adam) and near side rear seat (Dave).

So we spot our targets again, walking drunkly down this long dual laned road, I pull up slowly and Adam & Dave start squirting and miss completely. Normally we would drive off but they didn't even notice our car moving at walking pace next to them. So I frantically tell my homies "reload, reload, reload." At this point they notice us and they start cussing out and make a move to the vehicle, I've sped up a bit to give us reload time. As they approach the car they get drenched and Dave shouts "Drive, drive, drive, drive!" Just before I pull off I see this guy take a swipe at Dave's head who leans back Matrix style and I turn away to concentrate on driving,

I check my rear view mirror as I pull out, in a couple seconds I'm at 40. A car behind me starts manically flashing his lights and beeping his horn.

At which point I hear Dave shouting "Dude, slow down slow down slow down." I glance round thinking what the fuck, we aren't speeding. And I see the skinny dude holding on to the car with one hand, with the other trying to hit Dave whilst pulling the most psychotic, raged filled facial expression I've ever seen.

I slow down and Dave starts hitting this dudes hand to get him off the car, the dude slips down and is just hanging on. The car stops and at the same time bumps over something whilst he loses his grip and slips down out of sight. Me & Adam look at each other like I just ran this dude over. Dave open's his door which hits the dude in the head as he is getting up from the ground (pulling up his jeans which came down whilst he held onto the car).

As we see he is ok and with his rage filled fat friend slowly catching up we bomb it the fuck out of town and drive for 10 minutes before coming to a stop. We look at our camera footage and discuss how glad we are he got up and was walking away.

TL;DR Almost ran a dude over who hung onto our car cos we super soaked him.

4 more replies

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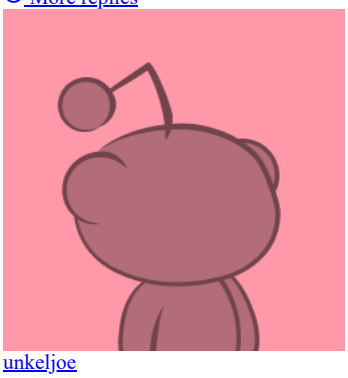

unkeljoe
â€¢ 15y ago

The realization that GWB would be elected to a second term.

2 more replies

2 more replies

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Chosokabe
â€¢ 15y ago

I sometimes bolt awake with an adrenaline rush from a dead sleep. I often hear myself talking as I wake, but I'm never awake enough to comprehend it. I usually wake up suddenly kicking or throwing my blankets off. At least a few times a year I wake up in my dreams, and feel incredibly disoriented when I *actually* wake up later.

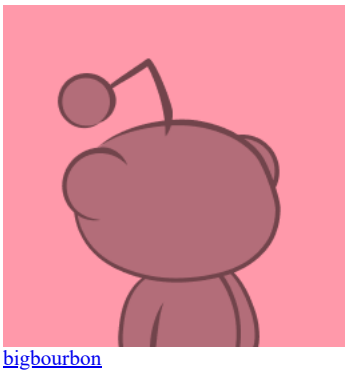
Gormogon
â€¢ 15y ago

I used to own a flat in london, times were tough so I had to rent out a room to this old guy, smoked cigars in my flat, it stunk.

I am a dude, I started loosing my hair well young, so just to get this striaight, I am a skin headed, big, hetero dude. Having a old man masturbate outside your bedroom door can make you question things in your life, or at least question your skill at choosing correct flat mates.

Now, before you all decide to criticise me for not doing something about it that night. I should have got up opened the door and dealt with it, right? It's easy to brave when there isnt a old dude whacking off outside your room door. Needless to say I made him feel incredibly unwelcome, increased rent by 100% he moved out within the week.

Wherever I am now, without fail, I sleep with door wedge *inside* my room.



bigbourbon
â€¢ 15y ago

I saw this in a janitors closet at work once. It was speaking to me.

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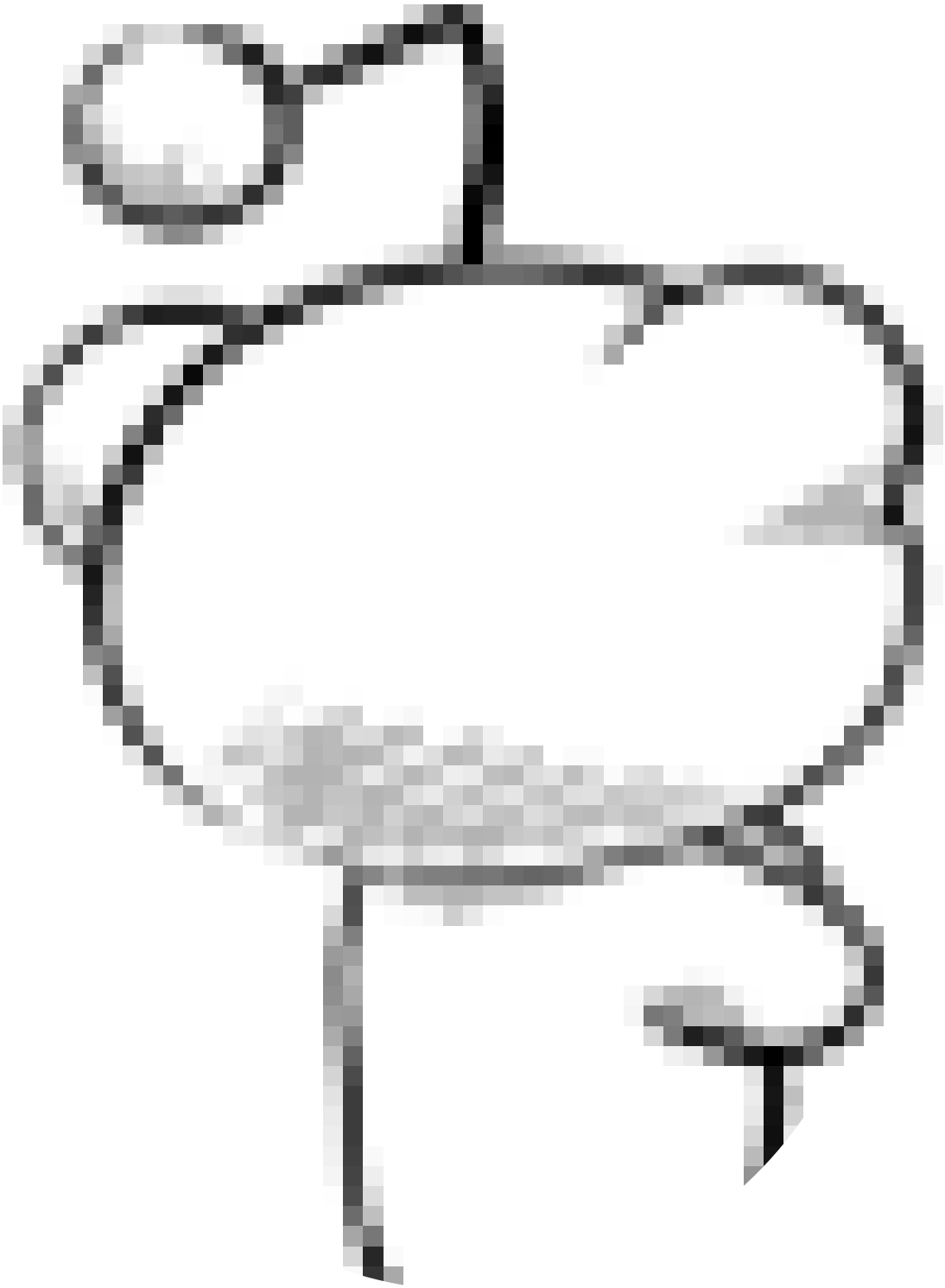

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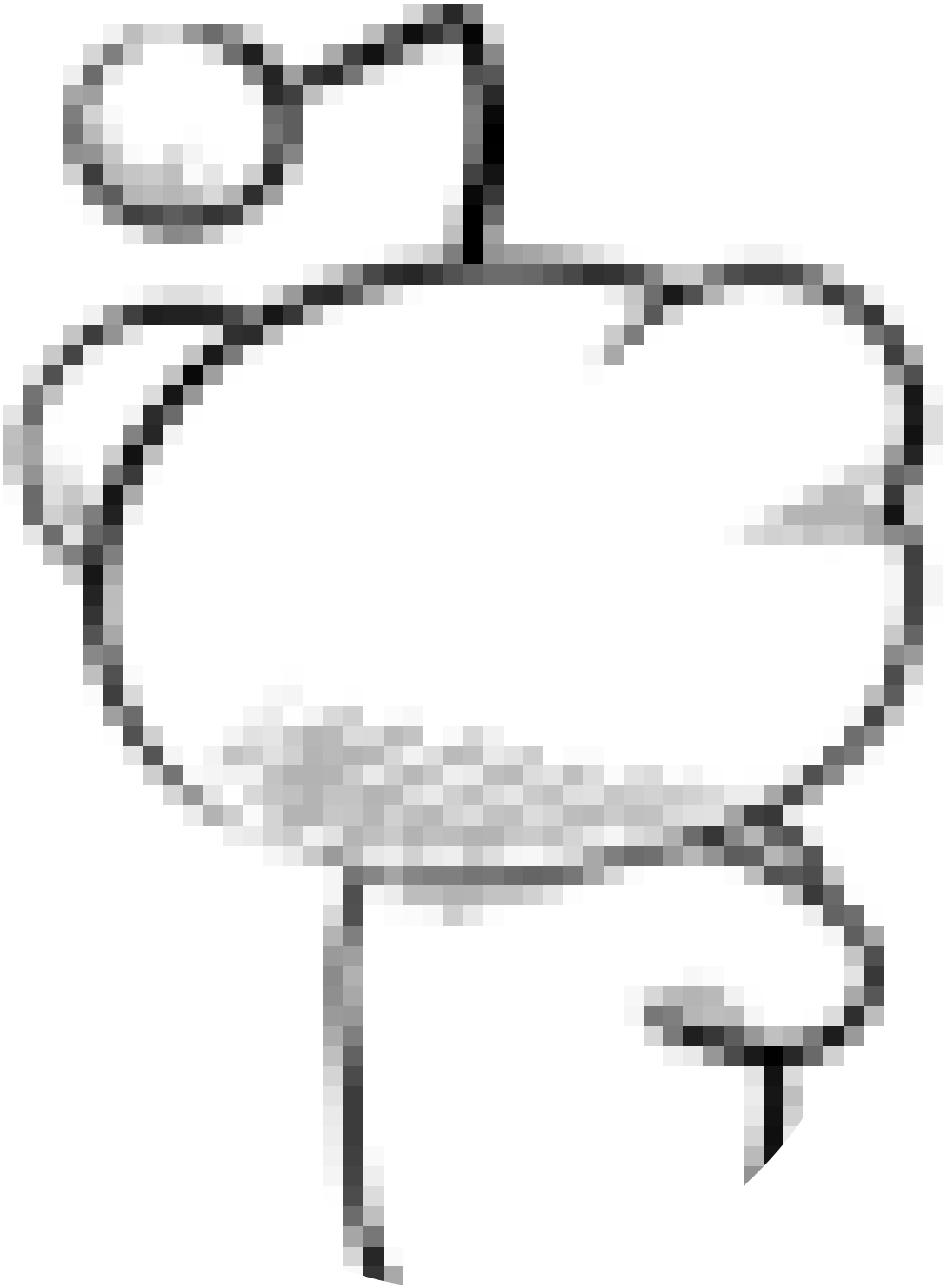
â€¢ 15y ago

Salvia.

Reply Share



jakersbossman
â€¢ 15y ago

The Grifter and the deep web.

Reply Share

vapulate
â€¢ 15y ago

This has actually happened a few times: I'll be singing a random song with the radio off, turn on the radio, and the exact same song is playing. Creeps me out.

Reply Share

DarkQuest
â€¢ 15y ago

We were in the car listening to a CD, and decided to switch to radio. My dad hit the button, and nothing happened. The radio was broadcasting the exact same song in exact sync.

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lingeriedesigner
â€¢ 15y ago

When I lived in Denver I rode my bike to work along this path that runs through the city between a divided street. As you'd expect, there were a lot of homeless people that lived down there. One was a lady in her 40s who always sat under a bridge with a huge shopping card full of trash bags. She was always kind of out of it (droogs?) and seemed rather harmless.

One day she was slowly pushing her cart down the path in front of me and I shouted, "On your left!" as is polite to do when passing people.

As I passed, she said in this quiet, creepy, hoarse, horror-movie voice, "Stay Awayyyyy...."

Okay I guess it's not that creepy, but I was 19 and hadn't lived in a city bigger than Denver so I was horrified.

Reply Share

IsTowel
â€¢ 15y ago

Sleep paralysis. Ugh. It's like paranormal activity but Real.

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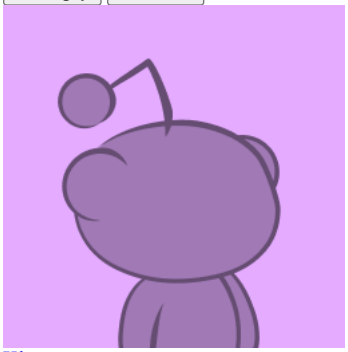
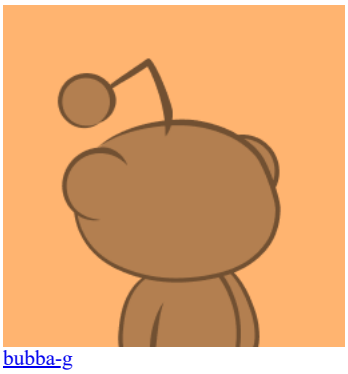


Kloss
â€¢ 15y ago

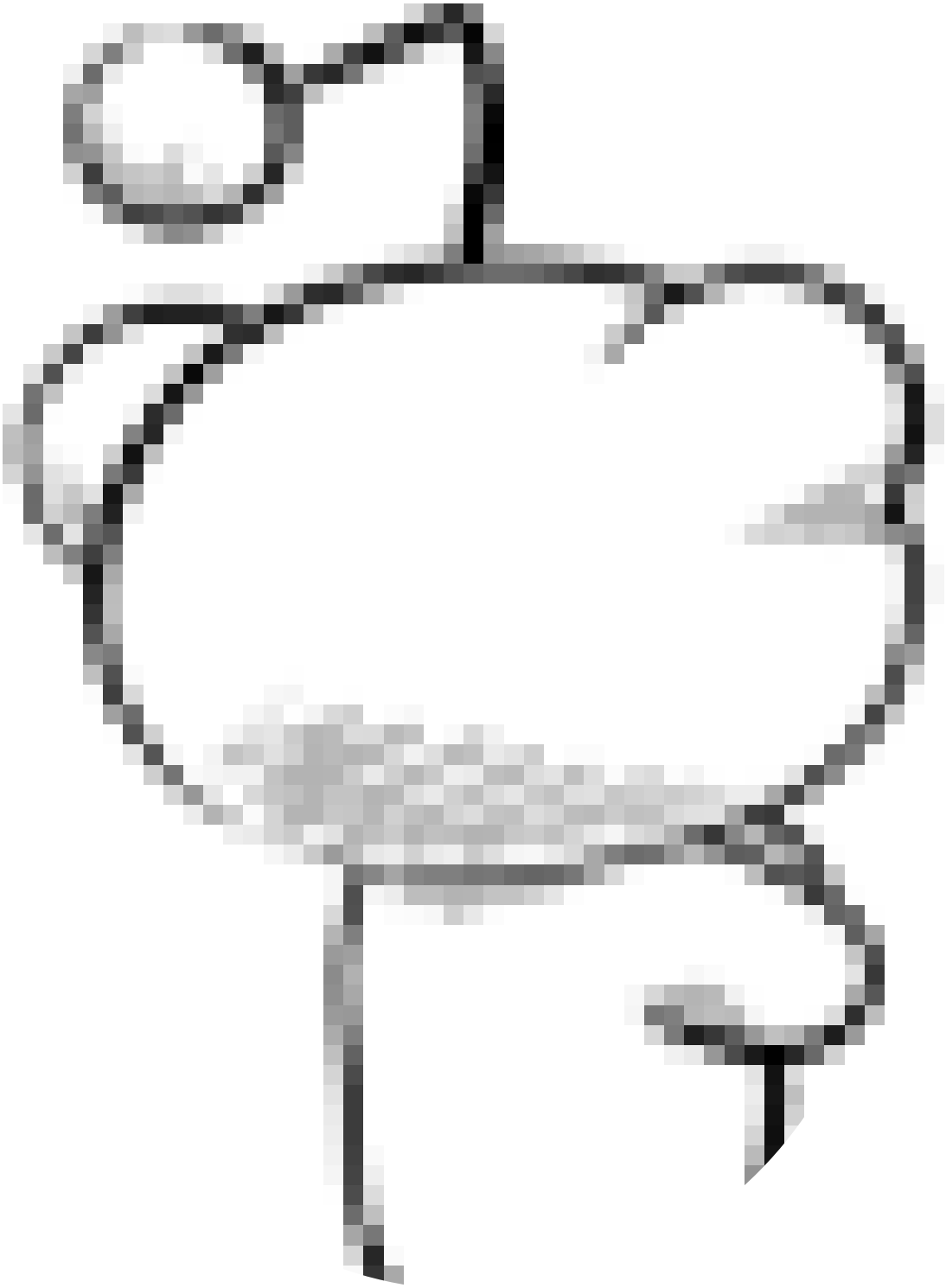
I was in a line waiting to get into a club. The line was taking longer than I anticipated so at this point I was *rolling* my as off. All of a sudden, I was pushed out of the way by a Sylvester Stallone look alike who was trying to get to the front. It was him but it wasn't him if ya know what I mean. I pushed him back and a minor confrontation with him and his buddy ensued... I quickly came to my senses... I was almost about to get into fight with Rambo/Rocky..but then again not really... the whole night I tried to make sense of the encounter but I could not. The whole night was fucked.

Now, when I watch a Stallone movie, I feel weird.



bubba-g
â€¢ 15y ago

the grifter



tedrick111
â€¢ 15y ago

When I was younger, I woke up one morning and could not move or feel my arm at all. I was sleeping on it apparently and it went beyond the pins and needles stage. It took a few minutes for it to wake up, but I was young enough that I thought it might've somehow died.

I'm a little tougher about things like possibly losing a limb now, but for a kid, this was very freaky!

1 more reply

1 more reply

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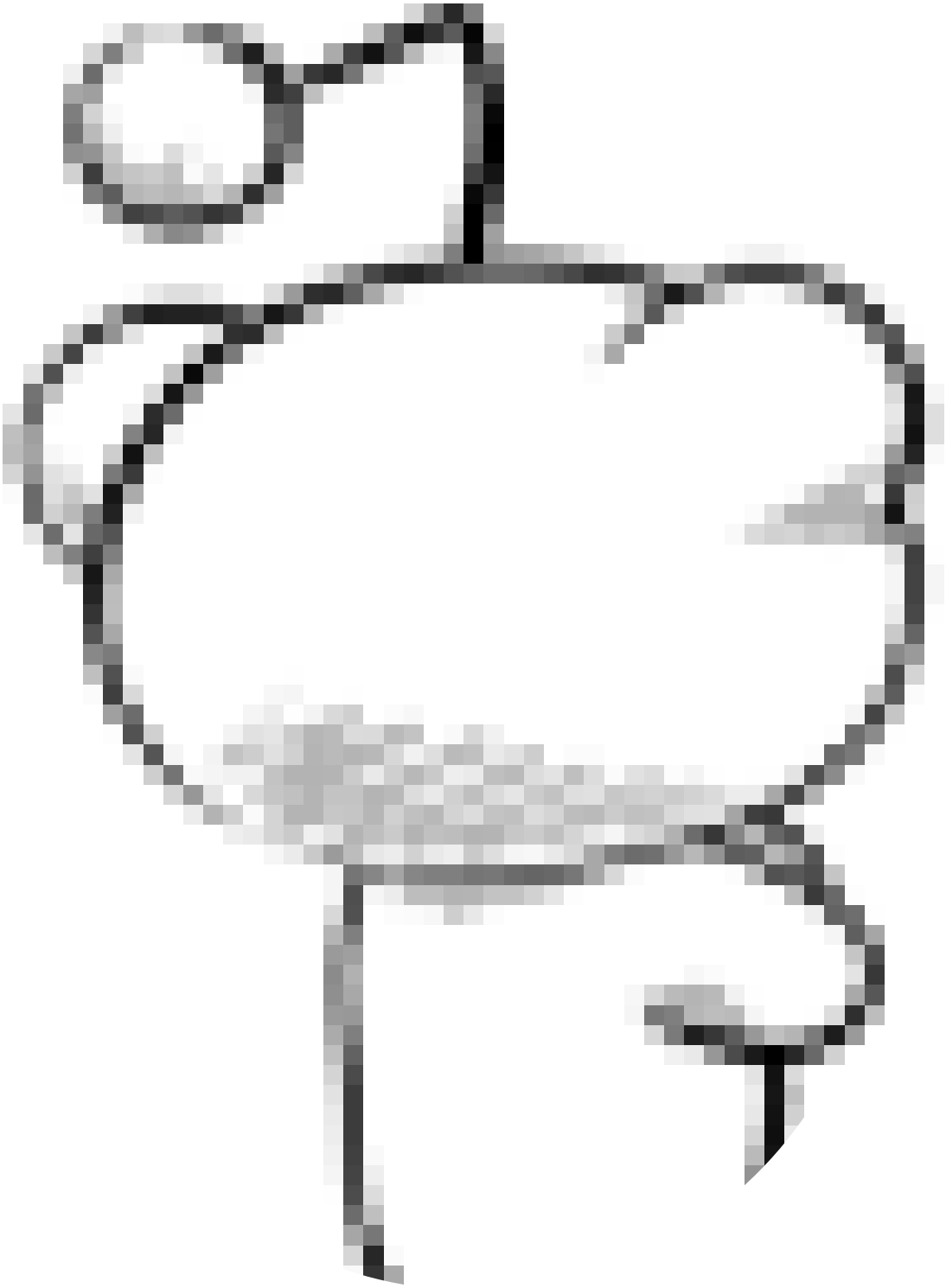

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â€¢ 15y ago

I used to work at a KFC when I was 15. It was about 7pm and I was waiting outside for my dad to pick me up. I sat there for about 30 minutes when an old guy came to me. He introduced himself to me and asked me right away if I was latina. I told him yeah, how do you know that? He told me he was watching me... He asked me if I wanted to go over his house.

That was really ...creepy.

Reply Share

The_Great_Skratsby
â€¢ 15y ago

Dreams where I have twisted my teeth with my bare hands then dissatisfied, pulled them out with pliers.

Reply Share

ruinercollector
â€¢ 15y ago

Very common. It means that you grind your teeth in your sleep.

Reply Share

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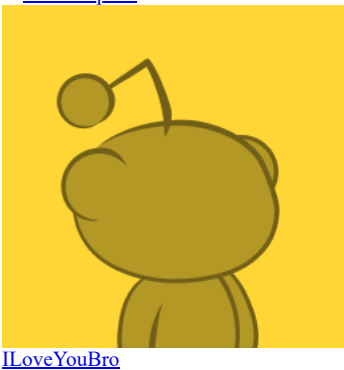
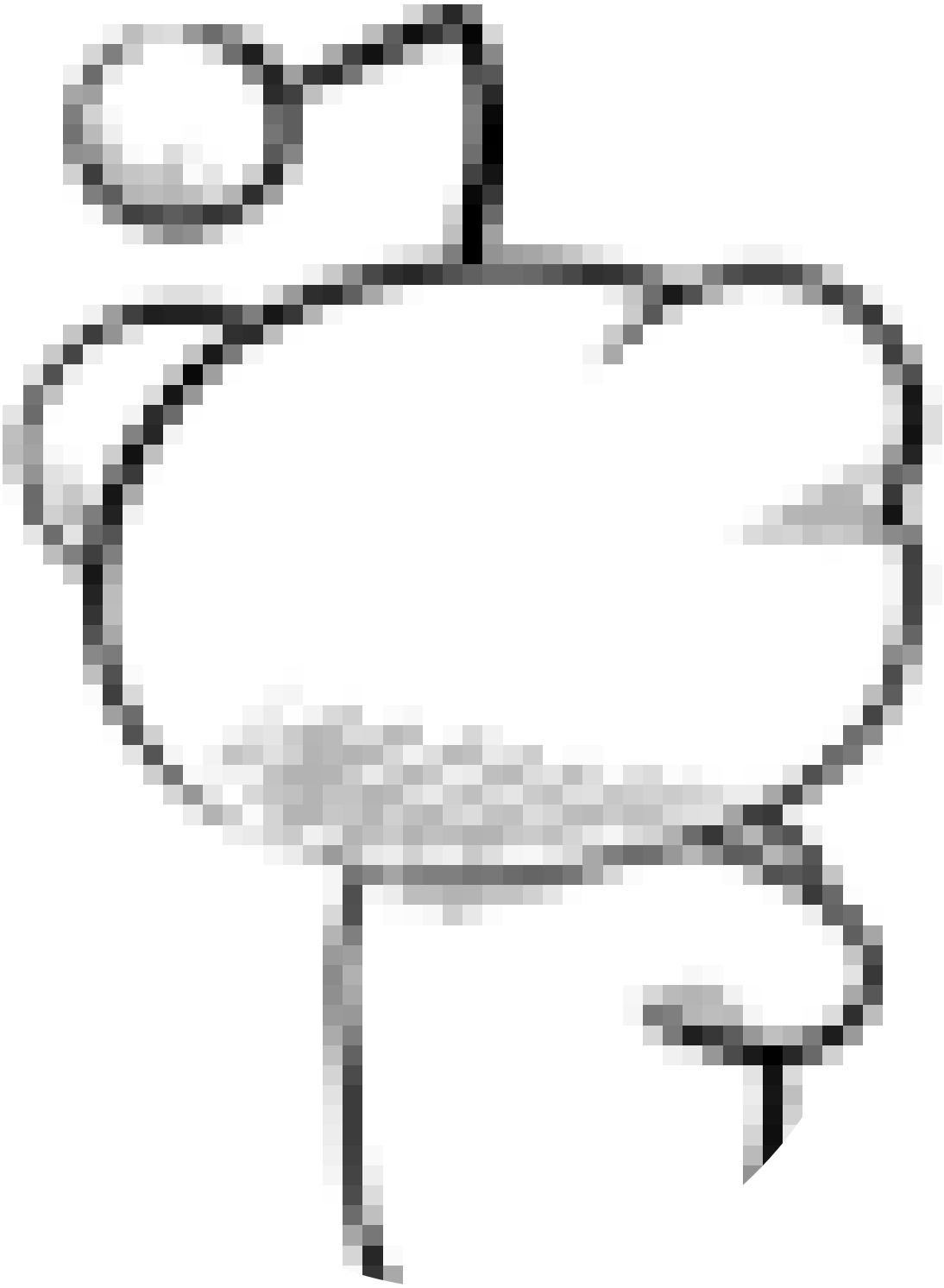


ILoveYouBro
â€¢ 15y ago

I was walking into a CVS and a guy sitting in his driver seat kept gawking at me. I came back out with a grocery bag and he's still staring at me like I'm the anti-christ. When I get into my vehicle, he gets out of his and walks in front of mine, and ask, "Do you believe in god?" He was a muslim fellow, but I freaked out, flicked him off, and drove off. Never had something like that happen to me and I can't figure out what the guy was trying to fulfill.

Reply Share



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â€¢ 15y ago

haven't experienced it but my parents are being serious about believing there is a child ghost in our house.

my response. no pic no proof.

Reply Share

Sebby12345XD
â€¢ 15y ago

For me? Nothing super-natural...just http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Sleep_paralysis ...I get it occasionally. One time I couldn't move my head and I could hear a loud bass-y sound in my ears, as if something was pressing really hard on them. I then started to see a large red block in the corner of my room that started growing bigger and bigger. It only lasted a few seconds, but when it happens, it seems so scary :L

EDIT: can't figure out why the link thingy isn't working...ah well :L

2 more replies
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renesisxx
â€¢ 15y ago

Weird "UFO" incident.

When I was 12 I got a radio controlled car for Christmas. We lived in a retirement home, my mother was the warden. Outside the apartment block was a nice little parking lot, so one evening just after Christmas I went out there to play with my car, driving it around in the mostly empty lot. It was pretty dark there - there was just one lamp to light the whole lot.

After a few minutes I noticed a thick fog descending on the lot. I look up and see the weirdest thing I've ever experienced.

Roughly what I guess was about 30ft above me was a ring of flashing lights, just inside the fog, so that I couldn't see what the lights were attached to. The lights were flashing all kinds of different colors, no obvious pattern. The ring of lights was about 15ft in outside diameter. There was no noise.

I stood there for about 30 seconds staring at this thing, then I grabbed my radio controlled car and ran back into my home screaming for my parents to come look. My Dad half-jokingly said "It must be a weather balloon" and I eventually got them to look out of the window, but they wouldn't go outside. When we looked, we couldn't see anything, and when I went back outside it had gone.

What the hell was it? I would love to know. I want to say it was an alien spacecraft attracted by the radio signals from my toy, but I'm more sceptical than that. Though a decent explanation eludes me.

I wasn't drunk or stoned. I was 12 years old. AMA?

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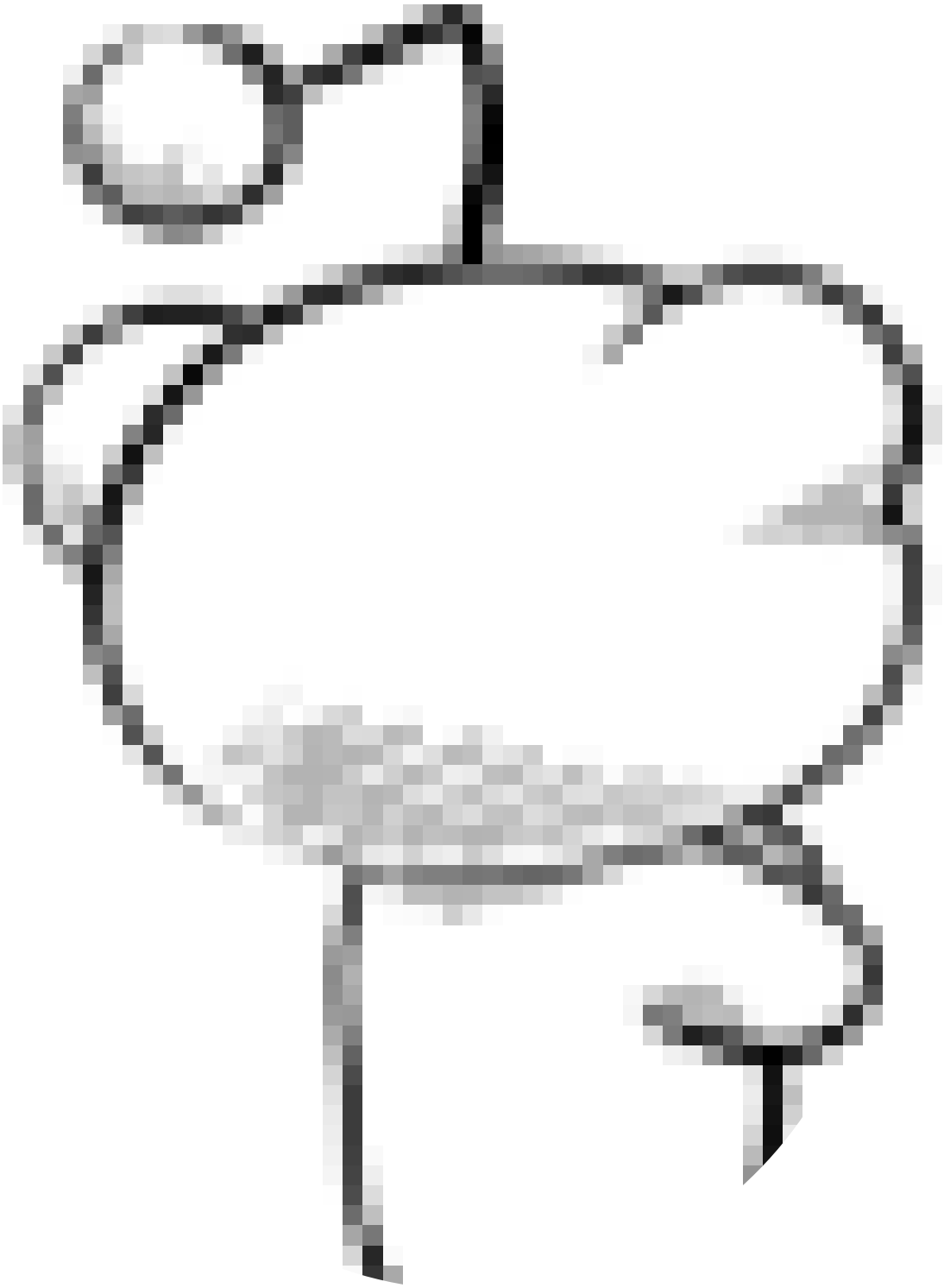

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â€¢ 15y ago

I watched Black Swan.

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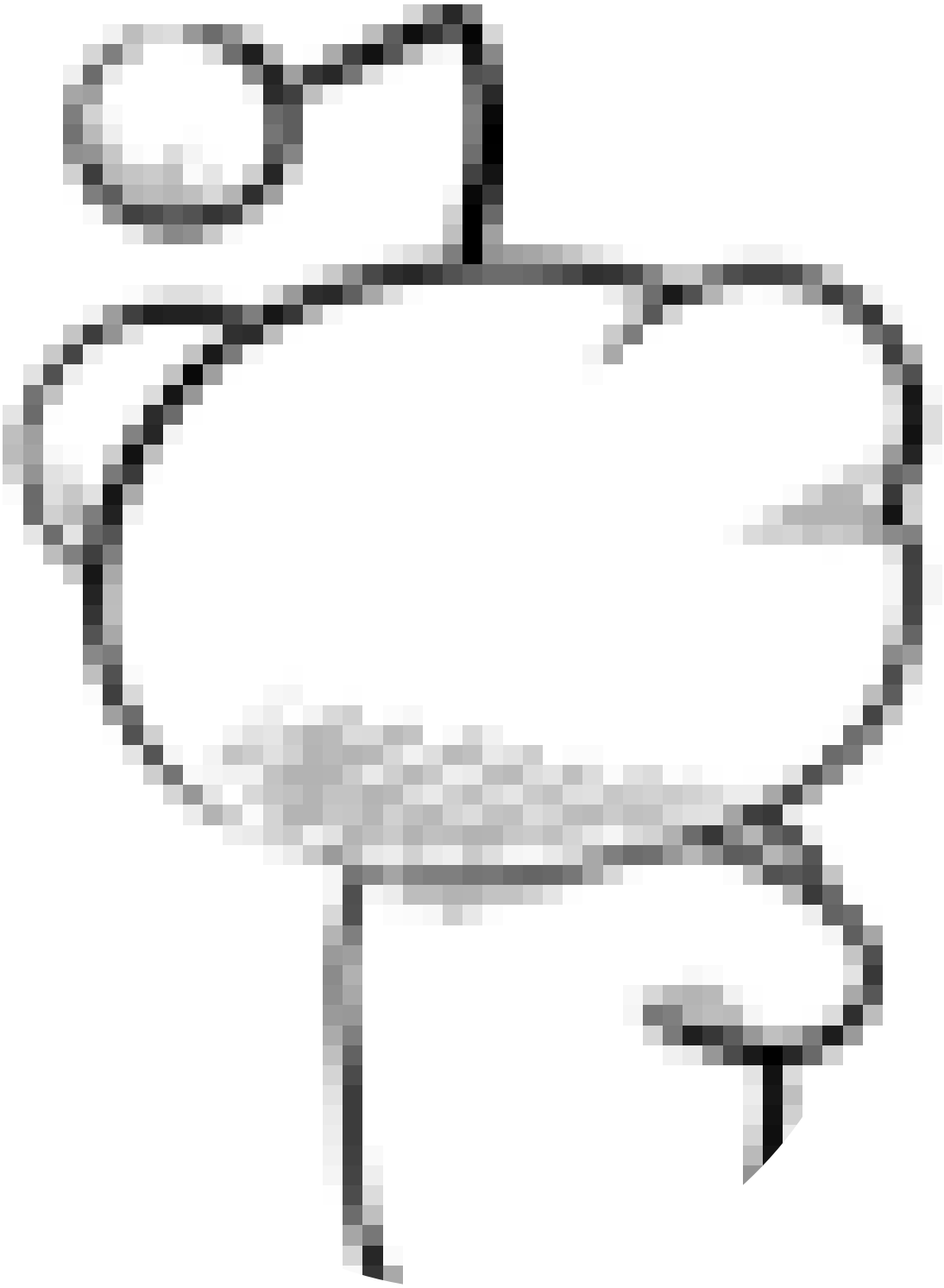

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â€¢ 15y ago

While reading this I heard 3 ticks on my window. Looked outsided but nothing was there. Creepy...

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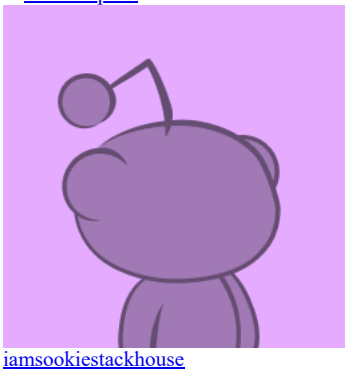

iamsookiestackhouse
â€¢ 15y ago

Once when my middle child was a baby, he was sick and crying non-stop. I spent hours trying to console him by rocking him/nursing him, but it wasn't working very well.

I decided that I needed a break for a couple minutes...get up and pee, eat, whatever. So I put him down in the playpen and took a baby monitor with me into the kitchen. He cried for a couple minutes, but then my blood froze when he suddenly stopped crying, and I heard what sounded like a little girl singing "Frarajaka" over the monitor. I went into the room after the sing was finished, he was dozing off and there was nobody there of course.

He didn't have any musical toys (or toys at all) in that room. Even weirder? My son's name is John.

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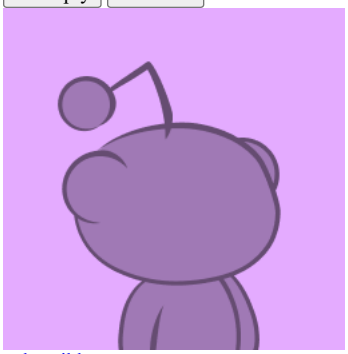

cybergibbons
â€¢ 15y ago

I thought you were Swedish or something and that was a traditional nursery rhyme.

Then I realised you meant FrÃ¨re Jacques.

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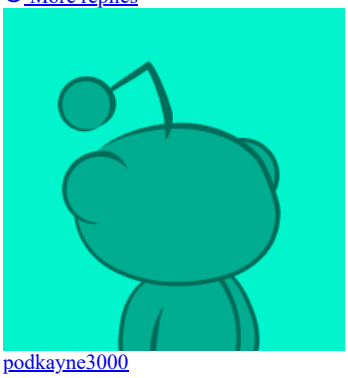

podkayne3000
â€¢ 15y ago

My own near encounter with a creep was not that creepy. Back when I was young and naive, I went to the apartment of a guy "just to hang out, not have sex" (I thought I had that taken care of, because I openly said I didn't want to have sex that night; that's how young I was), and he had Northrop Frye's Anatomy of Criticism on his bookshelves. When I tried something and I had to deal with him rather forcefully to leave, I remember just being sad that someone who would own a book of literary criticism would behave in an ungentlemanly fashion.

My true creepy experience was being in the big blackout in the summer of 2003 in the New York area, about two years after the 9/11 attacks. I was already primed to think that any helicopter that few a little low was the Vehicle of Evil Osama Bin Laden. When the power went out, I thought had taken control of the whole world and was

probably going to feed us all to his little evil James Bond villain white cat.

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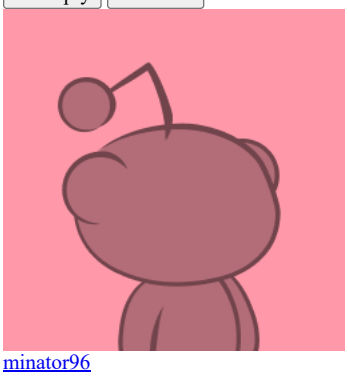

minator96
â€¢ 15y ago

A few years before we were married, my wife and I took a trip to some islands off of the coast of Honduras. One island in particular was stunningly beautiful, if only because there were so few buildings or people. We stayed at a â€˜resortâ€™ right on the beach that provided little more than a room with a bed, a fresh spring water shower and a few hooks for towels. It was wonderful. The proprietor was an American who recommended we hike along a creek that led into the hills above where he claimed there were some ancient ruins. We took his advice and set out one afternoon through the lush tropical forest as the creek led us further up and into the island. After about an hour and a half, we came to a cascading waterfall that may have been 100 feet high and we realized we could actually climb right up and around it. At the top, we had a view of the ocean through the forest canopy. A moment later my wife twisted her ankle and called out. It was a pretty bad sprain and we only had a few more hours of light, so we decided to call it quits. I noticed that the forest had become eerily silent. My wifeâ€™s ankle aside, climbing down the waterfall proved much trickier than climbing up â€“ and the task took a little McGyver meets Tarzan action using cut vines to help support my wife on the trip down. The entire decent I could not help but feel we were being watched. I heard odd crashes in the forest, but the cacophony of birds and insects had completely died. Once we were both safely in the pool at the bottom of the waterfall, with the sunlight significantly fading â€“ I watched the silhouettes of four men with machetes as they crossed the stream about 60 yards down from us. I heard my wife gasp. I could barely see their faces, but they were clearly looking in our direction. We were trapped between them and the waterfall. We had no choice but to start walking. We kept to the middle of the creek, which made the going even slower. There was a rough trail to our left and after about 20 minutes I could hear the men as they cut through vegetation with their machetes. I remember picking up some smooth stones from the creek bed. I have no idea what I would have done with them, but it was all I could think of at the time. Well that and what they would do to this beautiful woman who had agreed to travel with me. To my wifeâ€™s credit, she was very calm. She concentrated on keeping a steady pace even though she was in pain. At one point the men passed us on the trail to our left. Then they crossed the stream ahead of us. 20 minutes passed, and again I could hear them cutting branches behind us. At least an hour had gone by, and I could start to see the stream widen as we came closer to the sea. They passed in front of us again â€“ single file but closer now. I could see that they were actually very young â€“ late teens early 20â€™s. Still holding machetes that gleamed in the light and looked to be about two feet long. They were smiling.

My wife and I accosted the resort proprietor when we got back. WTF, is up with the machetes, we asked. He said they were probably hunting iguana. Who uses machetes as weapons he asked? Ever heard of Rwanda? was my wifeâ€™s retort. I am sure that they were just some harmless guys out for a little lizard, but we were still very creeped out.

Reply Share

PsychoDuck
â€¢ 15y ago

I was sitting in the living room with my sister and her fiance. It's somewhat late at night and the curtains are open on the large window facing the park. I glance at the window and I see what looks like a heat signature peering in at us. You know, like what a person looks like on one of those thermal cameras, with the different colours signifying higher or lower temperatures.

I mention what I just saw, and my sister says that she, too, noticed its presence, but didn't see it. She just sort of felt it. Her fiance saw it as well, but I don't remember what it looked like to him. It was different from what I saw.

In short, something appeared outside our window, it appeared to all three of us in different ways, and it was looking as us. Nope, not creepy at all.

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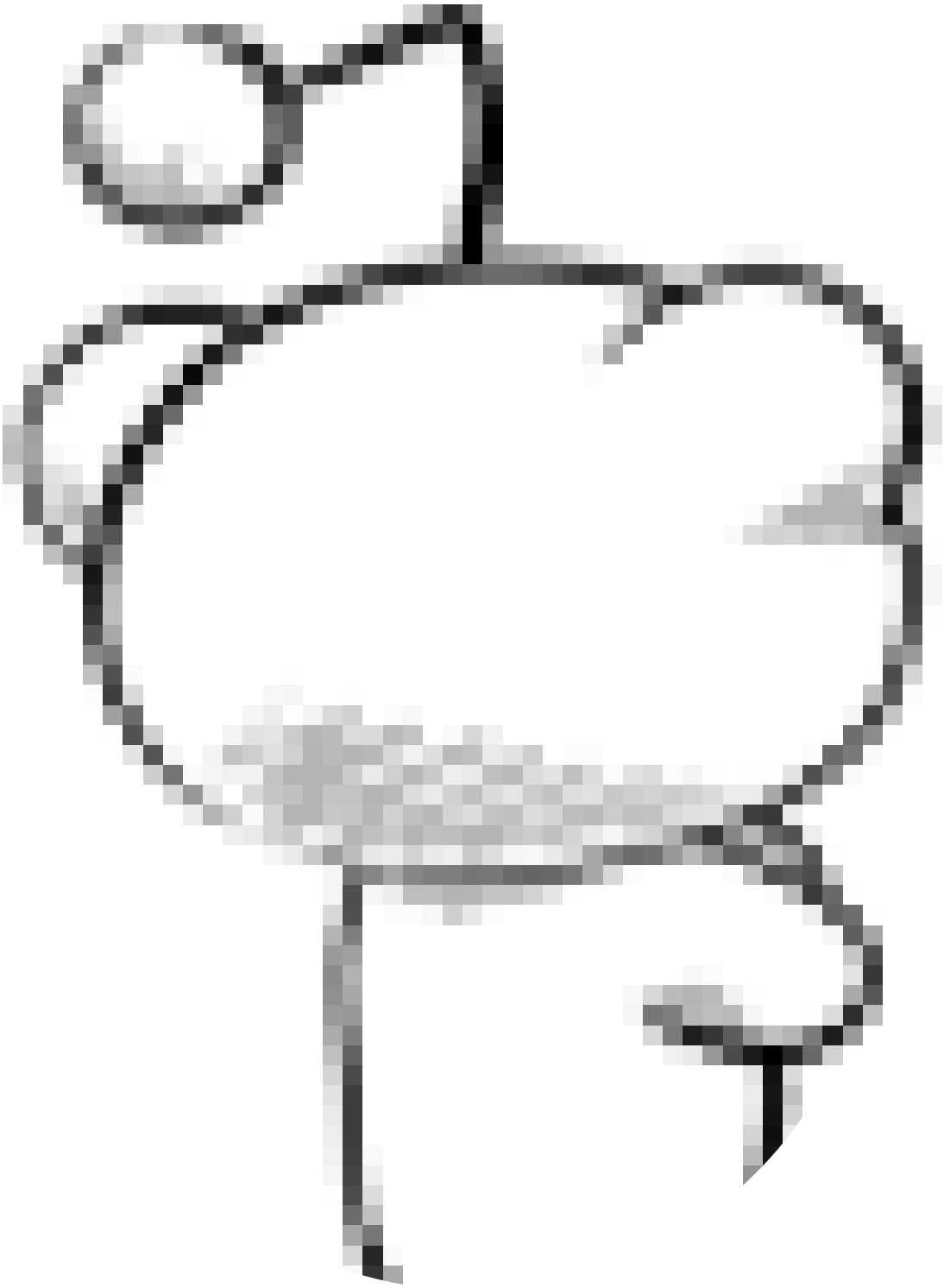

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â€¢ 15y ago

This one time me and my friends were looking at an abandoned theater that had been empty for a few years at that point. We were walking around when all of the sudden, we heard shuffling noises. One of my friends turns around to see a hunched over guy in a green suit. The guy had a droopy eye and the hunch just accentuated his creepiness. We all start freaking the fuck out. My friend's dog wouldn't shut the fuck up about it for the next week, and the worst part is, it was just the land lord in a mask.

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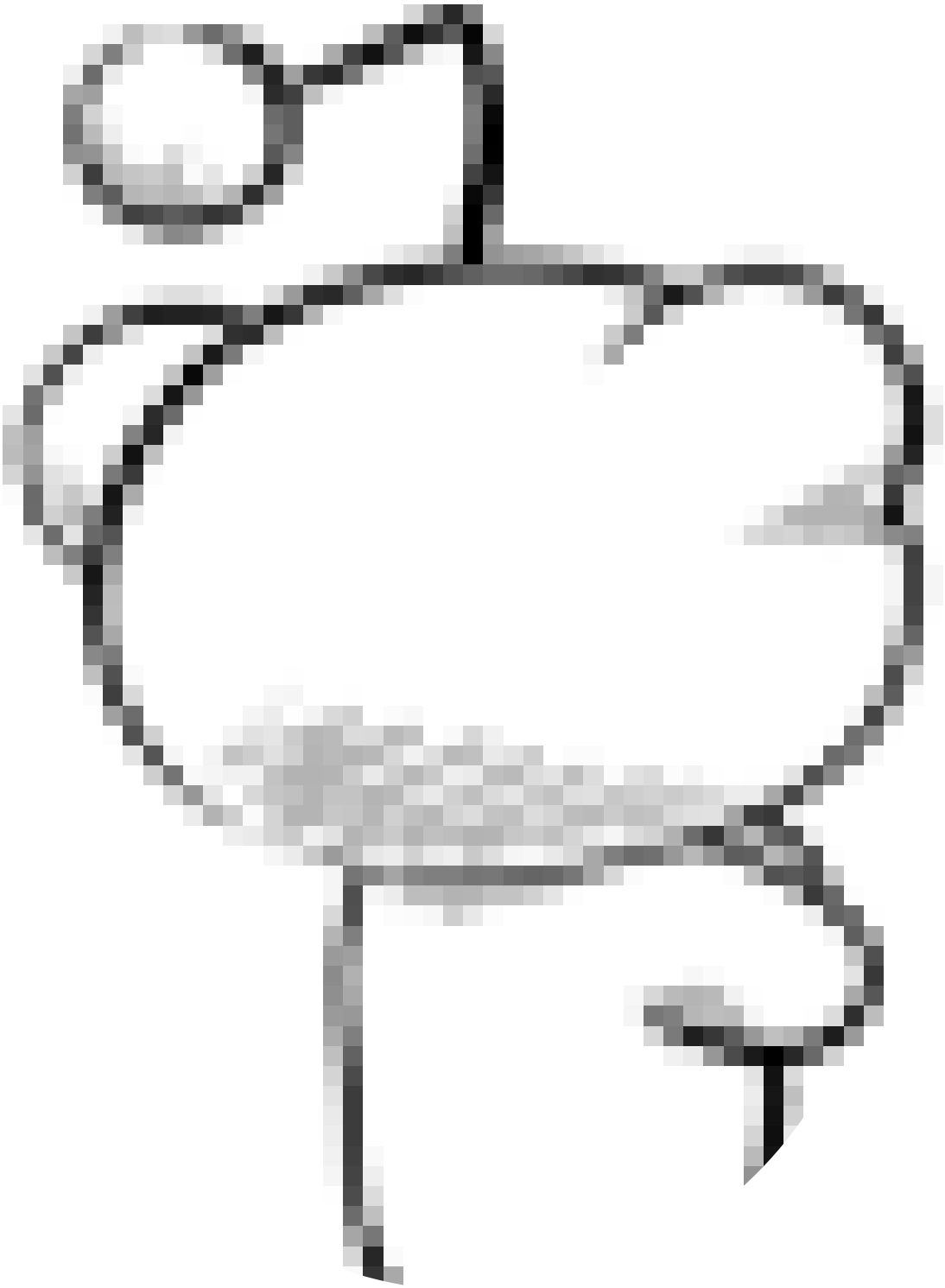

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â€¢ 15y ago

Once, on LSD, I was sitting in my papasan, listening to Moby. I turned toward the dark-stained wood front door and it began to morph into a tree, much like one of the ones from Lord of the Rings, only very evil-looking. It began to talk to me, and then my atoms began to meld with those of the papasan. Luckily, when I jumped up, it all went away.

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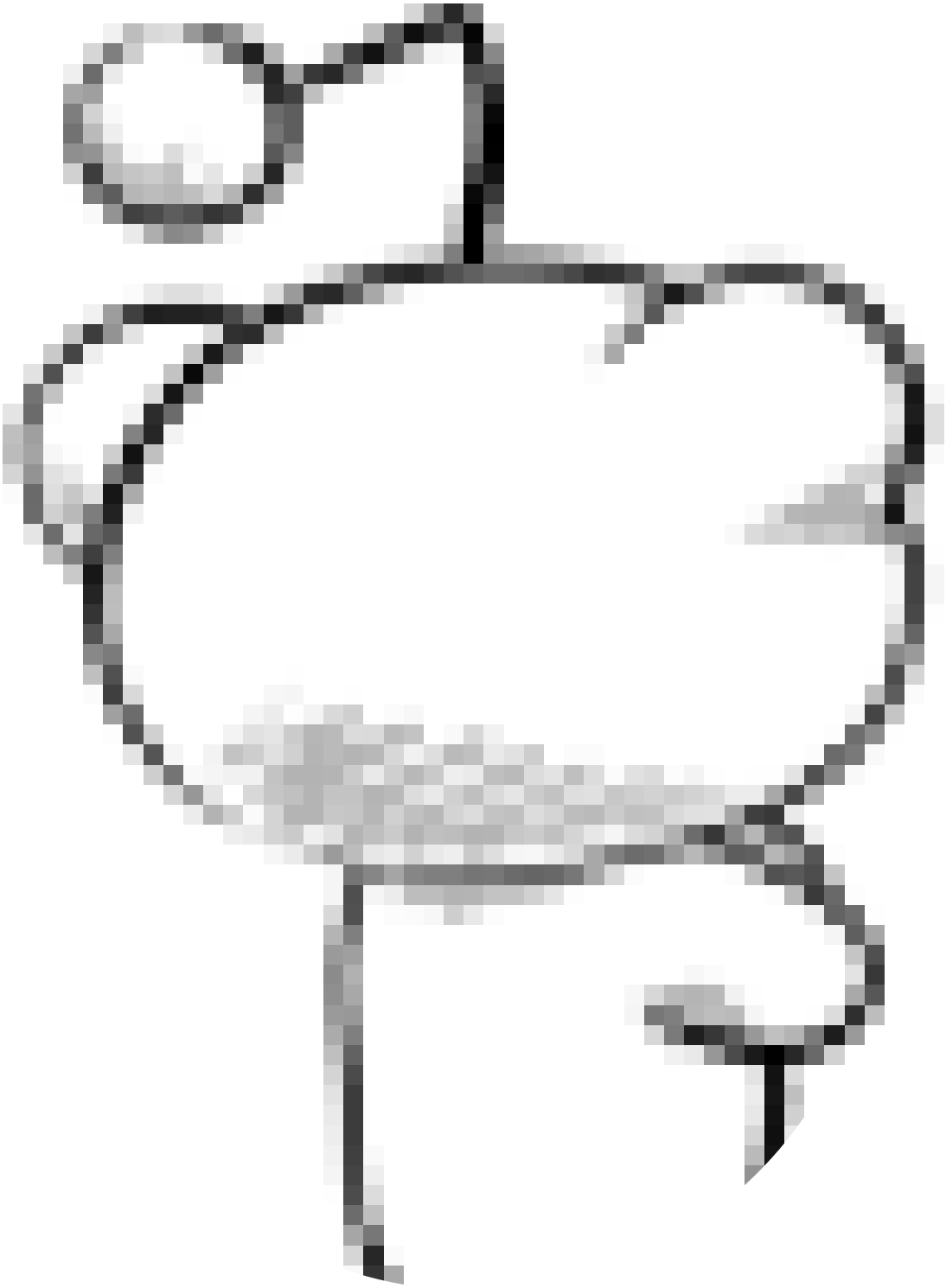
amodernmodder
â€¢ 15y ago

I've had my face licked from chin to hair by a man, - I'm a dude



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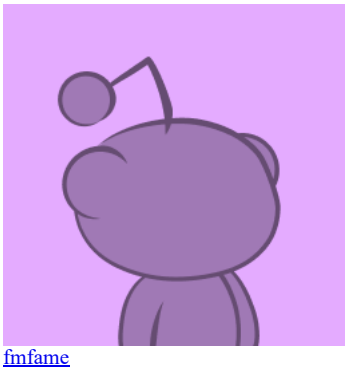
â€¢ 15y ago

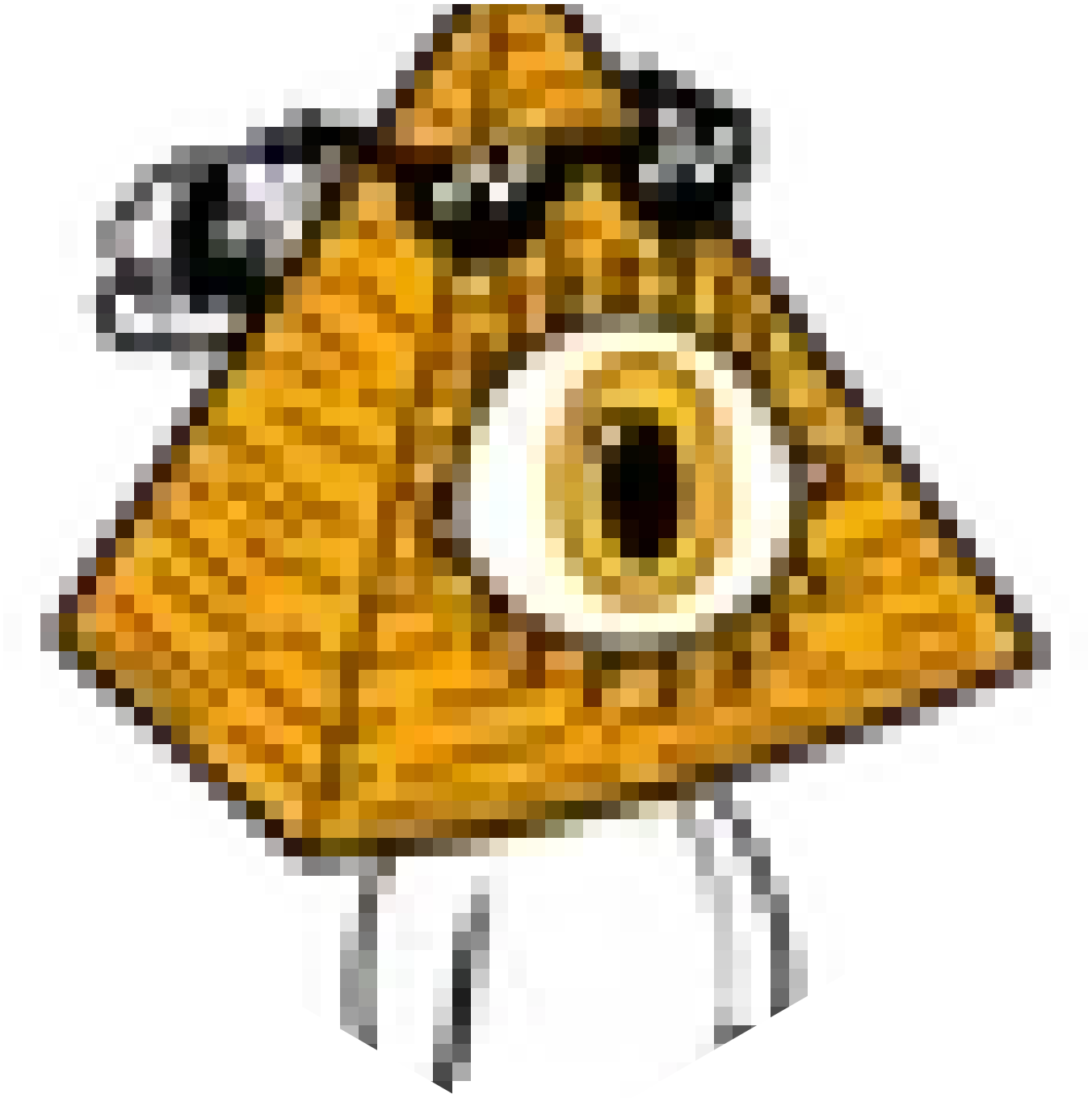
I played the game Black & White at 3am alone in the house. I was sleepy and decided to go to bed in a few minutes. Suddenly I heard clearly my name calling.

After a research on the next day I know it was the game itself. Not a person behind me.



fmfame
â€¢ 15y ago

i experienced a dream within a dream in reality and after wakening i could call all the levels of dreaming.creepy!



hilo
â€¢ 15y ago

I saw a UFO one night. I am very familiar with aircraft of all sorts and this moved like nothing I know of can. solid yellowish light on the horizon. I was with a girl and i was asking her if she was seeing what i was seeing but she didn't think anything off it really. It moved very quickly and then stopped and went and a vertical movement from a complete stop and then went back and forth and would move slowly and then it moved at an incredible speed to the right across the horizon which was artificially high for me because of the trees. The whole process probably took 30 seconds to a minute. This was 2000 and i have only recently started telling people about this. Happened in central Arkansas.

2 more replies
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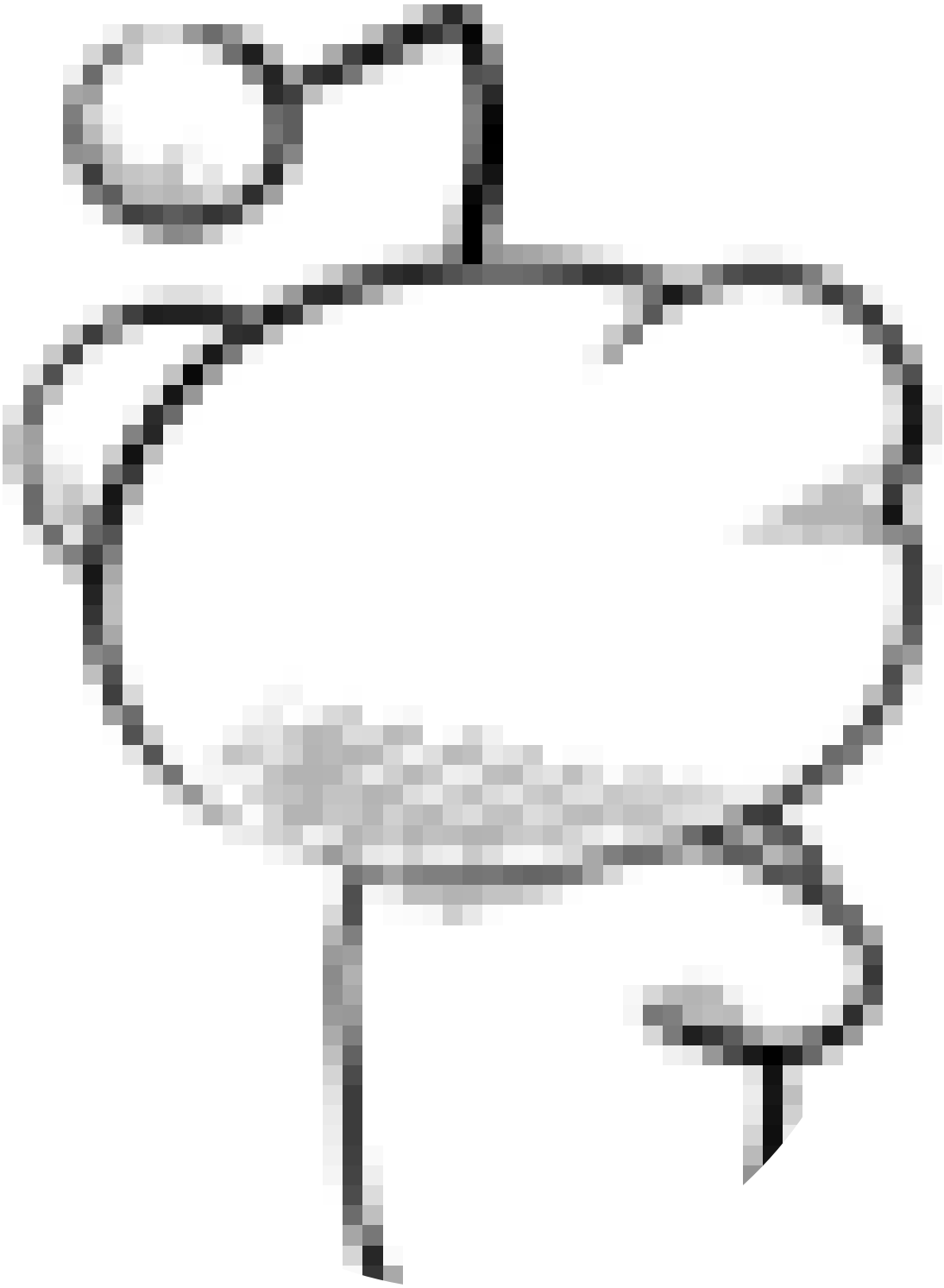

crazydaze
â€¢ 15y ago

I once dreamed that I was in my french class working on our activity book (fill in the blank style). I woke up at my desk in my bedroom and noticed that my activity book was open and a few pages I hadn't done were completed... Turns out that I had also slept through my alarm and woke up as my class was ending. Mom said I had been mumbling and she thought I was sick and let me stay home without bothering me.

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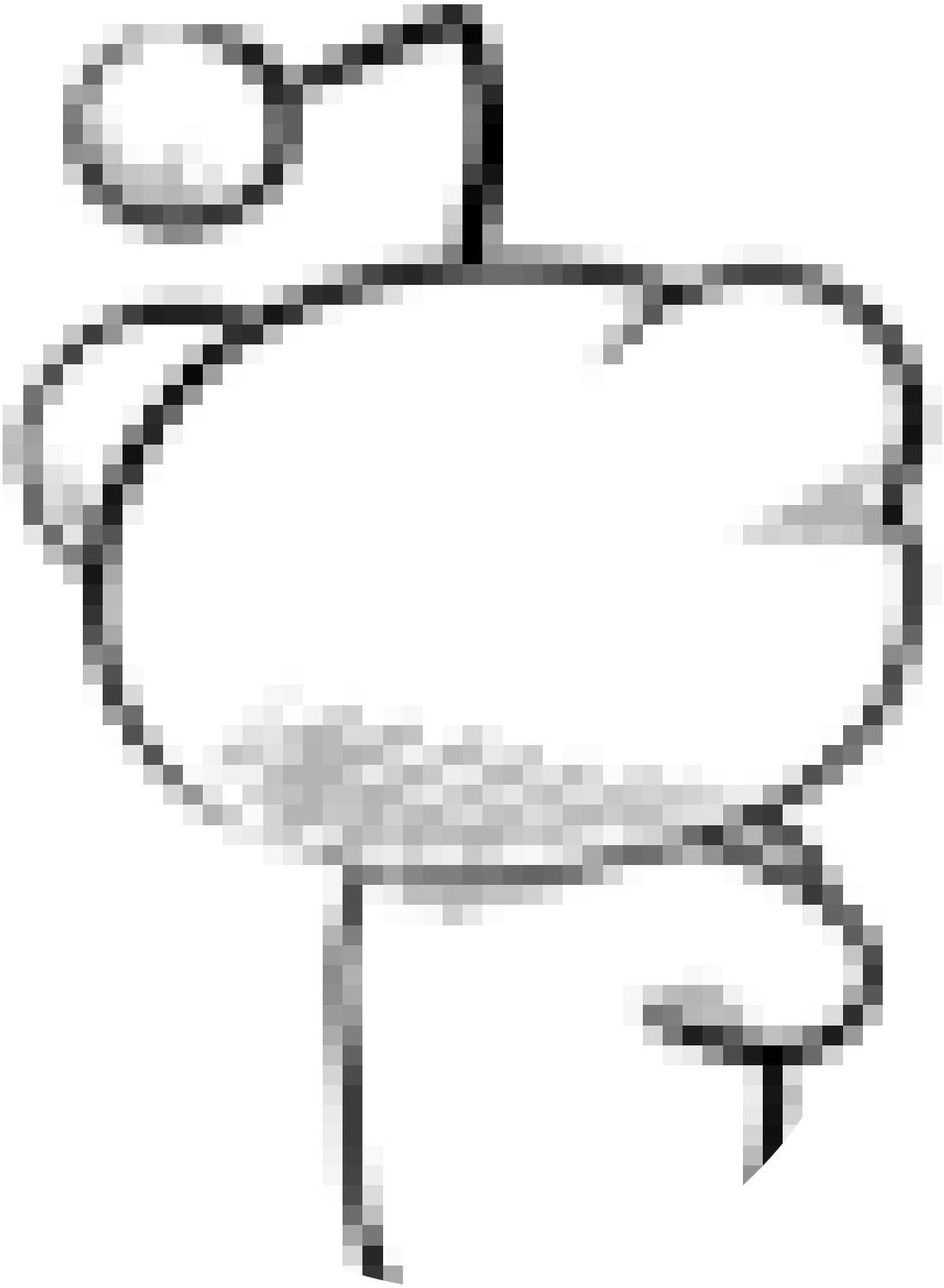

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â€¢ 15y ago

I heard a demonic voice outside my window at 4 am. I live in the woods and my mom was asleep. Definitely ruined my CS session.

Reply Share

FruityPeebils
â€¢ 15y ago

the only thing keeping me from leaving this page is listening to this

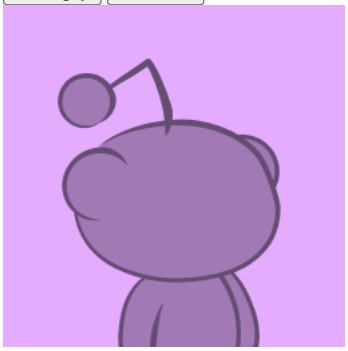
Reply Share

atari1309
â€¢ 15y ago

Last summer I went camping with a few friends.We'd just started to walk back after visiting the campground's haunted trail/haunted house attraction (It was the night before Halloween,I think...) The haunted trail wasn't scary,so we were all laughing about it on the way back.After a while we reach a little part of the campground that is shaped sort of like a valley,flat on the bottom and high on the sides (with no campers or anyone nearby) Right there on the side of the road is this blue car,with its headlights on and trunk open.Fear set in that had been unused during the sucky haunted trail.There was no one in the car or anywhere near it as far as I could see.My friends and I stared at it,while I whispered "Okay,we're going to walk by this car normally,then run once we get past it for a while." (not that brilliant,I realize now.) So we walk past it then sprint till we get up the hill at the end of the road.The next day we were walking past that area,and it was gone....

TL;DR-My friends and I felt like we were going to be kidnapped the night before Halloween because we saw a car with its headlight on and trunk open,but no one was in it or near it.

Reply Share



j1ggy
â€¢ 15y ago

Sitting at a red light downtown in my buddy's car and I turned to look out the window. A man in drag and lots of makeup in the back of a limo was waving at me and blowing kisses.

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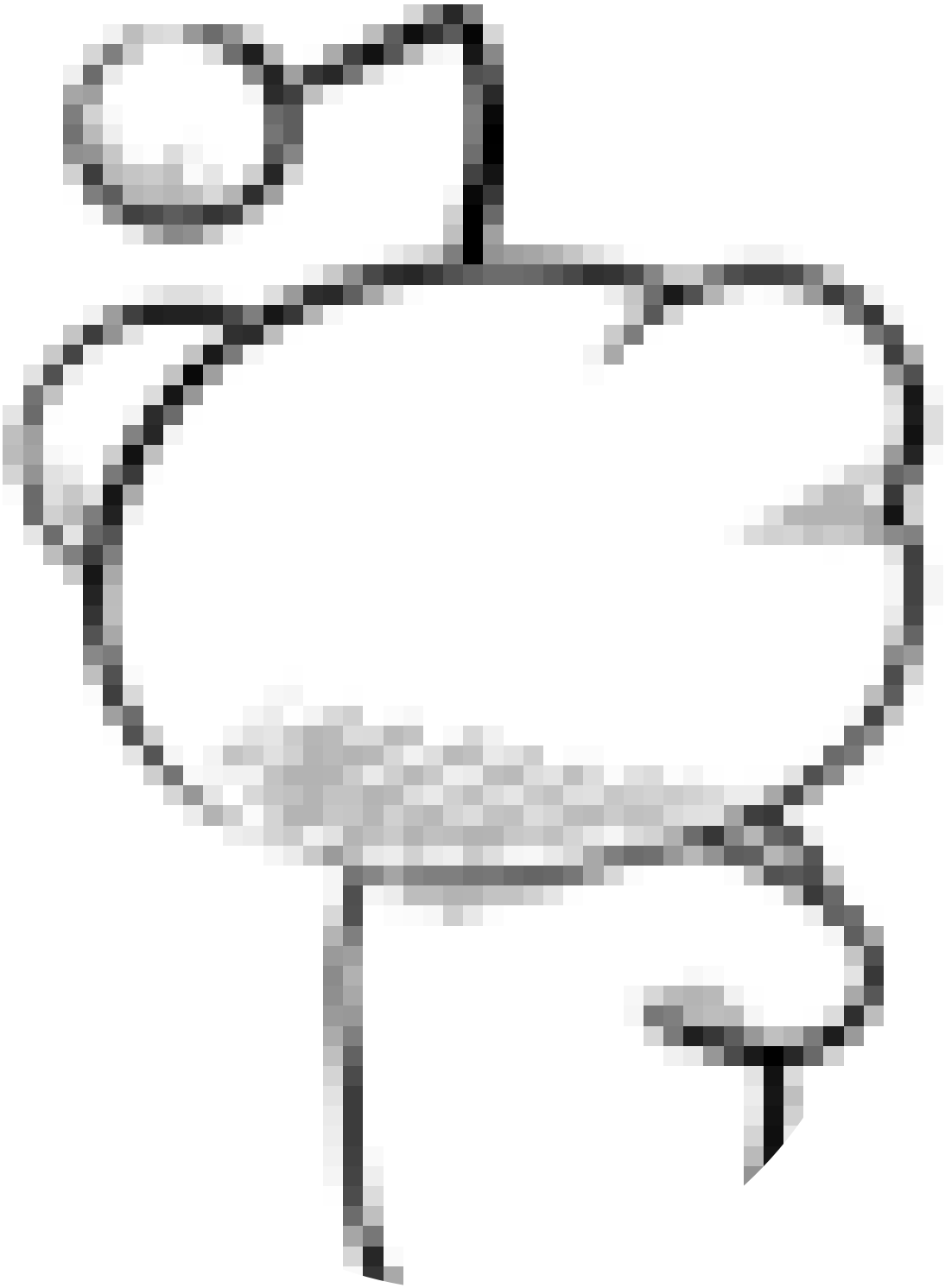

[deleted]
â€¢ 15y ago

Comment deleted by user

HogglesPlasticBeads
â€¢ 15y ago

The dog thing is fairly easily explained. We had a (dumb as a brick) Lab when I was young and we would sometimes come home to find her in a state of total panic in the laundry room or bathroom with the door closed. We thought a homeless person was coming into our house, and put extra locks on the doors. Turns out when she got scared about anything she would go into the rooms with no windows and close the door to get into a "cave." And then panic, cause she was retarded.

3 more replies
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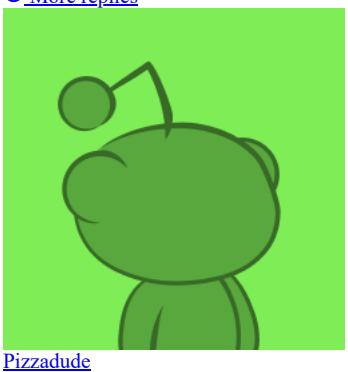
More replies

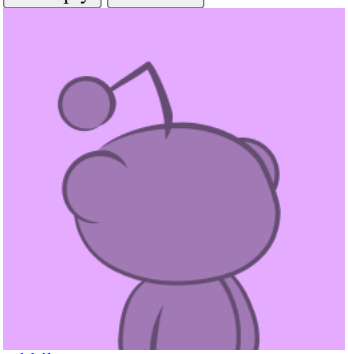


Pizzadude
â€¢ 15y ago

I don't see it mentioned yet, but this should definitely be here:

http://www.reddit.com/r/WTF/comments/fpeej/stumbled_on_to_this_in_the_fricking_sewer_scared/

Reply Share



tokkibear
â€¢ 15y ago

A few years ago my friends and I discovered an abandoned development near where we live. The development was a cul-de-sac with about 8 of these houses http://www.flickr.com/photos/idcomics/3552037451/in/set-72157618593268974/ and one larger house http://www.flickr.com/photos/idcomics/3552846842/in/set-72157618593268974/. As a joke, my friend who drove parked his car in the garage of one of the smaller houses. So my friends and I then went around checking out the small houses first, saving the larger house for later. Many of the houses were trashed and full of graffiti. I remember this one house even had a living room on the verge of collapse due to the fact that the basement was completely flooded. While on the second floor of one of the other houses we then heard a car outside. Worried it was a cop, I peered out one of the windows and saw an old pickup truck pull into the development. An old man with long hair came out and began walking around. My friends and I had no idea what to do and figured we were sitting ducks. The old man then disappeared into the house across from the one we were in. About 10 minutes later he leaves the house with a plastic bag full of stuff, gets into the truck, and leaves. To this day we have no idea who the hell that guy was or what he could have taken from the house.

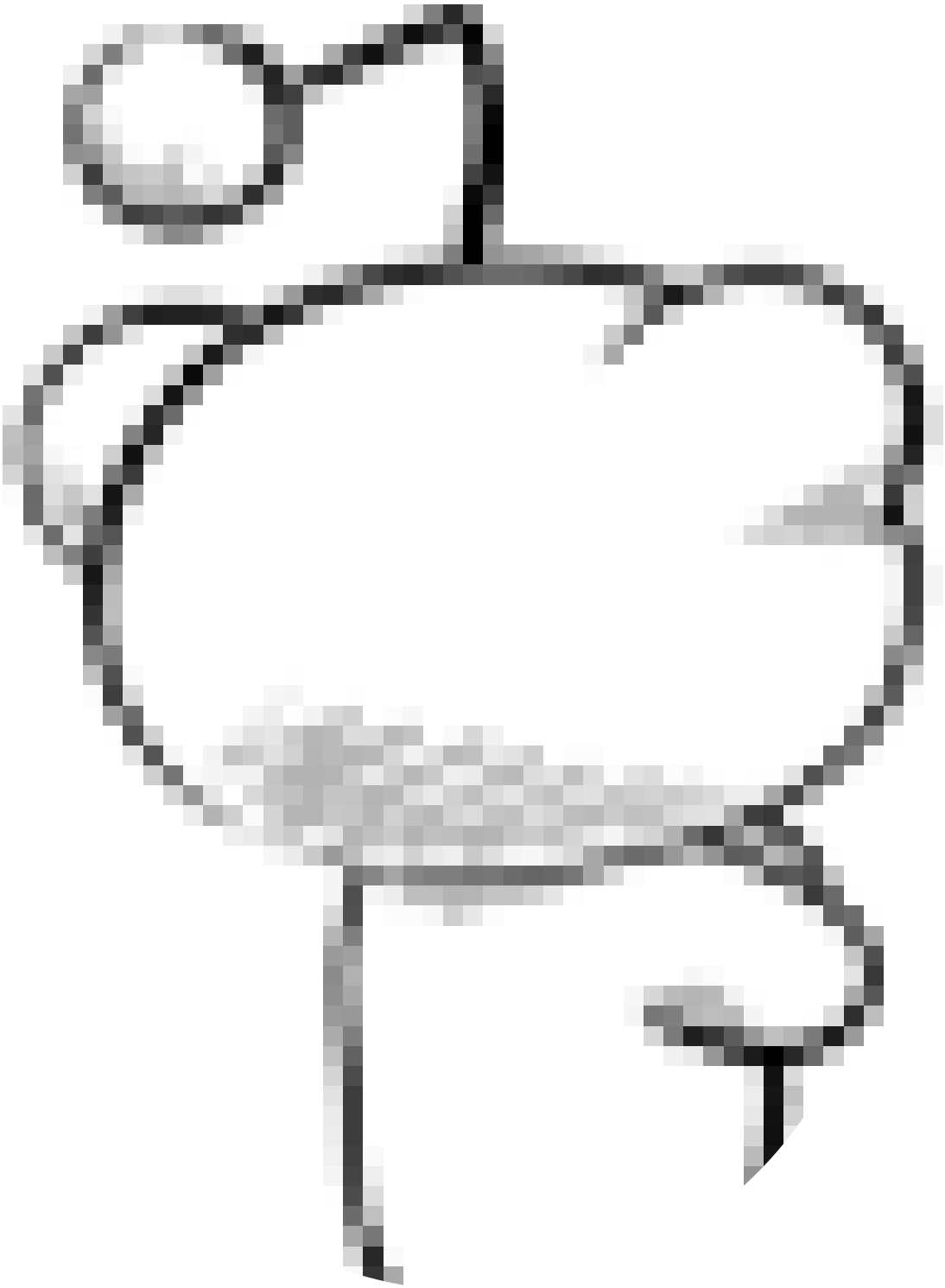
As of today the abandoned development has been torn down, except for the large white house. If anyone wants to explore just be warned that they now have no trespassing signs posted. http://maps.google.com/maps?q=40.335278,-74.237561 (check out the creepy entrance on street view)

Reply Share

grahamiam
â€¢ 15y ago

Acid.

Reply Share



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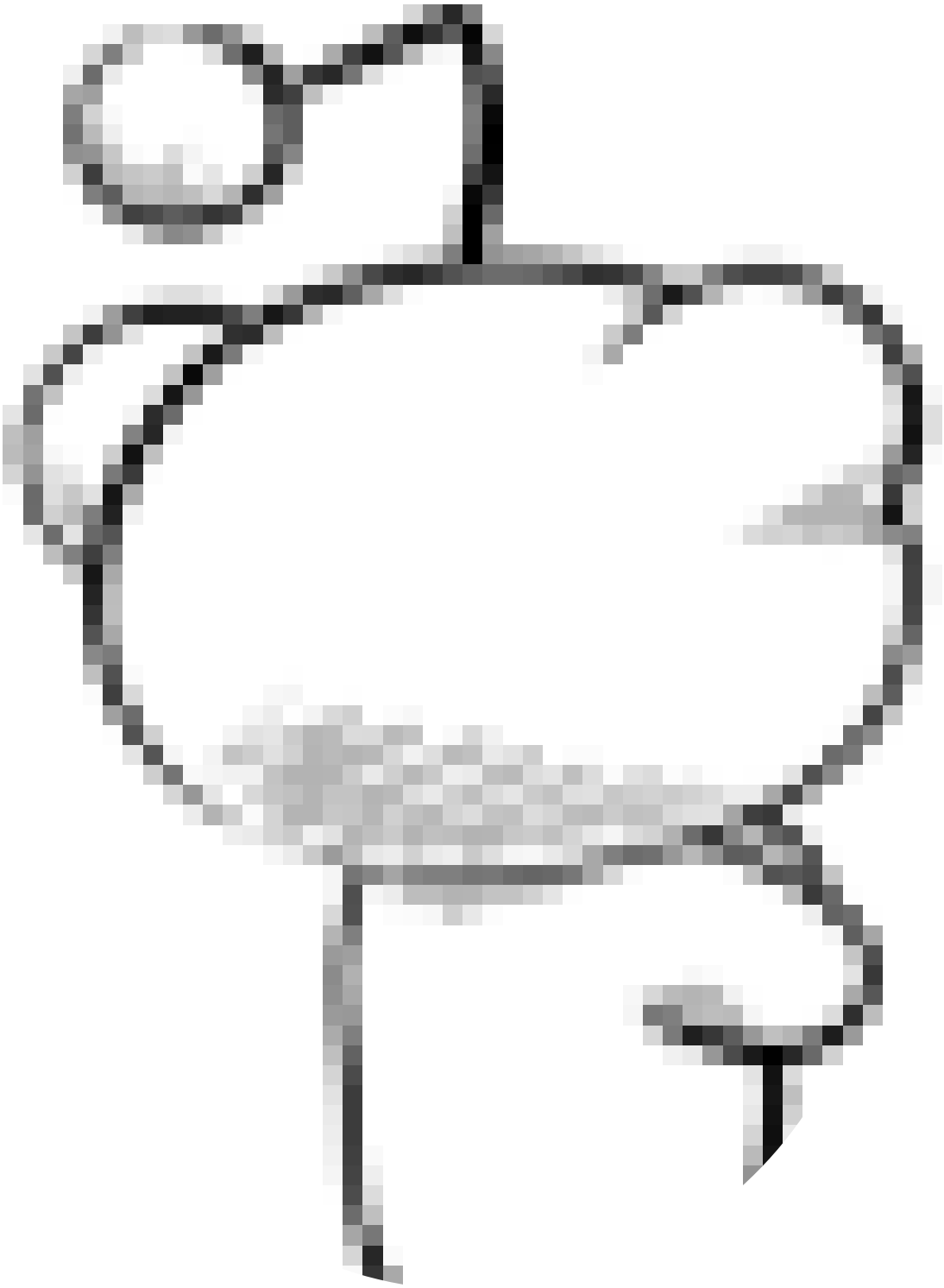
â€¢ 15y ago

I got drunk and blacked out. I woke up in a strange place with a strange woman giving me a blow job.

Reply Share
1 more reply
1 more reply

More replies



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â€¢ 15y ago

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2 more replies

2 more replies

Krowd1
â€¢ 15y ago

Well i suppose i'll throw something in since you're enjoying these so much! :)

This one diddn't actually happen to me, it happened to my brother a very long time ago. he's alot older now and this must of happened to him when he was about 10. My brother was laying in his bed, trying to get to sleep when he looked outside of his window as he heard a noise. My parents heard him scream and rushed into his room and he claimed to have seen a man with a green mohawk at the window, just then he heard someone in the street. The weird thing is, is that his bedroom's window is facing a side alley around the house, so the guy must of snuck in for some reason, suffice to say it's a pretty fucking creepy room anyway.

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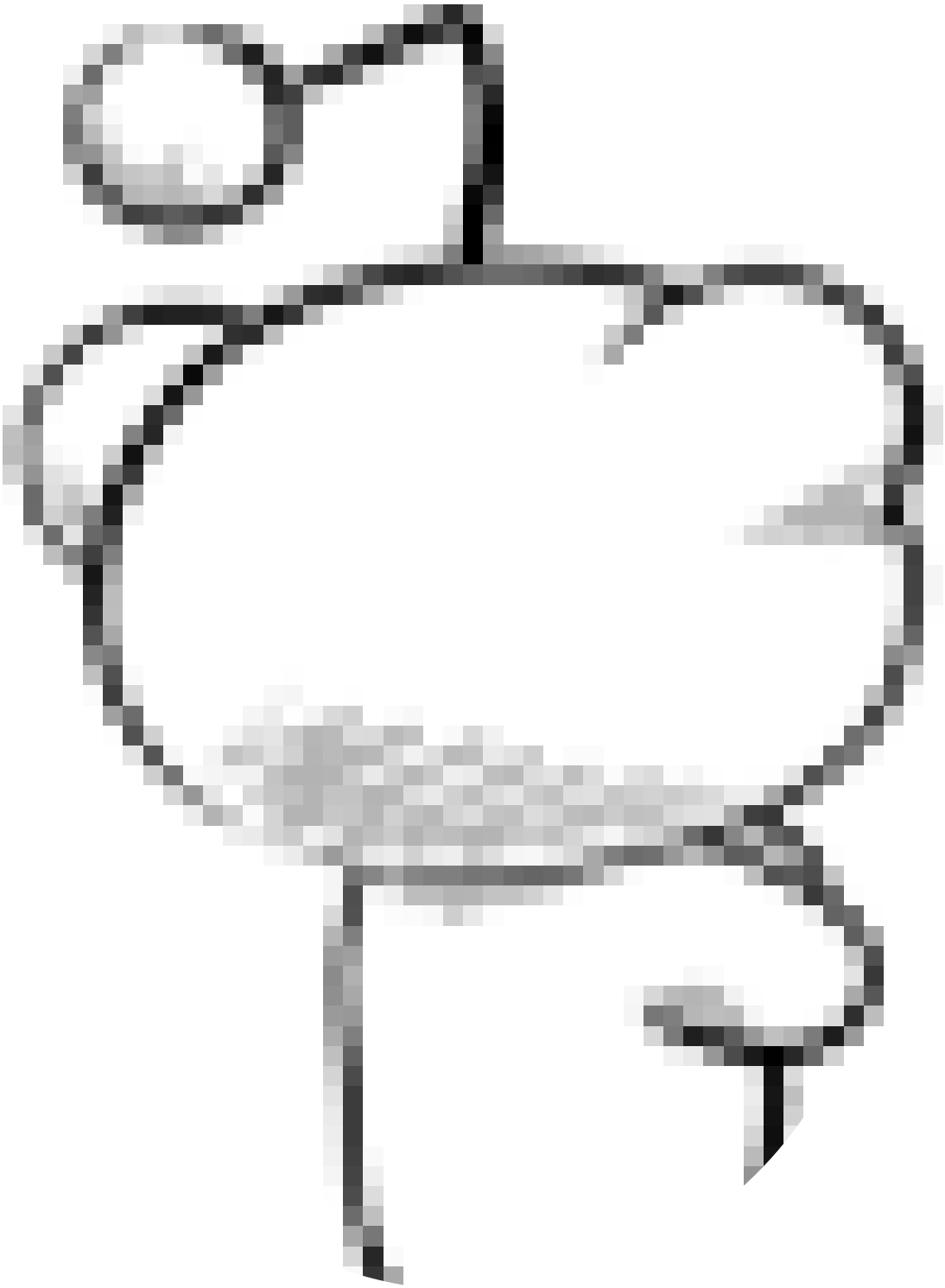

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â€¢ 15y ago

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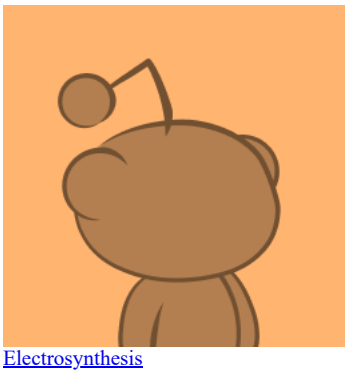

Electrosynthesis
â€¢ 15y ago

For quite a while I was more scared of caves in that game than, say, anything in a proper horror game. But then I just manned up, started crafting diamond swords, and took on those bastards.

Now I love exploring underground.

2 more replies
2 more replies
More replies
1 more reply
1 more reply

internationalopinion
â€¢ 15y ago â€¢ Edited 15y ago

I have a couple of things that happened to me and some people I know. When I was about 13-14 years old I was walking home in a beautiful bright sunny day wearing a skirt and a summer top. Suddenly an old slightly overweight creep make me stop and stands really close to me. With his bloody eyes rolling up and down on me he asks if I would come up to his apartment so he can kiss my sweet meat all over. He said other things but it was a while ago so I don't remember well. Also I was so creeped out, and angry at the same time that I didn't know what to say. In my head I really wanted to just go off on him and call him all kind of names, curse the he'll out of him. But for some reason I couldn't. I think I was so shocked that someone during the day would come up and say such things while there were people around playing at a nearby park. It was just surprising to me. So I just said: NO and moved on. He didn't follow me or anything. So I walked home all pissed at myself that I didn't have the balls to say something nasty at him. Once home told my mom and sister what happened, and my mom totally laughed it off like it wasn't a pedophile trying to pick me up. I was disappointed at her. My other story is much later I'm about 26 years old wondering into a big one space bookstore in Santa Monica, CA. I was kind of upset because of a guy who was leaving town, and I felt sad and angry the same time, so I wondered in as books would always calm me down. As i said this is a loft like space with several low rows across the entire room. So you can see the entire space from every angle of the store. So I walk in and there are only a couple of people scattered around but more by the far end of the store not close to me at all. So I go to one corner with my back towards the space and kind of opening books randomly feeling upset still. When suddenly I feel someone whispering gibberish very close to my right air for like 2 seconds in a quiet soft echoing voice. Then feel a sudden breeze over the same side and I very quickly look over my right shoulder to see who is there. But there's no one around, only that few people by the other side of the store. Way far for any of them to come by and make it back where they r now in seconds. The cool things is that I didn't really get scared at all or even think about it for more then a few seconds. I was so occupied by my own problems and thoughts that I just hashed it away. The next day someone told me a ghost story and asked me if I have ever experienced something I couldn't explain and I said no. But then I thought wait a minute, something did happen yesterday, and that was the first time I really thought about it. I could clearly hear a voice but couldn't make out the words. And I can't tell if it was a female or what. But very soft and airy voice. I don't tent to believe in ghosts and such so I tried to find a rational explanation with breeze coming through the doors or something. But then I thought if nothing happened then why did I turn around so rapidly after the voice and the breeze, which by the way felt like, you know when somebody walks or runs by you real quickly you get a breeze from their body. That's how it felt like. And it kind of happened at the same time as the voice so I just reacted and looked over, I was sure someone was there. The weird thing though as creepy as it might sound it still doesn't creep me out at all.

Reply Share

jimmyjudgesyou
â€¢ 15y ago

I was on holiday in Bali when I was 9 (10 years ago) and we decided to check out the market. Because I was a little girl with really long, really light blonde hair a lot of the locals seemed to want to say hi...or maybe they were just very friendly and took to me...(anyway..back on topic)

I was in my element just waving and saying hi back to all the strangers, being an attention-hog at that age. We were walking along the main path with the stalls and shops stretched out on the right and the road on the left. Not to far up the path is what looks like a gang of huge men all sitting on a dumpster, shouting at one another jokingly.

My bigger sister darts ahead into a shop, seeing something she likes obviously. I'm behind my parents, who start to follow Bekka. Suddenly I am jerked up into the air by my ponytail. The biggest man on the dumpster has got me. He pulls me up and sits me next to him, saying "Hello there". My parents have dissapeared into the shop with Bekka...

pearbobber
â€¢ 15y ago â€¢ Edited 15y ago

On my way to the grocery store last night, in the car, I started singing Uptown Girl by Billy Joel for no apparent reason (not a big fan of the Billy). After getting dinner fixins I got back in the car and turned on the radio and god damn it if it wasn't Billy Joel's Uptown Girl playing on the Jack FM. Creepy.

7 more replies
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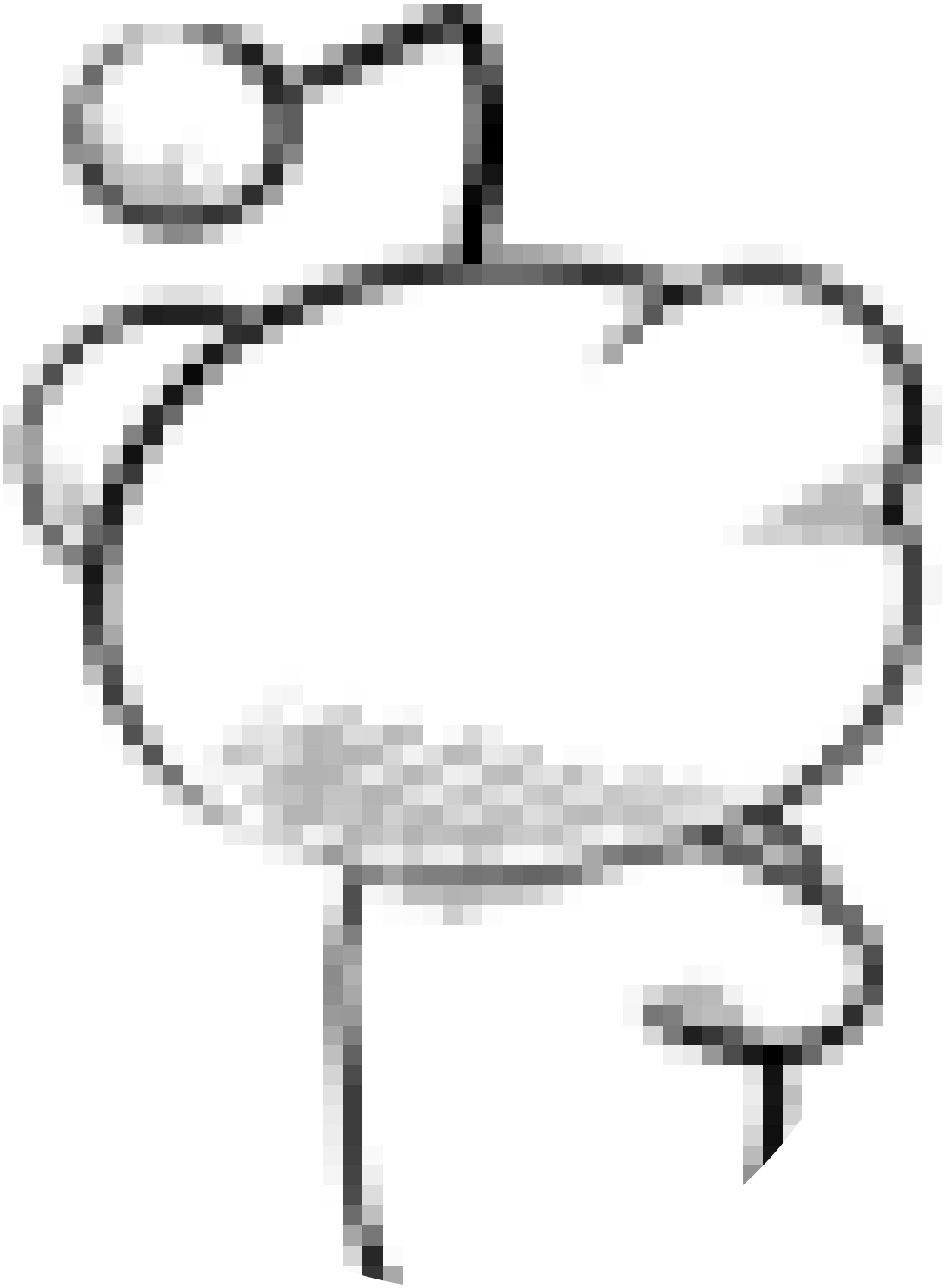
More replies



[deleted]
â€¢ 15y ago

LSD.

Glarghars
â€¢ 15y ago

My family owns a house in Norway we usually visit. It's an old house from the 1930's. Im a real heavy sleeper and since we where there on a vacation they usually dont wake me up so sleep in. Anyway, one day I was sleeping kind of late(1pm ish). I woke up as normal to doors banging loots of loud footsteps, the tv was really loud (you can tell its the tv because it got a special "buzz" sound to it since its quiet old) I was still lying in bed listening to all the sounds trying to fall back to sleep but I just couldn't, now I could hear the footsteps walking up on my floor and into the room next to me. After they went back down I decided to get up. Went downstairs still hearing the noises,bangs and whatnot as normal. When I got downstairs there was deadsilence(you can pretty much see the entire inside of the house from the stairs). The tv was off, not a single person in the house except for me. I stood there completely freaked out looking into the empty house. After searching the house I went outside and sat in the yard calling my family wondering where they went. They said the left yearly in the morning to visit one of their friends. they didnt ask me because they knew I dont want to go there anyway. To this day I will never set my foot in that house alone ever again.

1 more reply
1 more reply
More replies

Sheridan69
â€¢ 15y ago

Okay, this was about ten years ago. I had just bought a new mobile phone, and no-one had my new number. I'd only made a couple of calls. I went to meet with a friends mother, who I was helping to organise a charity event. As we wrapped up the meeting, she suddenly apologised for not returning my calls. I was confused, and told her I hadn't rung her. She maintained she'd had a couple of calls from me on her answerphone (she knew ne well enough to recognise my voice). She said that calls sounded odd- drifting in and out and a noise like wind in the background; I was saying something like "I can't get in touch... Please... I'm sorry". By this point I was stating quite definitely that I had never rung her. She looked puzzled as it was definitely my voice, so reached for a pad she'd jotted the number on to return the call. It was my new number, that I hadn't given to anyone. I was slightly creeped out, and later that day rang my network provider to see whether someone could be spoofing my number or getting a 'crossed line'. They assured me that this hadn't happened, and were also able to find the calls on my phone record. They had taken place either side (by seconds) of one if the few calls I had made on the phone. tl;dr I bought a new phone and it was haunted.

Reply Share
2 more replies
2 more replies
More replies

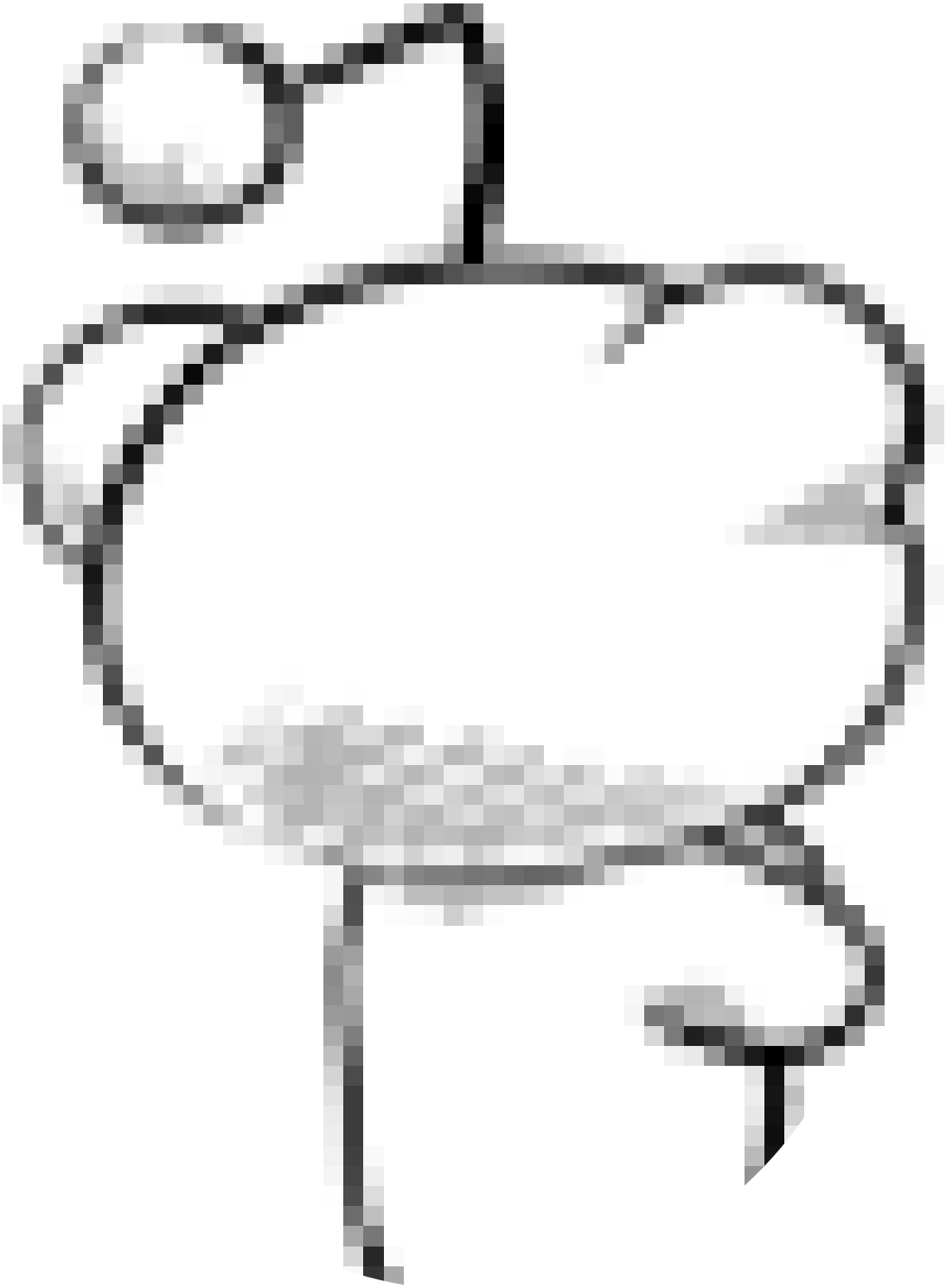
DrCatbus
â€¢ 15y ago

My friends and I used to go "Bumhunting" a while back. It's rumored that bums live there. It's basically a huge abandoned warehouse where the city stores their raw materials like metal. When I say huge, I mean like 4 or 5 football fields. Either way.. It's in the dead of winter and we have to park across from the factory and go in through an old broken fence and walk to an entrance. As we step onto the dirt floor, we immediately notice a flickering light in the way back of the warehouse. We see a torso of a

man one second in the light and the next is nothing. We're all pretty freaked out. My brother brought one of those big 3 million candle light lights that is used to flag people down on the highway, he shined it all over. Through the stacks and rows of metal we see heads and people ducking in and around, none of them being our friends that came with us. We get a brick thrown at us and it hit our friend in the foot. We all run as fast as we can out of there.

Other than that, just UFO's in the sky and mysterious ghost stories and stuff. Lots of fun though.

Reply Share



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â€¢ 15y ago

I used to play a lot of games when I was a kid. Back when I first got my Playstation, I didn't have any electricity in my room so I had to play in my parents bedroom.

One night I was playing Tomb Raider and it was freaking me the hell out. I was young and the bigger enemies scared me. I remember being chased by a bear and hiding in a swimming pool, terrified to get out. I ended up dying and the second I died, I heard a grown man laugh manically right in my ear - I turned expecting to see my dad but instead saw no one... I bolted downstairs and asked my family if anyone had just laughed really loudly, they all said no.

I couldn't and didn't play games alone for a few years after, I always got someone in my family to watch or be in the room with me.

2 more replies

2 more replies

More replies

The_Director
â€¢ 15y ago

Hearing my sister have sex next room when I was 15 and she was 21.

3 more replies

3 more replies

More replies

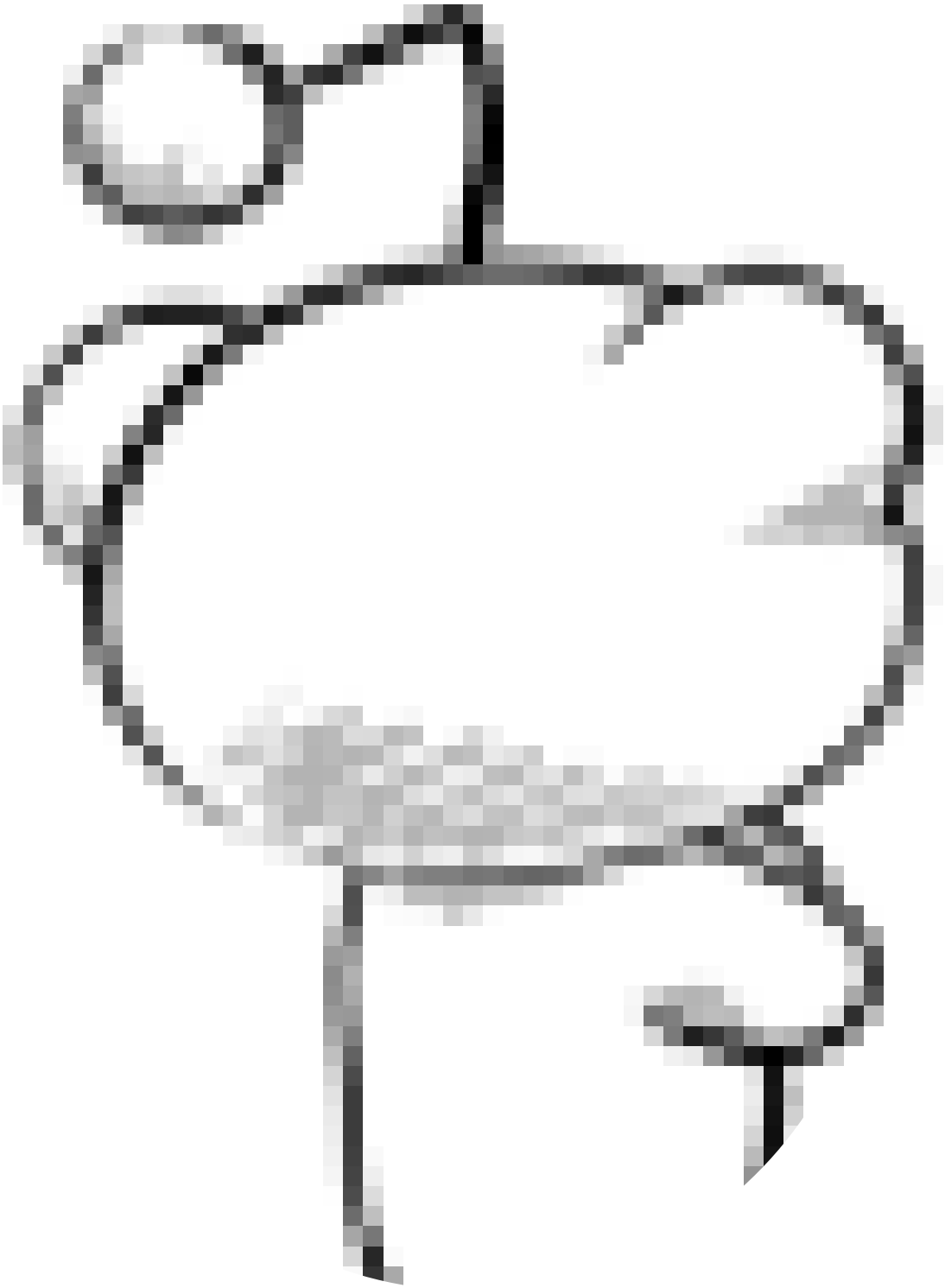
onionbagle
â€¢ 15y ago

I was reading Lord of the Rings home alone when something whispered my name. Creeped me the fuck out. My dead grandmother sat on my bed one night too. That sucked.

ben-117
â€¢ 15y ago

are you saying you encountered a ghost?

More replies



ThePriceIsRight
â€¢ 15y ago â€¢ Edited 15y ago

Alone in my house at night time. One of the very few times. I was young, probably 12 or so. I'm laying in my basement watching the television. The TV faces away from the back wall and there is a window next to it which looks out into the backyard which is forest. All of a sudden my cat starts to make some really fucked up noises and hissing out into the dark while sitting on the window ledge. I see movement and I immediately freak the fuck out, I just felt paralyzed with ice cold fear. I just couldn't recognize what was moving outside the window. Then I realized it was another cat on the other side of the window and my cat was just getting all mad about territory.

Also some people in my family have night terrors once every few weeks or so. So basically I wake up to people screaming bloody murder at 3 in the morning.

1 more reply
1 more reply

More replies

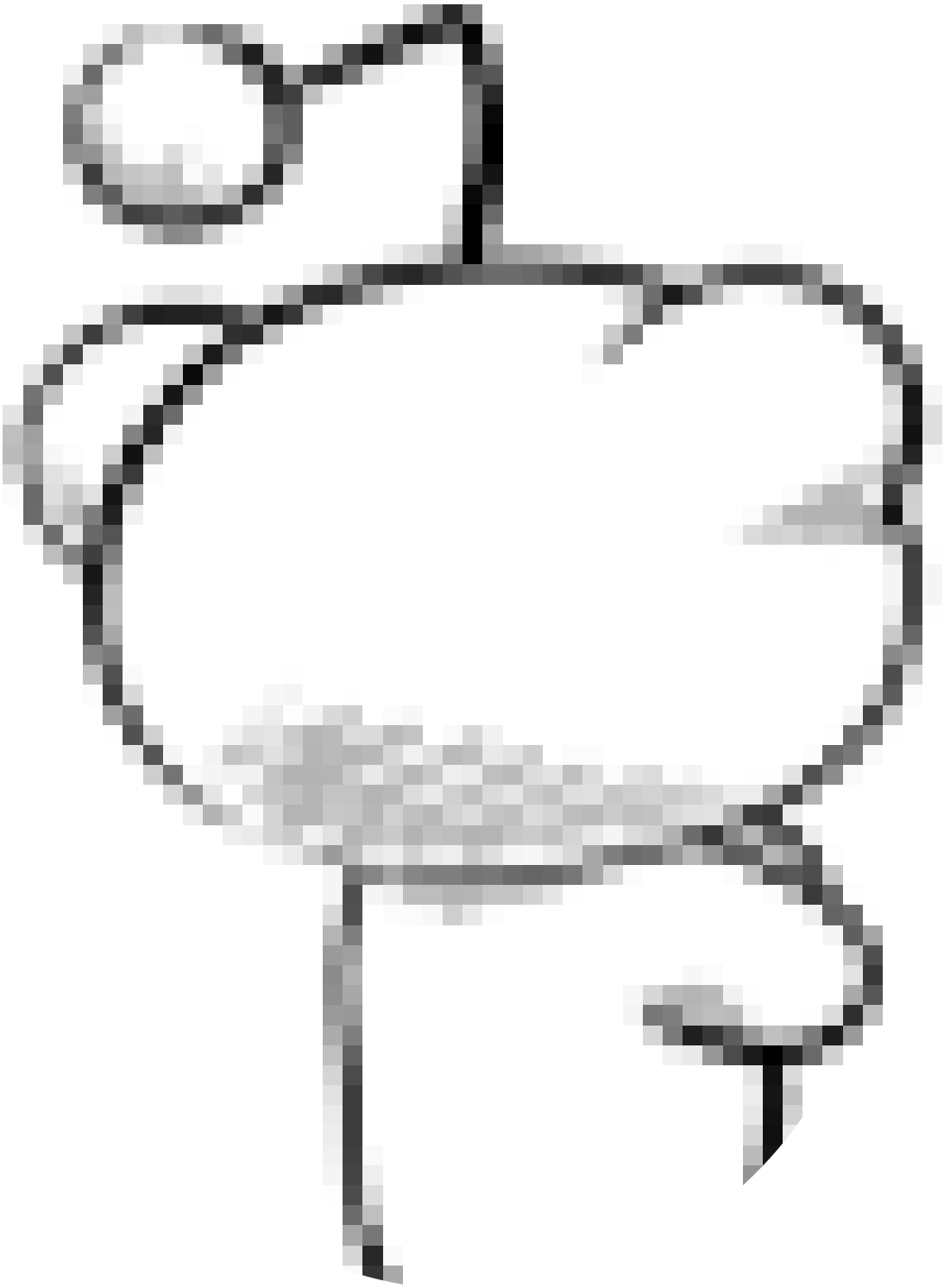
donkeyblueballs
â€¢ 15y ago

One time I was waiting for the bus when two Mexican men(used as a description), one was older then the other, pulled up beside me to ask if I knew how to change a tire. I replied yes, and the man said that his father had heart problems, and needed help replacing a tire. I was confused, and I leaned back and took a look at the tires on the truck. When the driver said that the car was at his house. Immediately I said no. The guy said you can't? I repeated my self "no." What was I thinking? I could have made 10 dollars.

2 more replies

2 more replies

More replies



GoGoGadge7
â€¢ 15y ago

The election and re-election of President G.W. Bush

MagicSPA
â€¢ 15y ago

I am just posting just to say that although it took four whole days worth of spare time, I have read every post in this thread and have been repeatedly impressed with the creepiness of many of the posts...

...But repeatedly disappointed with the gullibility and lapses of investigative vigour of many of the others.

tuberider
â€¢ 15y ago

So many of these stories are like "the axe murder took his bloody axe and carved some sort of letters or symbols into the wall and then jumped up and ran into the night laughing manically... I went back to my room and fell asleep and I haven't looked at that carved wall since." ???

1 more reply
1 more reply
More replies More replies

vanenestix
â€¢ 15y ago

My mom picked me up from school, and in the car ride we were talking about what we're going to have for dinner. The next minute, my phone said I had a new voicemail (even though nobody called me, and I didn't miss a call.) The voicemail was me and my mom talking about dinner the second before.

Chobbers

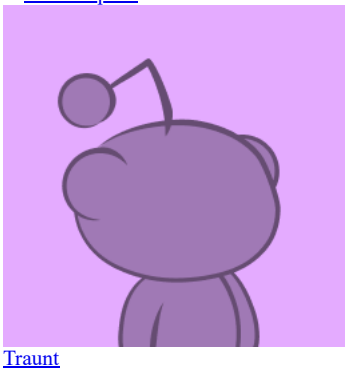
â€¢ 15y ago

You can pocketdial yourself and leave a voicemail. Just sayin.

4 more replies

4 more replies

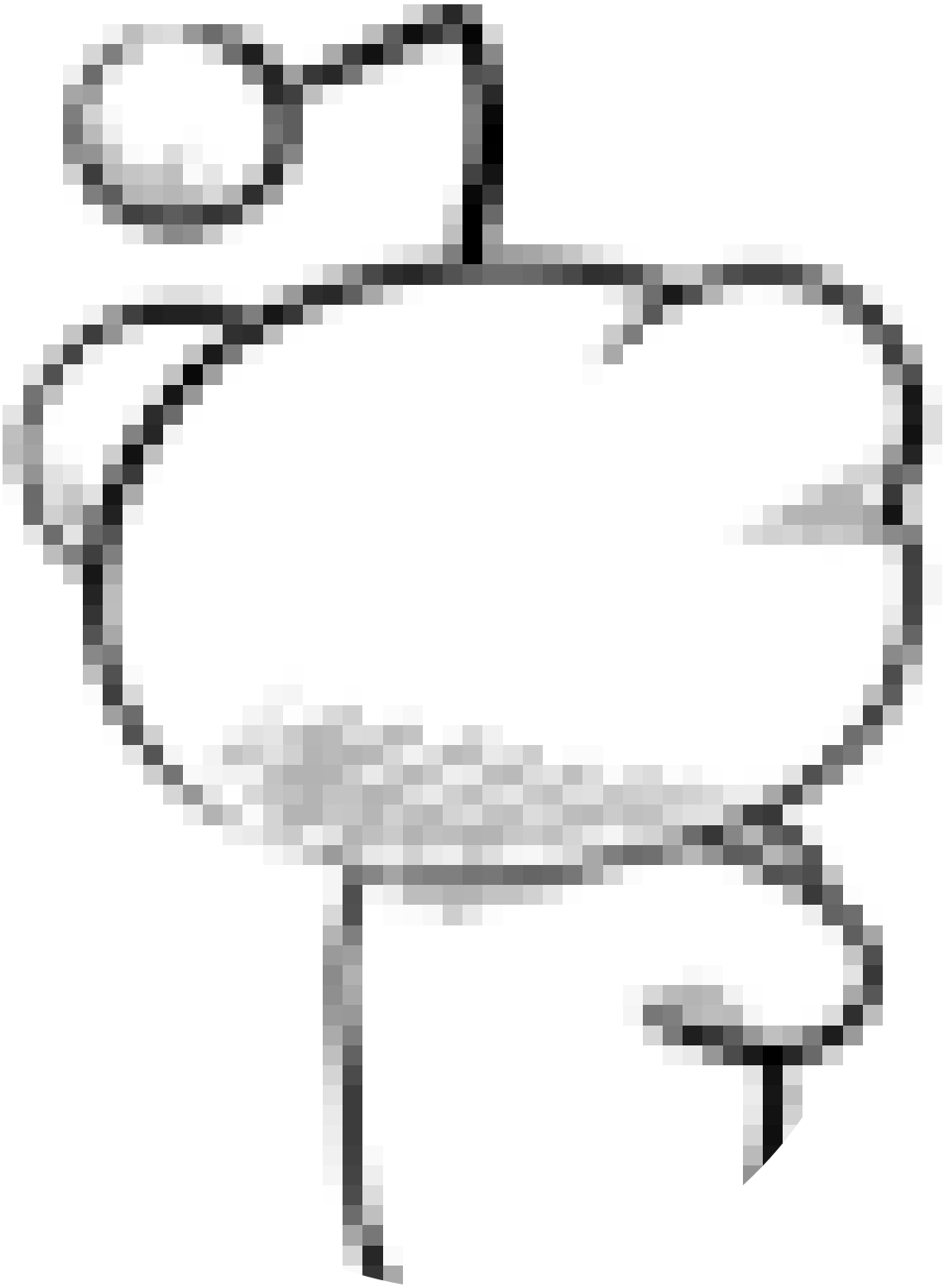
More replies



Traunt
â€¢ 15y ago

possible purse dial from your mom's phone.

More replies



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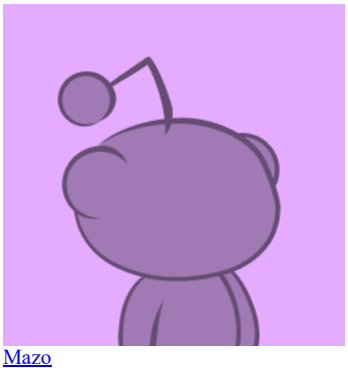
â€¢ 15y ago

I was deep underground working in a coal mine. There were still some dark unexplored areas that had not been set with lighting yet. Suddenly I heard a strange drawn out hissing noise coming from the darkness. I tried to run as an explosion rocked the earth around me but it was too late, I blacked out. When I woke up I was totally naked, all of my belongings were gone, and I was standing next to a quiet lake in the middle of the forest with no idea how I got there.



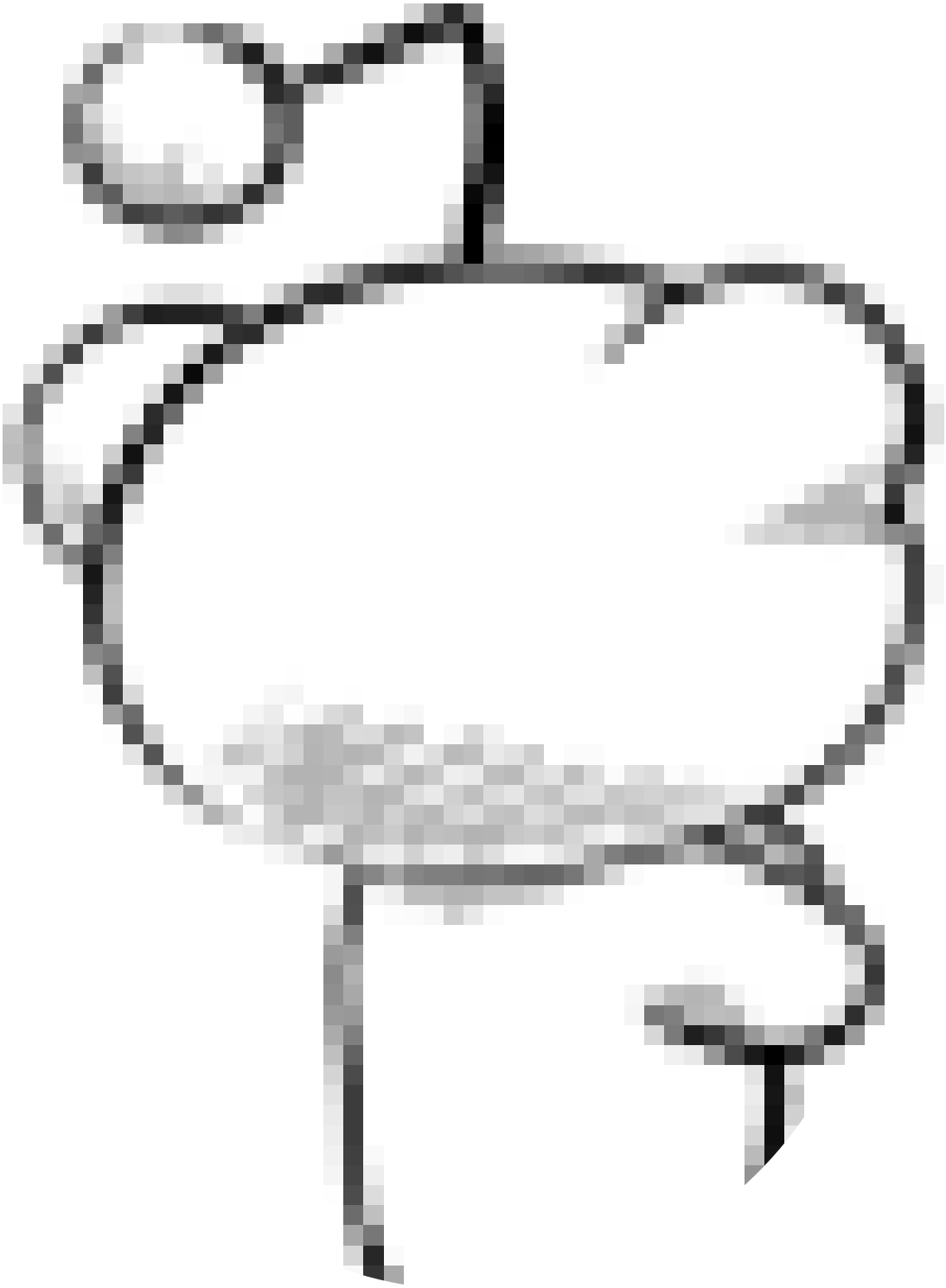
Mazo
â€¢ 15y ago

I see what you did there.

5 more replies
5 more replies
More replies More replies

chuxarino
â€¢ 15y ago

Really. No joke. When Bush II was selected by the Supreme Court.



[deleted]
â€¢ 15y ago

Comment deleted by user

palpebral
â€¢ 15y ago

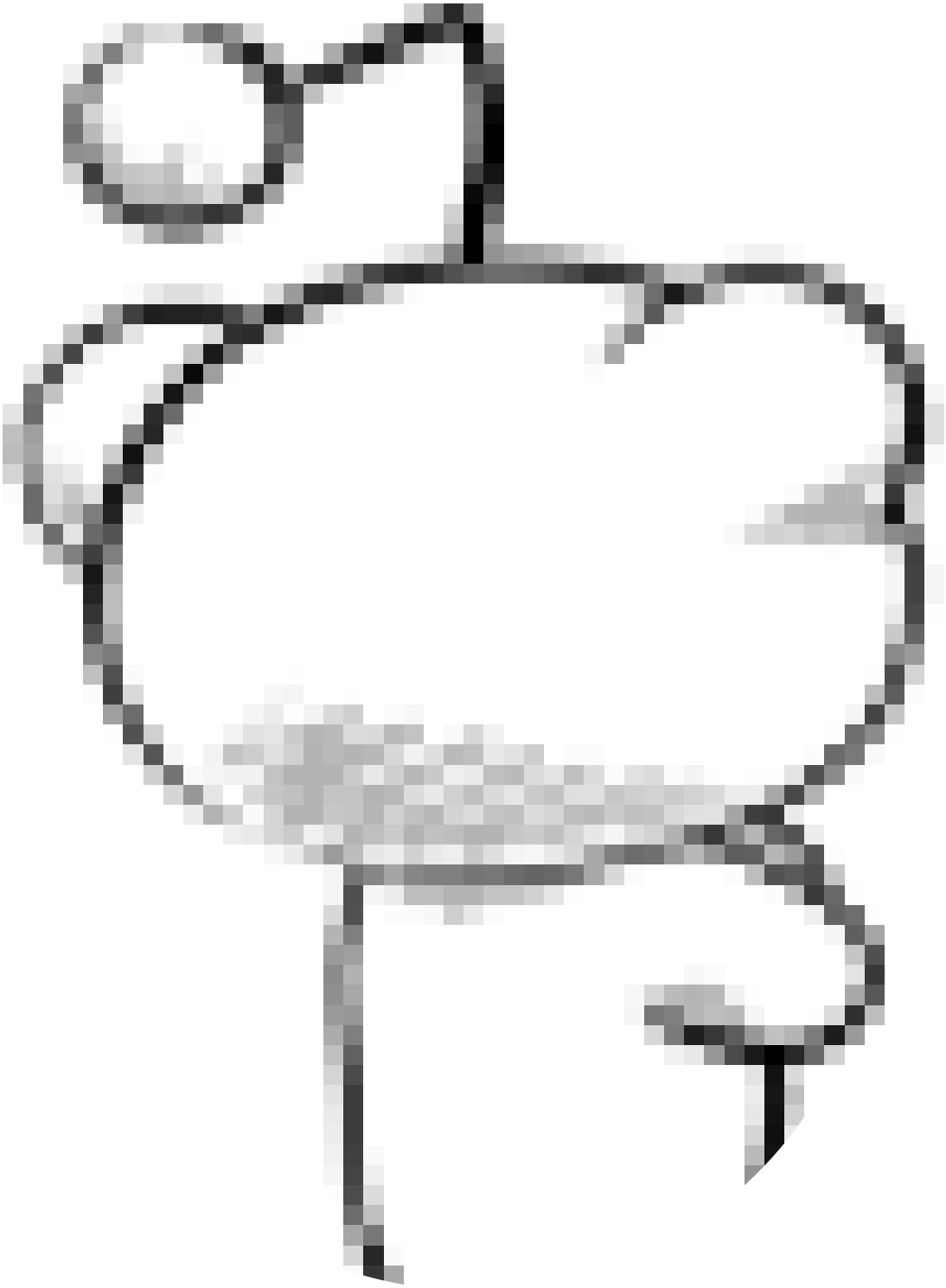
feel free to elaborate

6 more replies
6 more replies

More replies

Superfishul
â€¢ 15y ago

hmm..girlfriend/wife problems huh?



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â€¢ 15y ago

Scariest people imo

SweetNeo85
â€¢ 15y ago

You've met Dick Cheney?

1 more reply

1 more reply

More replies

SarahC
â€¢ 15y ago

How on earth did you recognise one?

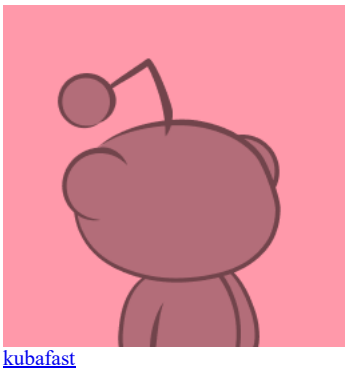
They hide really well!

vincent118
â€¢ 15y ago

Ooh cool, which company were they CEO of? Or did which political office were they in?

1 more reply

1 more reply



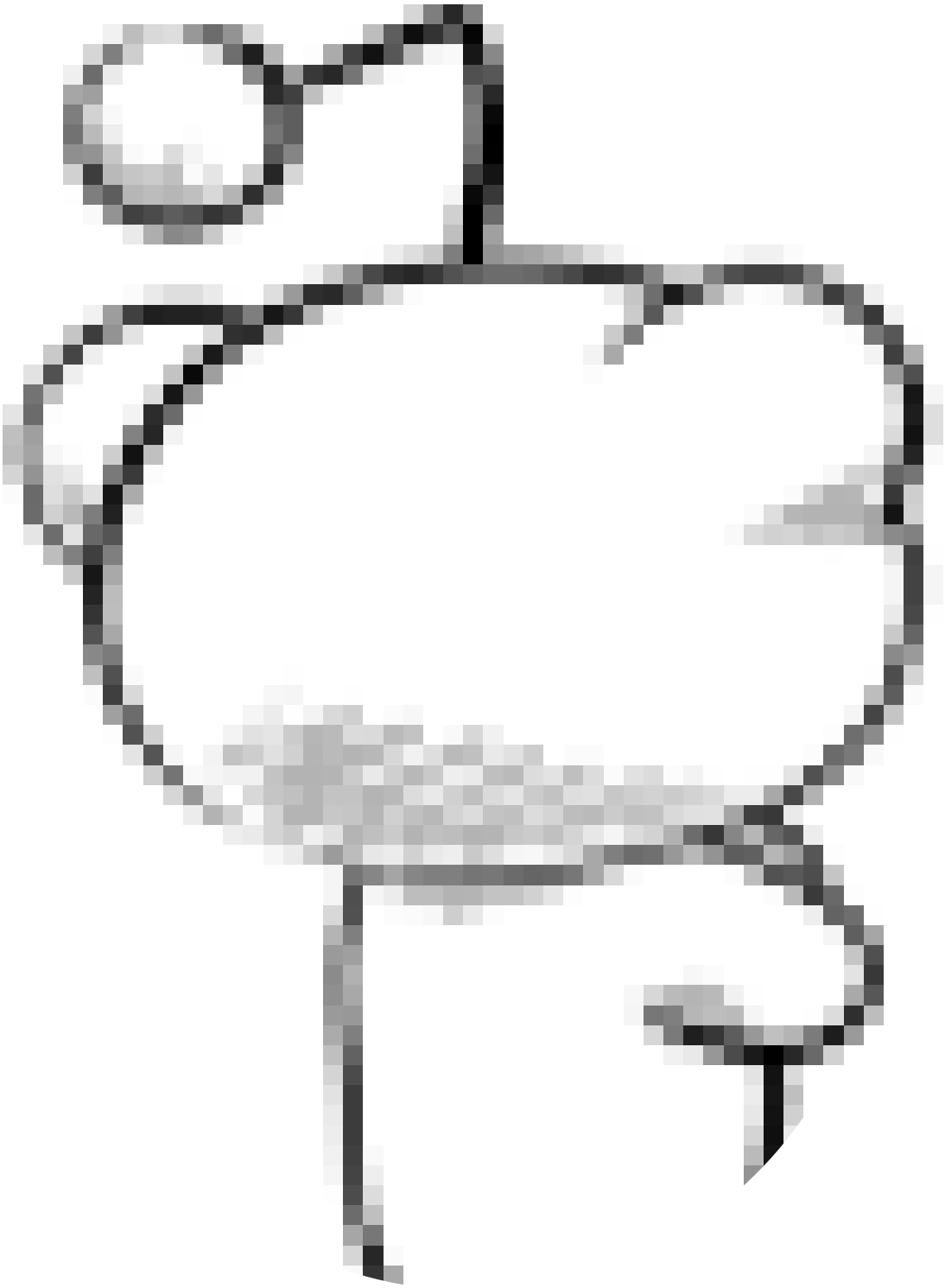
kubafast
â€¢ 15y ago

I found ectoplasm in my bed!

phildogtheman
â€¢ 15y ago

ectoplasm.... I'm sure that's what it was

1 more reply
1 more reply
More replies



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â€¢ 15y ago â€¢ Edited 15y ago

I was 18 years old and taking the subway downtown one evening and there was an attractive woman sitting opposite me for the majority of the ride. We managed to glance at each other a few times and she seemed to be smiling at me, so I made the move to approach her and introduce myself. We got to talking and flirting and one thing led to another and we decided to get off at my stop and get a drink.

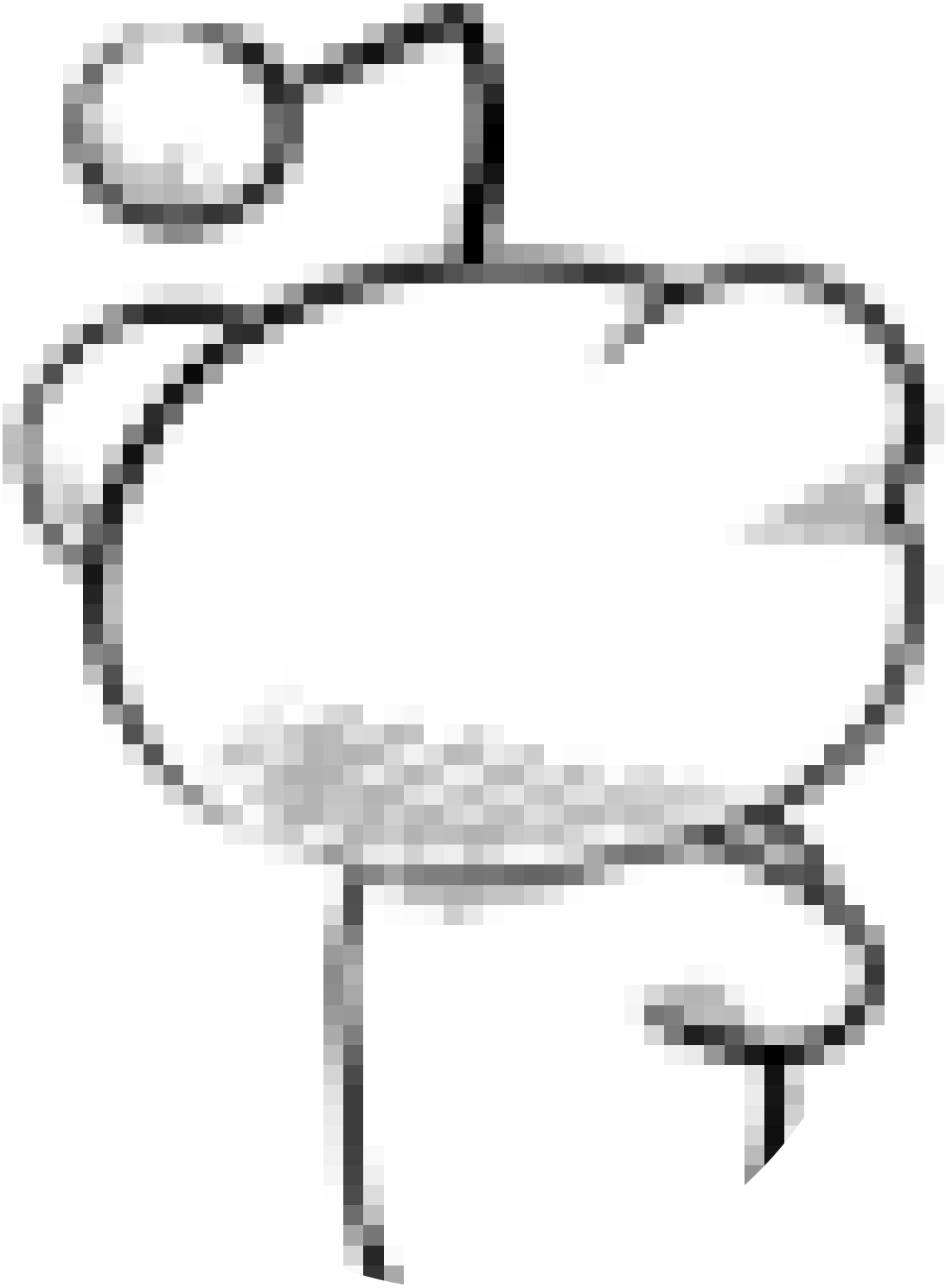
It ended up being a spectacular night until she said she needed to go to the restroom. We were nearing the end of dinner and I was planning on continuing the night at my place. When she returned she seemed pale and totally disheveled. I asked her what was wrong and she was reluctant to reply.

Finally she said she knew me before today, and further, I knew her.

"My name," she says in a quivering voice, "is Harvey McPherson III."

I drop my napkin.

Harvey McPherson III is my great uncle whom I hadn't seen for over two decades.



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â€¢ 15y ago

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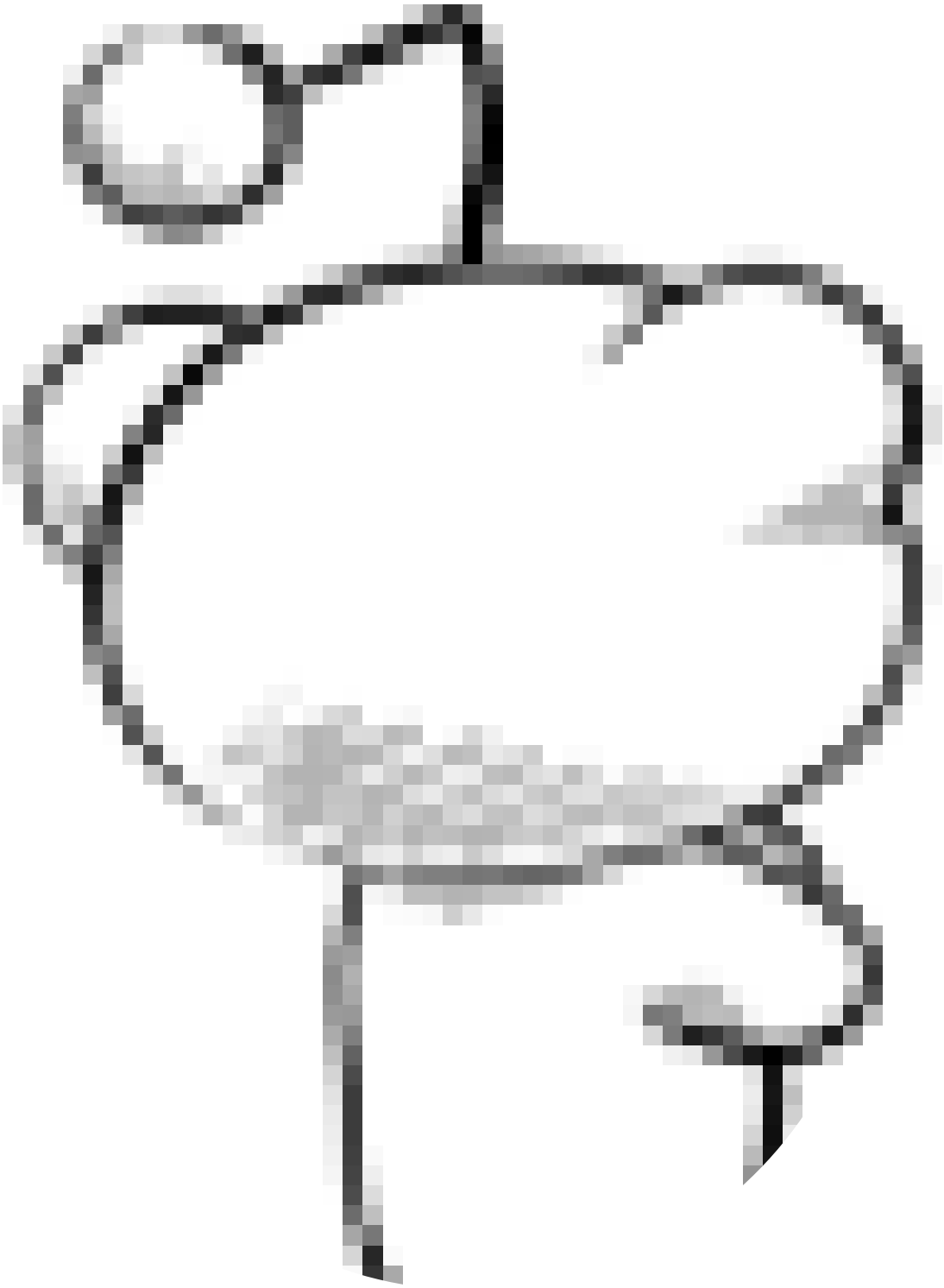
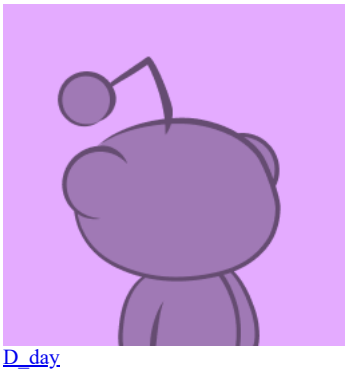


AllDesperadoStation
â€¢ 15y ago

Nothing about this seems real.



D_day
â€¢ 15y ago

So then you just parted ways?

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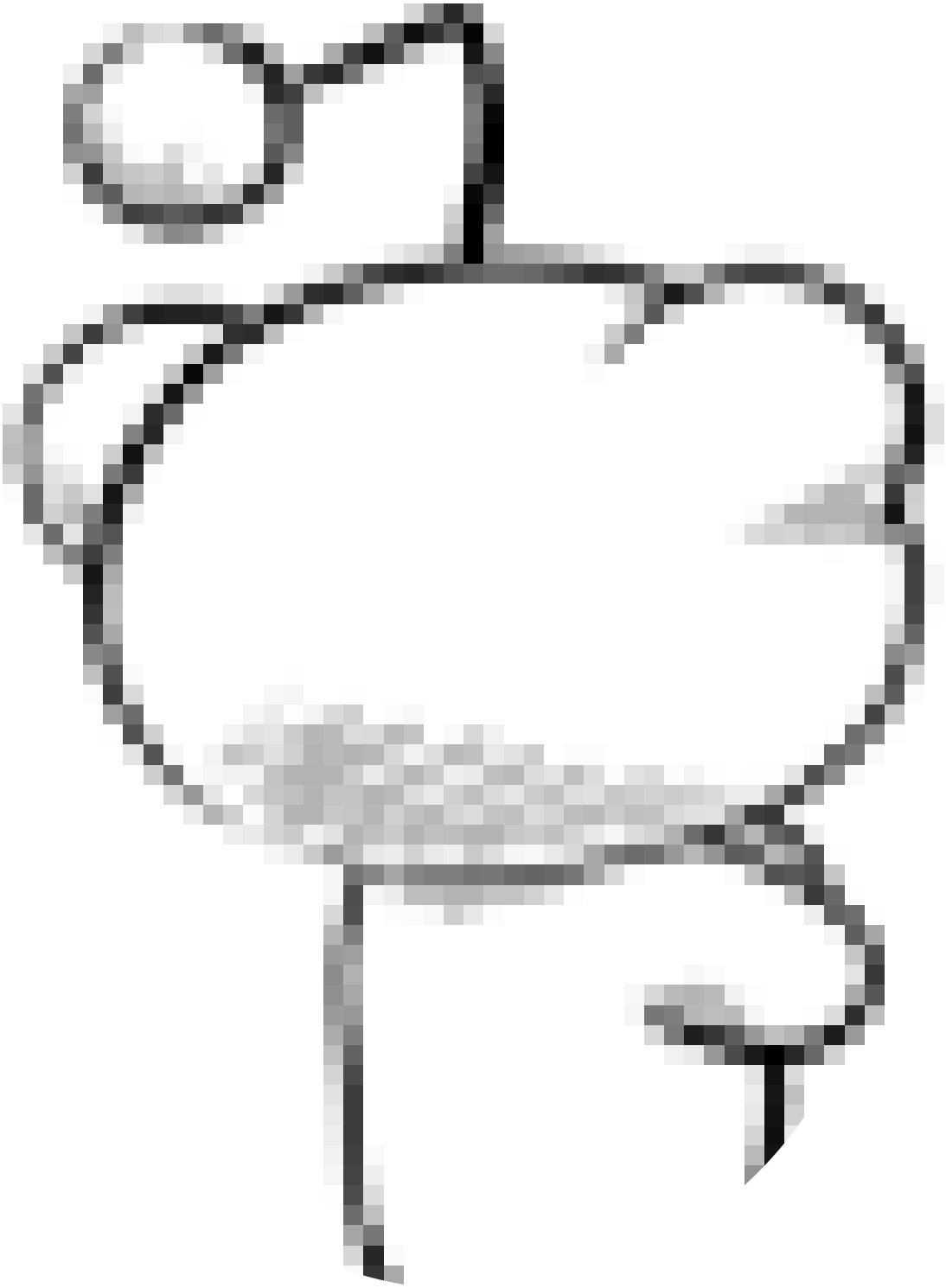
bambamproc
â€¢ 15y ago

it's probably "if ($var == true) return true; else return false;"



[deleted]
â€¢ 15y ago

Why did this get downvoted? Seeing this means you are working with a truly inept programmer who you'll have to clean up after. That would scare me.

2 more replies
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More replies

ilion
â€¢ 15y ago

As a child psychologist I'd meet quite a few interesting kids. But during a time when I was going through some estrangement with my family I encountered this one that struck me in a way others hadn't. Very bright for his age and quite likable, but obviously disturbed. Suffered from auditory and visual hallucinations. Raised by a single mom who cared greatly for him but was having more and more difficulty dealing with him. Maybe it was that sense of estrangement that we connected through, I'm not sure.

Anyway, we continued together for quite some time and I eventually tried getting him to confront his hallucinations. They were always people wanting things from him and as he began dealing with this it seemed to help them. Perhaps I thought he was filling needs he was otherwise unable to communicate.

But then one night I return home and find my wife half asleep watching our old wedding video. She starts to mutter that she misses me and asks me why I left. I protest that I didn't but then she drops my wedding ring from her hand! That's when I realize that all the time when this kid was talking about seeing dead people he meant me!

Reply Share

palpebral
â€¢ 15y ago

hahaha!! had me there for a second

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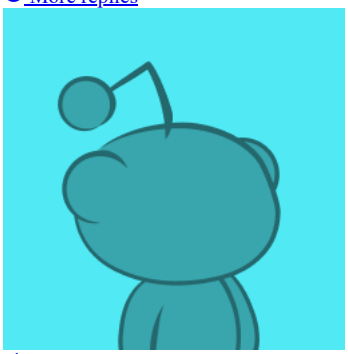
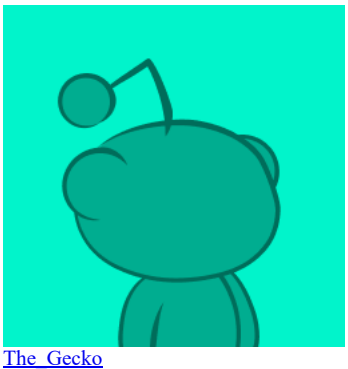


pianoguy
â€¢ 15y ago

One night I woke up to go to the bathroom. I lived in the basement with my brother, and I didn't really like the basement at night (as if anyone would!). So I got out of bed and started walking slowly to the toilet, and I kid you not, through the stain glass window in the door, which lead to a small room, not the toilet itself, I saw a silhouette of a man moving from right to left. I was so certain it was a burglar, I just stood there paralyzed for several seconds and then went straight back to bed. DAMN!



The_Gecko
â€¢ 15y ago

So...you thought a burglar was in your house, and you just went back to bed?

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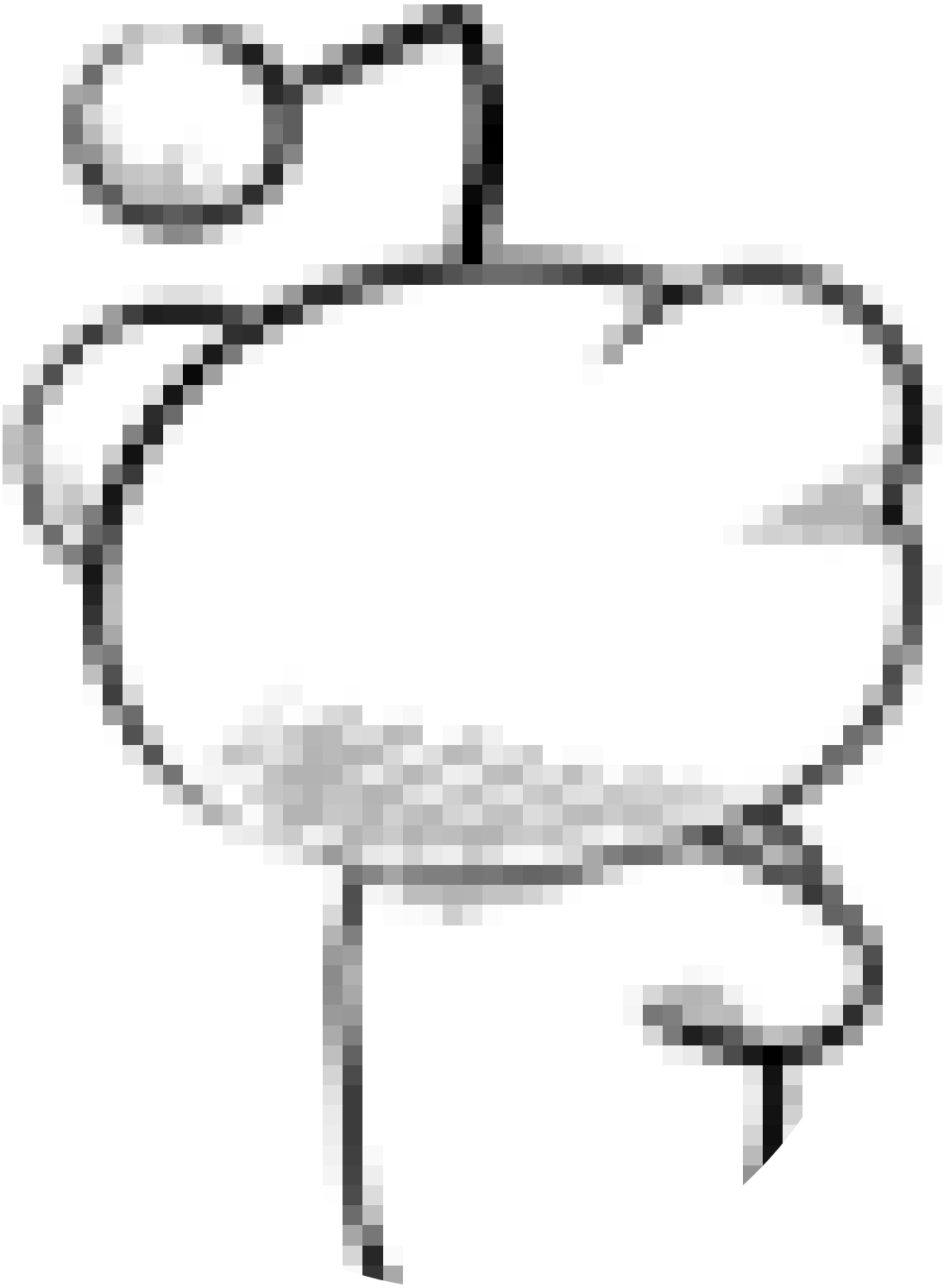

[deleted]
â€¢ 15y ago

Seeing my dead grandfather standing in front of his old house while I was over visiting. He turned and started chatting with me.

Now, it turned out that it was his brother, my uncle. But he looked a lot like I remembered him being before he died the year before (not sure on the time line, honestly, I was like 7 then).

Pants=shat. (not literally)

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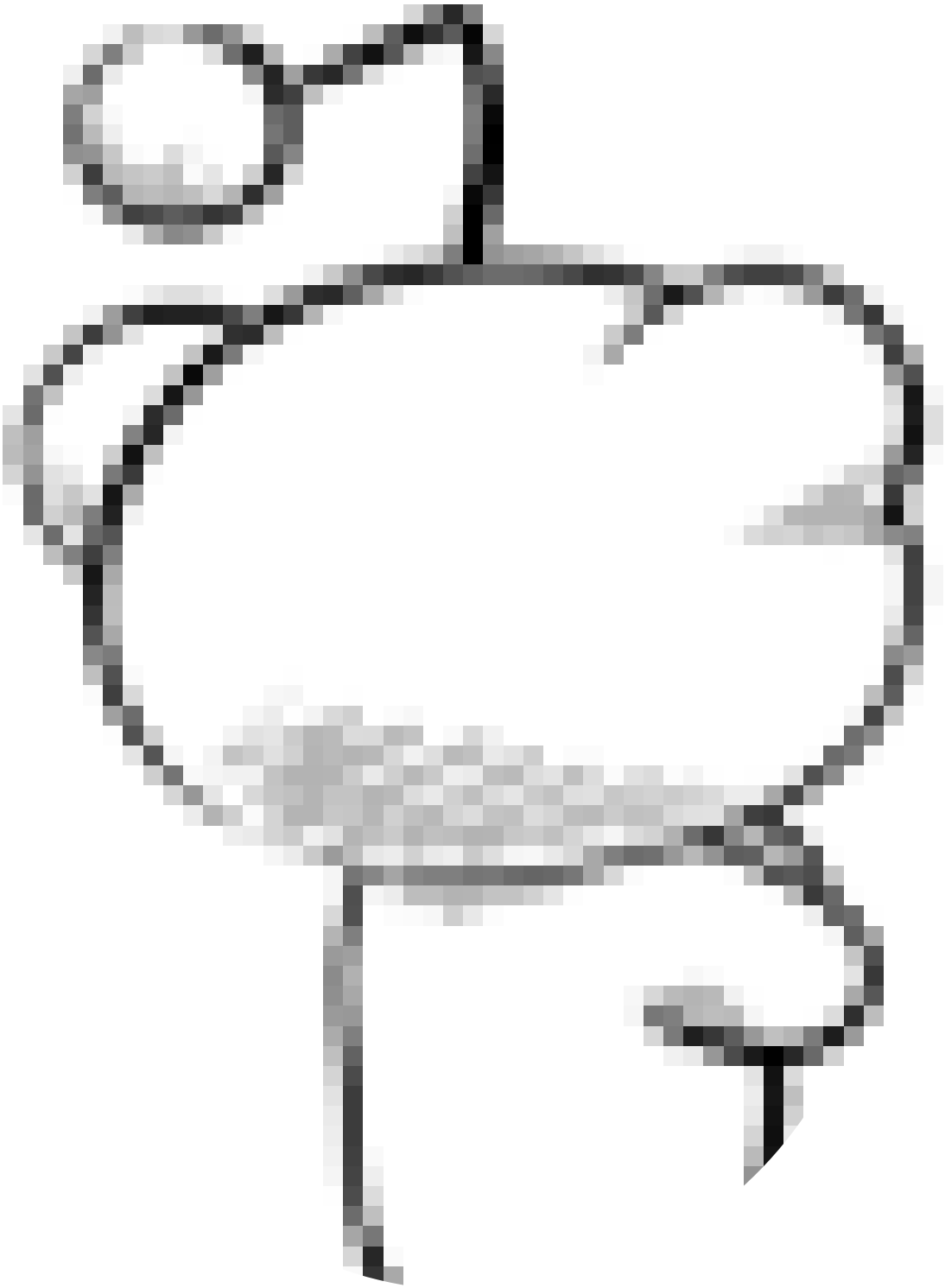

[deleted]
â€¢ 15y ago

Hearing Sarah Palin Talk.

Reply Share

MainelyTed
â€¢ 15y ago

There is a legend called "The Hunt" which you supposedly only see if they are after you. Well, I heard it when I was 16 out my bedroom window. It floated over the backyard right in front of me (I could see nothing even though the moon was out and everything) and went about 20 feet from my window and then floated up over my neighbor's house and down the street. Sounded like a pack of hunting dogs on a chase. I never knew what it was until years later when I read about it in a book.

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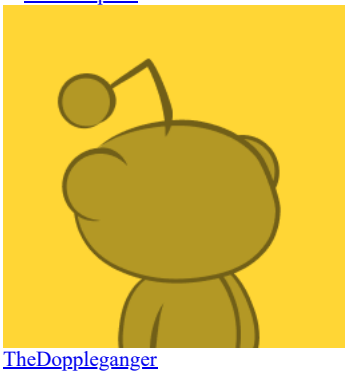


TheDoppleganger
â€¢ 15y ago

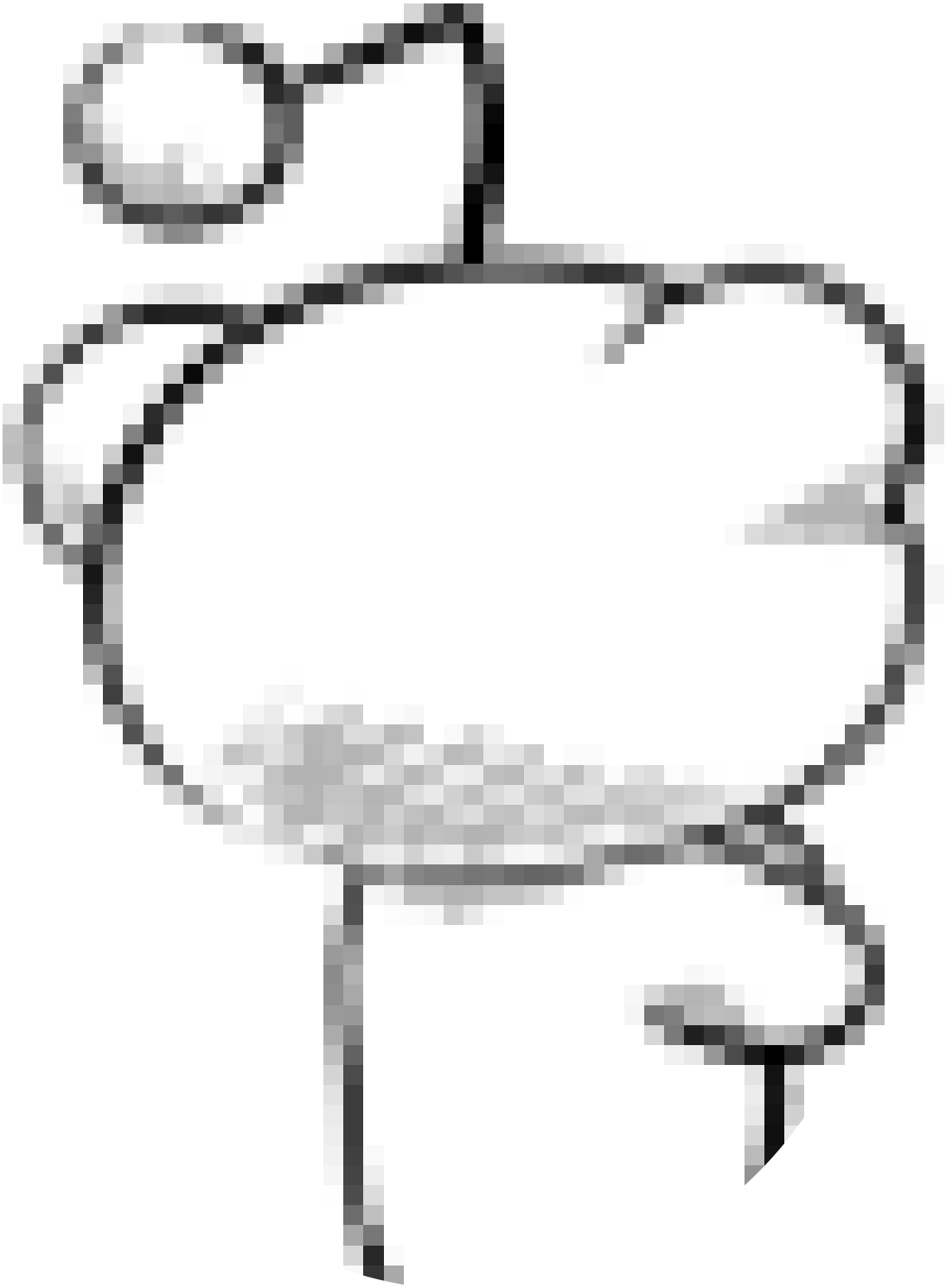
Girls

Reply Share

tora22
â€¢ 15y ago

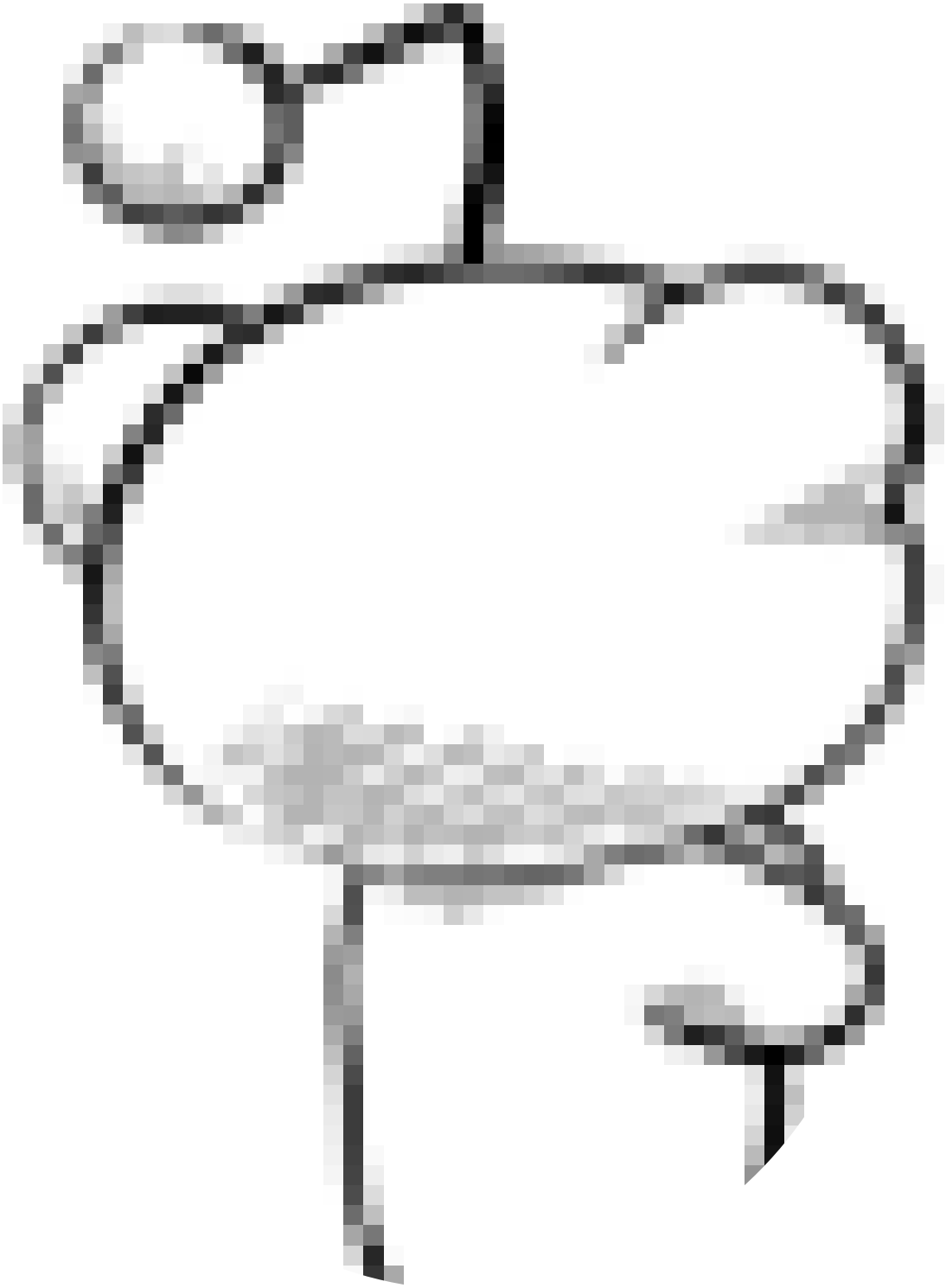
I was hiking once with my family, I was probably only about 11 years old. We were going through some old ruins and I came across this cistern that had caved in. Floating inside were about 4 dead pigs. Their carcasses had bloated so they were right on top of the water. I guess they'd gone in for a drink and couldn't get out.

I was used to the natural world and seeing maggots eating dead animals and the like so this really didn't bother me that much. I stared at them in curiosity for a while and then went on my way.



hopscotchking
â€¢ 15y ago

r/nosleep



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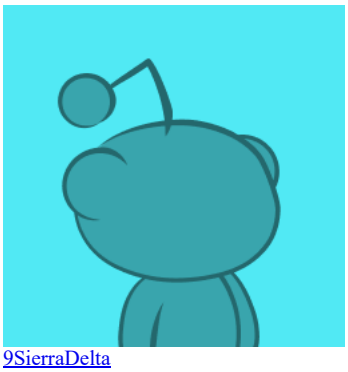
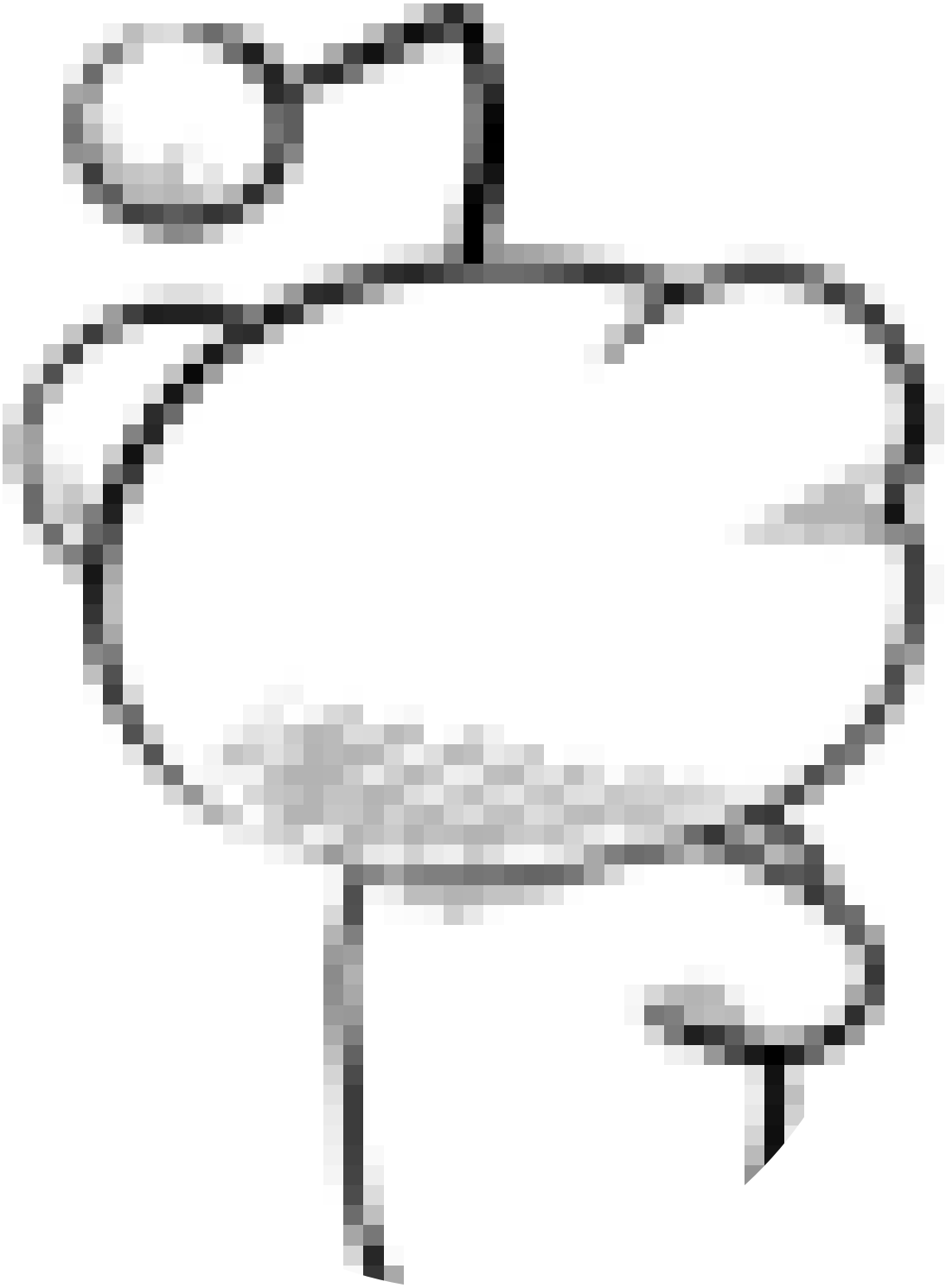
â€¢ 15y ago

One night I fell asleep in the basement after playing a long session of Majora's Mask, and the dream I had was just hallway after hallway, but I finally see a window with curtains. The very moment I open them in my dream, my cat swatted at my face, apparently it wanted the couch back.



9SierraDelta
â€¢ 15y ago

sleep paralysis. Nuff said.



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â€¢ 15y ago

I don't recall the first part of this as i am the baby in the story but my mum told me about it a year or so back as she thought i was to young before (im 23.....). I come from a big family and my mum has always believed in ghosts but thinks "if i don't hurt them they wont hurt me" on the day of my birth October 1987 was the worst storm Brittan had ever seen so it scared the hell out of my mum even though i was her 6th child. my mum always worked lates as a security guard at the airport and once every month or so she would come home and as she would open the front door she would see a girl stood at the top of the stairs that were opposite the front door and just behind this girl was where my room was. she never thought it was real and just thought it was because she was tired. One night i was crying so she took me down stairs to get me a bottle as she was stood in the kitchen looking for a bottle all the cupboard doors opened at once... my mum very freaked out by this point went to walk out of the kitchen as she did all the doors shut and opened again she told me she very calmly said "stop it" and all was quite in the house, nothing else happened till i was about 5. i came out of my room one night and saw the girl she was in a white dress and had a small basket of flowers with her i shat myself and ran back in to my room. i told my mum about this and she told me that it was just a dream..... until last year when she told me the same night i saw the girl my mum believes she left me and went to her as she work up and she was sat on the end of her bed she turned to my mum and then was gone. Still to this day i have not seen the girl again but i will never be able to forget the night i did.

Ever time i talk about it i get freaked out! my mum and i describe the girl the exact same way!!

I believe it was not and evil spirit or anything like that just someone who either lived in the house before and wanted to look after someone....

the house was an old Victorian house with 5 floors.... still would never go in the basement when its dark even now!!!

Just a quick second one

In the same house i was coming home one day with my dad and my little sister,(i was 16 at the time) as we opened the back gate we could see my mum in one of the back bedrooms waving at us i remember seeing the light on in the room and mum telling us to come in out of the cold. as my dad saw my mum he told us he would nip to the shop but be back in a min and we should go in and see mum. as we walked in the door my mum was sat at the table (seconds before she was on the 3rd floor of this house) as we came in and shut the door she asked "where is you father" i told her he had gone to the shop she asked "how did he know i was in why would he just leave you 2 without knowing" i told her we saw her in the window so he knew she was in. she waited till my little sister had gone in the the front room then she told me she had not been upstairs and she wanted me to stay down stairs while she went to check that no one had got in to the house. when she went in to the room it was empty with no light on. she tried the light but it would not work and never did after that day we believe it was a problem with the switch but we never had it changed

hope you enjoyed :)

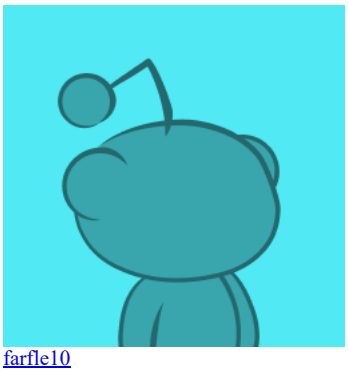
1 more reply
1 more reply

More replies

jim45804
â€¢ 15y ago

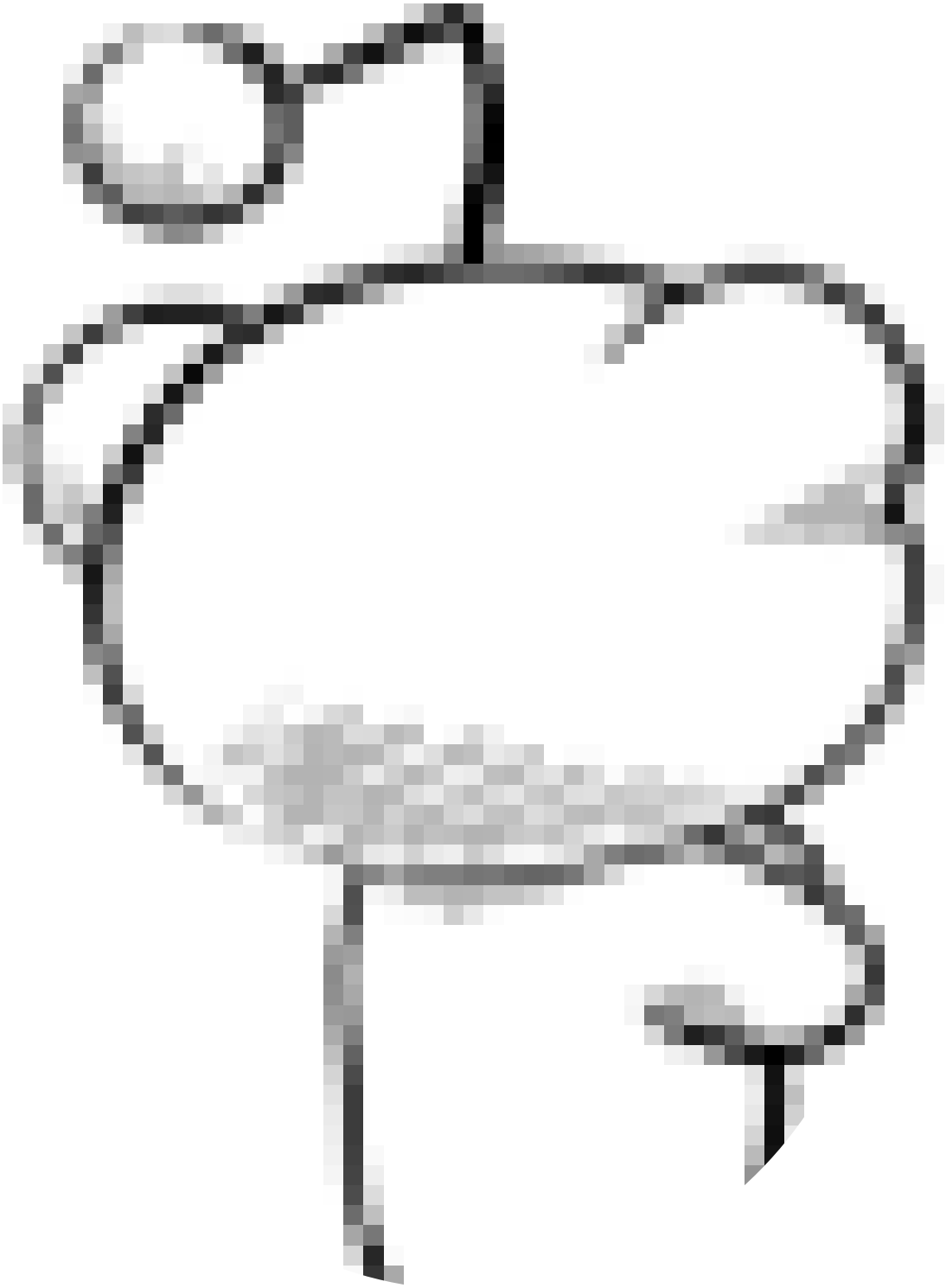
I was about six when I felt something crawl into bed with me. I was petrified and imagined it to be the gremlin on the wing of the plane in Twilight Zone: The Movie. After a few minutes I gathered the courage to shake the bed, hoping to scare it away. I head something plop onto the floor and walk out of the room.

That was the first time Socks, our cat, jumped onto my bed.



farfle10
â€¢ 15y ago

i was abducted by aliens as a child. "aliens" is the name of a pedophile who lived across the street



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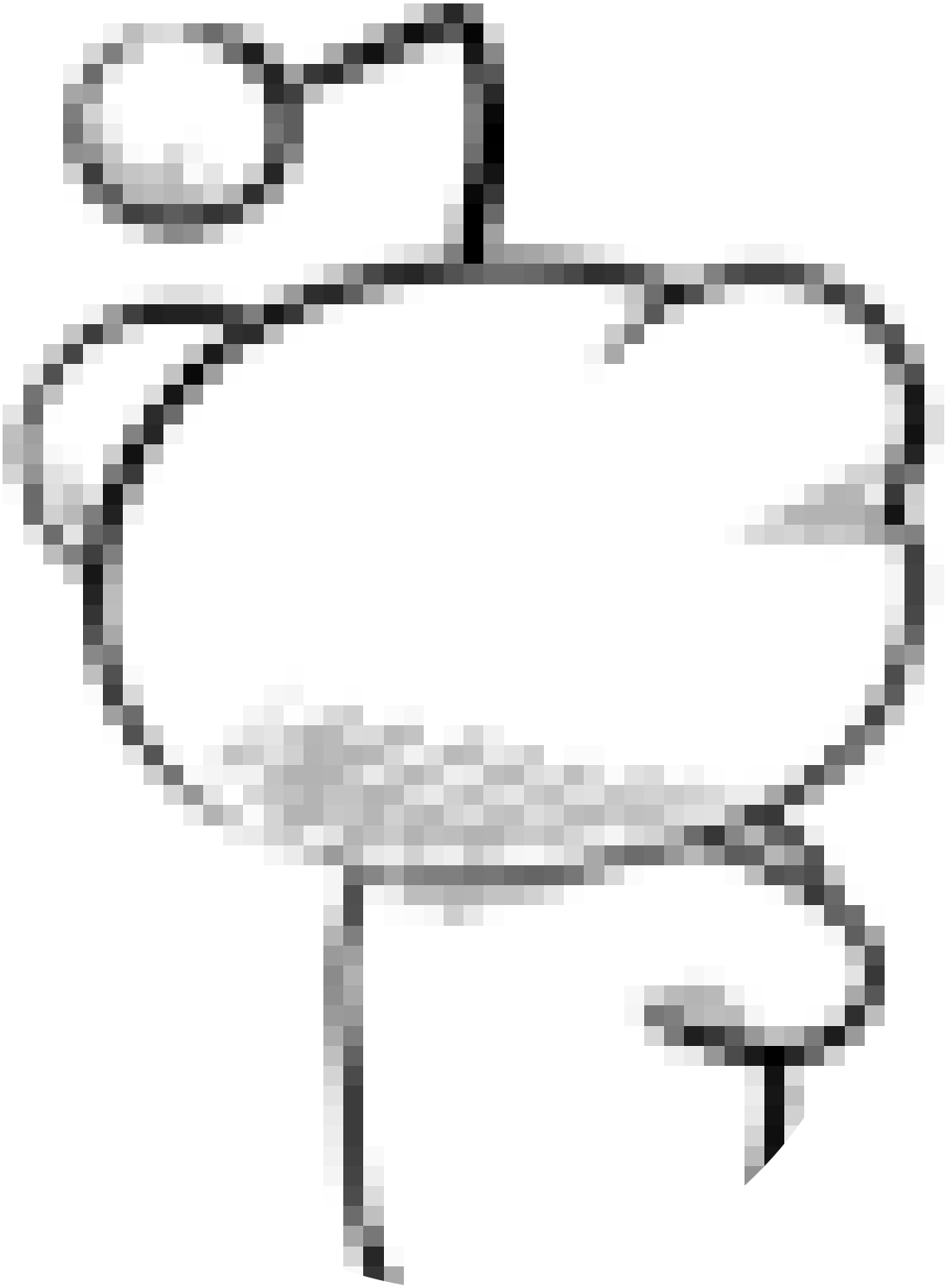
â€¢ 15y ago

For everyone that has posted about ghost stories: don't be scared if you saw a ghost, be excited because that means there is an afterlife!



aazav
â€¢ 15y ago

It's not proof. There are many other possible answers.

1 more reply
1 more reply

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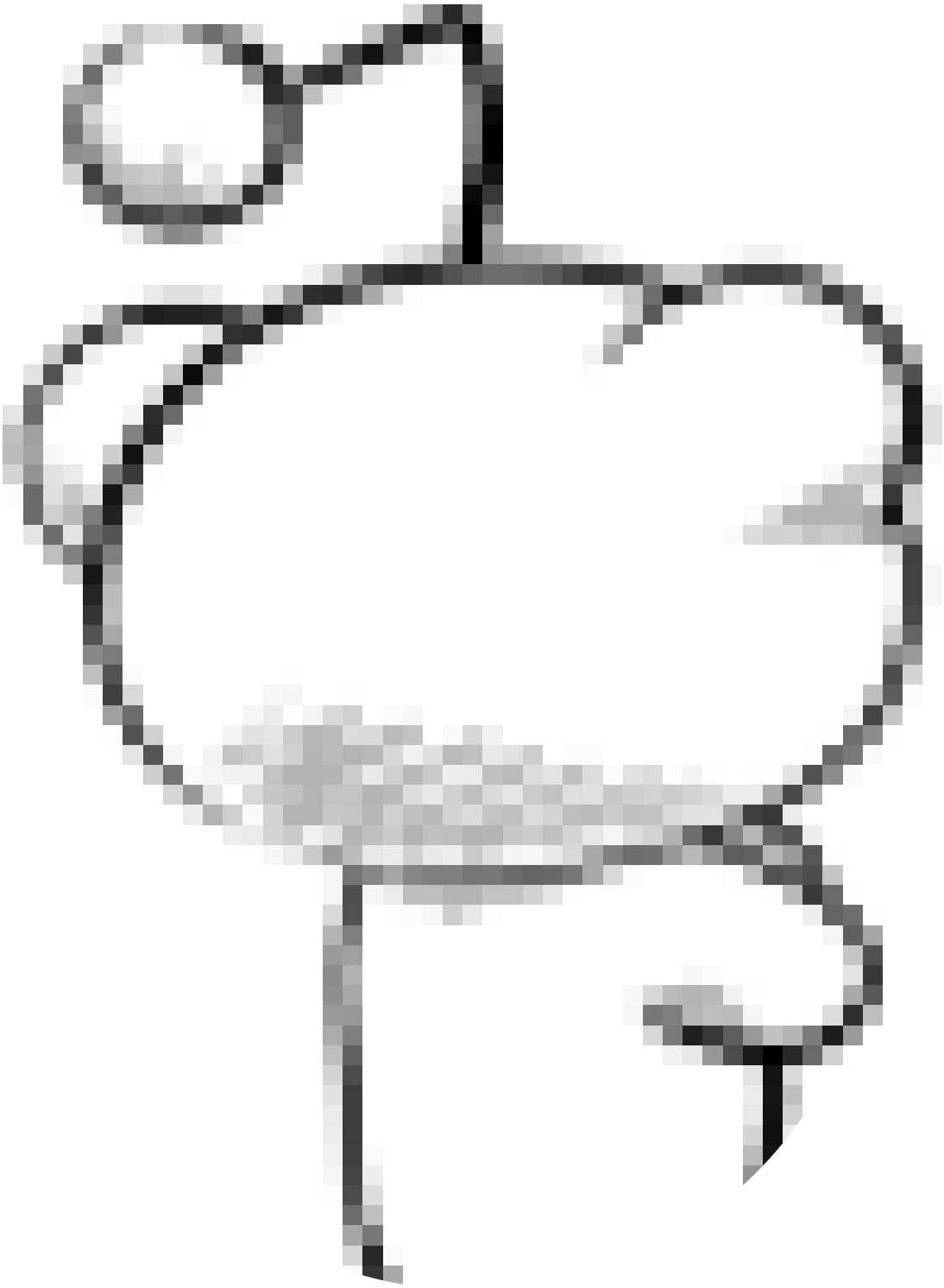


ThePriceIsRight
â€¢ 15y ago

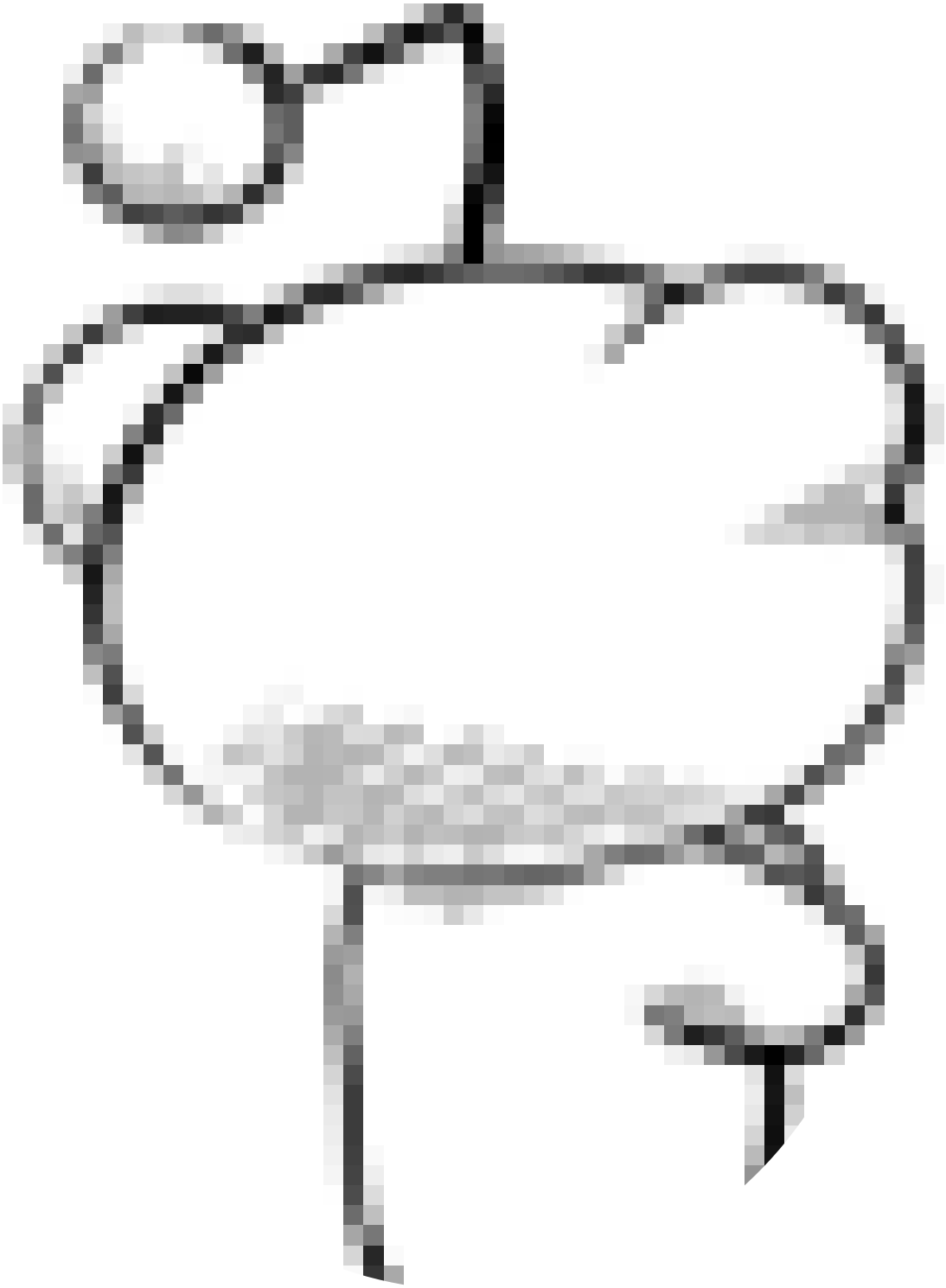
Alone in my house at night time. One of the very few times. I was young, probably 12 or so. I'm laying in my basement watching the television. The TV faces away from the back wall and there is a window next to it which looks out into the backyard which is forest. All of a sudden my cat starts to make some really fucked up noises and hissing out into the dark while sitting on the window ledge. I see movement and I immediately freak the fuck out, I just felt paralyzed with ice cold fear. I just couldn't recognize what was moving outside the window. Then I realized it was another cat on the other side of the window and my cat was just getting all mad about territory.

1 more reply
1 more reply

More replies

PsychoDuck
â€¢ 15y ago

I don't recall why, but one day a friend and I decided to walk around our apartment complex after dark. It wasn't really late, and the complex was well-lit, so it wasn't too bad. We're just walking around when, on top of a retaining wall, we both see this young woman standing there, in a long, dress. She's looking off into the distance, glowing softly, and her dress is flowing in wind that isn't there. I don't recall much more than that other than the two of us running right the fuck back home.



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2 more replies
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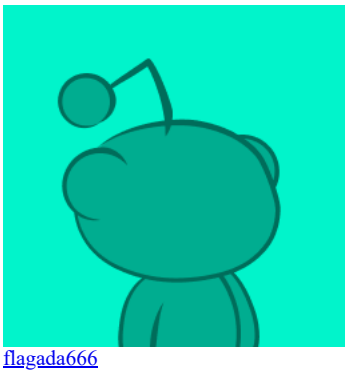

flagada666
â€¢ 15y ago

is it only me or 99% of the stories i read could be explained by a simple case of sleep paralysis, lots of juvenile imagination or plain ol drug abuse lol

Reply Share

ep0k
â€¢ 15y ago

No, it's not just you. This thread could easily constitute the research data for a doctoral thesis on pareidolia, confirmation bias, cultural memes, and how human beings convince themselves that the explicable is the paranormal.

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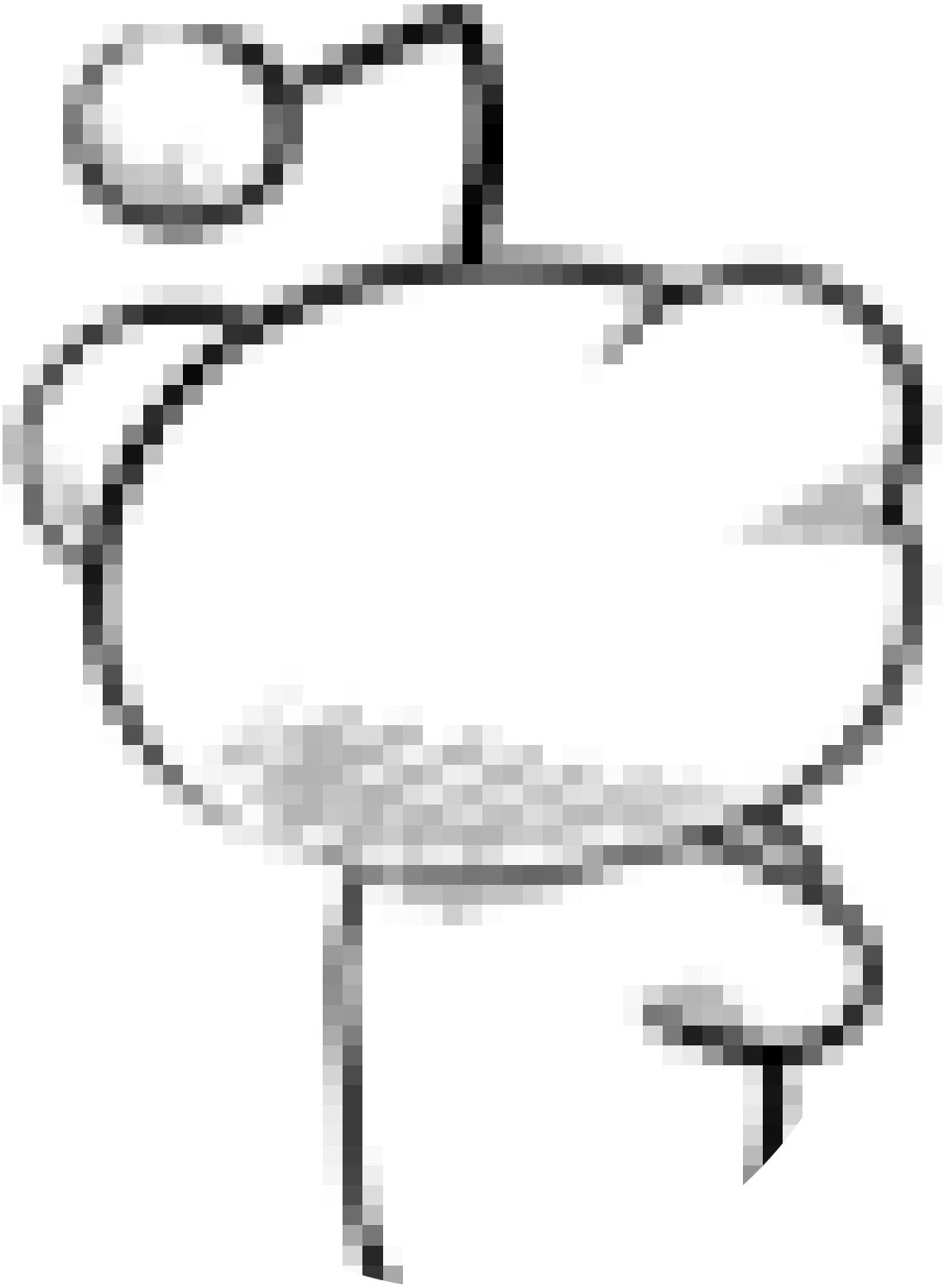

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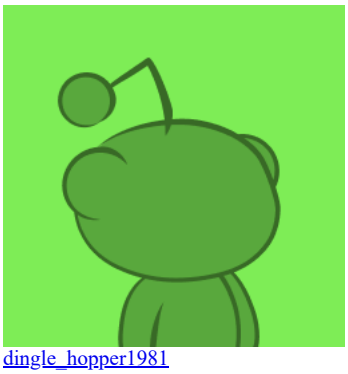
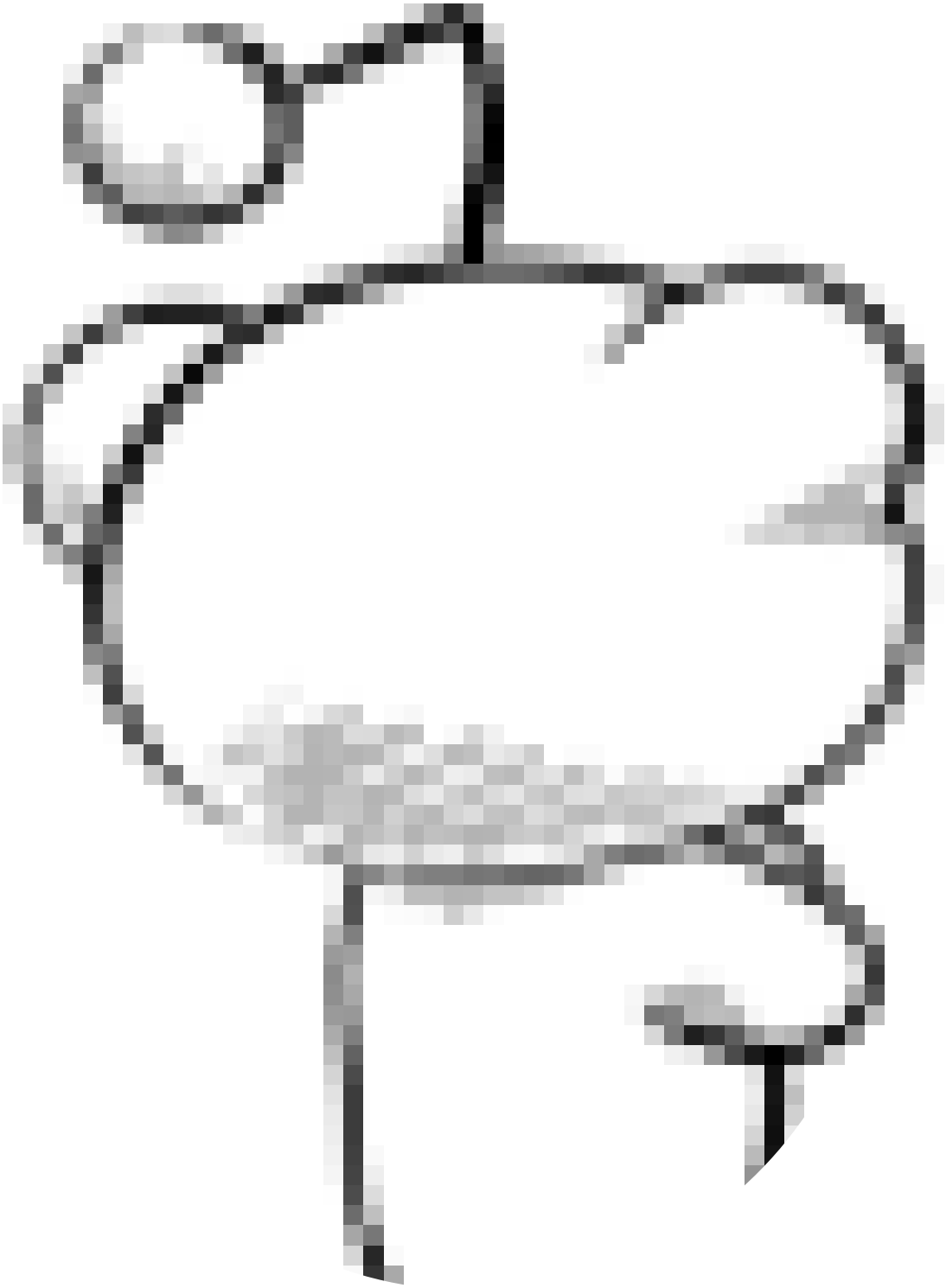


dingle_hopper1981
â€¢ 15y ago

I can't make out a face :/



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â€¢ 15y ago

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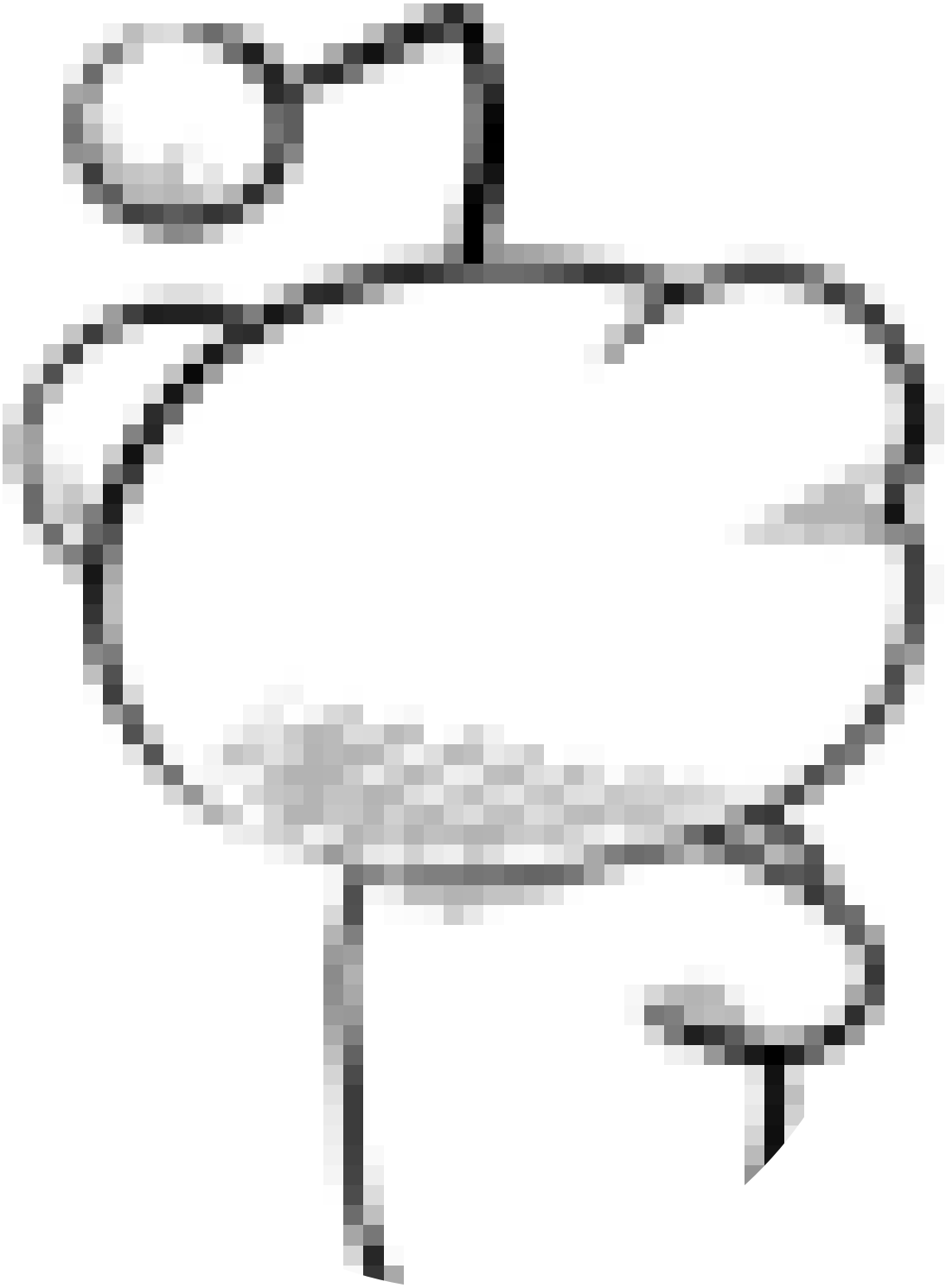
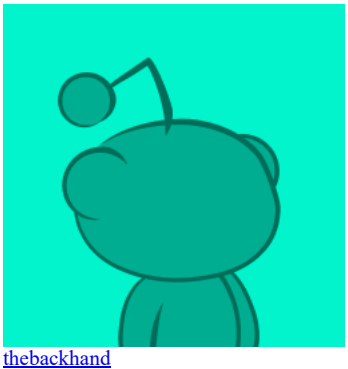


[deleted]
â€¢ 15y ago

You need a lot of imagination to see a specific face in there, or a face at all really. It's is no different than all the food and other stuff with markings supposedly resembling Jesus or Mary.

hearforthepuns
â€¢ 15y ago

*ahem*



thebackhand
â€¢ 15y ago

Creepiness aside, that's an awesome photo.

3 more replies
3 more replies

vincent118
â€¢ 15y ago

When my friends and I were like 15 or 16 we used to go to this internet cafe after school or instead of school sometimes and one day we went there was a woman who was in her mid to late 30's probably around 40 years old...she wasn't right in the head cuz she ended up randomly asking out a friend of ours. He just mumbled his way out of it and we all had a good laugh. She tried with me as well and I just moved to another row of computers.

So yea we had a female pedophile asking out teenage boys...we didn't report anything we just laughed about it and of course stayed away from her whenever we saw her.

It's funny now but it was uber creepy when she did it.

NerdOpinionShow
â€¢ 15y ago

I tried some of the shit in /r/nosleep *shudder*

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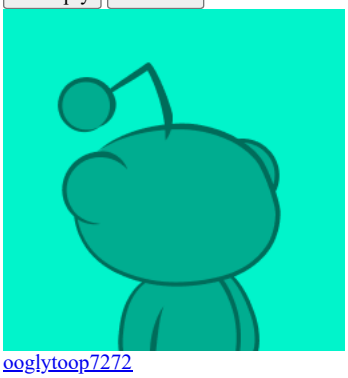

ooglytoop7272
â€¢ 15y ago

sounds like something for r/nosleep

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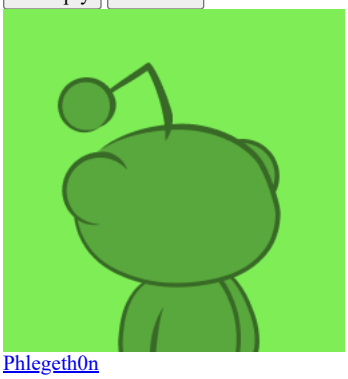

Phlegeth0n
â€¢ 15y ago

r/creepy.

Reply Share

justafool
â€¢ 15y ago

I was a dumb freshman in High School. I was getting a blowjob in a graveyard when I heard a disembodied voice behind me, shouting, "What the FUCK are you two DOING!" I started to run and tripped over my pants while she scurried out, but I bolted right back up and made it out of there. We're still friends. She never did finish me off, though...kinda killed the mood.

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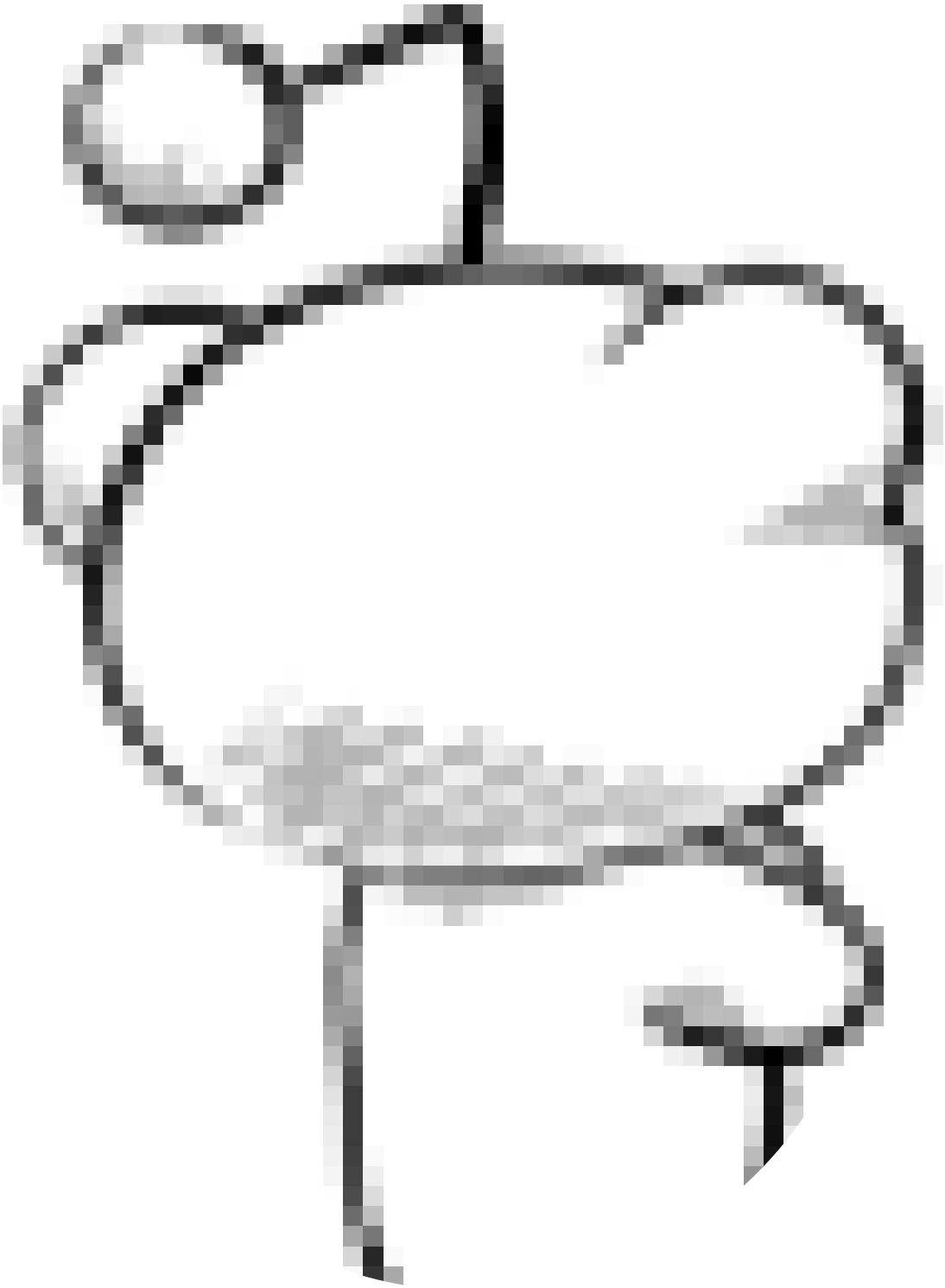
1 more reply

More replies



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â€¢ 15y ago

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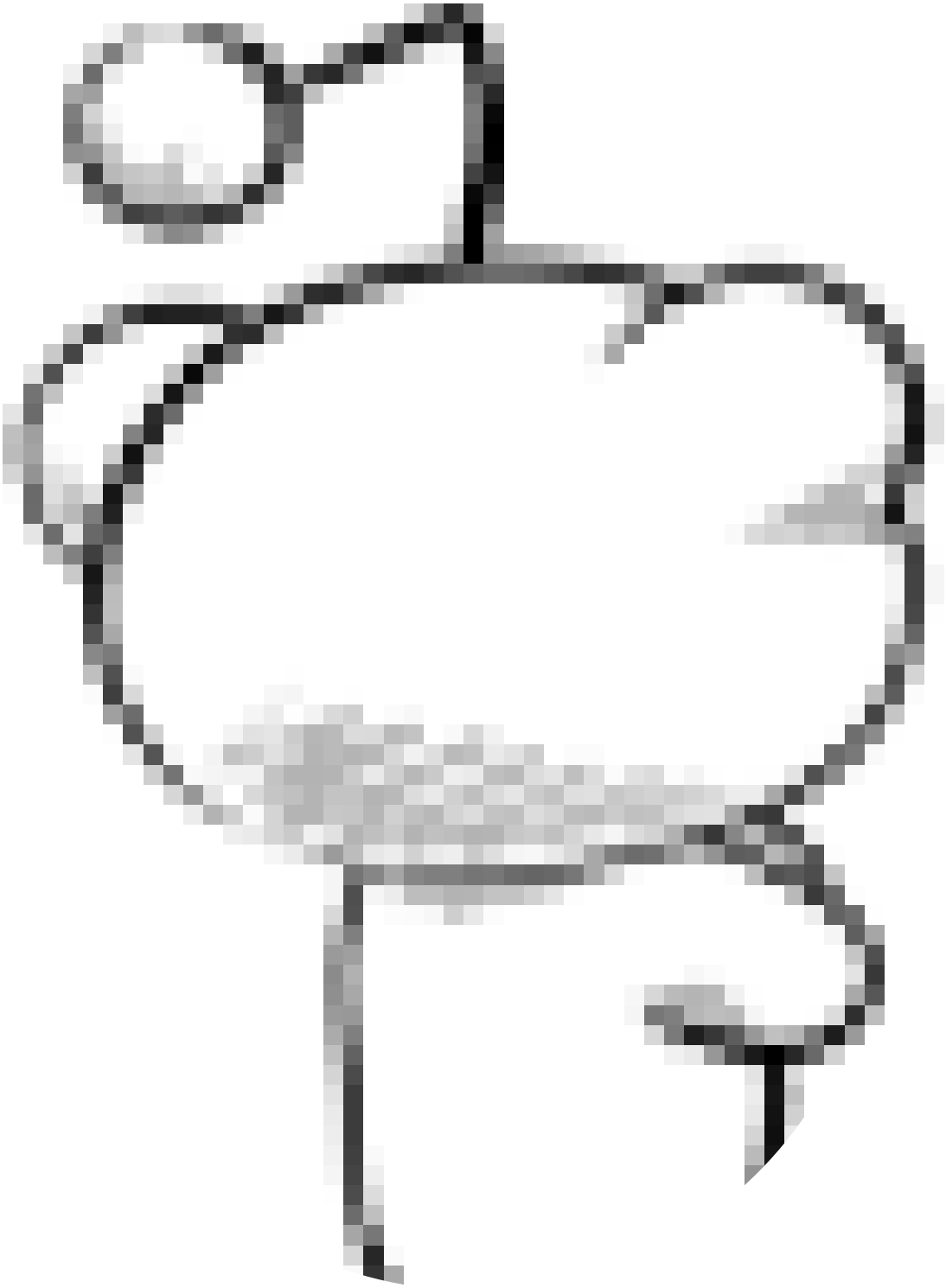
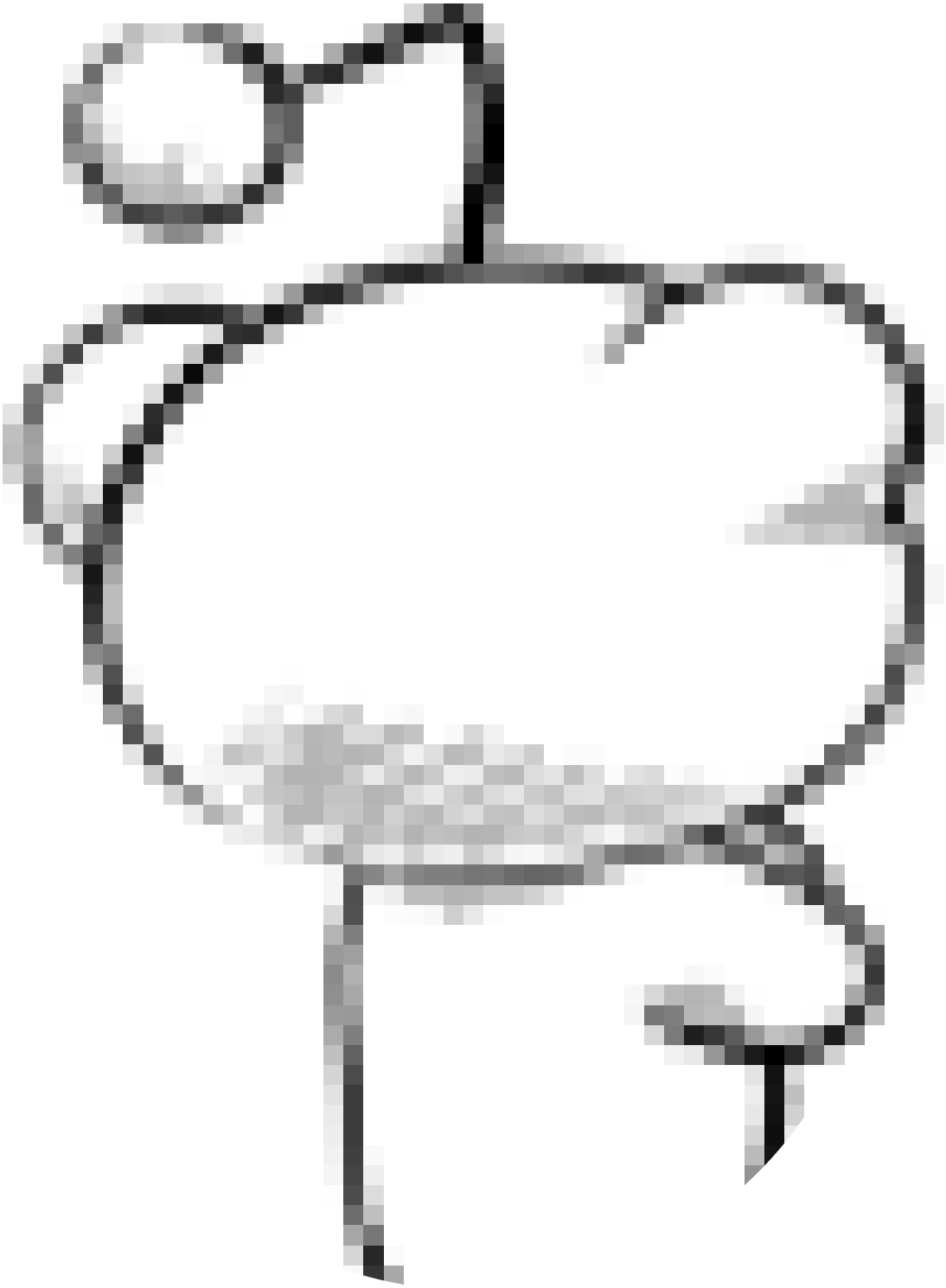


analmurder
â€¢ 15y ago

Must have been friends with someone in your family.



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â€¢ 15y ago

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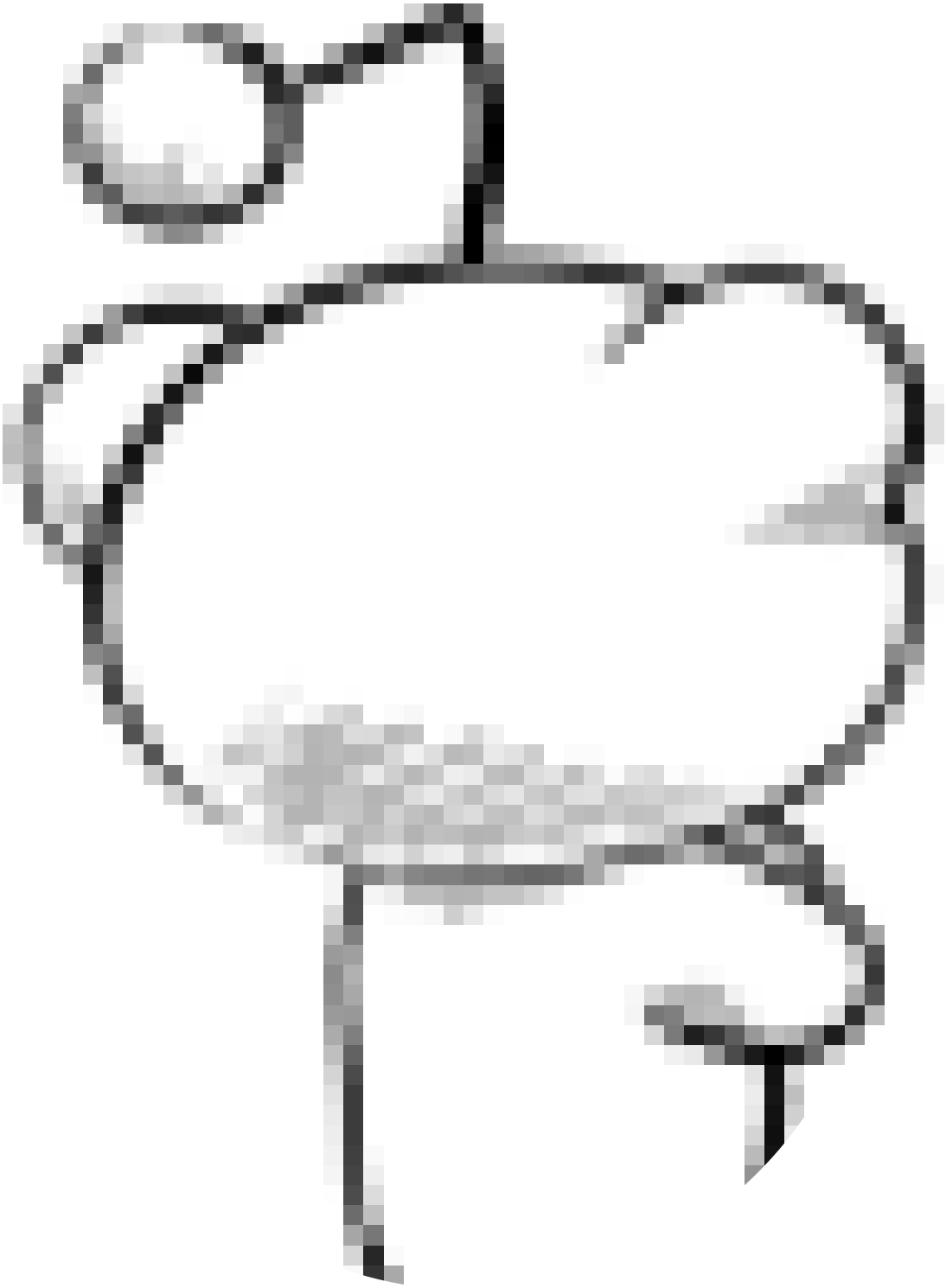
Tax_Ninja
â€¢ 15y ago

Are these the lyrics to a song by Beck?

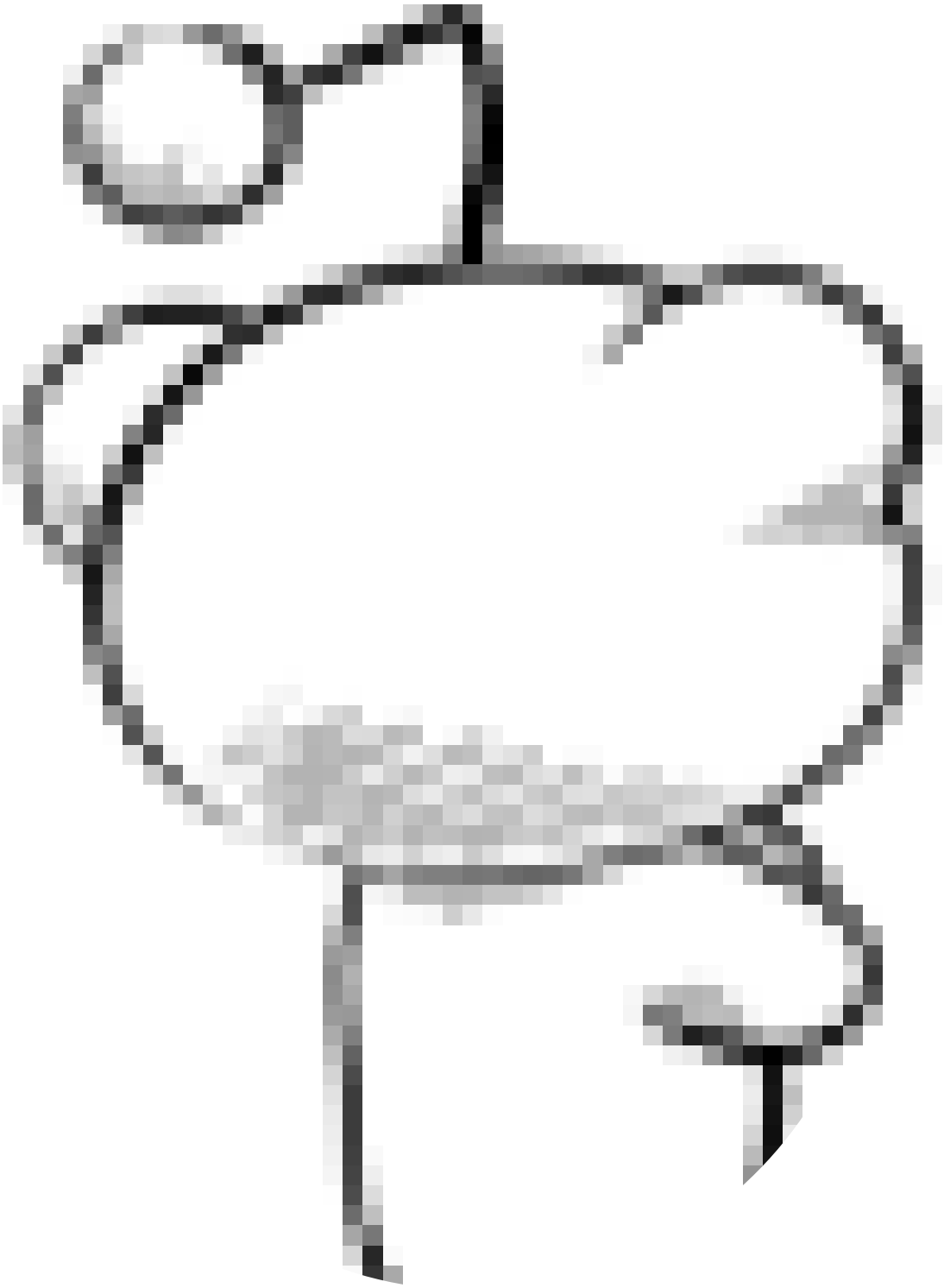


[deleted]
â€¢ 15y ago

What the hell?

Evans_a_crab
â€¢ 15y ago â€¢ Edited 15y ago

When I was around 12 or 13 my family and I moved into a nice little(as in maybe 10 homes) neighborhood out in the country side of the county. Everything was great for the first 2 years, but I constantly got a paranoid or somebodies watching me feeling; I just blew it off and connected it to being in a new area and big farms around me. About that time I got a dog. So it's maybe 10pm, dark outside and about ready to go to bed so I wanted to take her outside one last time before doing so. While outside I got that eery, paranoid feeling and tried to just ignore it, but it got worst and then I started getting those crazy pictures in my head like from a scary movie so I wanted to get the hell back inside! So I looked over at my dog near a tree, and she's just sitting their staring at something, so I look at it's a little girl in an old white dress just staring at me. I flip a shit and run inside and start yelling for my dog to come inside too who follows right behind me. I go straight to my room which faces the backyard, and look out the window just to see if she's still there and she is, but really dim and facing the woods. Since then, I always got the feeling she was watching me and I finally decided to see if maybe a little girl was buried in the back yard a long time ago. Turns out there was a little girl named Ashley who died at 6 and they buried her back there next to a tree, the same tree. Now flowers grow there. Never been the same since, nor do I go outside there at night. TL;DR I got paranoid, saw a dead little girl in my backyard, found out she was was really buried.



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â€¢ 15y ago

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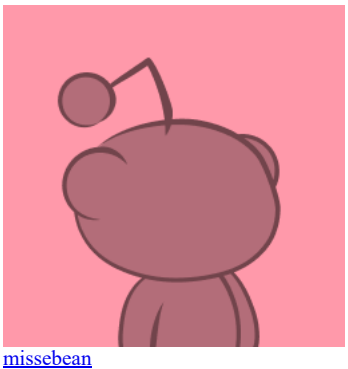

missebean
â€¢ 15y ago

what was the card you'd picked for your talisman?

3 more replies
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anstromm
â€¢ 15y ago

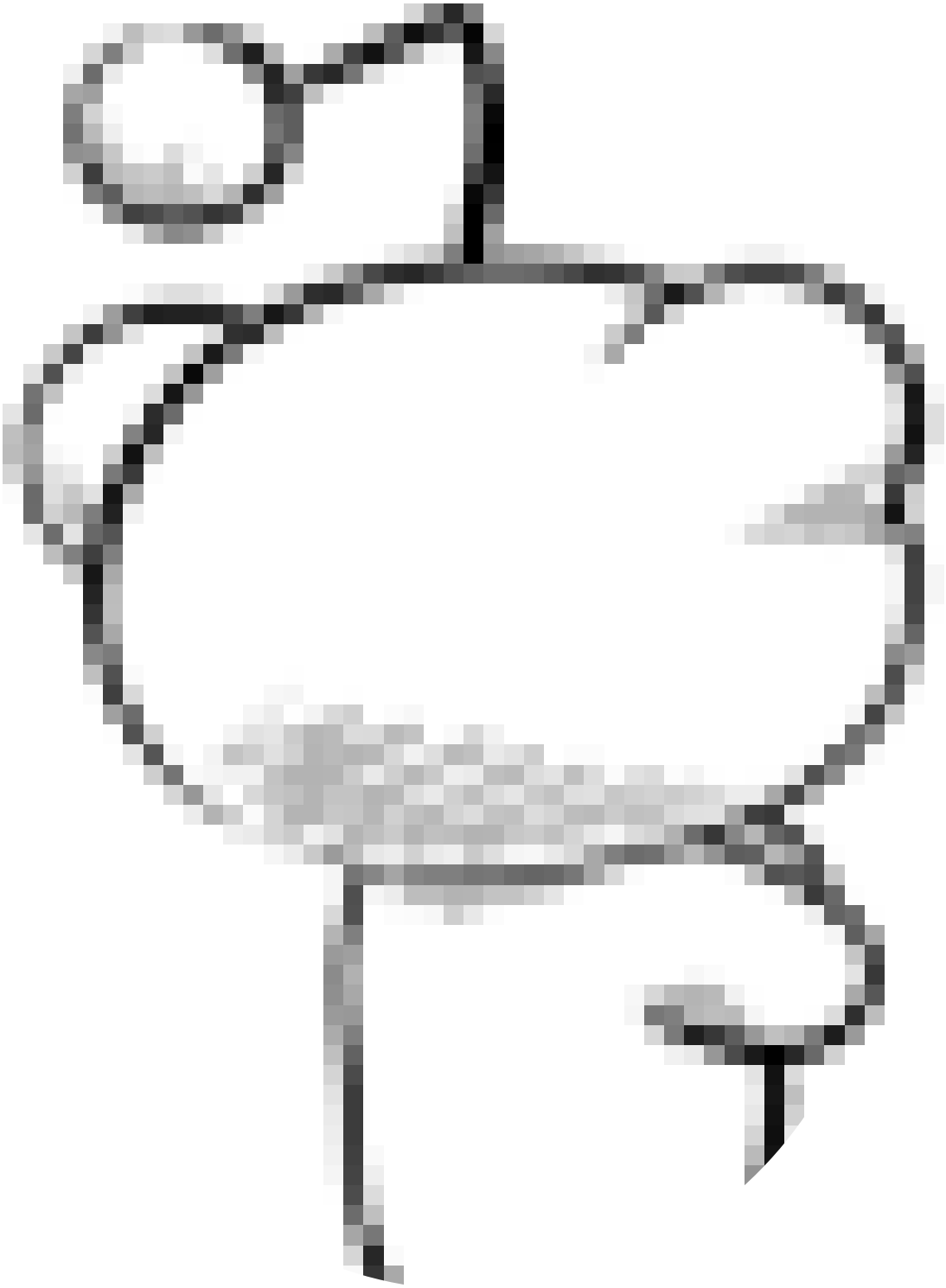
Story #1

When I masturbate (guy here) I sometimes like to stick a well-lubricated finger or two into my ass. It makes me come stupid hard (prostate stimulation FTW). I always wash my hands very thoroughly with Dial soap afterwards, but often there is a residual stink. So I'm sitting on the couch after a fap session, when I think I feel something on my hand. I look down, and there's a cockroach crawling on my hand. I panic as anyone would, making unintelligible noises and running to grab something to squash it with. I don't think I ever found the roach again that night.

**TL;DR: A cockroach was attracted to the poop smell on my hand after finger-fucking myself in the ass.**

Story #2

I'm cracking assorted nuts and eating them. I crack open a hazel nut, bite down, and immediately feel something cold and wet on my tongue. I spit it out to reveal a tiny grub, still completely intact and crawling around.



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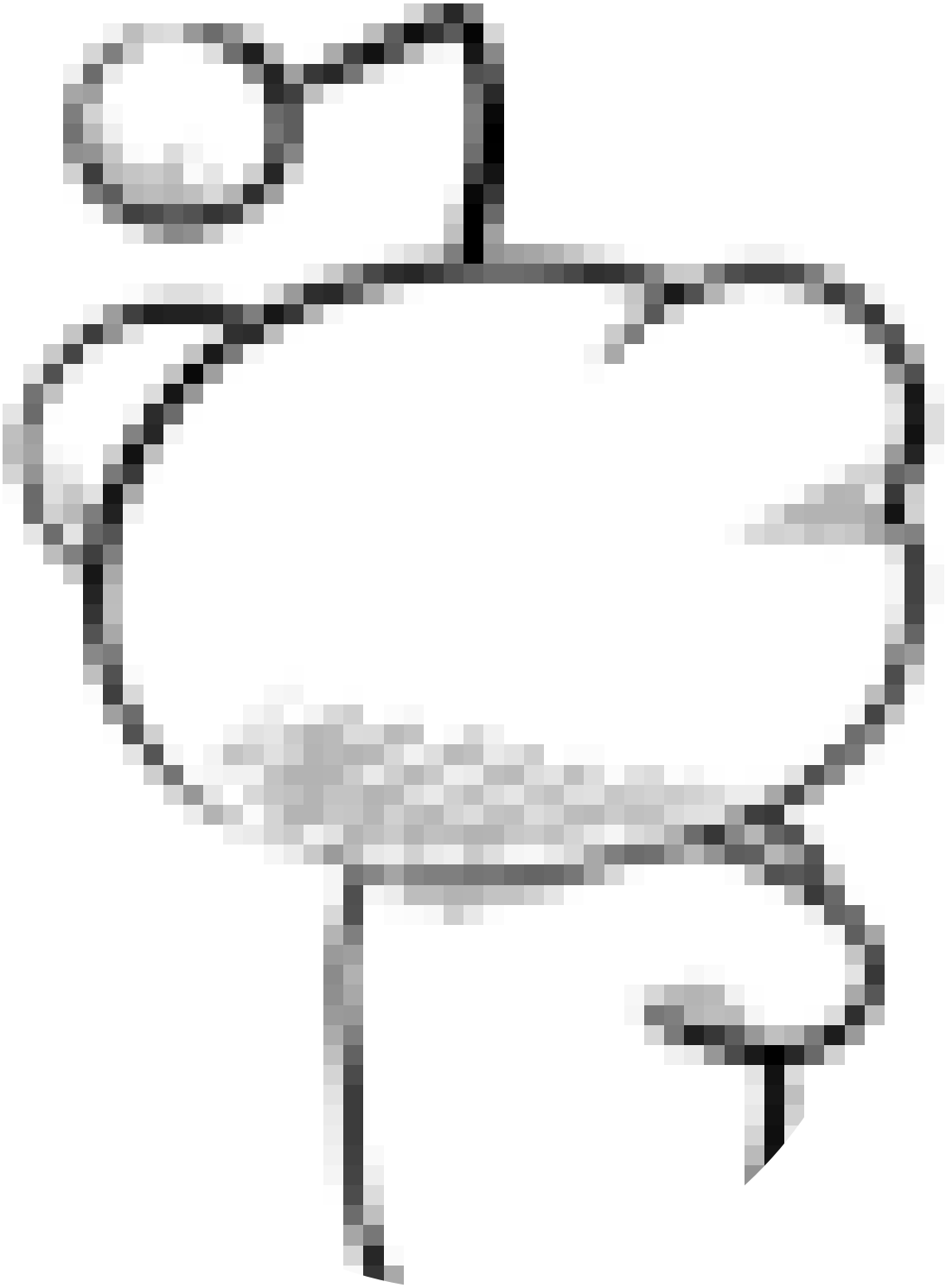
â€¢ 15y ago

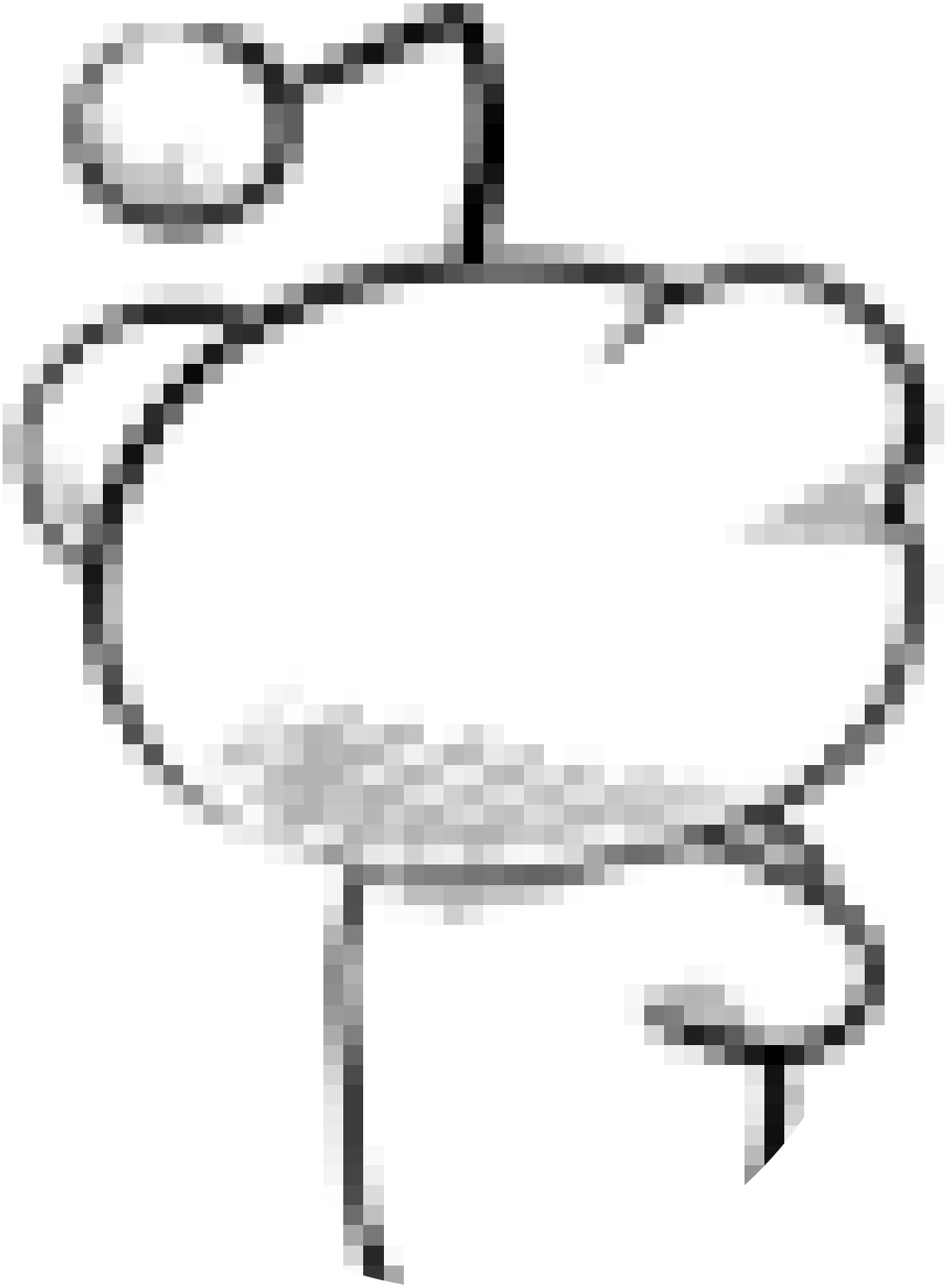
you're disgusting

More replies



rabiaex
â€¢ 15y ago

A FEW YEARS AGO A MAN WAS WALKING DOWN A ROAD BECAUSE HIS CAR BROKE DOWN AND HE SAW A CAR COMING UP BEHIND HIM SO HE STUCK OUT HIS THUMB TO HITCH HIKE AND THE CAR STOPPED AHEAD OF HIM. HE RAN UP TO THE PASSENGER SIDE AND OPENED THE DOOR. WHEN HE OPENED THE DOOR A SKELETON POPPED OUT!



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â€¢ 15y ago

Comment deleted by user

Volopok
â€¢ 15y ago

Don't worry about it; happened/ is still happening to me. (That's what happens when you get to good at astroprojection :( ) One time I successfully owned one in a fight out of body but in all recent encounters I just see them and wake up. (end of dream) Edit: I broke a table astroprojecting lol. (In case you were doubting)

18 more replies
18 more replies

More replies

U____U
â€¢ 15y ago â€¢ Edited 15y ago

I don't remember experiencing this because I around 2-3 years, it was described by my mother when I was 13~15 so it's kind of a fuzzy memory. During childhood I lived in a house that was supposedly haunted by a man that committed suicide before we moved in. My parents are religious and so they invited my uncle to pray over the house, he is the type of person that performs exorcisms. While the praying was going on my mother was holding me and I started to freak out. She told me that I was getting extremely frightened and had began painfully clenching onto her. So my uncle begin praying over me. I continued my painful death grip so my mother decided on setting me down to be prayed on. They continued praying over me while I was on the floor and I began to frantically crawl around the house. I was so visibly frightened they decided to stop when I reached the front room area. My mother asked what I saw and I replied something like," Who were all those people?" she asked what people and I said "Those ghosts." My mother said this was even strange because at that young age I never mentioned ghosts.

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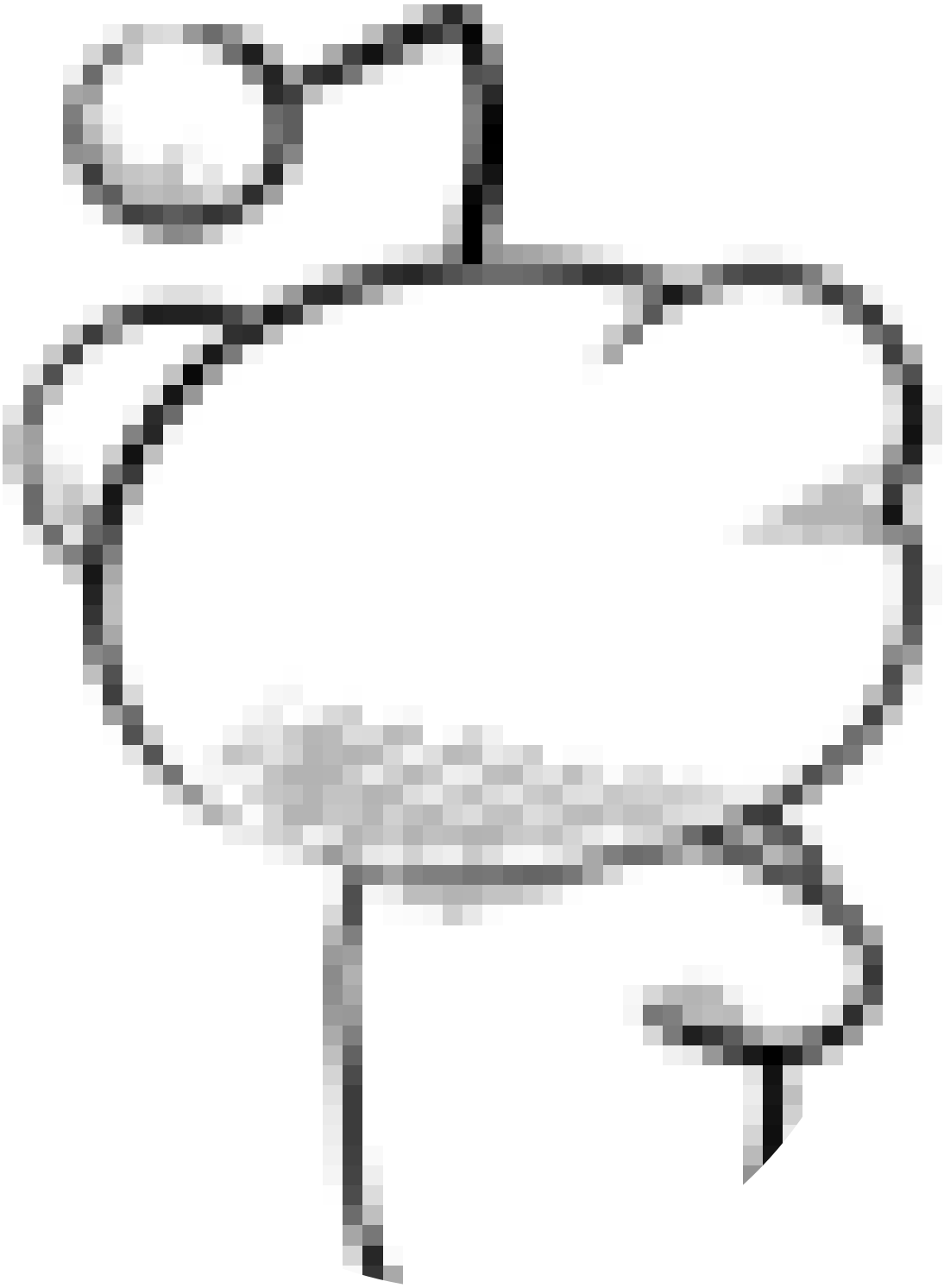

matthank
â€¢ 15y ago

I was talking to a guy I know very slightly, named Terry.

I barely know Terry, but I know he has some mental problems.

One time I saw him while walking, so I stopped to chat for a sec. He went into this rant, and I wish I could remember more of it, but the phrase "laser-beam eyes" has never left my memory and this is my answer to your question.

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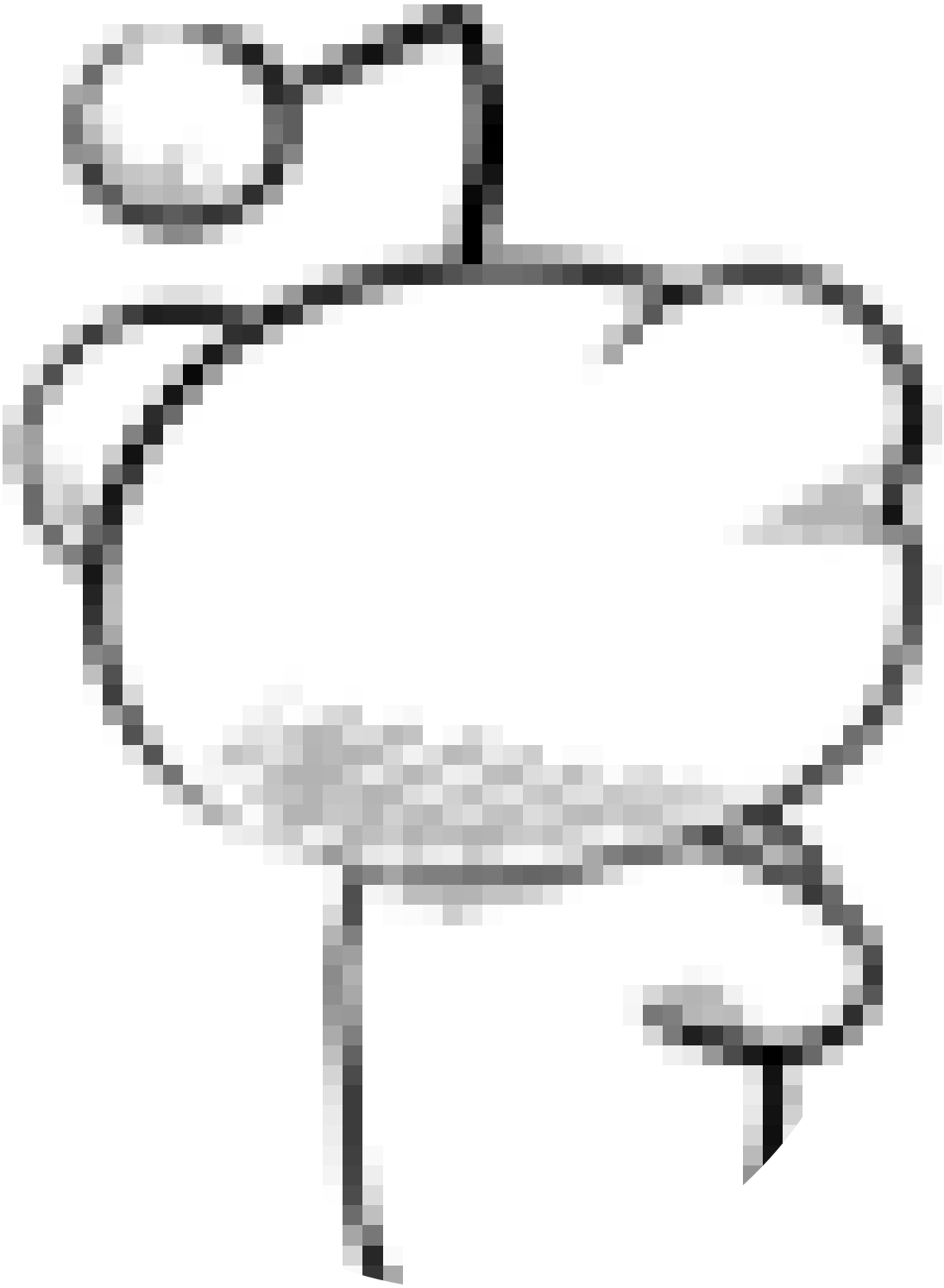

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â€¢ 15y ago

â™« *I've seen robots in disguise*

*They shoot lasers from their eyes*

*No one around me seems to care*

*They just laugh like they're not there* â™«

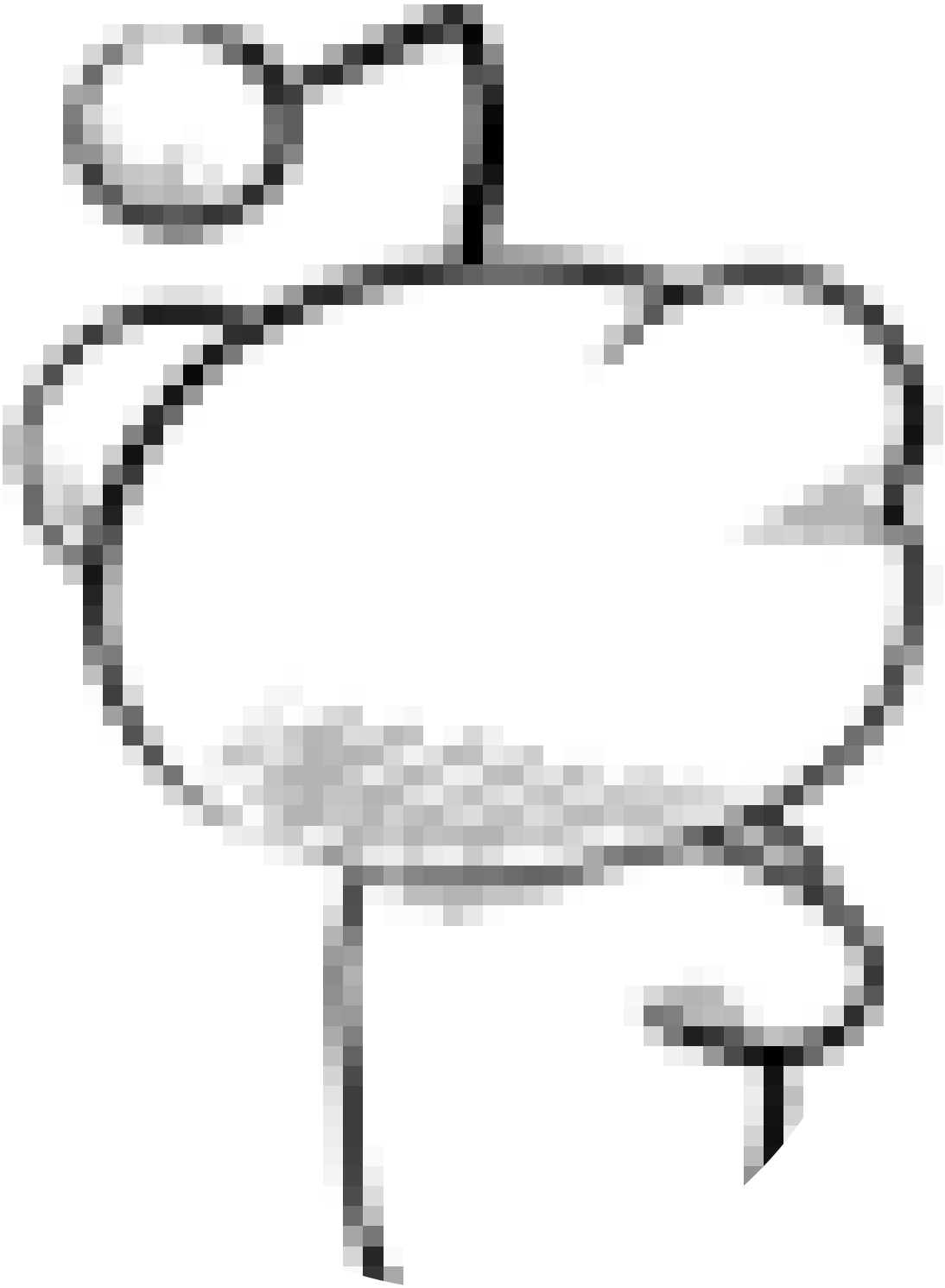
Reply Share

MagicSPA
â€¢ 15y ago

Did he say anything about sharks?

Reply Share

More replies



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â€¢ 15y ago

Comment deleted by user

MagicSPA
â€¢ 15y ago

...I see what you did there...

keytothecity
â€¢ 15y ago

Was doing volunteer work in NYC. As a group we took a van to the Bronx to distribute food to homeless people in pretty vacant areas, but people would just swarm to the van after a couple minutes of being there. Anyway, I was in the back of the van by myself and a car pulls up next to me and is full of Asian gangster looking guys all dressed in clown paint and they just stared at me for a minute and then drove away. No one else saw them.

Reply Share

MagicSPA
â€¢ 15y ago

Onboard CCTV will one day put an end to mysteries like this.

Reply Share

2 more replies

2 more replies

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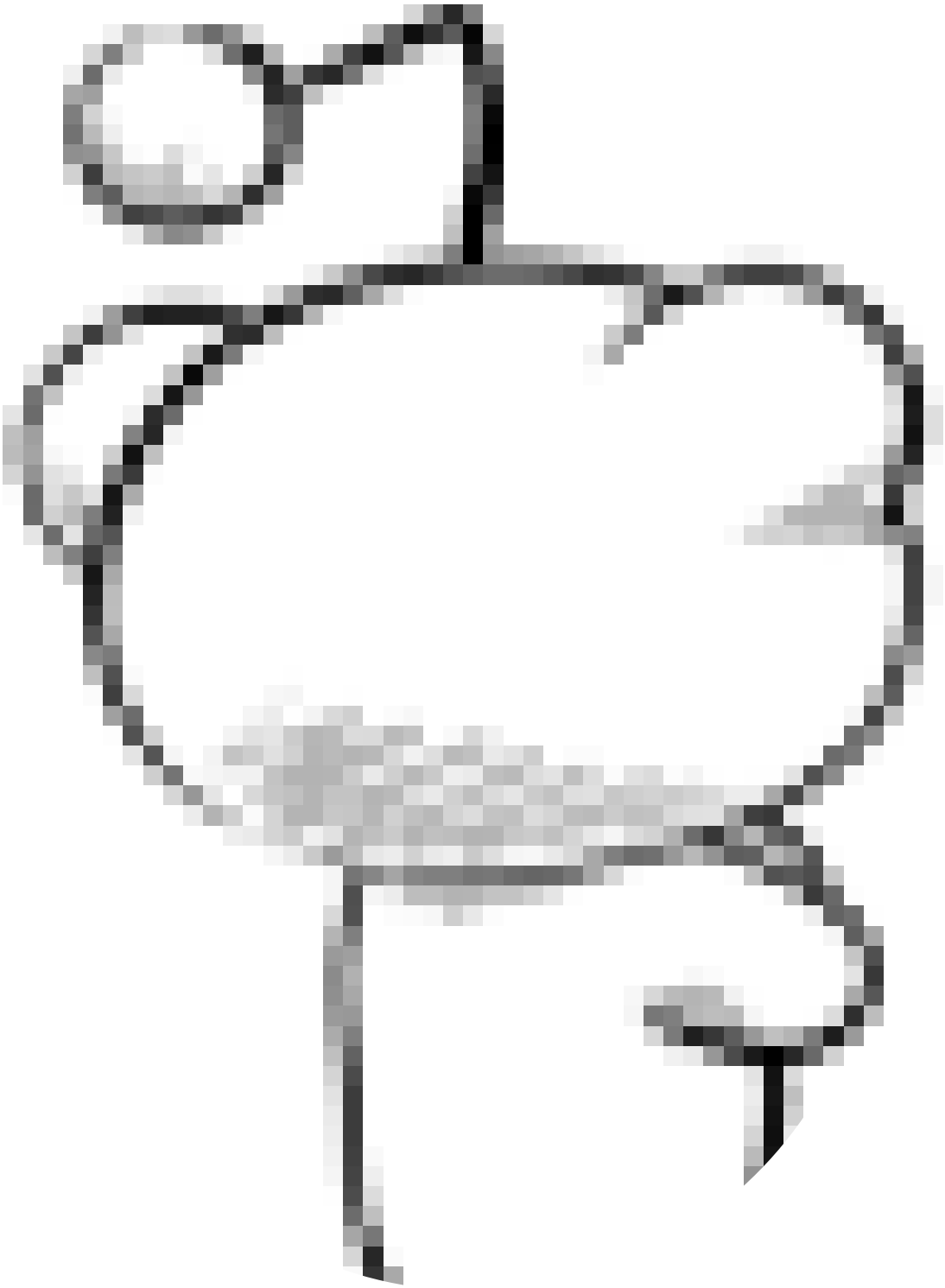

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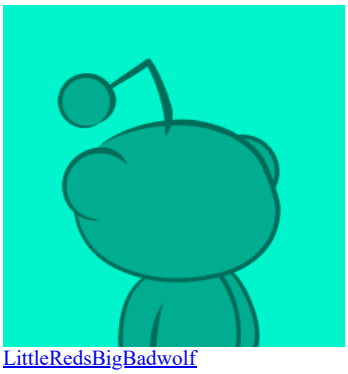
â€¢ 15y ago

Long story short my brother went to meet a friend halfway between our houses (3 miles, only a single country road between us). They were both on bikes and the friend shows up at the house and asks where my brother is. 20 minutes later my brother shows up and is flabbergasted when he sees his friend is there. Neither saw one another and my brother sat on the side of the road waiting for him. To this day I'm very puzzeled by this.

MagicSPA
â€¢ 15y ago

One of them may have stopped for a piss while the other cycled by.

3 more replies
3 more replies
More replies More replies



LittleRedsBigBadwolf
â€¢ 15y ago

This

bobored
â€¢ 15y ago

I thought I saw a UFO when I was on LSD

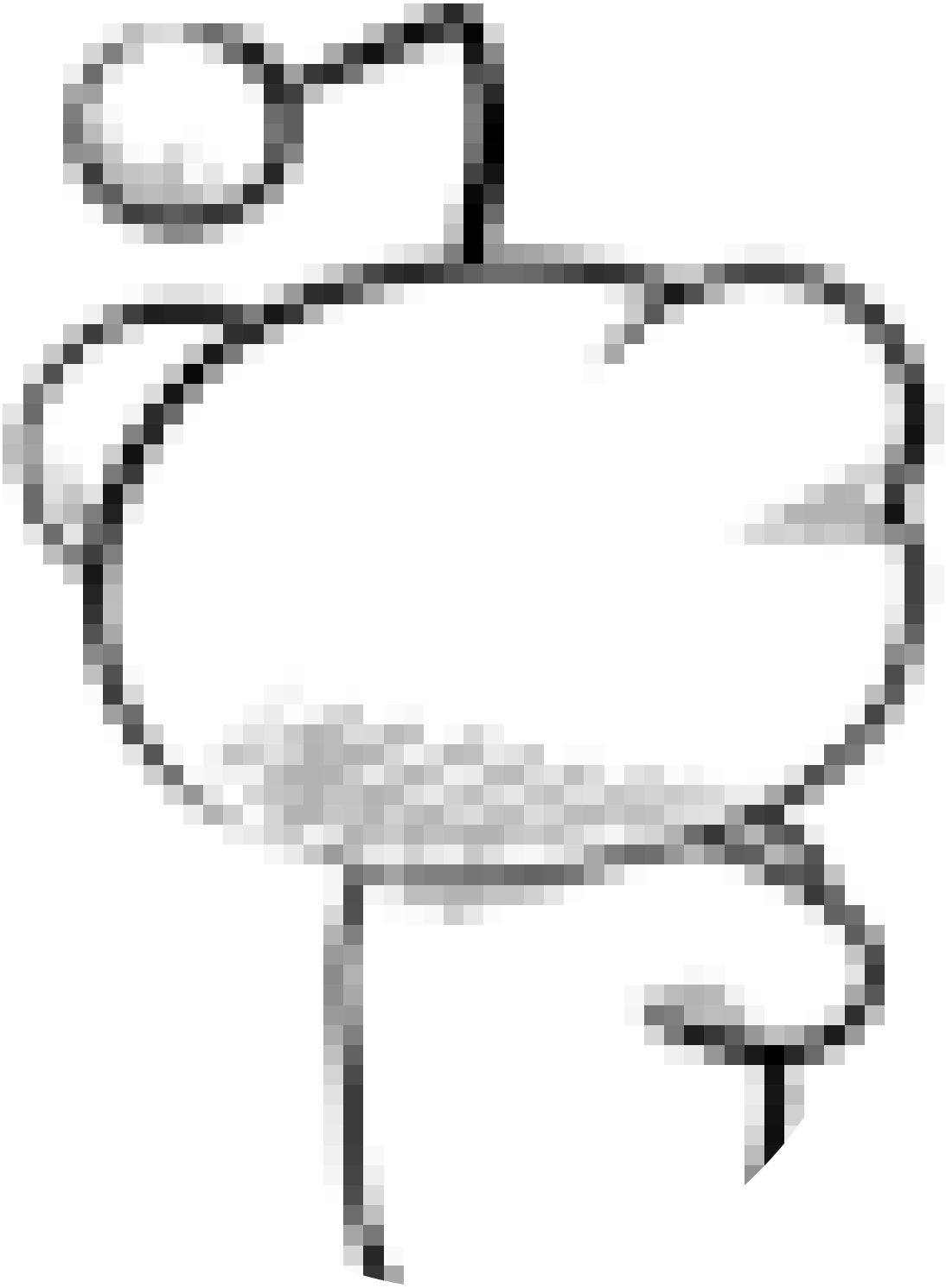
bigrjsuto
â€¢ 15y ago

Myself.

Gangela
â€¢ 15y ago

That's pretty creepy.

More replies



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â€¢ 15y ago

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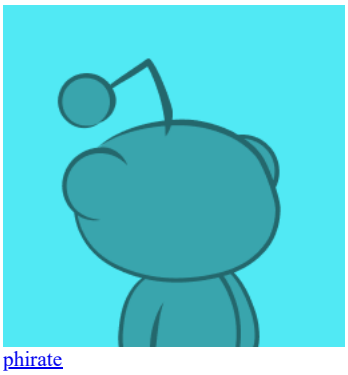
Scorchedcookie
â€¢ 15y ago

You're doing it wrong.

OtaconOfOne
â€¢ 15y ago

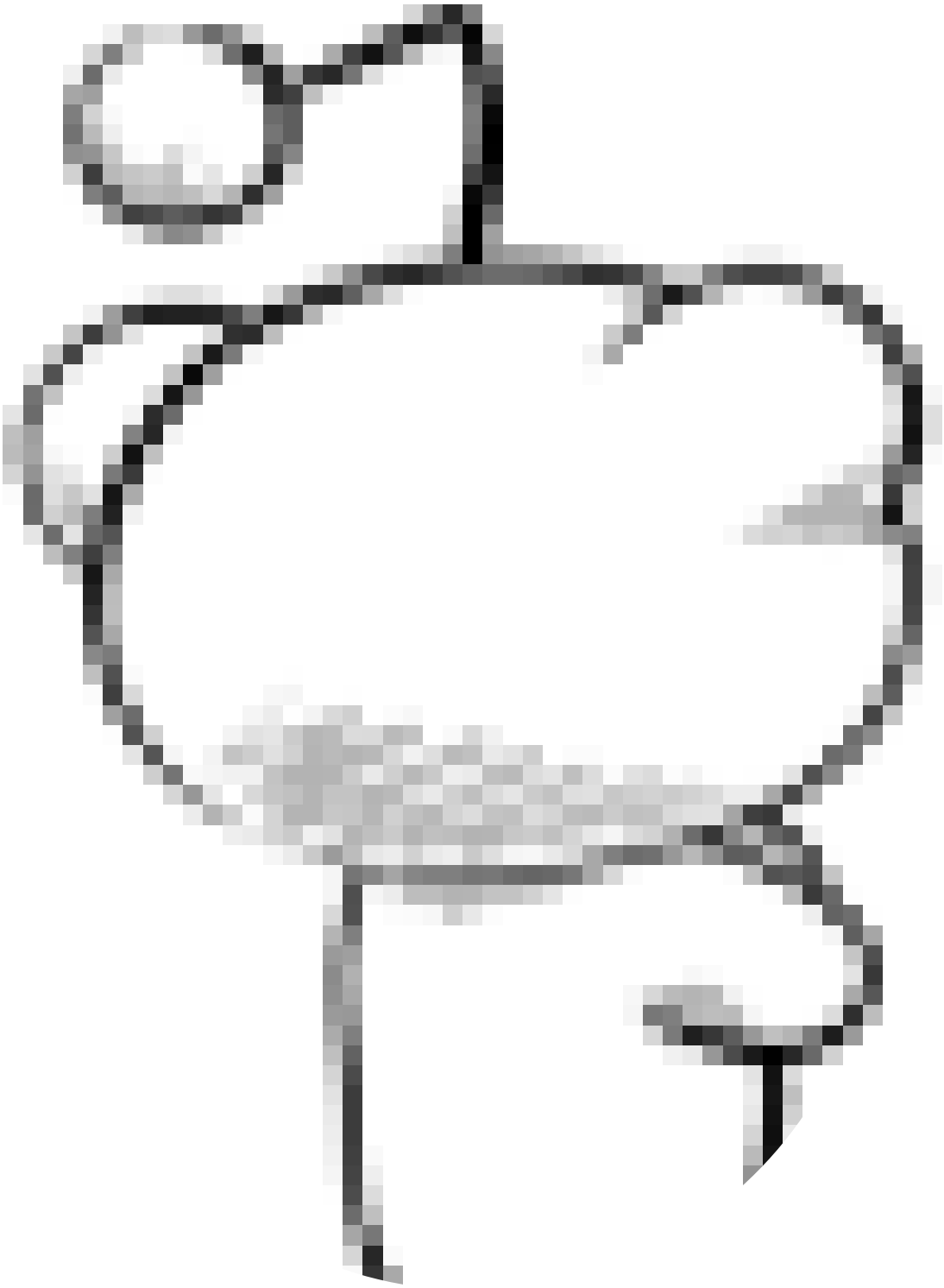
Father Daughter dance video http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=QIpfeQASSus



phirate
â€¢ 15y ago

I thought that was really cute. I hope to be such a cool parent.

More replies



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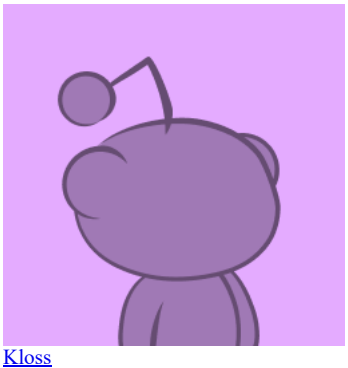
â€¢ 15y ago

http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=wV1FrqwZyKw

MagicSPA
â€¢ 15y ago

Sorry, I saw very little that was creepy about that video. The family seemed to be having a great time.

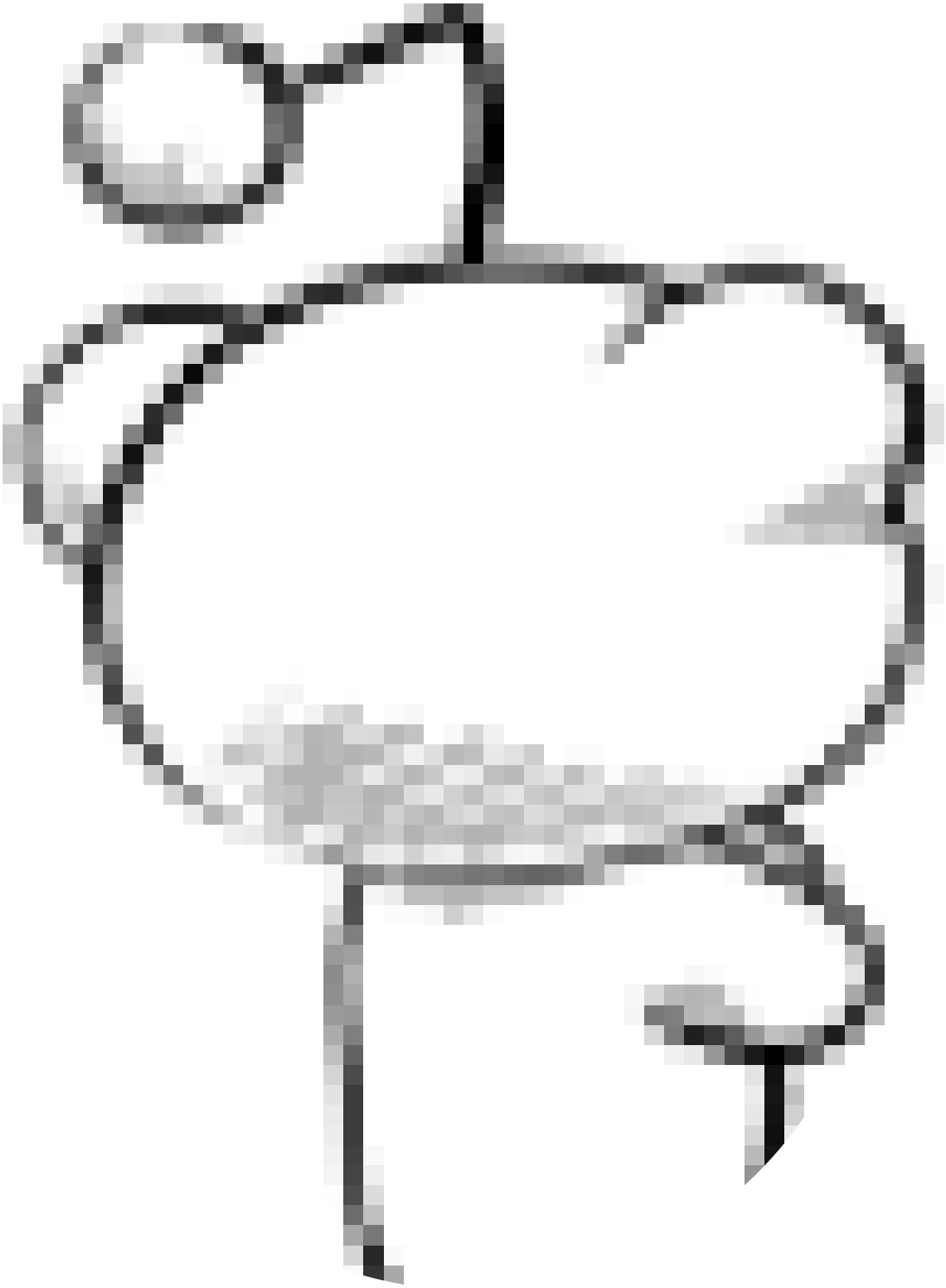
More replies



Kloss
â€¢ 15y ago

What is the creepiest thing that you've ever experienced?

Any and all encounters with an Asian lady boy. That shit looks real.



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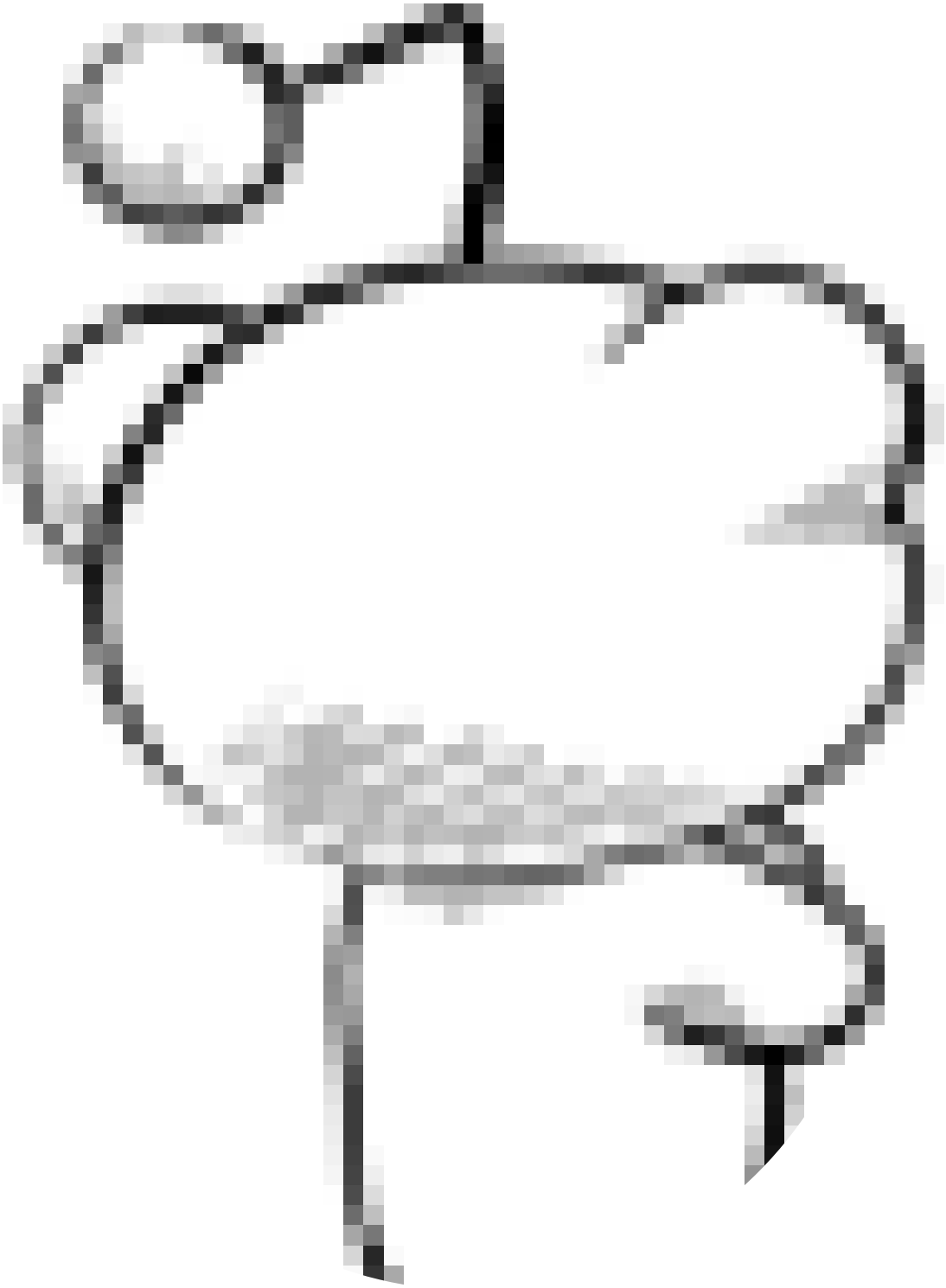
â€¢ 15y ago

I once heard the sound of a crying baby, while I was in my bedroom, in the basement of my parent's house. I got creeped out because we didn't have any baby at our home and it was coming from outside. Then I just realized the sound was coming from a male cat "crying" to get attention from any female who would happen to be in the area.



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â€¢ 15y ago

My pals and I went out to this old lighthouse in Nova Scotia one night. It was real dark and the girls were creeped out by the atmosphere. I went to take a couple photos of the creepy lighthouse in the dark. I was using a canon point and shoot camera that had a face detection feature on it. While I was taking a picture of the lighthouse and a window from outside, the face detector went off. It showed up in the window for about two second and there clearly wasn't anyone in there. I took the photo, still.... no ghost was seen.

Lavernica
â€¢ 15y ago

My Canon camera does that all the time.

THERE ARE GHOSTS EVERYWHERE.

1 more reply

1 more reply

More replies More replies

HandsomeDynamite
â€¢ 15y ago

I don't remember this myself, but apparently when my mom was a young and foolish immigrant she was shopping with me and was approached by two women claiming to have found a shitload of money or something. Long story short they scammed my mom for 10k like in that Golden Girls episode by getting her to withdraw it from a bank account and pay them in cash. This wouldn't be that creepy except she left me with the two women while she went to go do it.

Yeah thanks mom.

Oh yeah sometimes at night I'd be walking around the house and I'd hear something that sounded like a mechanical baby crying. That freaked me out pretty bad. Apparently my sister heard it too. I think she said it was the AC unit but I guess I'll never know.

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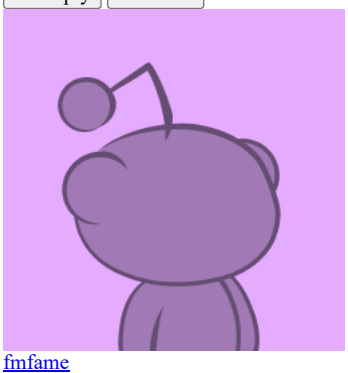

fmfame
â€¢ 15y ago

DAMN,BECAUSE OF REDDIT I KNOWS THAT I AM SUFFERING FROM SLEEP PARALYSIS.I AM IN TENSION NOW. WIKIPEDIA INCREASED IT MORE: "South Asia

```
* In South Asia, sleep paralysis is considered to be an encounter with evil djinns and demons who have taken over one's body. In Pakistan (lik
* In Tamil Nadu and Sri Lankan Tamil culture, this particular phenomenon is referred to as 'Amuku Be' or 'Amuku Pei' meaning "the ghost that f
* In Nepal, especially Newari culture it is also known as 'Khyaak' a ghost-like figure believed to reside in the darkness under the staircases

"
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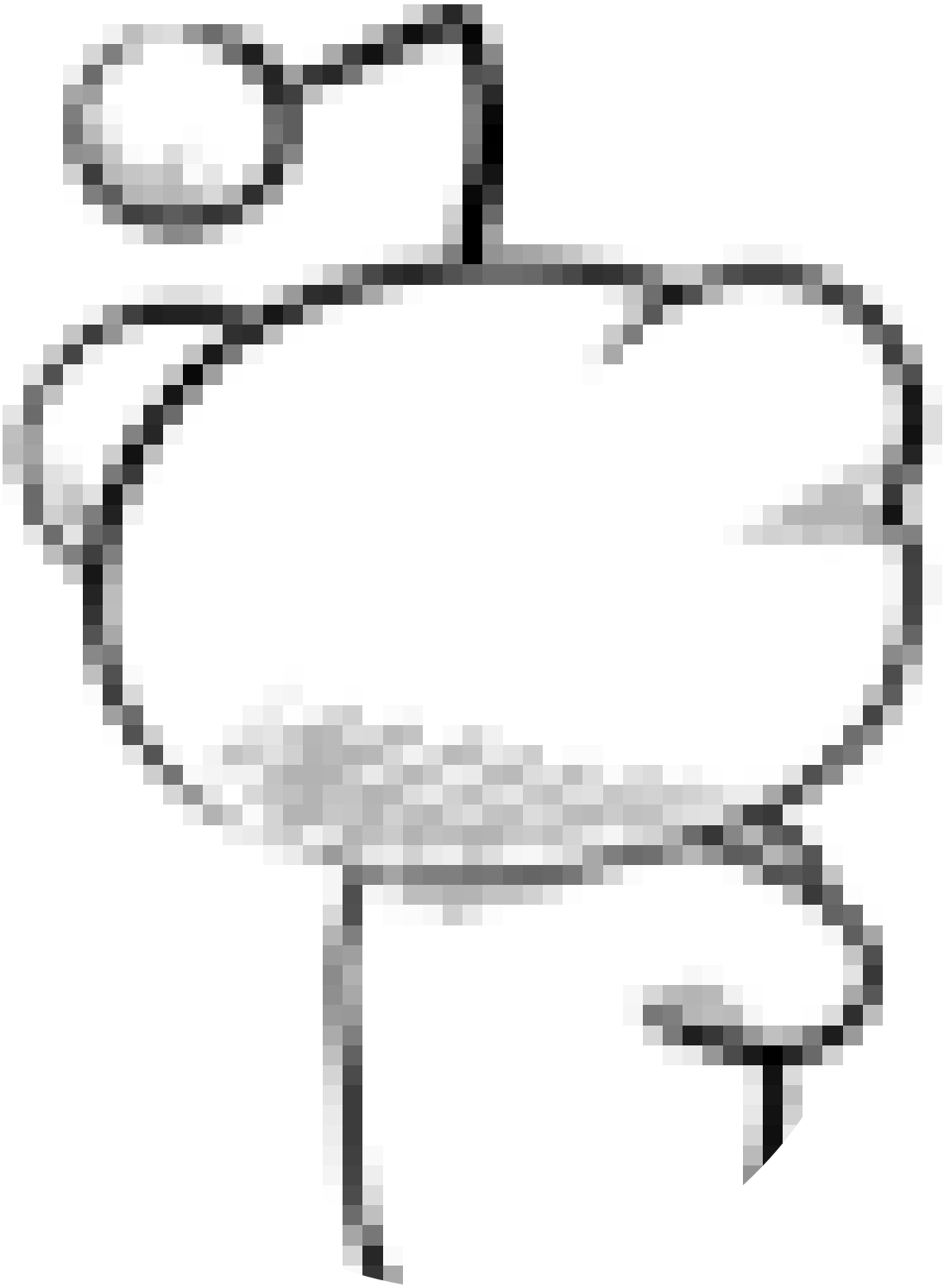

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â€¢ 15y ago

Quite obviously when a Creeper comes to see what I've been building in Minecraft.

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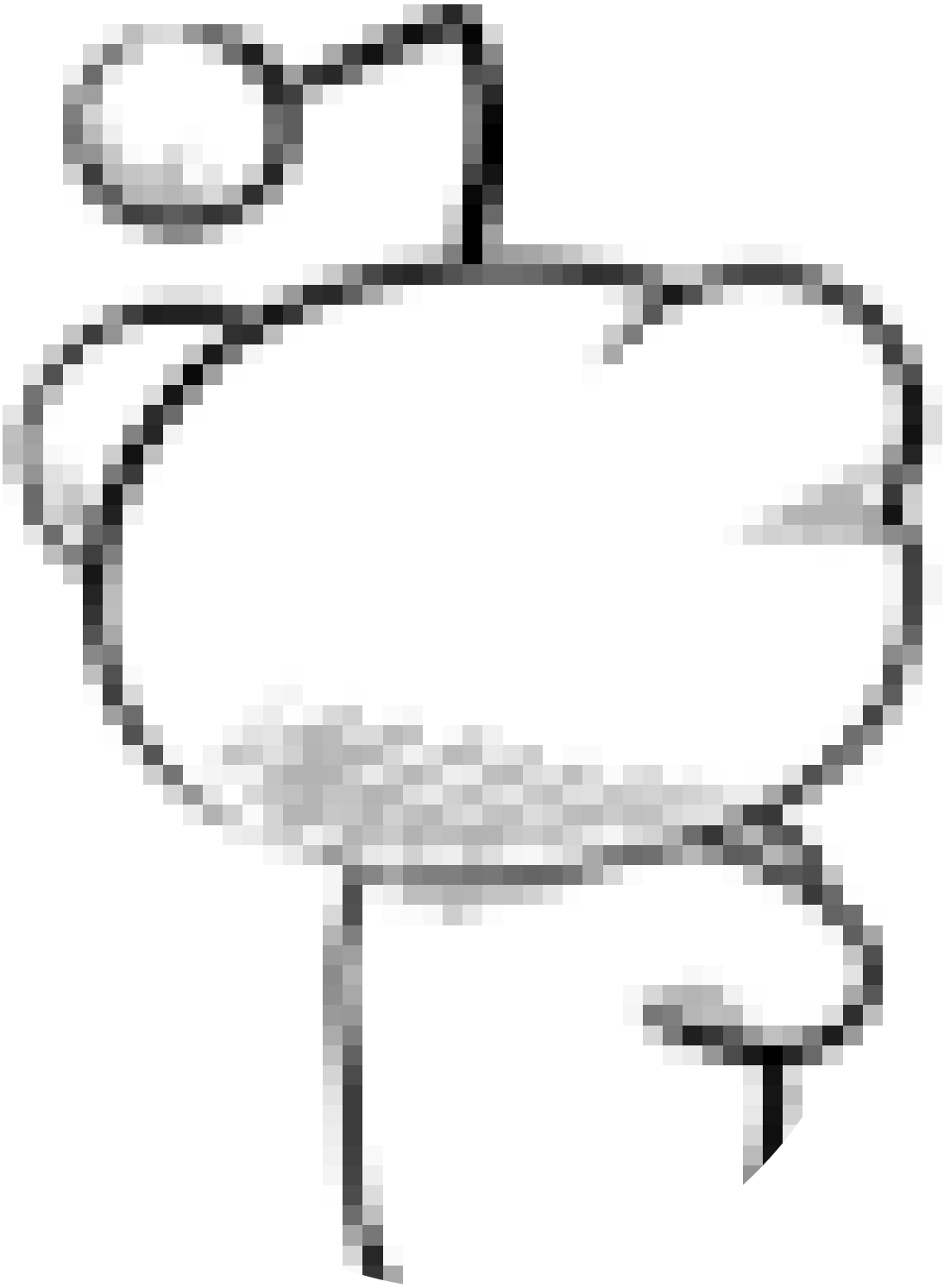

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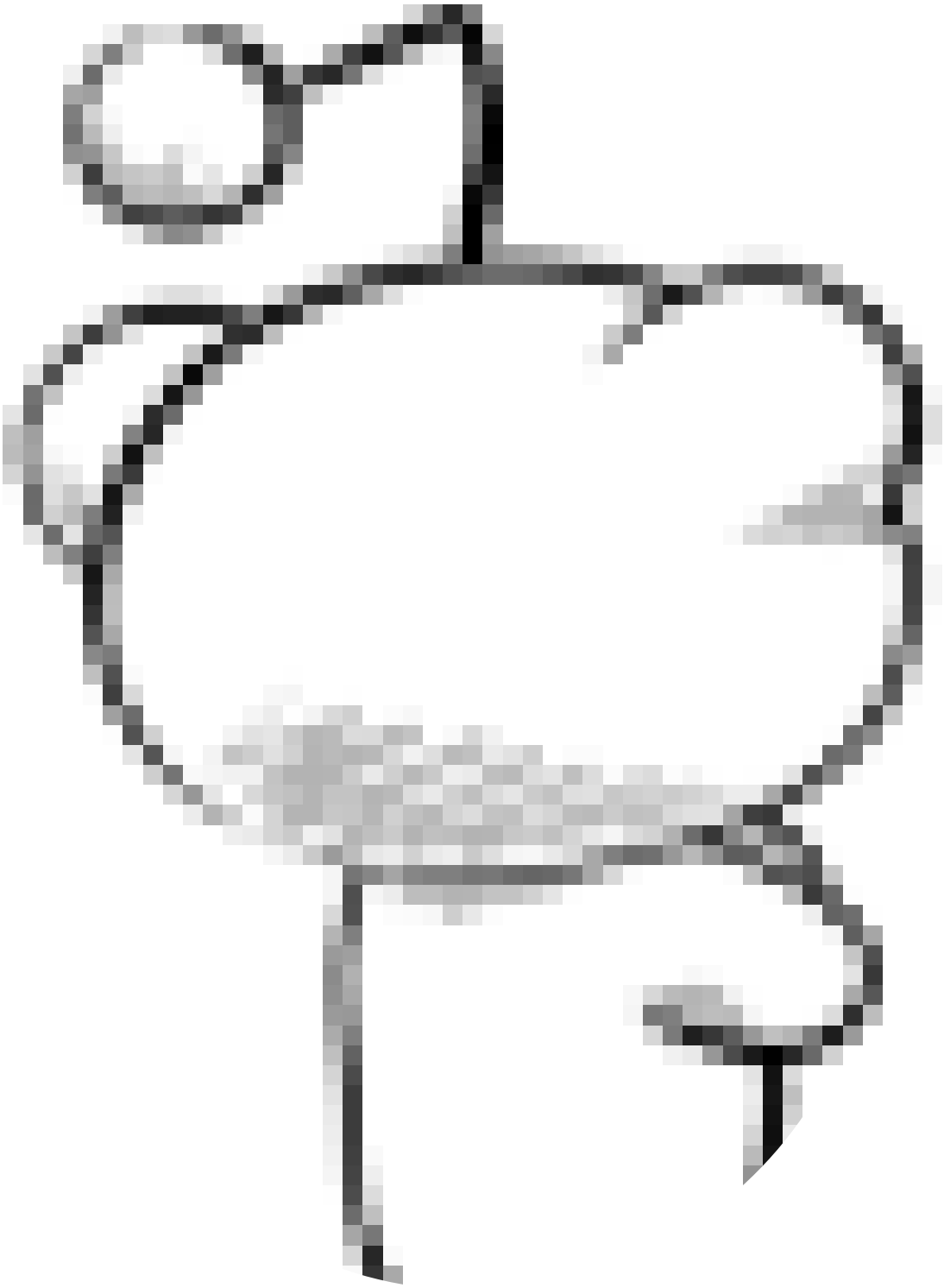
â€¢ 15y ago

r/creepy

That shit is creepy

Reply Share



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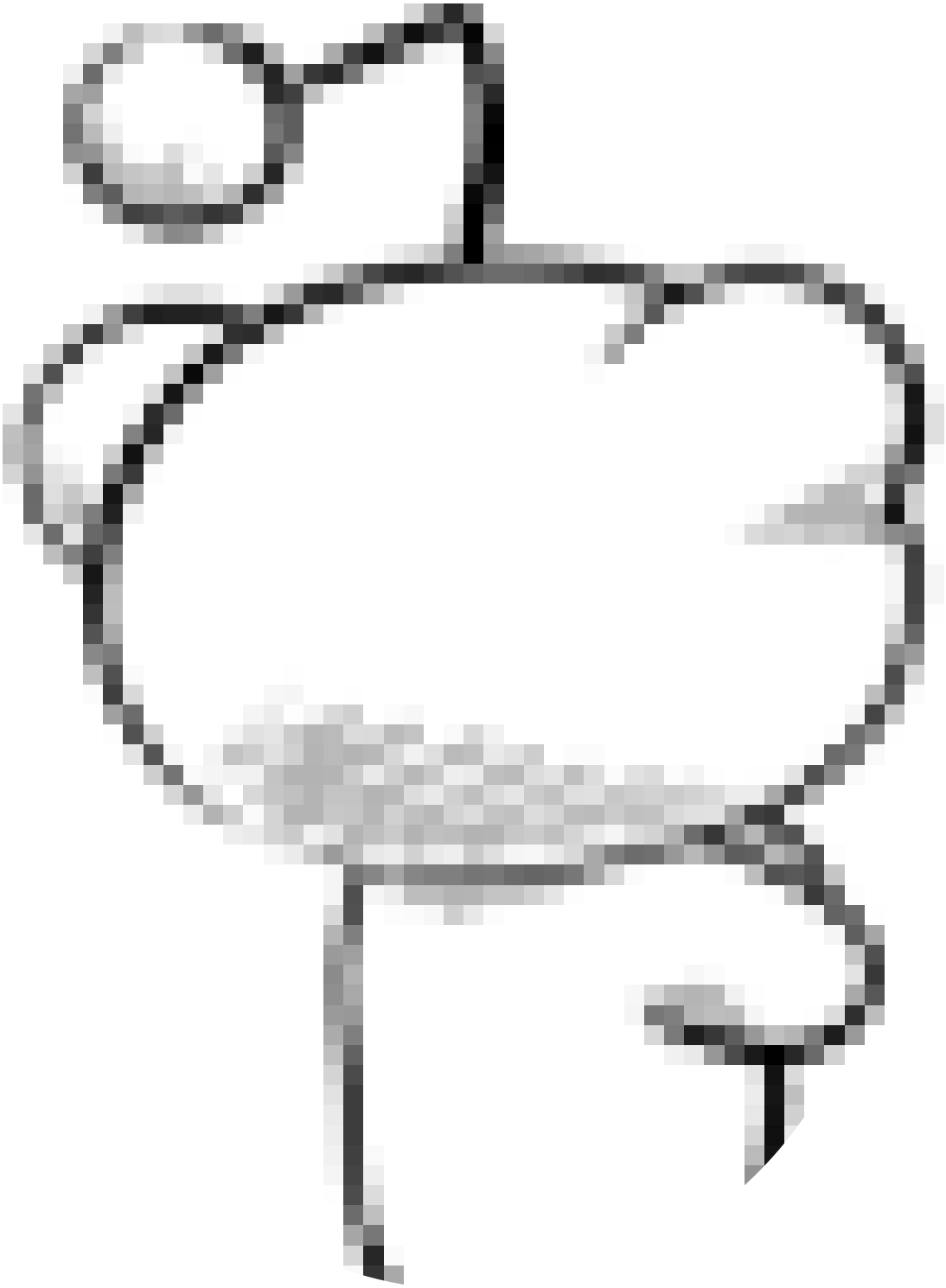
â€¢ 15y ago

Reddit.



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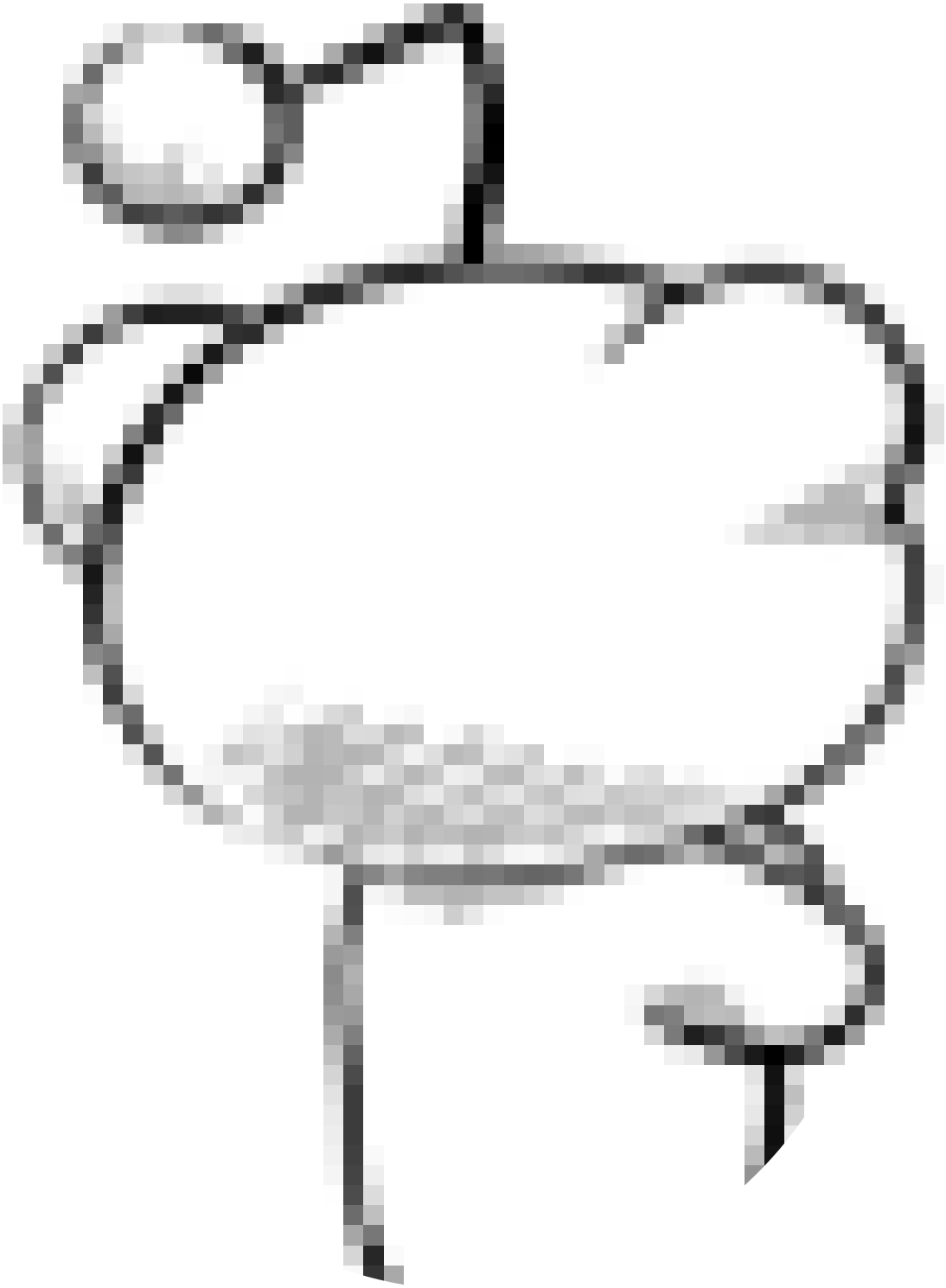
â€¢ 15y ago

My entire life.



BrownPaperBag
â€¢ 15y ago

I think I saw a ghost one time

eljoebro
â€¢ 15y ago

Go on.....

1 more reply
1 more reply
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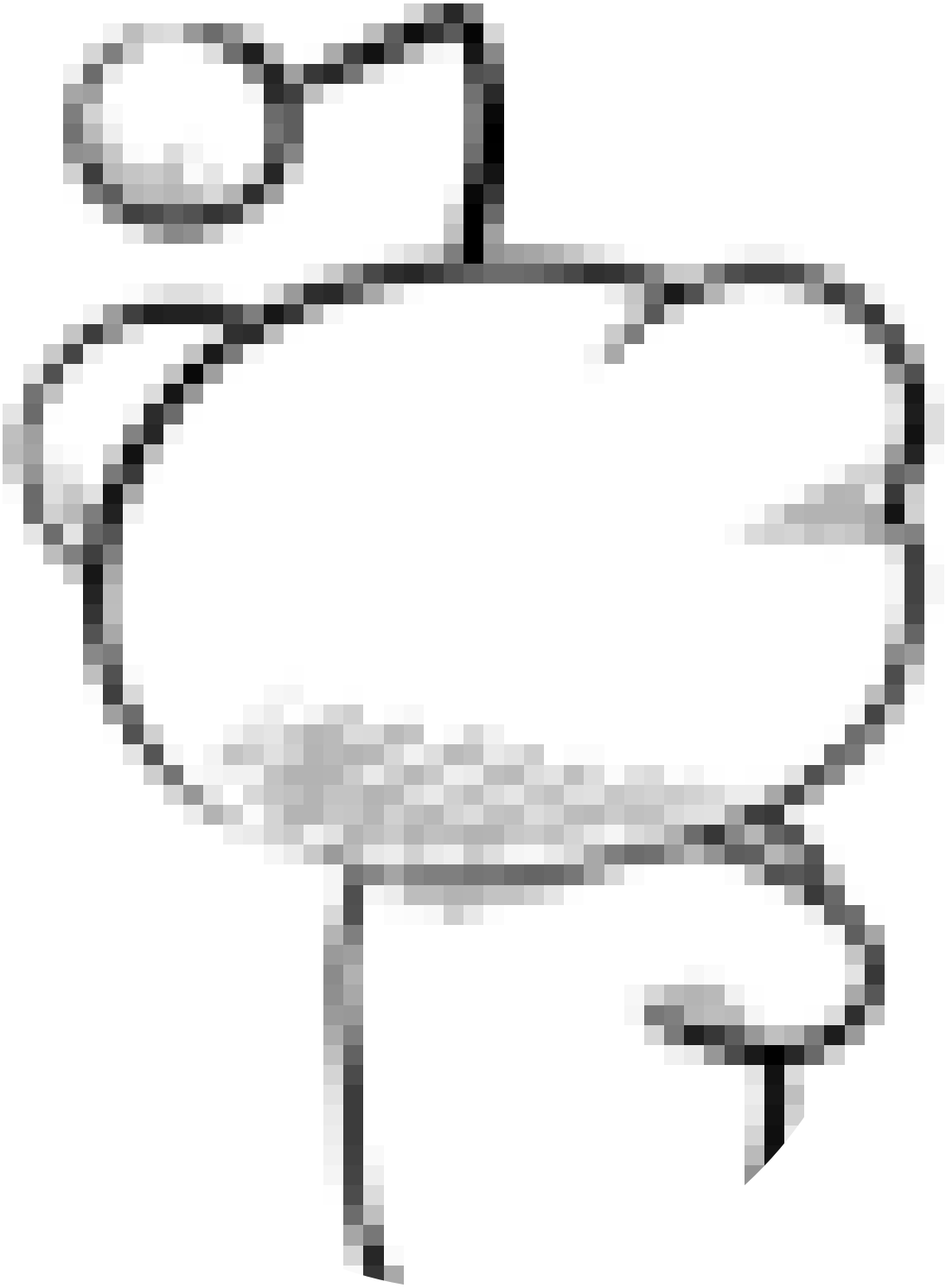
GSpotAssassin
â€¢ 15y ago

The creepiest thing I've ever experienced is imagining 10,000 Reddit atheists rolling their eyes at this entire thread.



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â€¢ 15y ago

Especially in those nice atheist-robes with demonic signs on it... That's how we roll (our eyes).

4 more replies
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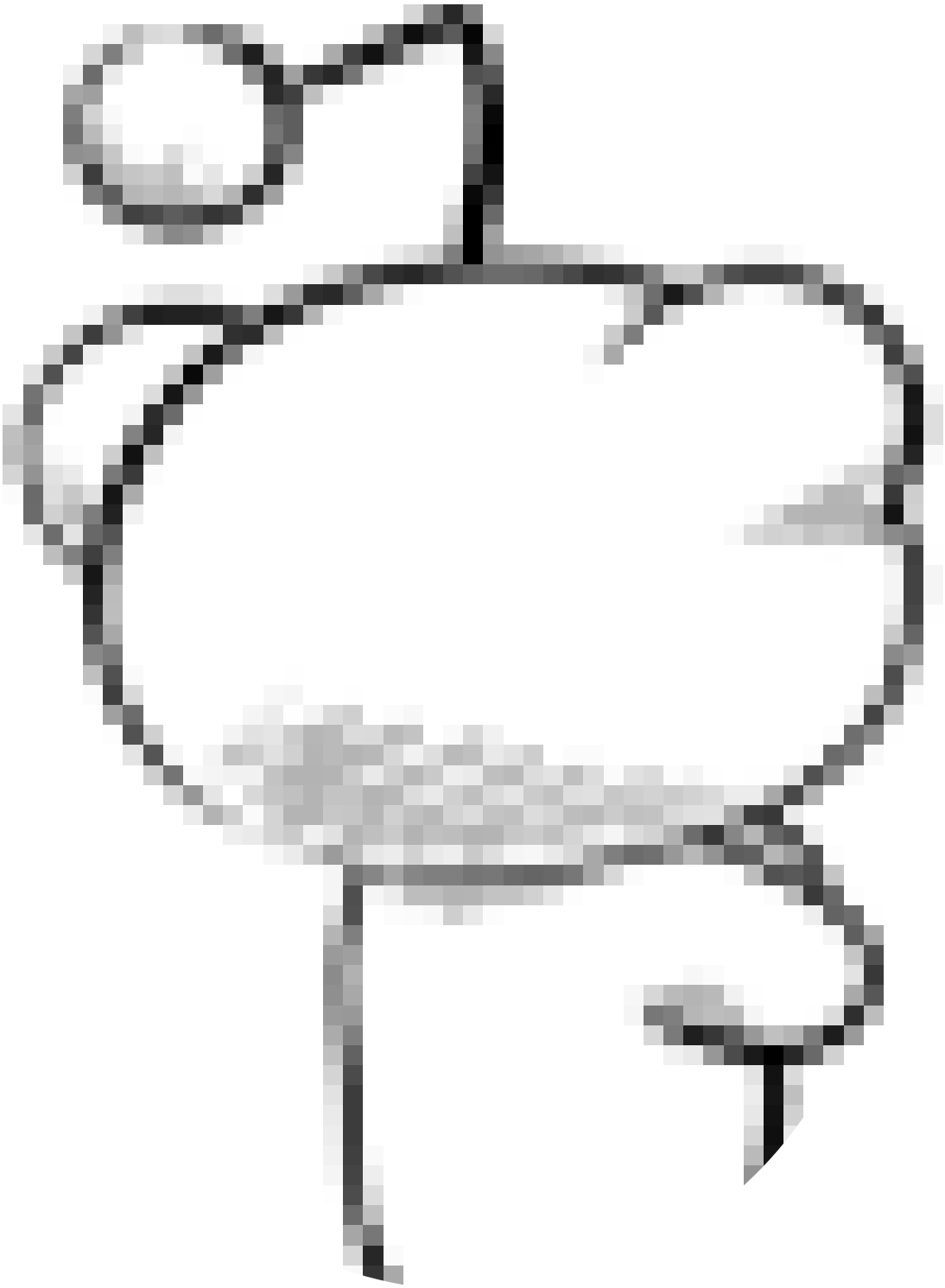

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â€¢ 15y ago

Most of these stories from the poster's childhood can safely be attributed to the impressionable mind and wild imagination of a young child, and the memory of us all, which is much MUCH worse than most people ever realize. A memory, no matter how vivid and certain, can very easily be 100% wrong. We KNOW this, so I'll take that explanation any day over ghosts and monsters.

I'd bet a lot of these stories are also simply made up so as to score cheap upvotes.

2 more replies

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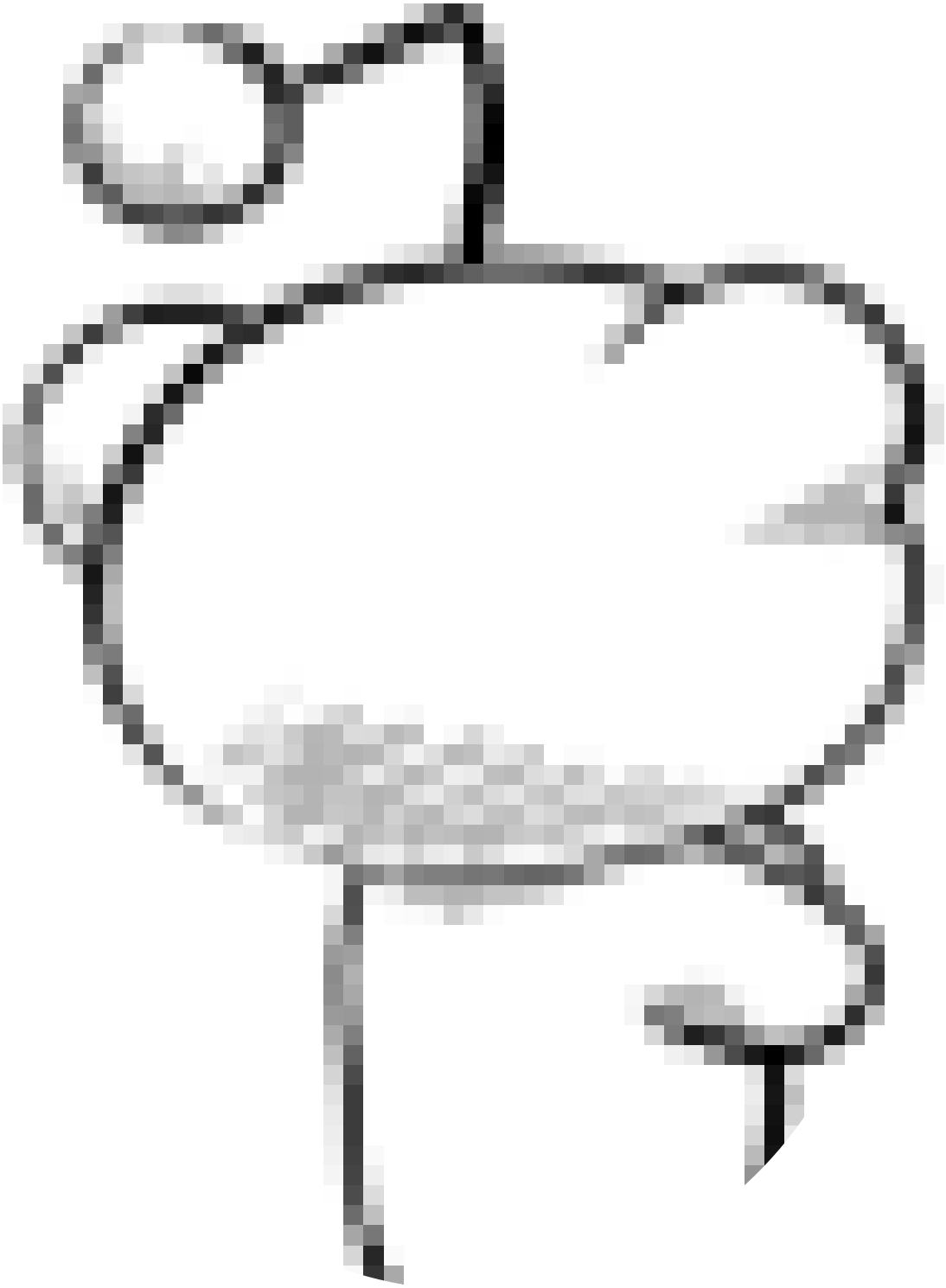
More replies

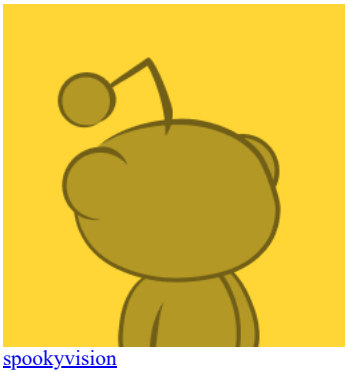


[deleted]
â€¢ 15y ago

i had an very very gay inmate checking out my junk when i was talking to him and then he started to refuse to shower unless i would tell him to take a shower and he was very open about it. he started telling the other staff he would not shower unless i asked him to, ya and he is like the creepiest guy in the world thinning hair pail really skinny etc.

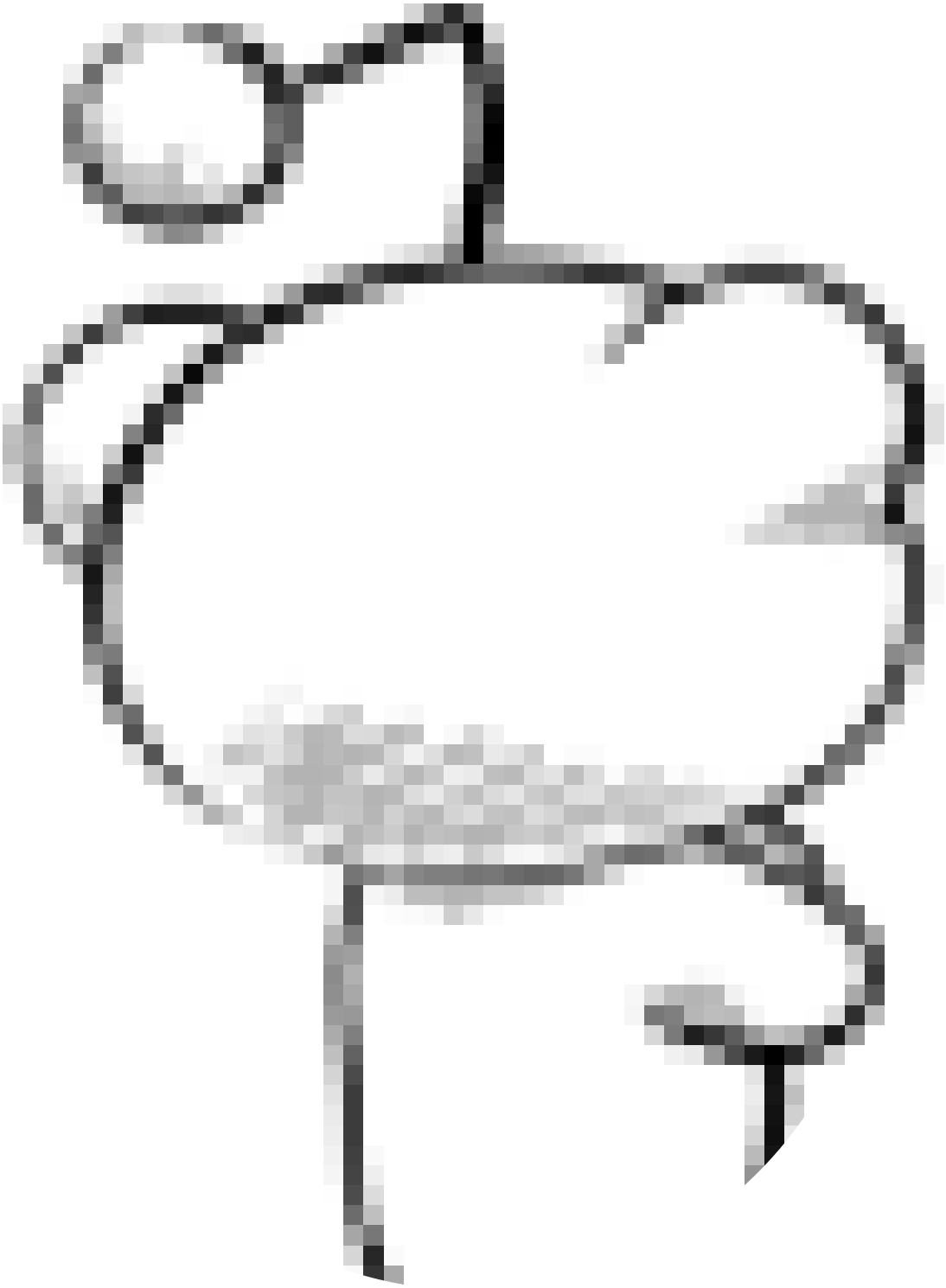
SillyLeprachon
â€¢ 15y ago

"Motherfucker, take one step closer, and i will gut you like fish"



spookyvision
â€¢ 15y ago

Coworkers.



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â€¢ 15y ago

I woke up a couple of days ago and one of my used socks was in the back pocket of my jeans. Which isn't that interesting until you really think about it. How DID that sock get into my back pocket? Did I put it there? Did it fall in? I'll never know....

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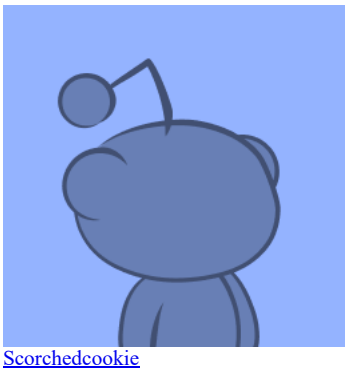

Scorchedcookie
â€¢ 15y ago

lol easily one of the best responses i have read. bravo good sir, me and my roomie got a good chuckle out of this

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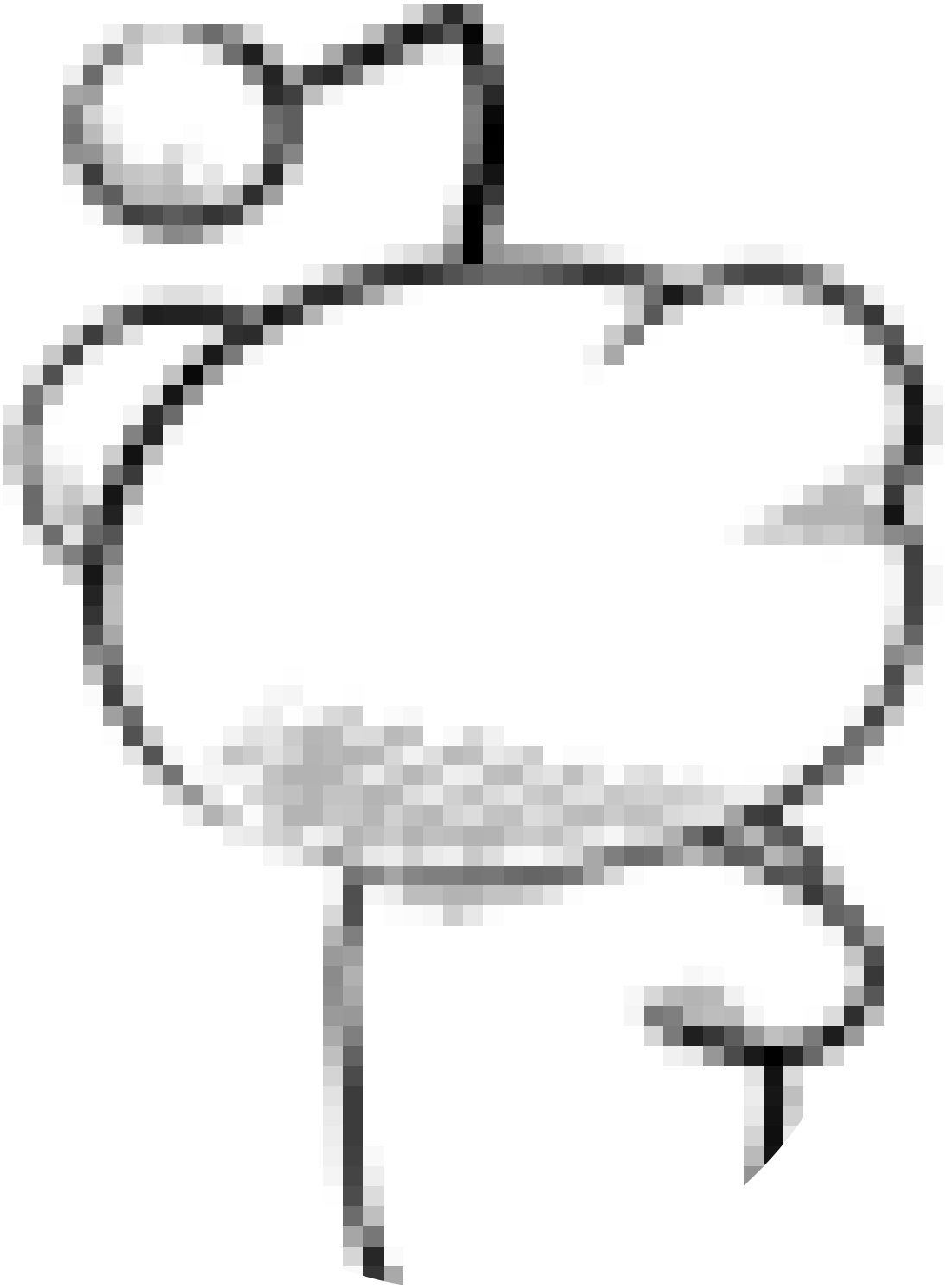
More replies



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â€¢ 15y ago

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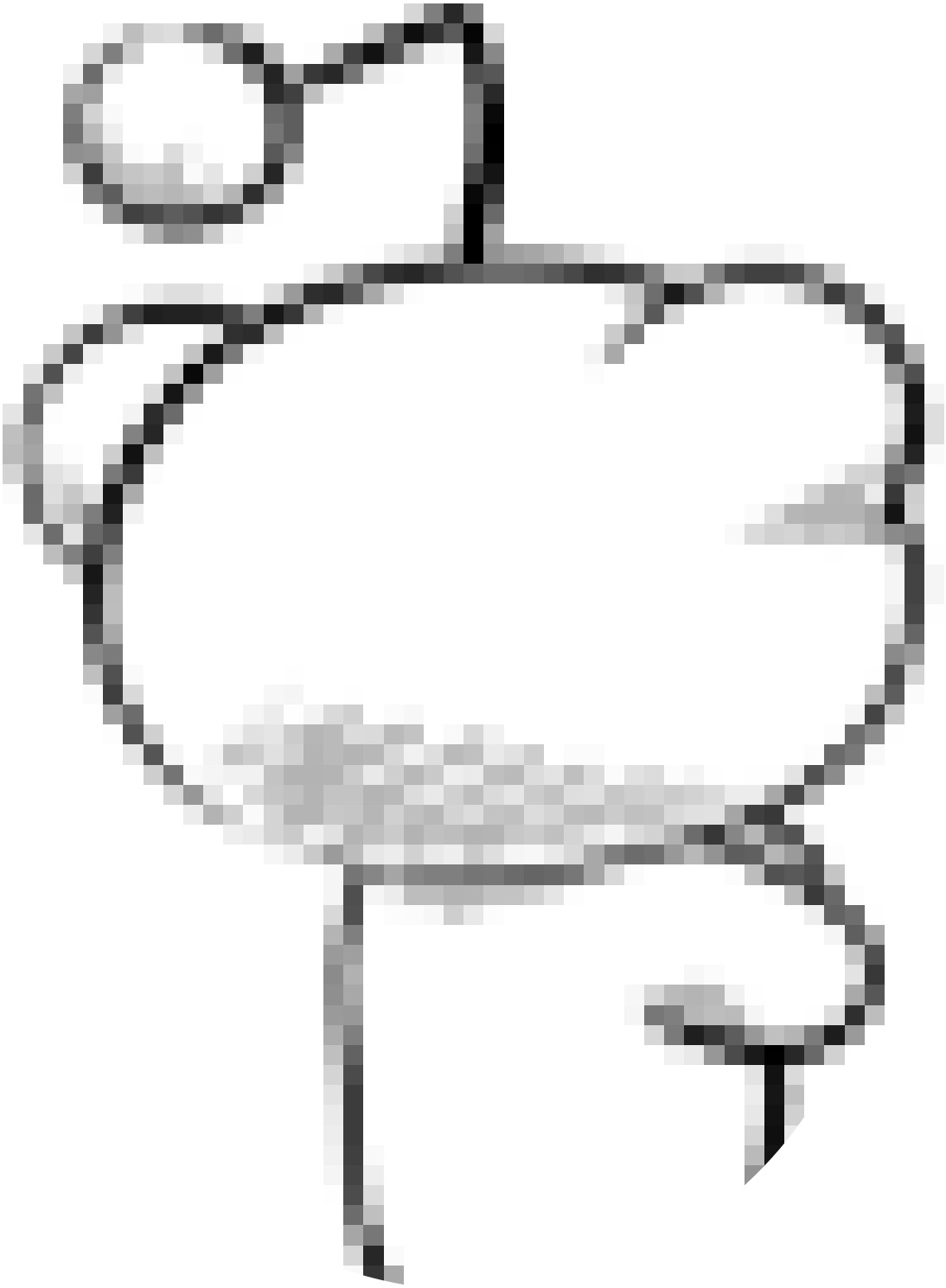

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â€¢ 15y ago

No, your dog is supposed to be hanging in the shower, if I remember this urban legend correctly.

3 more replies
3 more replies

More replies

MagicSPA
â€¢ 15y ago

Sorry, but this story is at the very least several decades old.

PepperJackson
â€¢ 15y ago

Fork in my va-jay-jay.

Reply Share

nivad
â€¢ 15y ago

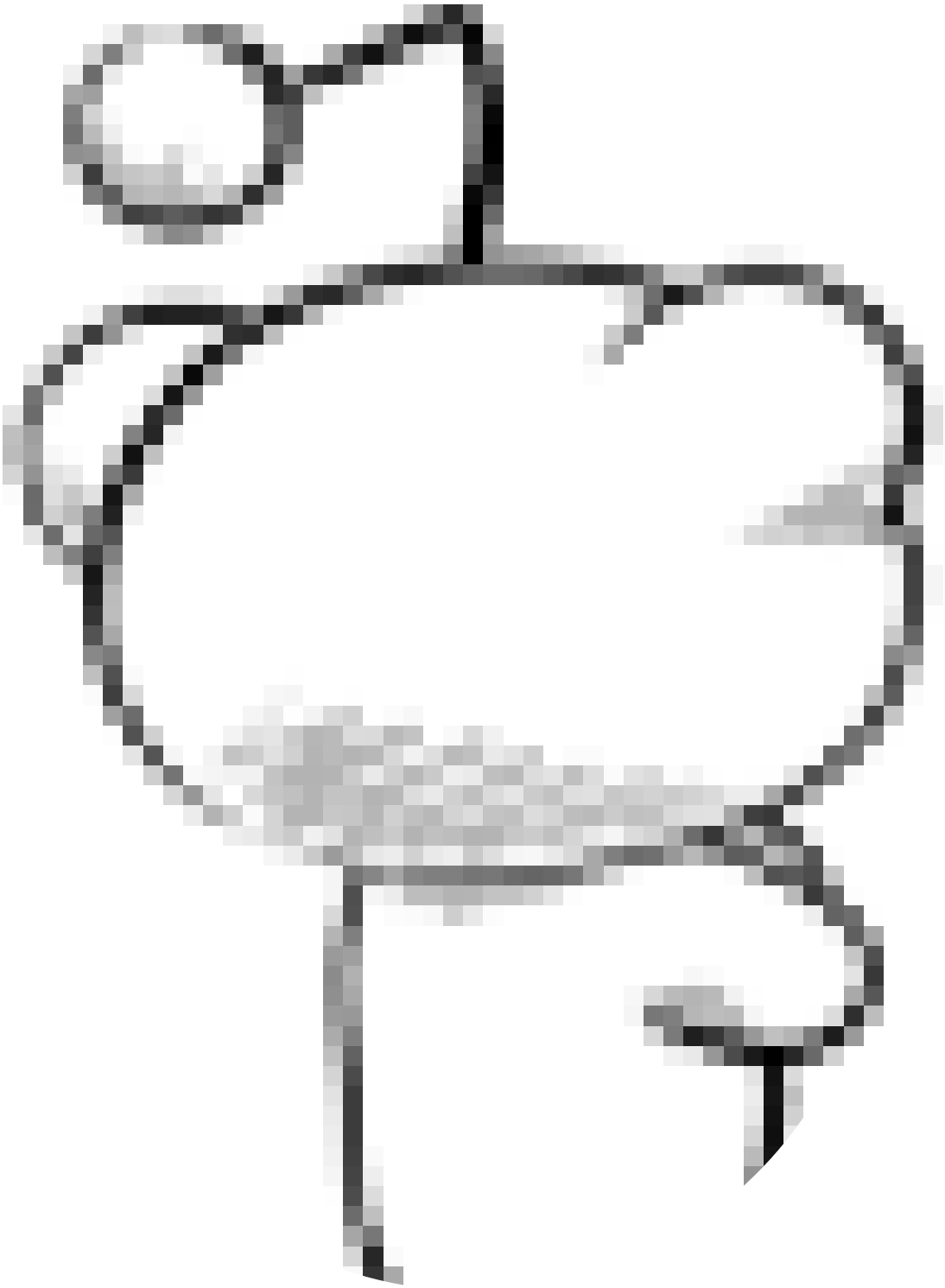
I can't stop laughing when I hear shit like this! People tell me a place s haunted... I go and not a damn thing happens. They say bad shit happens over there... Not when I hang out though. Or there used to be people killed here so the haunt it for eternity. I haven't seen heard or felt a thing.

It is all just BS to me. I say bring it on.

3 more replies

3 more replies

More replies



[deleted]
â€¢ 15y ago

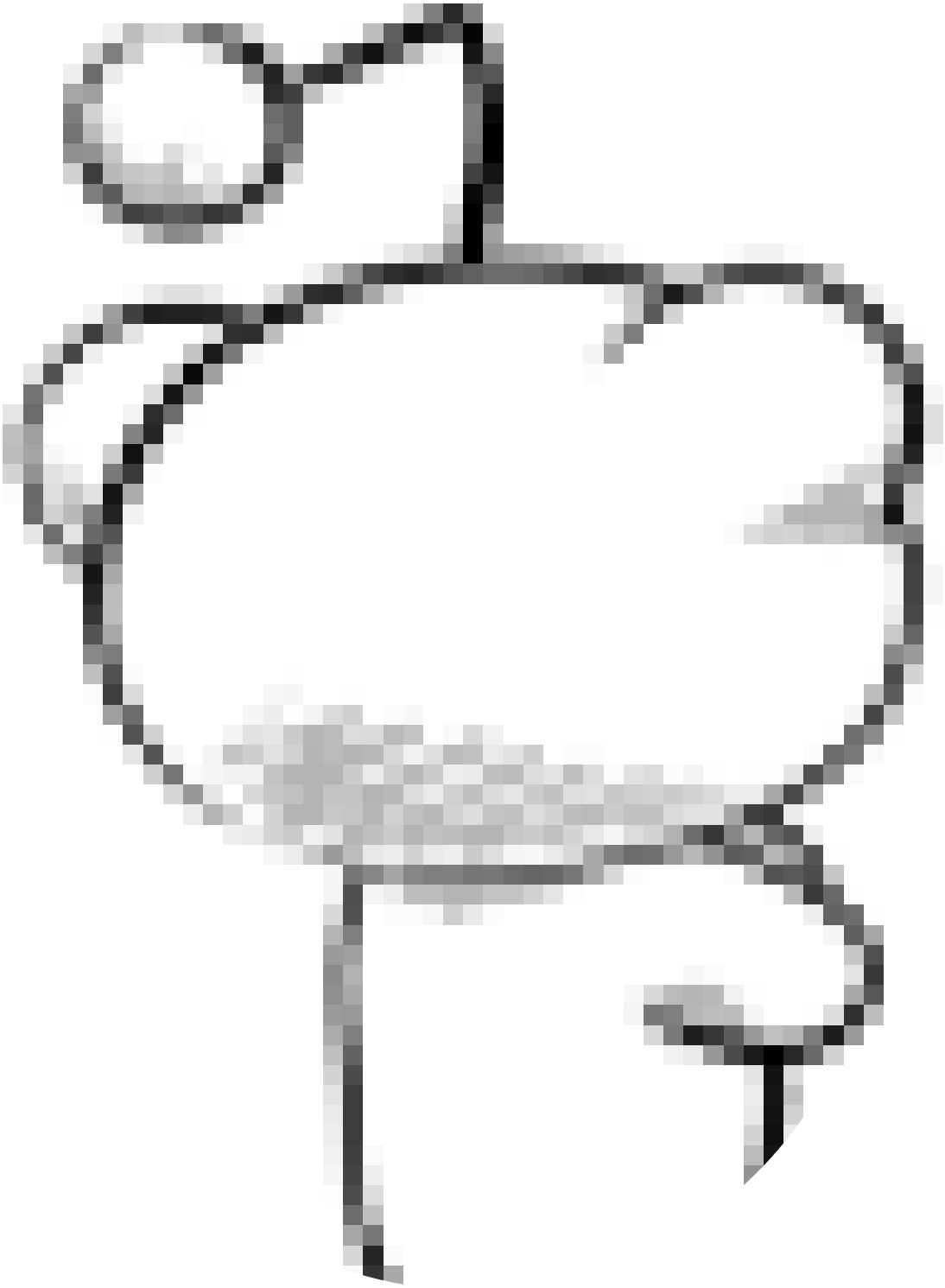
Comment deleted by user

palpebral
â€¢ 15y ago

elaborate

letoatreidesII
â€¢ 15y ago

...and he liked it. You hope your boyfriend don't mind it? It must've felt so wrong, it must've felt so right...but does it mean you're in love tonight?



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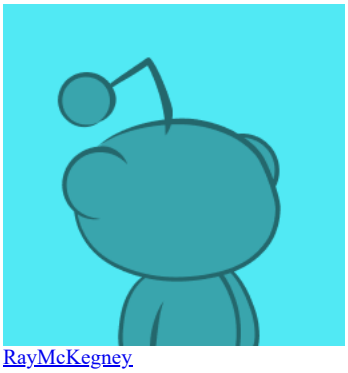
â€¢ 15y ago

Just for snoring?

isotopepotosi
â€¢ 15y ago

In Reno?

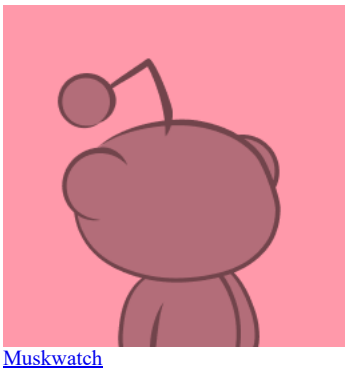


RayMcKegney

â€¢ 15y ago

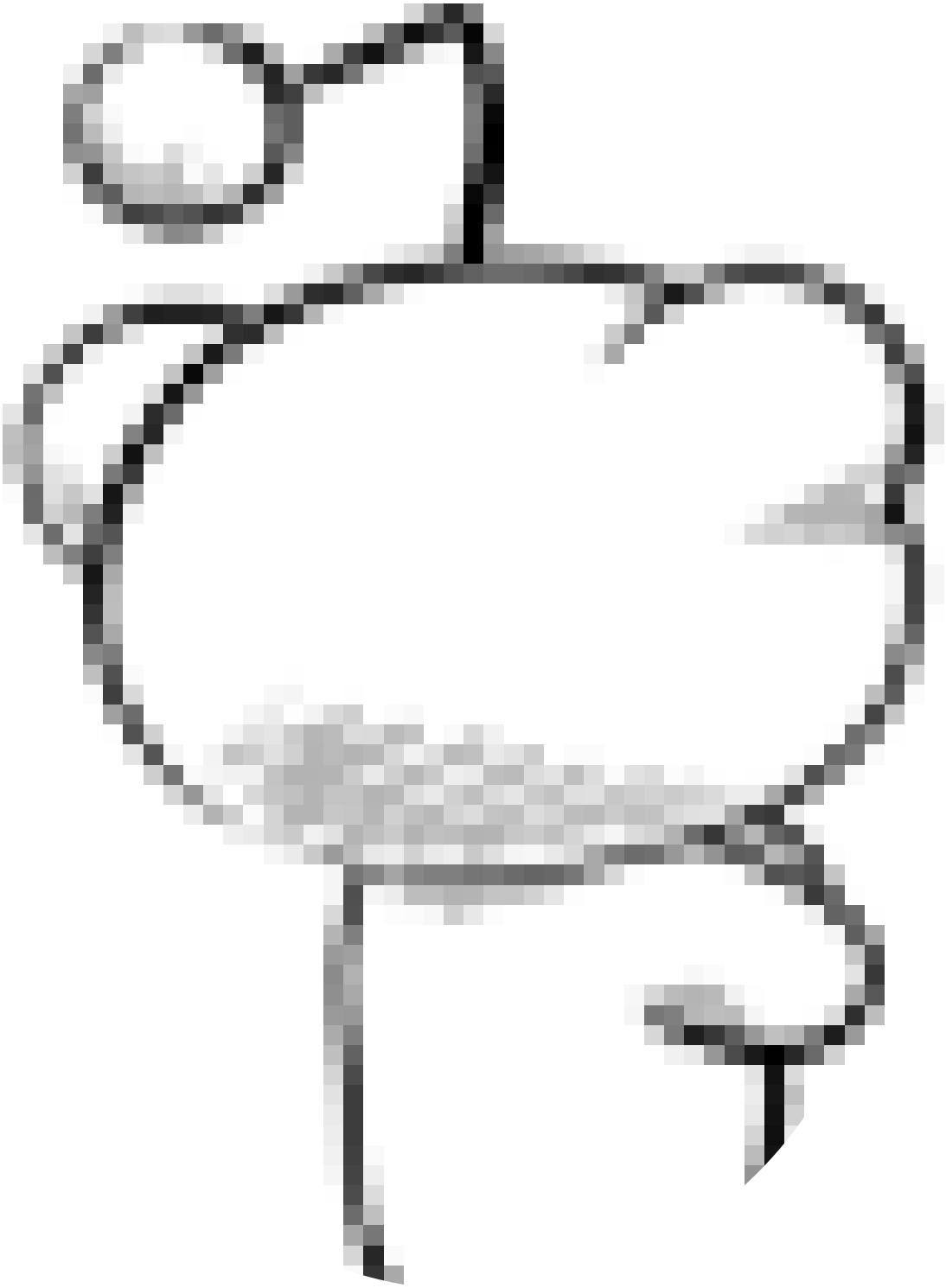
The show Candle Cove used to creep me out when I was a kid . . . http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=CjP6eVDjuIM

Reply Share



Muskwatch
â€¢ 15y ago

Nurse in our hospital woke up one night to a sort of knocking on her window, second story of the nurses residence. She looked over, and there was a man wearing a wolfskin mask with some bones and stuff cursing her. She gave him a shove and that was the end of that. Then there was the time my mom saw the same man having a heart-attack in the cemetery, except he wasn't actually, he was sending someone a heart attack.



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â€¢ 15y ago

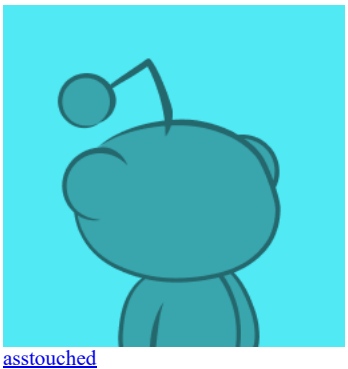
Wait, WHAT?!

MagicSPA
â€¢ 15y ago

Oh, he was SENDING someone a heart-attack!

Makes sense.

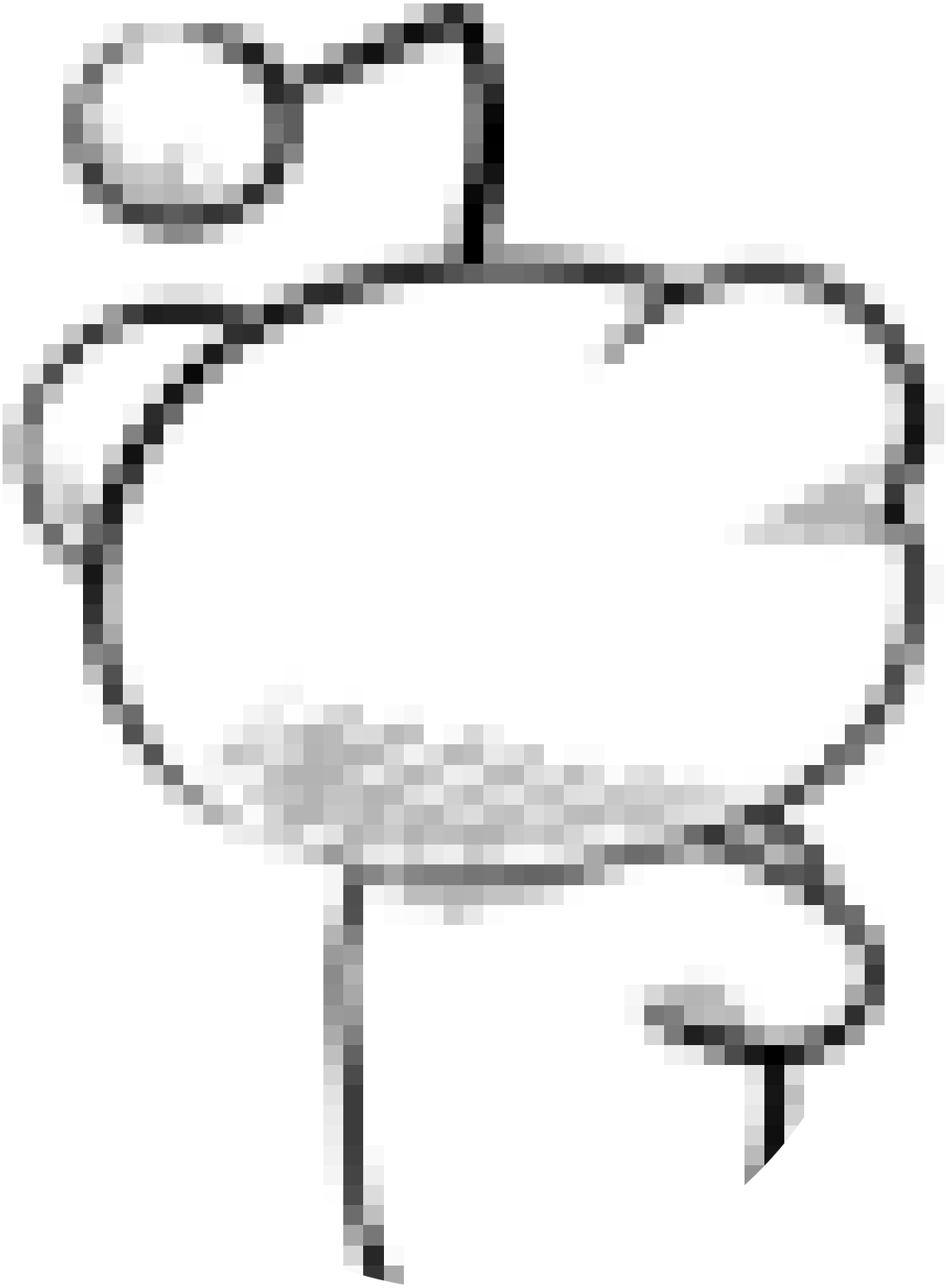
More replies



asstouched
â€¢ 15y ago

As a young school boy in grade school I would hang out at the Barnes and Nobles Bookstore in the magazine section while my Mom was shopping. While I was standing reading about the N64 I felt a hand graze my buttocks. Maybe about 2 to 3 seconds. I looked behind me and all I see is an old guy with grey hair maybe in his 60's, no one else around and no reason for him to bump me on accident. He smiled at me and I just ignored him and kept reading the magazine for a couple more minutes. Got bored and walked back to my sister.

I didnt realize until I stepped out of the bookstore that "HOLY SHIT SOME OLD PEDO JUST TOUCHED MY ASS" I didn't realize people like that existed and I turned around to check if the old guy was still there. He was, and I knew he was up to no good. I confronted him, we argued, and started making trouble in the bookstore, I got in one small fight, then my mom found out and got scared. She said 'You're movin with your auntie and uncle in Bel-Air!' I whistled for a cab and when i came near. The license plate said 'Fresh', And had dice in the mirror, If anything i could say that this cab was rare, But I thought 'Nah, forget it - Yo, home to Bel-Air!' I pulled up to the house at bout seven or eight, I yelled to the cabbie 'Yo home, smell ya later!' I looked at my kingdom, I was finally there! To sit on my throne as the prince of Bel-Air!



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â€¢ 15y ago

Did you really create a throwaway just to Bel Air?

almosthuman
â€¢ 15y ago

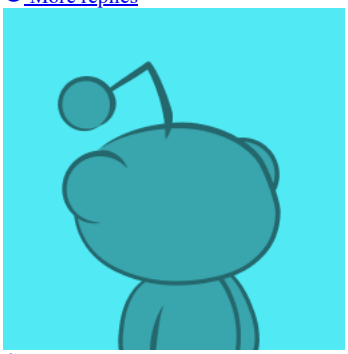
You were supposed to be playing basketball

MagicSPA

â€¢ 15y ago

Terrible.

More replies

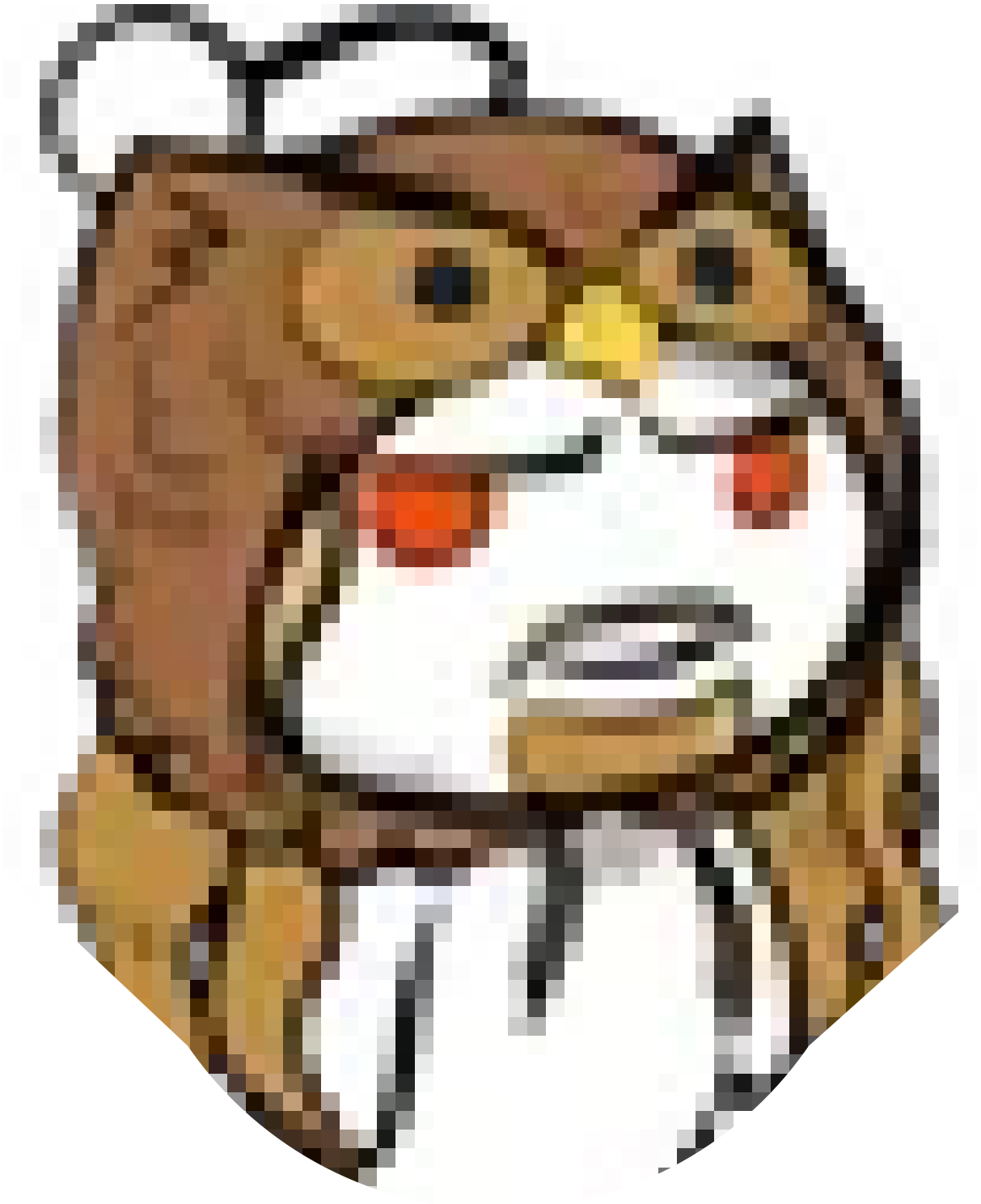


Cozen
â€¢ 15y ago

This happened to a friend of mine: He was working at a community center very early in the morning, getting things ready for a charity event later. He's all alone, hears a knock on the door. It is a man, about 6'4" and just made of muscle wearing full clown makeup and a wife beater. He looks right at him and says nothing. My friend asks him what he wants. The clown asks if he wants to see a magic trick.

Of course then he did a magic trick, a pretty good one too. Then walked off.

Reply Share



santifc
â€¢ 15y ago

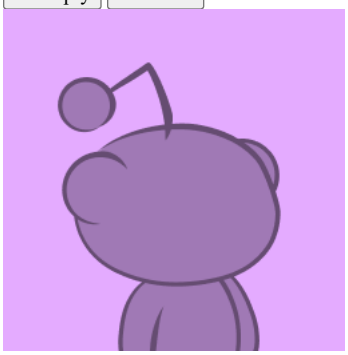
This story is true, it didn't happen to me, but the girl who experienced it, a very close friendof mine, does not make up stories like this.

So it happenned to her that she was sleeping, woke up in the middle of the night dissoriented, pitch black room, and started to scream having a nervous breakdown.

Nothing strange so far, but what followed gives the creeps everytime I remember it:

Her mother went into the room, turned on the lights, and tried to calm her down. Then her sister called them to the living room. They went there and saw her watching the TV, and in the tv they could hear my friend screaming the same words she was saying just seconds before. As if she had been recorded and played back.

Reply Share



ridgelawrence
â€¢ 15y ago

I feel like the amount of fiction in this thread is overwhelming.

Noyjeetut
â€¢ 15y ago

I went on a road trip from Georgia to Arizona, and had been calling my Mom at payphones (Don't have a cell, don't want one) along the way to let her know me and my bro were alright. So coming back in Texas we stopped that night to call, but the phone was glitched and only let me hear her and I came in very quiet. And she thought something was wrong that made he have to whisper or something, so she kept on asking if everything was alright and I kept screaming at the top my lungs "yes" which made her more skeptical. A Mexican guy walked by and looked horrified because I was loud and walked out on the edge of the corridor (keeping distance). I finally told her I had to go and convinced her not to call the police. The rest of the way home I had this awful feeling in the pit of my stomach.

Reply Share

phildogtheman
â€¢ 15y ago

I don't get it. You had a bad phone connection? That's what made you feel weird?

Reply Share

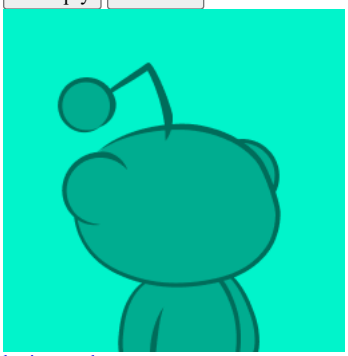
More replies

viper565
â€¢ 15y ago

ctrl + f "flossdaily"

damn.

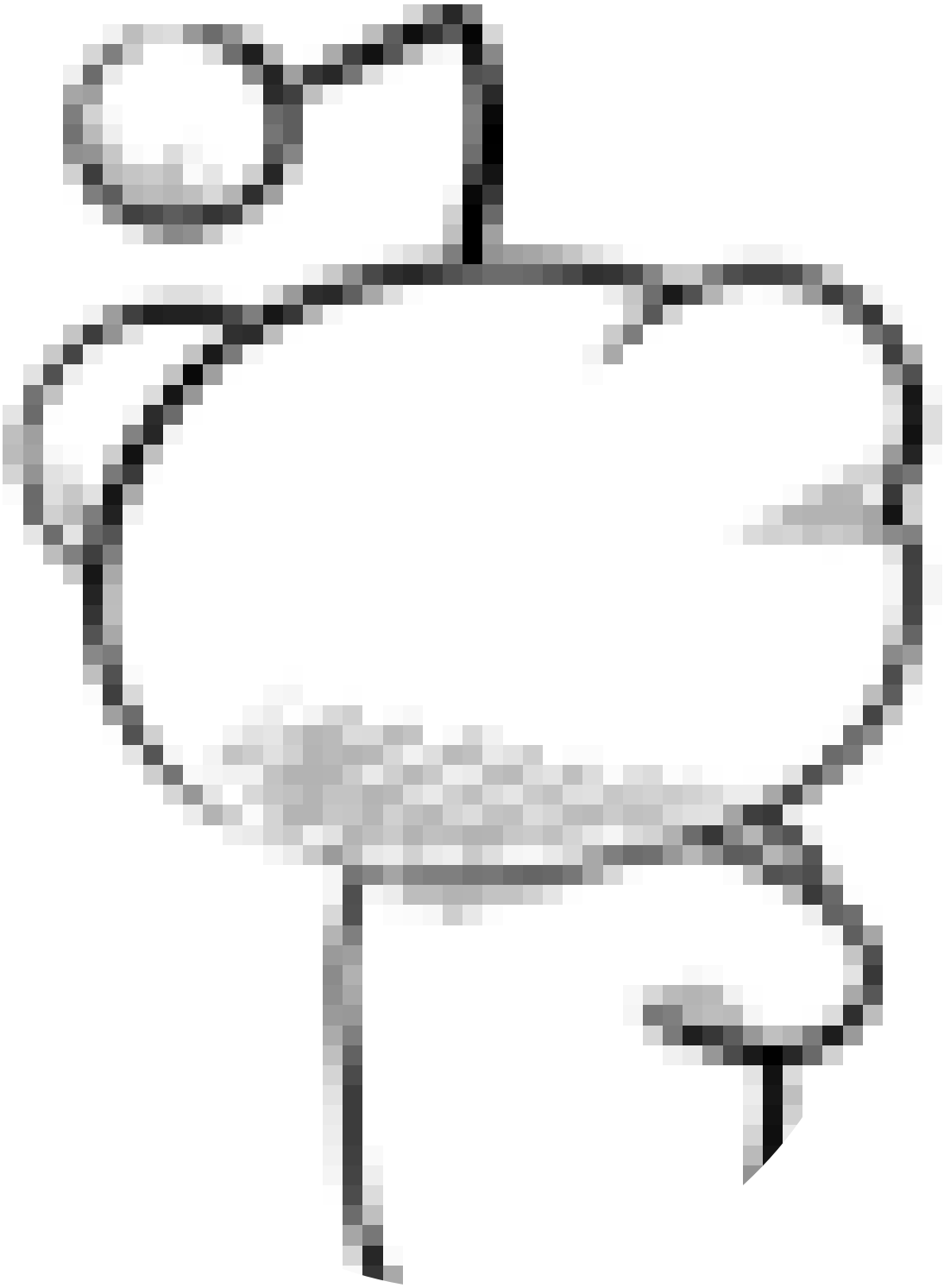
Reply Share



ketiasmonkey
â€¢ 15y ago

Being born. Started breathing before I was even out. Had to have lots of needles shoved in my head directly AFTER coming out. And come one. I had to shave my entire fucking body through my moms vagina. Glad I don't remember it, but the fact that it happened creeps me the fuck out.

Reply Share



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â€¢ 15y ago

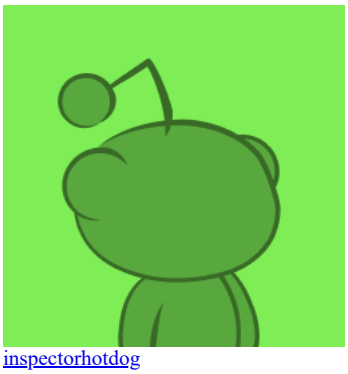
Dis-Occidented?

Reply Share

mclovinash
â€¢ 15y ago

commenting to check stories later ^

Reply Share



inspectorhotdog
â€¢ 15y ago

I survived a plane crash a few years ago. I suffered some head trauma and amnesia from it, so it's still a blur to this day. I can hardly remember most of what happened months after and months before.

Well, my flight was destined to Australia for a summer vacation. I vaguely remember some other passengers, because of what transpired moments later. They were mostly white people. There was an asian couple that didn't speak English. A guy in a wheelchair. I've never boarded a small plane, so the turbulence really freaked me out.

All I remember was getting out of the plane. It was like a car accident except you miss everything up until you're laying on the beach. People start to check on me to see if I'm alright. A rather muscular curly haired brunette woman was giving me CPR. I look over and the man in the wheelchair is carrying people out of the mess. I swore he was confined to the chair.

I see the asian woman freaking out trying to find her husband. They are both arguing in English. Again, I swear they didn't understand the stewardess, but maybe it was just a way to avoid paying for a bill.

I start to fade from nausea. I black out again on the beach.

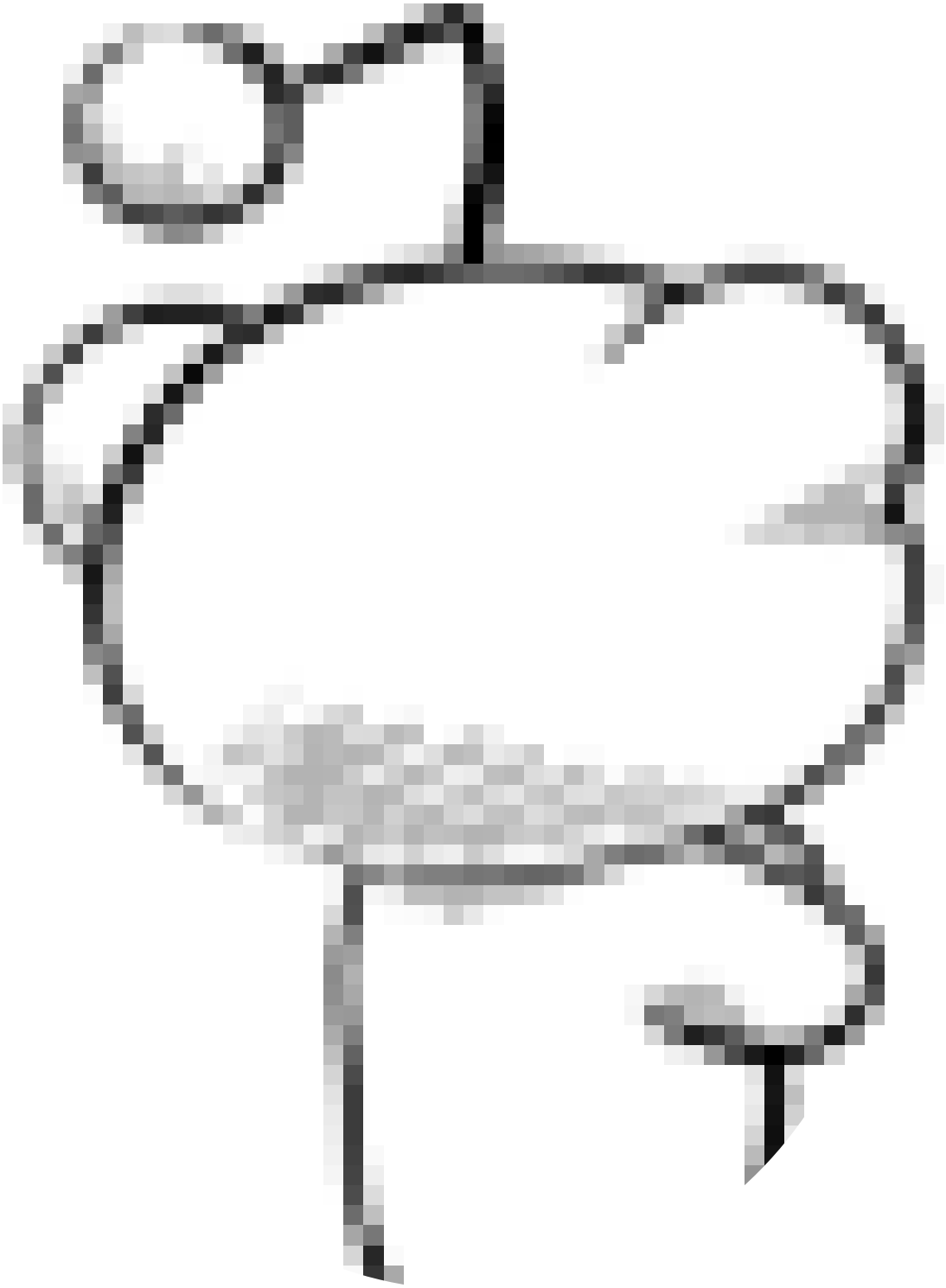
Next thing I know. I wake up on the plane. It hadn't crashed. The exact same people are on the same plane. Nobody has moved.

I check my iPad, and it has suddenly become a second generation iPod. You know, the one with buttons. I look at my watch, it's it's three years earlier.

The plane crashes.

I'm dead.

I'm posting this from three years ago.



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â€¢ 15y ago

I once accidentally the whole thing.

Reply Share

HaightnAshbury
â€¢ 15y ago

thanks for coming out, really

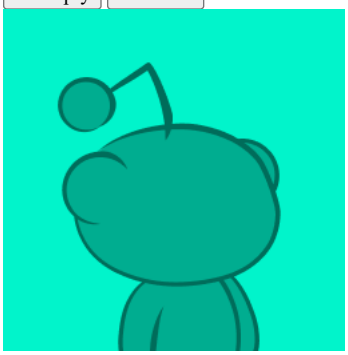
Reply Share

More replies

MONSTERheart
â€¢ 15y ago

I was just lying in bed, trying to fall asleep, when suddenly this cat outside starts screeching like how they do in the movies when they get thrown.

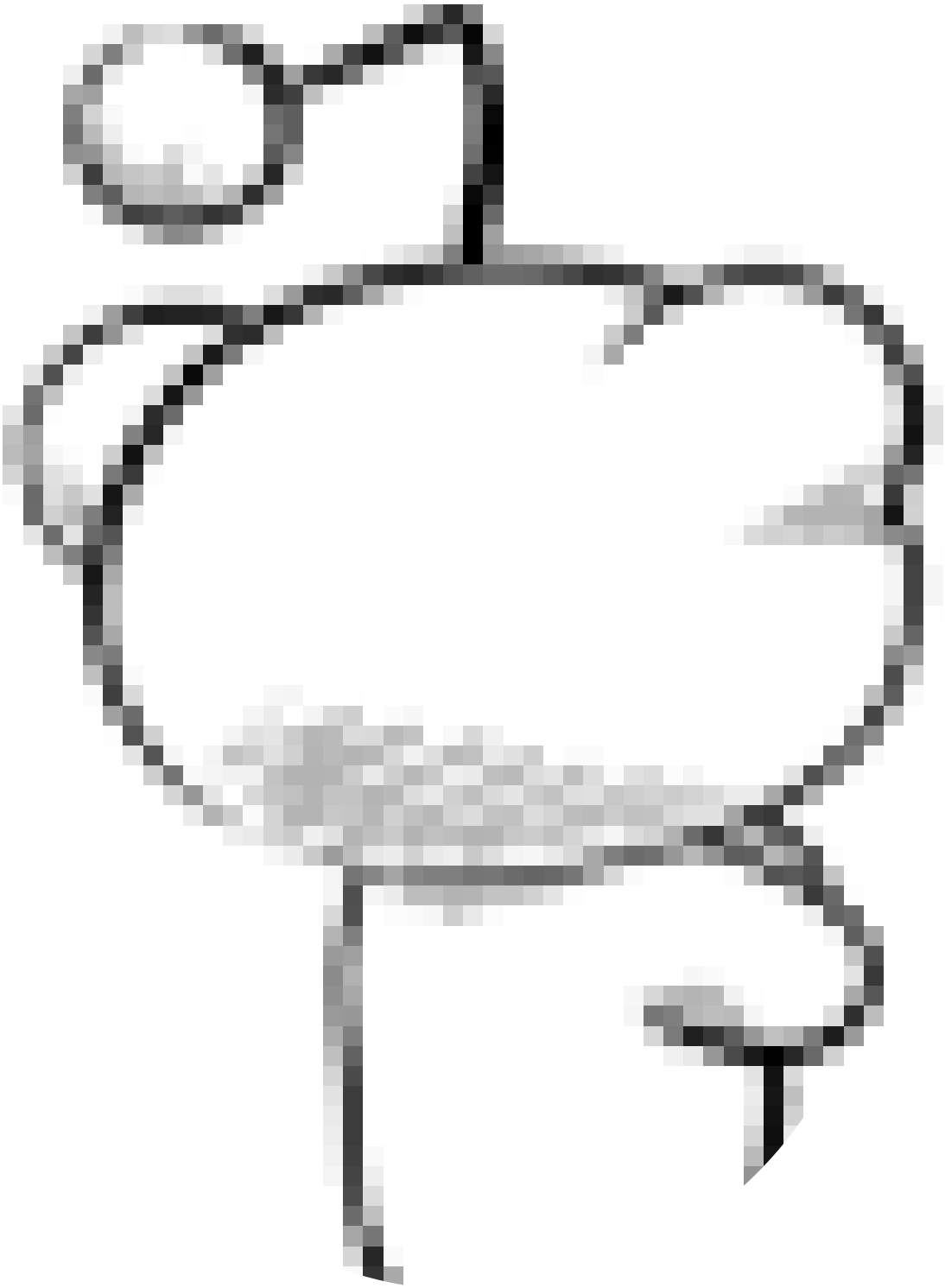
Reply Share



91Jacob
â€¢ 15y ago

Saw two girls from my school french kiss for like 30 minutes, one of them being hideous.

Reply Share



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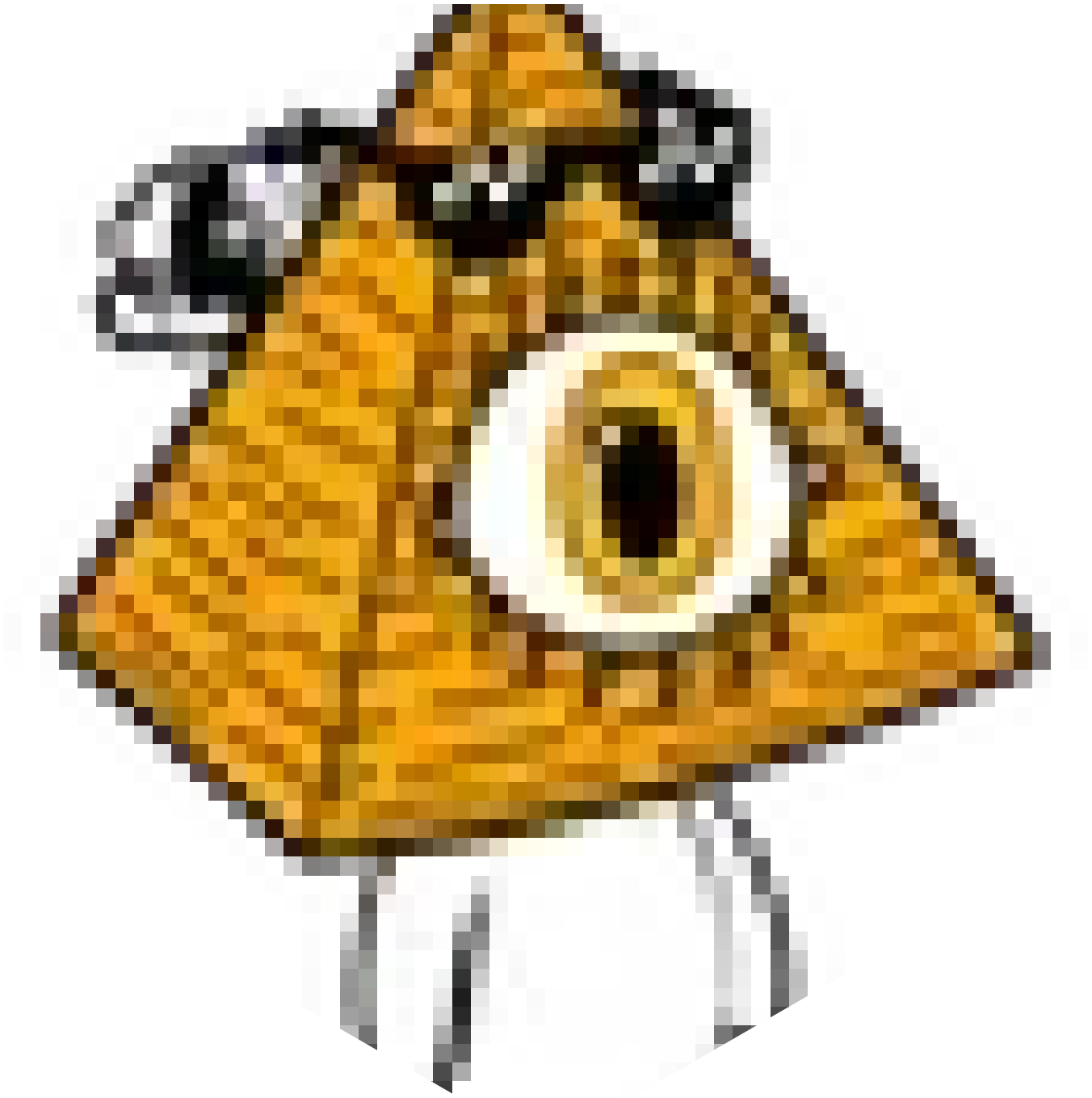
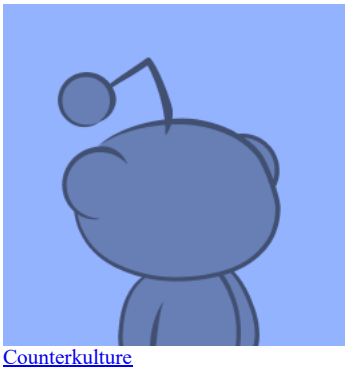
â€¢ 15y ago

Comment deleted by user



hilo
â€¢ 15y ago

I duno man. i'm getting the feeling that a lot of these are true.

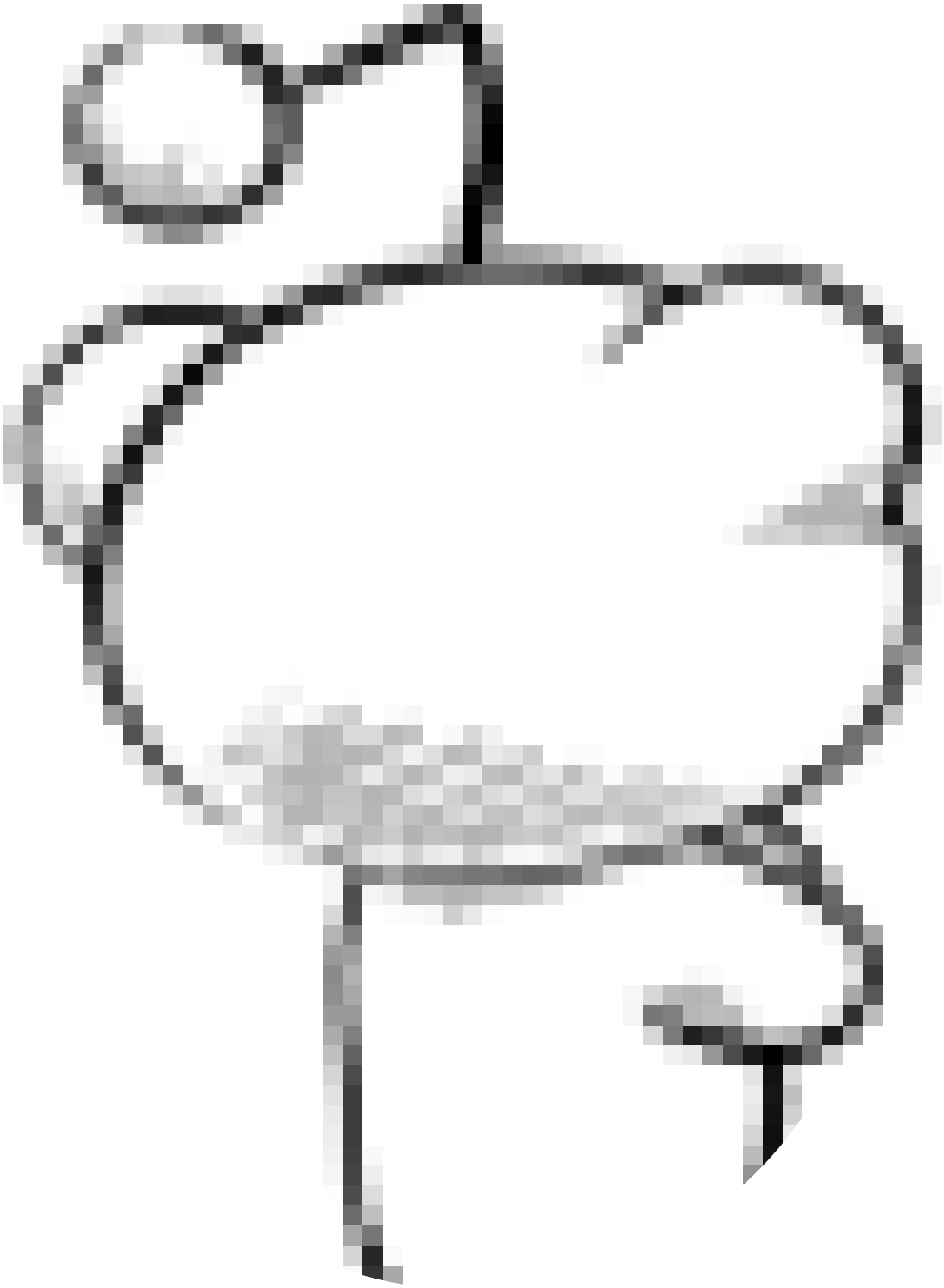


Counterkulture

â€¢ 15y ago

It's too hard to go into the whole story because it's still so creepy to think about. But let's just say this: I found a hook sticking out of the back of my car.

Reply Share



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â€¢ 15y ago

This page is full of posts of things that we all know is impossible, but for some reason people swear it's true ("the plates flew across the room and we heard a chorus of school girls telling us to get out!"). It makes you wonder though, with so many reported incidents of supernatural things, why people are so gullible.

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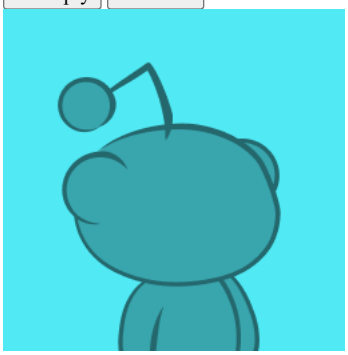
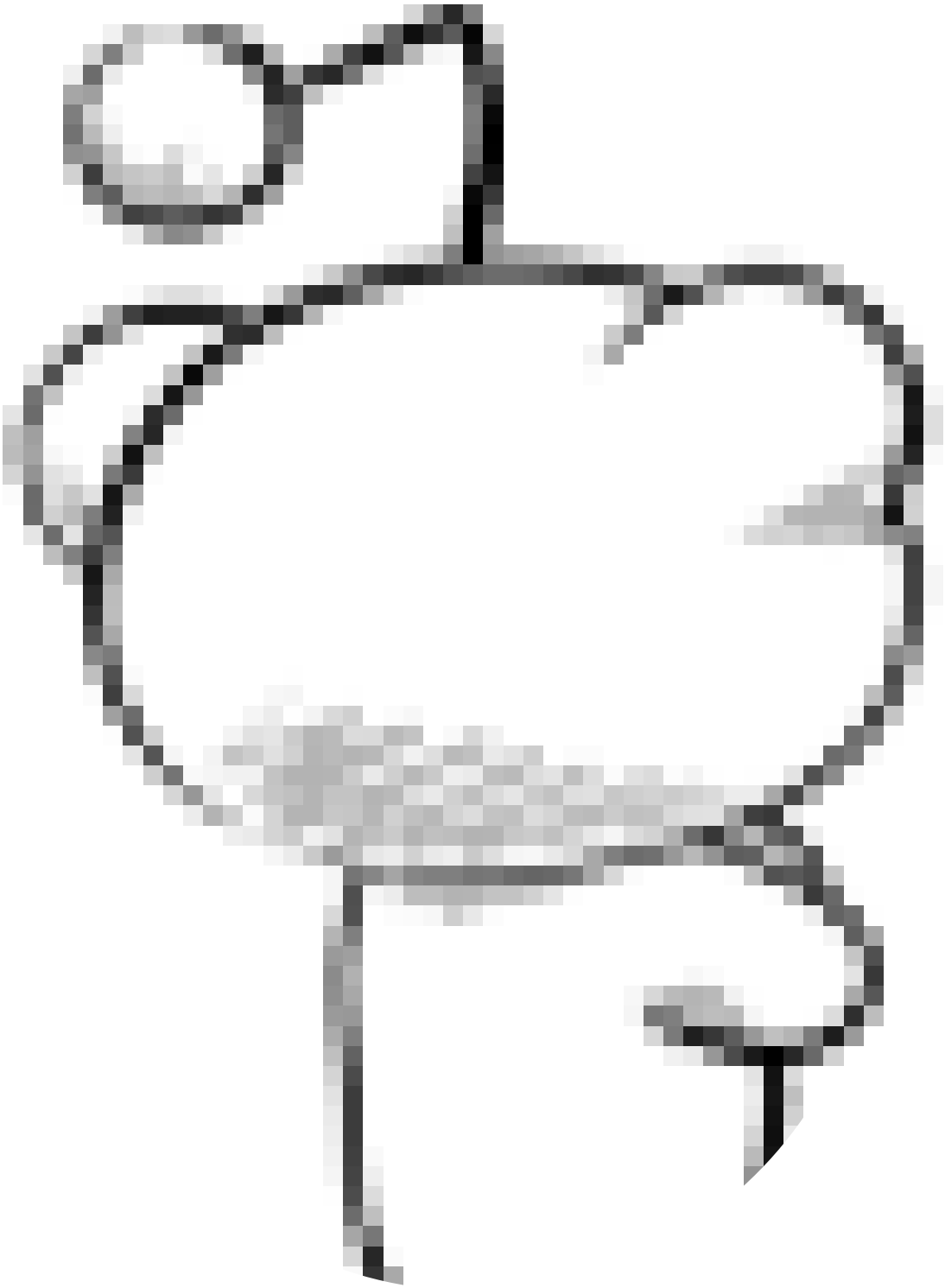


JesterD86
â€¢ 15y ago

There was a Creeper IN MY HOUSE!!! Sssss, BOOM! Don't leave your doors open!

Reply Share



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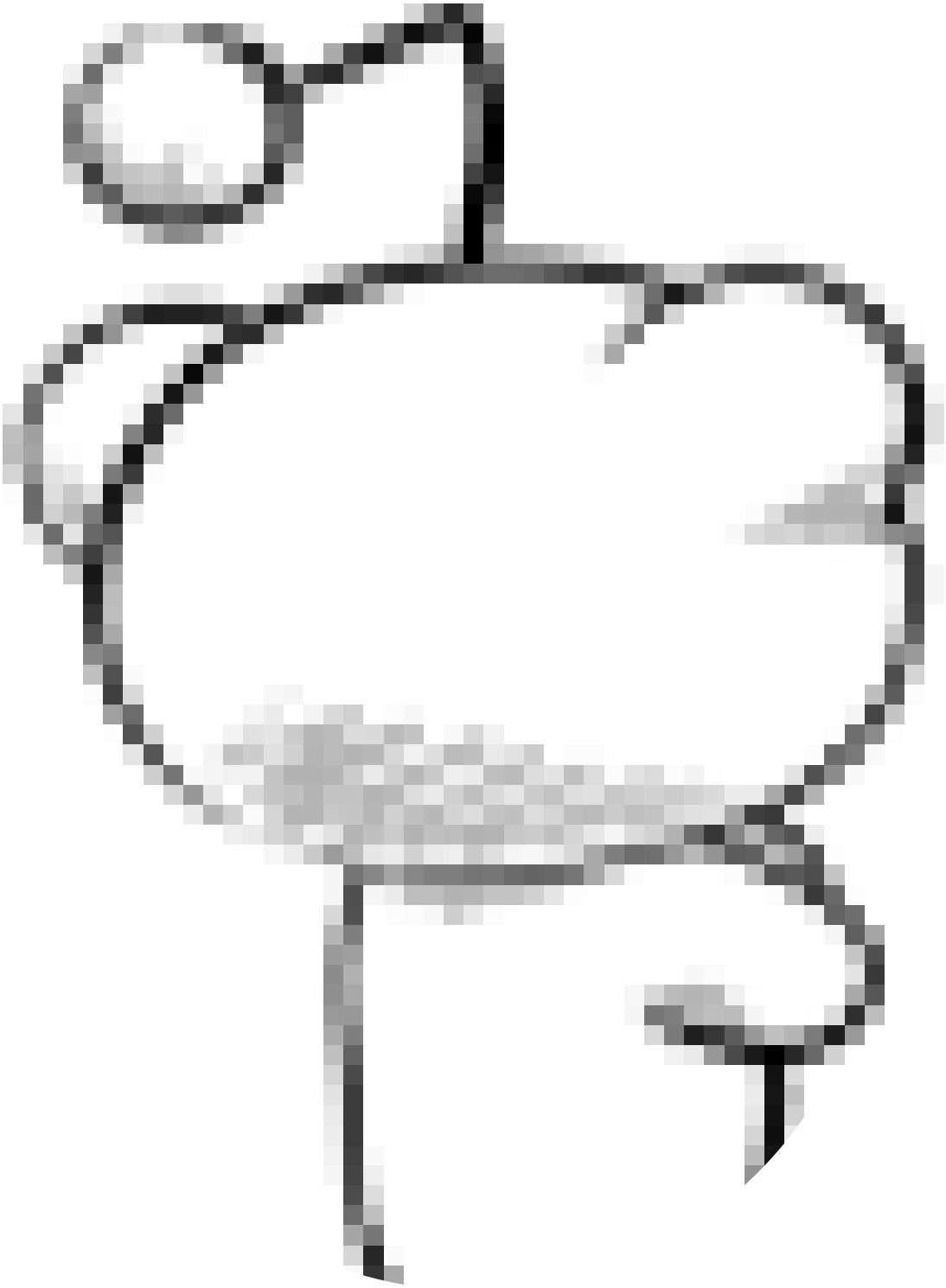
â€¢ 15y ago

Let me just pre-emptively tell you all that the majority of the responses in here are classic examples of mental issues or logical fallacies...



analmurder
â€¢ 15y ago

Stop ruining our fun, man.

2 more replies

2 more replies

⊕ More replies ⊕ More replies

workbench
â€¢ 15y ago

[f]rak.

lowrads
â€¢ 15y ago

You're just lying in bed, awake, but sleepy. You start to drift off a little, but then feel something is amiss. As an adult, you can't just go flicking on a light, and reinforcing irrational fears, so you just lay there.

-woomph-

Blood rushes through your veins fast enough to vibrate your ear drums. It sounds like a waterfall.

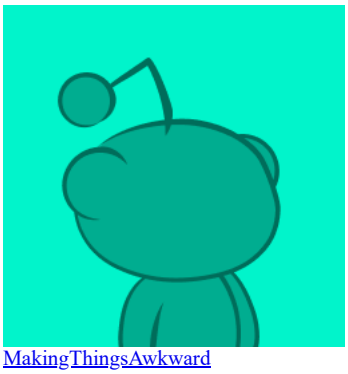
-*WOOMPH*-

The world feels like it compresses a little bit. Your brain doesn't know how to process this stimuli. Your limbs are rigid and heavy, but you could fight this if you thought it was a good idea.

**-WOOMPH-**

For a second, the darkness of the room is replaced by a deeper darkness as the world compresses around you like its trying to squash you. You are calm, but your heart is racing. A small part of your brain wonders if you are having a stroke or something.

**-WOOMPH- -WOOMPH- -WOOMPH-** ...



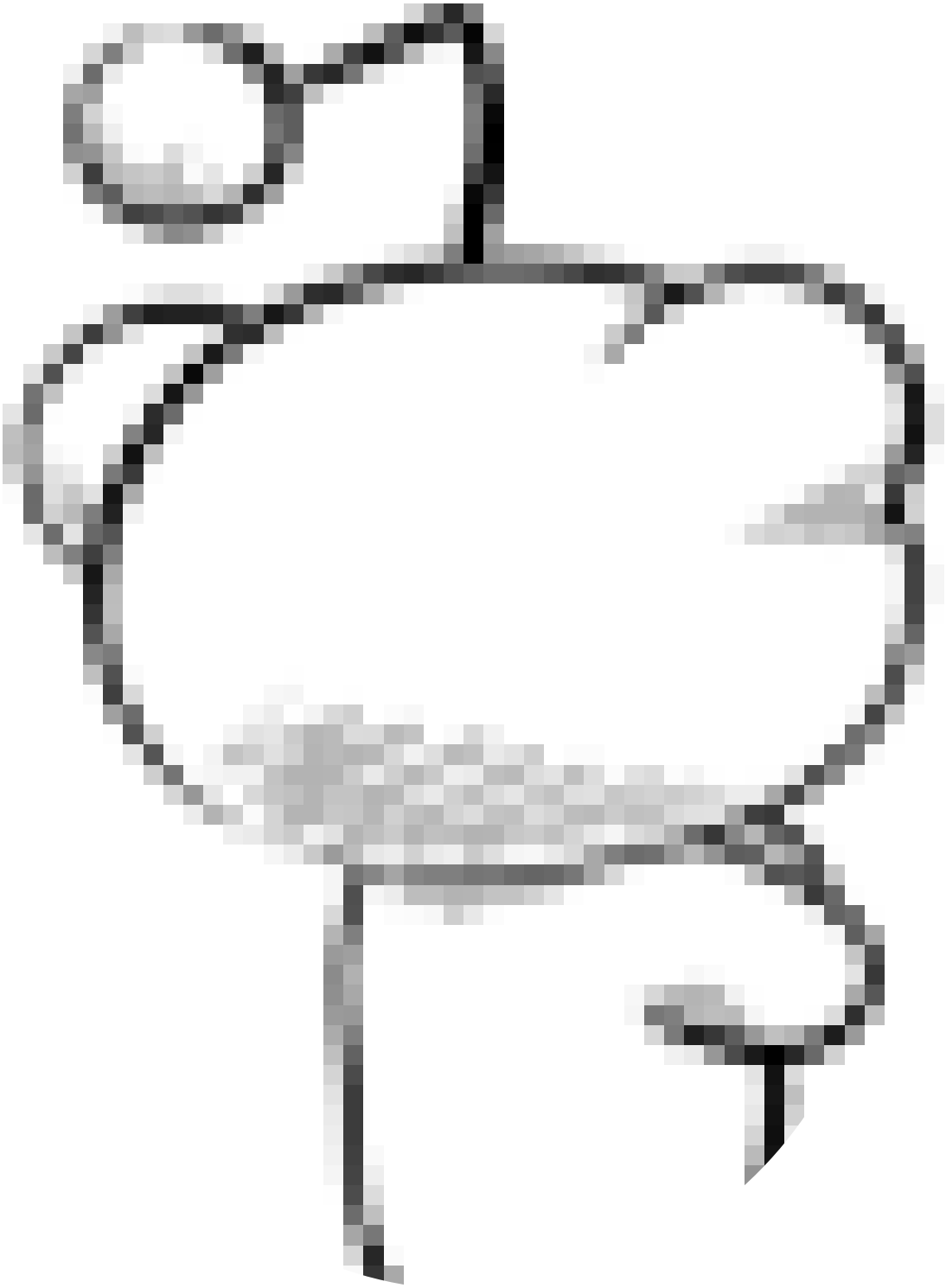
MakingThingsAwkward
â€¢ 15y ago

I caught myself masturbating to this... Figure that one out

http://imgur.com/5BMJb

mijj
â€¢ 15y ago

crabgrass



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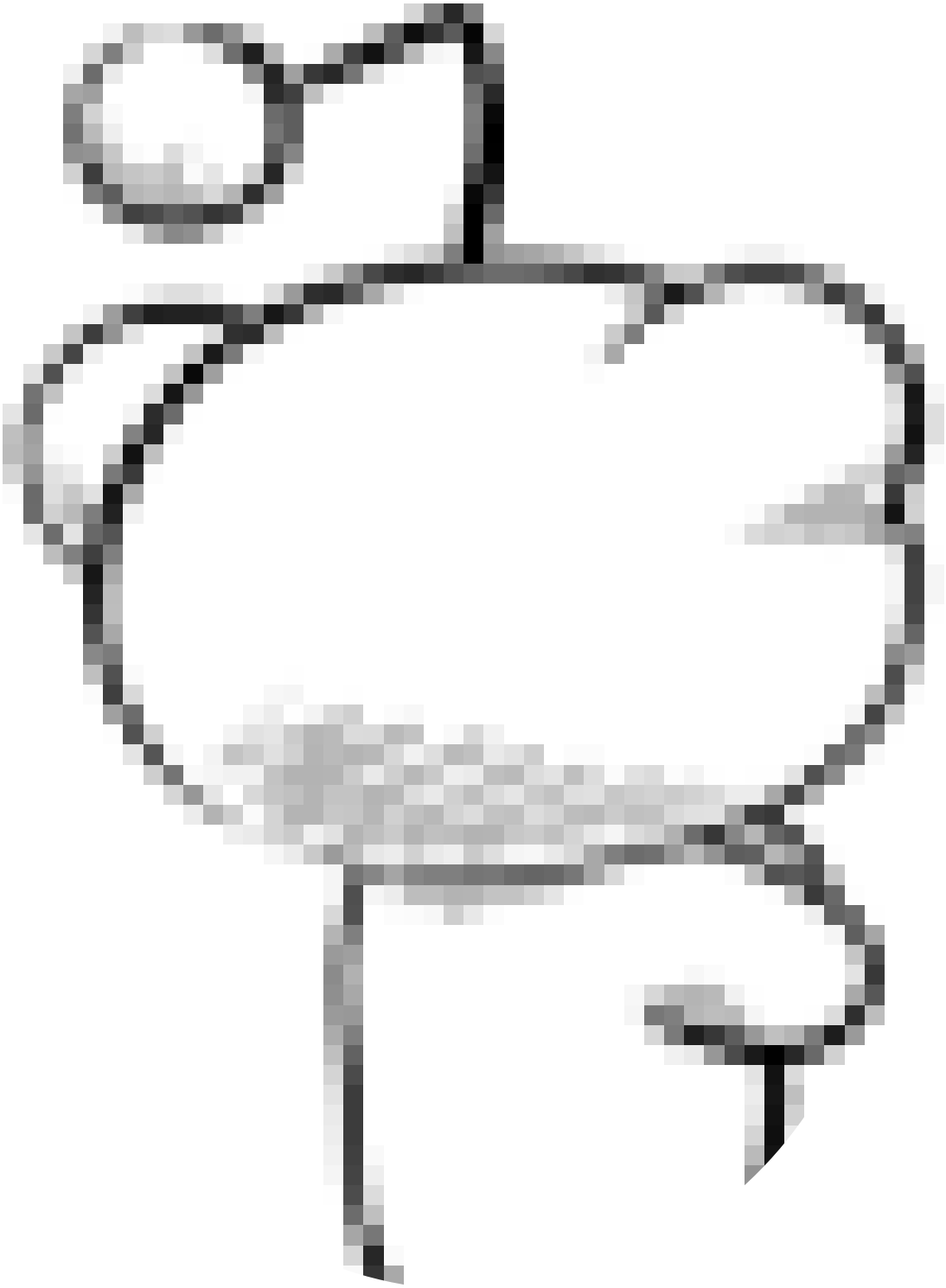
â€¢ 15y ago

TWO THOUSANDTH COMMENT!!!!!

Edit: shit, you guys are fast. Actually 2002nd comment.



[deleted]
â€¢ 15y ago

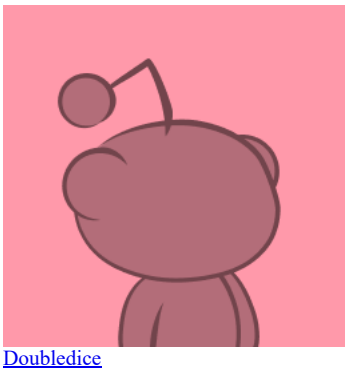
Comment deleted by user

1 more reply
1 more reply

More replies

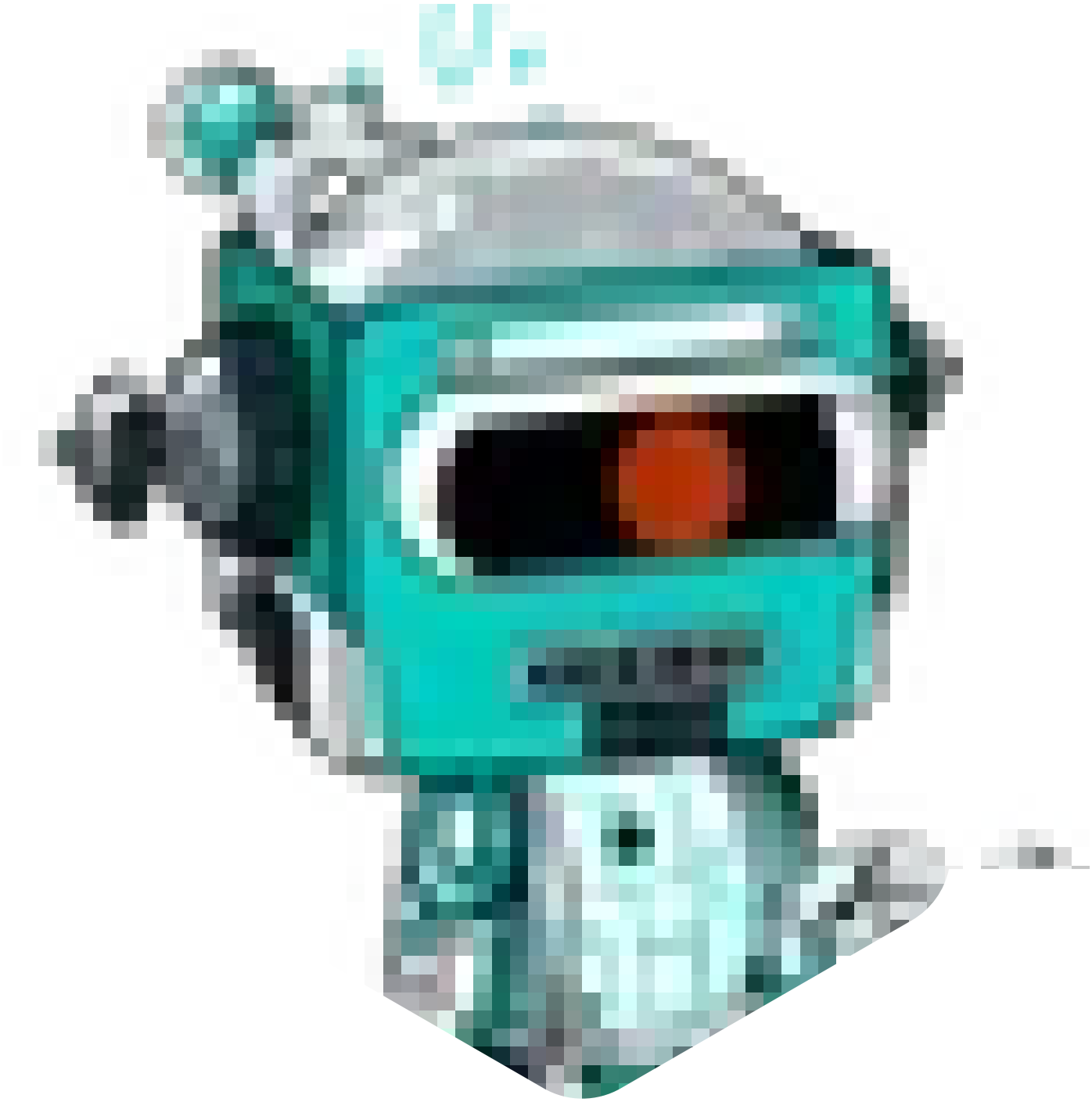
shadowthunder
â€¢ 15y ago

"SSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS"



Doubledice
â€¢ 15y ago

Boss almost turning corner, challenge accepted. Me: five. Location:Mexico. Chupacabra. Ranch. Cows. Red eyes. Red eyes running away. Fuck yeah while crying.



DarthSpeed
â€¢ 15y ago

Half-life 2

paragpn21
â€¢ 15y ago

I live on a pretty deserted dirt road and when I was younger I would walk to one of the bridges along it and throw rocks and those spinning seeds from maple trees into the streams.

Well one weekend I was walking with my three dogs to a bridge and I looked up to the sky to see three crows flying in the opposite direction which had reminded me of a story in school about if you see a bird flying in the opposite direction you are going, then it is a sign of bad luck.

So, walking down my road I look up, see the crows, think about the story, and when I looked back straight ahead I see this old guy riding a bicycle looking straight at me. Happened within a span of five seconds and gave my heart a start for sure.

Not soon after I was doing my kid thing throwing shit off the bridge when I hear someone approaching. Sure enough, it was the creepy guy I had seen on the bike. He came about five feet from me and all he asked was "Do those dogs bite?"

I looked at my dogs, scared I was about to pee my pants and just said: "Probably." And he just turned around and rode his bike in the opposite direction. Ever since then I haven't been able to walk my road alone.

TL;DR: As a kid walking down a dirt road, look up to the sky, look back straight and see a creepy old guy riding his bike. Later he approaches asking if my dogs bite. I say "Probably" and he walks away.

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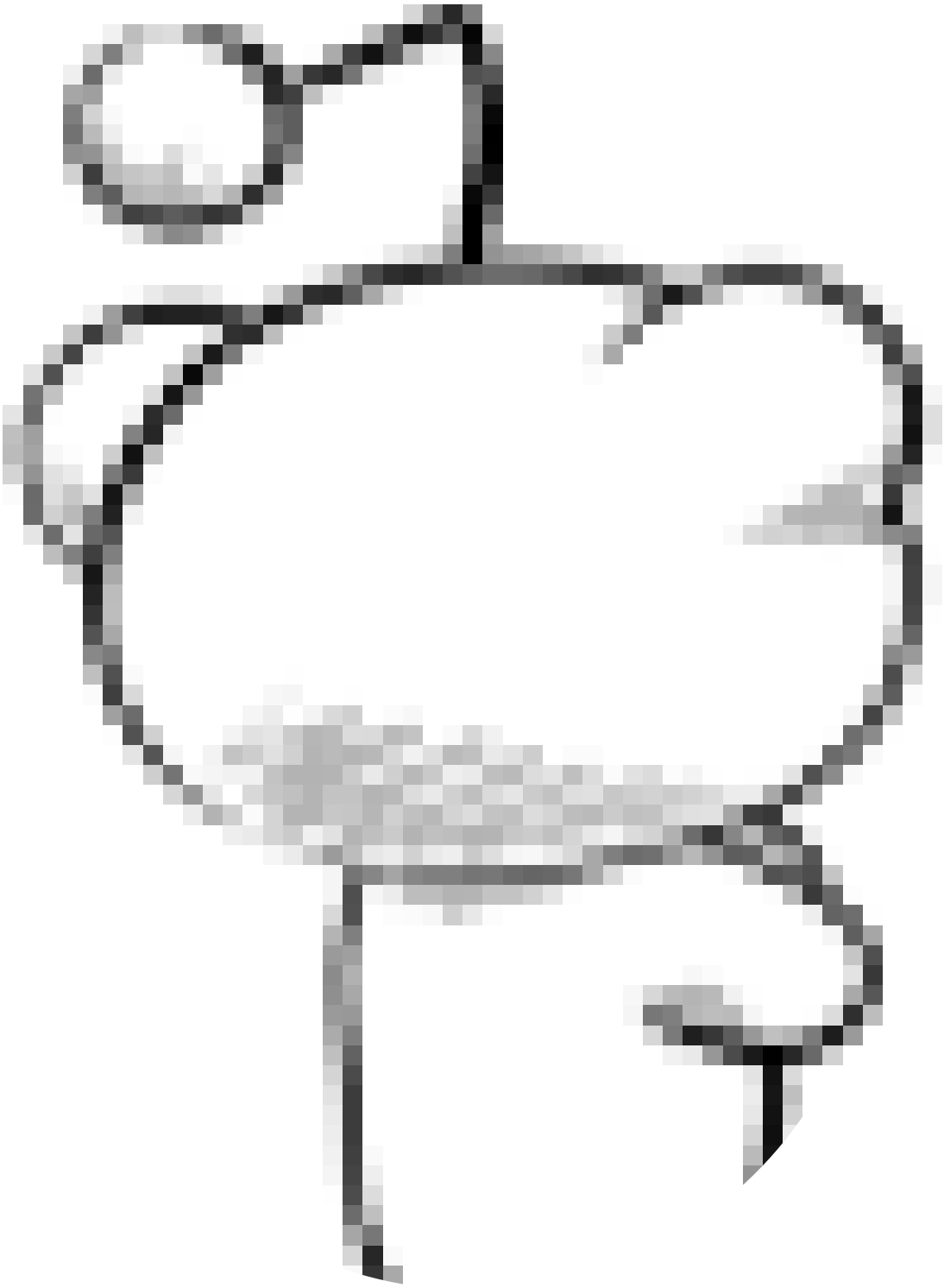
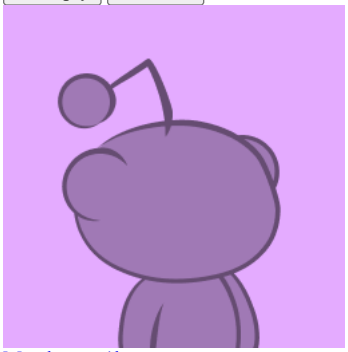


aazav
â€¢ 15y ago

Finding out Natalie Portman's real last name.

Hershlag. Natalie Hershlag.

Reply Share



Mustkunstn1k
â€¢ 15y ago

Isn't there like a subreddit for this? Just pointing it out.

Reply Share

Scarlet-
â€¢ 15y ago

Yeah. But I'm too afraid to go there.

Reply Share
1 more reply
1 more reply

More replies

dingle_hopper1981
â€¢ 15y ago

r/nosleep

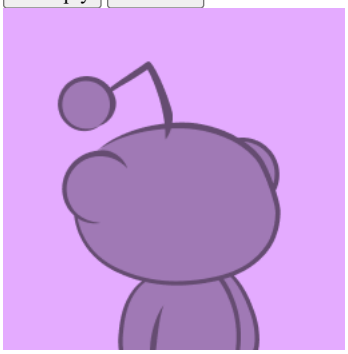
Reply Share

More replies

FruityPeebils
â€¢ 15y ago

well, one time i ran across my kitchen and my cat darted across the room and i tripped over her.... does that count?

Reply Share



peter_bishop
â€¢ 15y ago

When I was around 7 years old I remember thinking that I didn't belong, my parents looked the same but I knew they were strangers. My mom wouldn't feed me bacon even though I knew I loved it. They explained that I had been sick for a long time and I was just confused. Eventually I forgot about all these and moved on with life.

On my early 30s after getting involved on some crazy shit I found out that my fears true, and in reality I had been kidnapped by my "father" from an alternate universe.

**TL;DR Turns out babies taste better cooked on the grill than on the oven.**

sinrtb
â€¢ 15y ago

First thing that comes to mind is the swine flu swab test. 6 inch Qtip they stick deep into your brain through your nostril.

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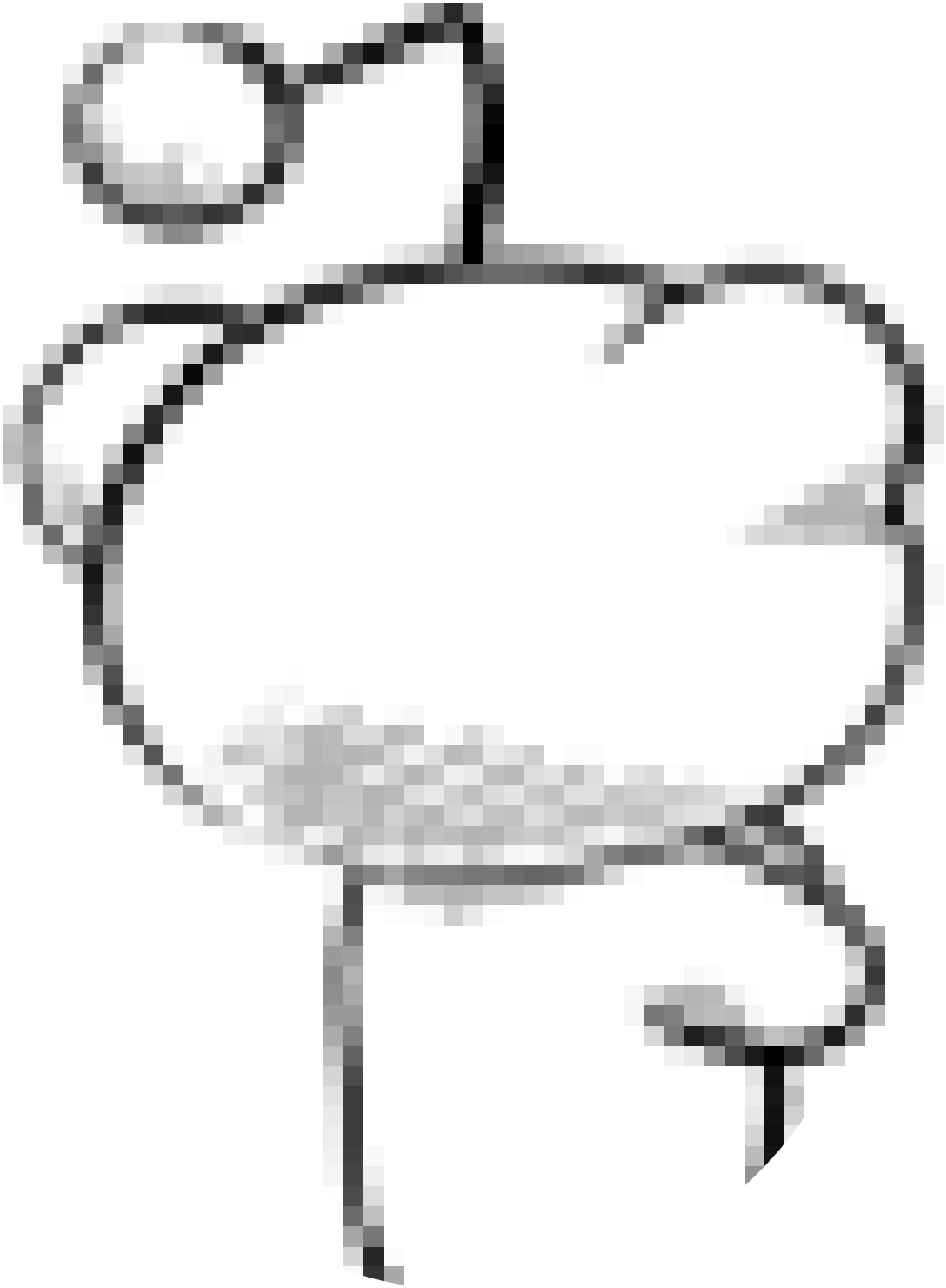


[deleted]
â€¢ 15y ago

I was in my hotel room and I heard a soft knock at my door. It was kind like tap.....tap tap.....tap... really strange. And then I heard the quietest scratching noise coming from the door frame. It stopped as soon as I touched the door.

It was 2:59 in the morning and I was pretty tired and annoyed. I went around to go back to bed when I heard this loud bang in the hallway. It sounded like someone had dropped a medicine ball right in the middle of the hallway.

At this time I was pretty spooked and I walked out into the hallway and looked both ways. Nothing. Lights over head were flickering a little bit, and I couldn't understand where the noise came from. I turned around to get back to my room and came face to face with a 7 year old girl who was standing still in the middle of hallway clutching a ripped doll in her right hand. Her long black hair had covered her front face and I couldn't make anything out. I Jumped back immediately because she scared the shit out of

me. She didn't move an inch. I took a half step forward and asked "are you ok?" when all of a sudden I heard this low growl coming from her. It was too deep for any girl to make. I ran for it, out the door, to my car, left my stuff, came back the next day after sleeping in the car.

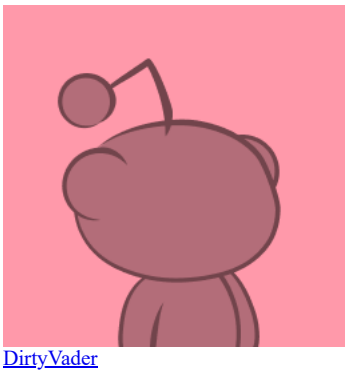
Turns out there was a girl who went missing 5 years ago and they never found her, only her clothes.

Reply Share

glebster_inc
â€¢ 15y ago

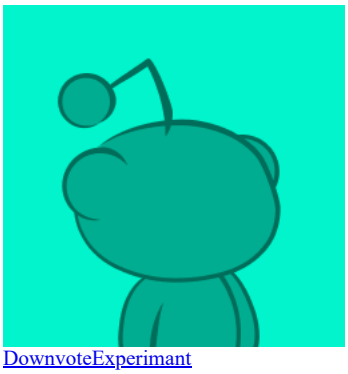
creepiest shit, had a dream i had a huge rat under my pc table, anyways long story short the rat got beheaded and now reddit is safe from that rat coming to their dreams.

Reply Share



DirtyVader
â€¢ 15y ago

Reddit, i am disappoint...



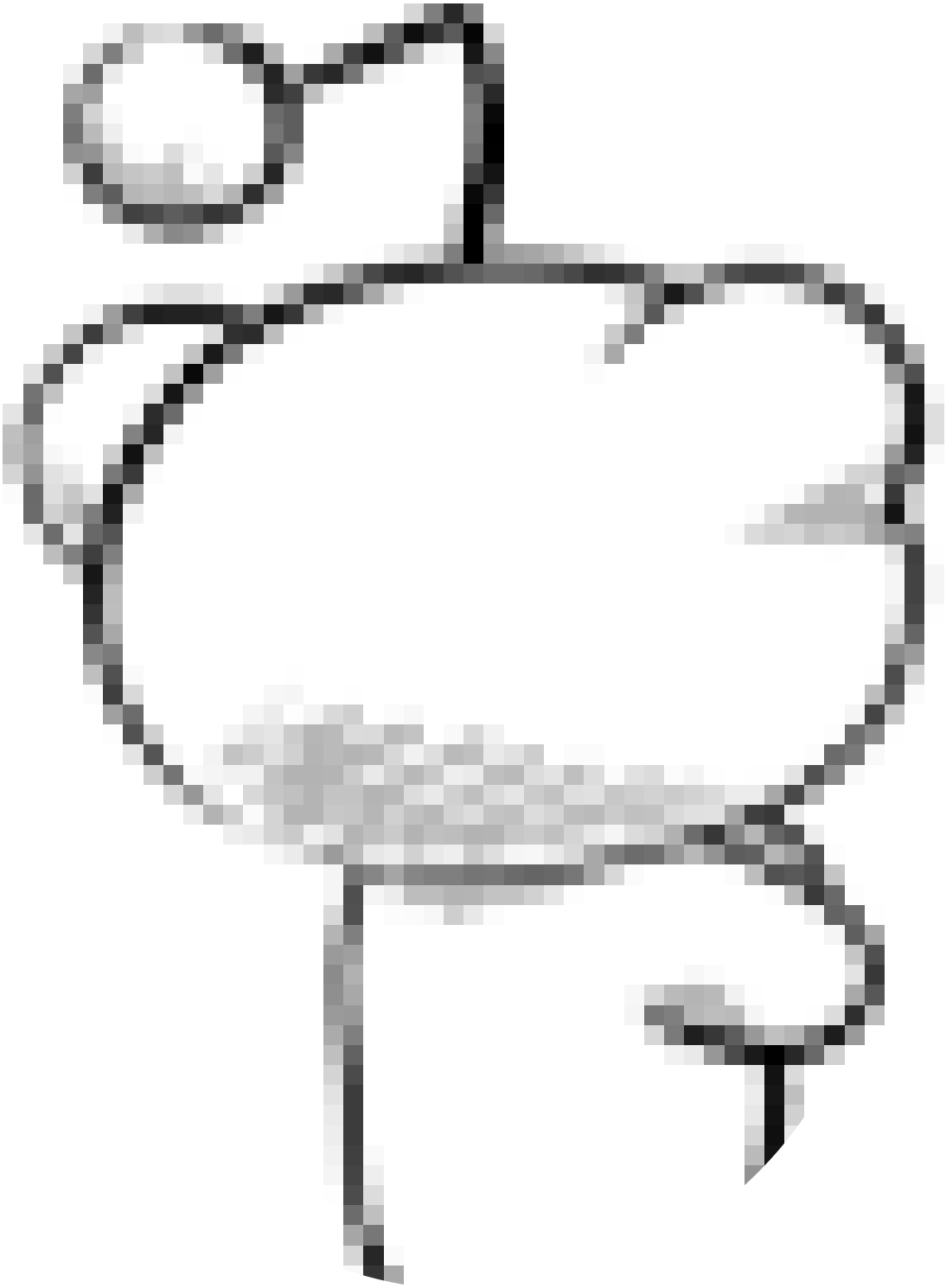
DownvoteExperimant
â€¢ 15y ago

So a few years back I had this dog. I had that dog for a LONG time, it was getting pretty dang old. I knew it didn't have much time left. Anyway my dog would basically spend all of its time just chilling under my bed. It seemed pretty comfortable under their, and I could only seem to get it to come out for food. After a while I would stop trying to get it out from under their, but it's not like I could've gotten it to play fetch or anything at that age.

Every day when I came home from work I just knew it'd be under my bed. So I would check on it by reaching my hand under the bed and it would lick my hand. Then one day it didn't lick my hand. Well for a moment. It took longer than usual, but after a few seconds I felt a lick on my hand. No worries. That day I then went into the bathroom and found my dog dead. It was hung up in my shower with its throat slit bleeding out into the drain. And written in its blood on the wall was the phrase "Dogs aren't the only things that can lick hands".

denim-chicken
â€¢ 15y ago

that happens alot these days



[deleted]
â€¢ 15y ago

Creepy story (even though it is not true) seems like your experiment is a success.

More replies

jpiLLz510
â€¢ 15y ago

My family and i had a planned trip to reno, nv. In a 2 bedr

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0 0

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  r/AskReddit
  â€¢ 2mo ago

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  r/AskReddit
  â€¢ 3mo ago

  **Whatâ€™s the creepiest thing youâ€™ve experienced that still gives you chills?**

  1.5K upvotes Â· 1.3K comments

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  r/AskReddit
  â€¢ 16d ago

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  20 upvotes Â· 41 comments

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  r/AskReddit
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  â€¢ 3y ago

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  r/AskReddit
  â€¢ 1mo ago

**What's the creepiest supernatural thing that happened to you or anyone you know?**

4 upvotes Â· 40 comments

- Whatâ€™s the scariest real-life thing youâ€™ve ever witnessed?
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**Whatâ€™s the scariest real-life thing youâ€™ve ever witnessed?**

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**What are some VERY creepy facts?**

10K upvotes Â· 8.6K comments

- [SERIOUS] What is the Creepiest or most Unexplained thing thatâ€™s happened to you that you still think about to this day?
  r/AskReddit
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**[SERIOUS] What is the Creepiest or most Unexplained thing thatâ€™s happened to you that you still think about to this day?**

81K upvotes Â· 25K comments

- Whatâ€™s the creepiest thing a stranger has ever said to you?
  r/AskReddit
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**Whatâ€™s the creepiest thing a stranger has ever said to you?**

52 upvotes Â· 148 comments

- What is the creepiest thing anyone has ever said to you unsolicited?
  r/AskReddit
  â€¢ 18d ago

**What is the creepiest thing anyone has ever said to you unsolicited?**

54 upvotes Â· 82 comments

- what is the creepiest feeling you ever got?
  r/AskReddit
  â€¢ 3d ago

  **what is the creepiest feeling you ever got?**

  90 upvotes Â· 214 comments

- What is the most creepiest/scariest experience you ever had?
  r/Paranormal
  â€¢ 3mo ago

  **What is the most creepiest/scariest experience you ever had?**

  151 upvotes Â· 154 comments

- Whatâ€™s a genuinely scary thing youâ€™ve encountered that still haunts you to this day?
  r/AskReddit
  â€¢ 5mo ago

  **Whatâ€™s a genuinely scary thing youâ€™ve encountered that still haunts you to this day?**

  709 upvotes Â· 739 comments

- What is the scariest thing you have ever seen or experienced?
  r/AskReddit
  â€¢ 13d ago

  **What is the scariest thing you have ever seen or experienced?**

  11 upvotes Â· 40 comments

- Whats the scariest thing that ever happened to you?
  r/AskReddit
  â€¢ 24d ago

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  828 upvotes Â· 1.1K comments

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https://accounts.google.com/gsi/style @charset "utf-8"; #credential_picker_container { border-width: medium; border-style: none; border-color: currentcolor; border-image: initial; height: 330px; position: fixed; right: 20px; top: 20px; width: 391px; z-index: 9999; } #credential_picker_container .L5Fo6c-PQbLGe { border-width: medium; border-style: none; border-color: currentcolor; border-image: initial; width: 391px; height: 330px; } @media only screen and (max-width: 410px) { #credential_picker_container { overflow: hidden auto; right: 0px; width: 100vw; } #credential_picker_container .L5Fo6c-PQbLGe { width: 100vw; } } #g_a11y_announcement { height: 1px; left: -10000px; overflow: hidden; position: absolute; top: auto; width: 1px; } .L5Fo6c-sM5MNb { border: 0px; display: block; left: 0px; position: relative; top: 0px; } .L5Fo6c-bF1uUb { border-radius: 4px; inset: 0px; cursor: pointer; position: absolute; } .L5Fo6c-bF1uUb:focus { border-width: medium; border-style: none; border-color: currentcolor; border-image: initial; outline: none; } sentinel { } ------MultipartBoundary--
I56SseK8KlbPUoX04656zDPlz19lMcO3aAtG7jdQgM---- Content-Type: text/css Content-Transfer-Encoding: binary Content-Location:
https://www.redditstatic.com/shreddit/pdp-client-css-D3XSOpGh.css @charset "utf-8"; .grid-container:not(.grid-full).pdp-seeker-m2 { --flex-nav-width: 400px; } ------
MultipartBoundary--I56SseK8KlbPUoX04656zDPlz19lMcO3aAtG7jdQgM---- Content-Type: text/css Content-Transfer-Encoding: binary Content-Location:

https://www.redditstatic.com/shreddit/pdp-post-client-css-Bwd8sRtM.css @charset "utf-8"; mod-realtime-action-listener[updateanimation~="light"] > * { animation: 3s ease-out 0s 1 normal none running realtimeFade; } mod-realtime-action-listener[updateanimation~="dark"] > * { animation: 3s ease-out 0s 1 normal none running realtimeFadeNight; } @keyframes realtimeFade { 0% { background-color: rgb(255, 242, 189); border: 1px solid rgb(219, 175, 0); } 100% { background-color: rgb(240, 245, 249); border: 1px solid transparent; } } @keyframes realtimeFadeNight { 0% { background-color: rgb(102, 85, 5); border: 1px solid rgb(56, 45, 3); } 100% { background-color: rgb(3, 3, 3); border: 1px solid rgb(52, 53, 54); } } shreddit-post[is-pdp-seeker-m1-lo] [slot="text-body"] p { margin-top: 8px; margin-bottom: 8px; } shreddit-post[is-pdp-seeker-m1-lo] [slot="text-body"] p:first-of-type { margin-top: 0px; } shreddit-post[is-pdp-seeker-m1-lo] [slot="text-body"] p:last-of-type { margin-bottom: 0px; } html:has(#mtseo-feedback-wrapper) #slot-credit-bar { height: 10px; } ------MultipartBoundary--I56SseK8KlbPUoX04656zDPlz19lMcO3aAtG7jdQgM---- Content-Type: text/css Content-Transfer-Encoding: binary Content-Location: https://www.redditstatic.com/shreddit/comment-preview-unit-client-css-CES0qfzD.css @charset "utf-8"; .rtjson-text-preview blockquote:not(:first-child)::before, .rtjson-text-preview blockquote:not(:last-child)::after, .rtjson-text-preview pre:not(:first-child)::before, .rtjson-text-preview pre:not(:last-child)::after, .rtjson-text-preview table:not(:first-child)::before, .rtjson-text-preview table:not(:last-child)::after { content: "\a "; white-space: pre; } .rtjson-text-preview :not(ol, ul, li, h1) { color-scheme: revert; forced-color-adjust: revert; math-depth: revert; position: revert; position-anchor: revert; text-size-adjust: revert; appearance: revert; color: revert; font-family: revert; font-feature-settings: revert; font-kerning: revert; font-language-override: revert; font-optical-sizing: revert; font-palette: revert; font-size-adjust: revert; font-stretch: revert; font-synthesis: revert; font-variant: revert; font-variation-settings: revert; position-area: revert; text-orientation: revert; text-rendering: revert; text-spacing-trim: revert; -webkit-font-smoothing: revert; -webkit-locale: revert; -webkit-text-orientation: revert; -webkit-writing-mode: revert; writing-mode: revert; zoom: revert; accent-color: revert; place-content: revert; place-items: revert; place-self: revert; alignment-baseline: revert; anchor-name: revert; anchor-scope: revert; animation-composition: revert; animation: revert; animation-trigger: revert; app-region: revert; aspect-ratio: revert; backdrop-filter: revert; backface-visibility: revert; background: revert; background-blend-mode: revert; baseline-shift: revert; baseline-source: revert; block-size: revert; border-block: revert; border: revert; border-radius: revert; border-collapse: revert; border-end-end-radius: revert; border-end-start-radius: revert; border-inline: revert; border-shape: revert; border-start-end-radius: revert; border-start-start-radius: revert; inset: revert; box-decoration-break: revert; box-shadow: revert; box-sizing: revert; break-after: revert; break-before: revert; break-inside: revert; buffered-rendering: revert; caption-side: revert; caret-animation: revert; caret-color: revert; caret-shape: revert; clear: revert; clip: revert; clip-path: revert; clip-rule: revert; color-interpolation: revert; color-interpolation-filters: revert; color-rendering: revert; columns: revert; column-fill: revert; gap: revert; column-rule: revert; column-span: revert; contain: revert; contain-intrinsic-block-size: revert; contain-intrinsic-size: revert; contain-intrinsic-inline-size: revert; container: revert; content: revert; content-visibility: revert; corner-shape: revert; corner-block-end-shape: revert; corner-block-start-shape: revert; counter-increment: revert; counter-reset: revert; counter-set: revert; cursor: revert; cx: revert; cy: revert; d: revert; dominant-baseline: revert; dynamic-range-limit: revert; empty-cells: revert; field-sizing: revert; fill: revert; fill-opacity: revert; fill-rule: revert; filter: revert; flex: revert; flex-flow: revert; float: revert; flood-color: revert; flood-opacity: revert; grid: revert; grid-area: revert; height: revert; hyphenate-character: revert; hyphenate-limit-chars: revert; hyphens: revert; image-orientation: revert; image-rendering: revert; initial-letter: revert; inline-size: revert; inset-block: revert; inset-inline: revert; interactivity: revert; interest-delay: revert; interpolate-size: revert; isolation: revert; letter-spacing: revert; lighting-color: revert; line-break: revert; line-height: revert; list-style: revert; marker: revert; mask: revert; mask-type: revert; math-shift: revert; math-style: revert; max-block-size: revert; max-height: revert; max-inline-size: revert; max-width: revert; min-block-size: revert; min-height: revert; min-inline-size: revert; min-width: revert; mix-blend-mode: revert; object-fit: revert; object-position: revert; object-view-box: revert; offset: revert; opacity: revert; order: revert; orphans: revert; outline: revert; outline-offset: revert; overflow-anchor: revert; overflow-block: revert; overflow-clip-margin: revert; overflow-inline: revert; overflow-wrap: revert; overflow: revert; overlay: revert; overscroll-behavior-block: revert; overscroll-behavior-inline: revert; overscroll-behavior: revert; padding-block: revert; padding-inline: revert; page: revert; page-orientation: revert; paint-order: revert; perspective: revert; perspective-origin: revert; pointer-events: revert; position-try: revert; position-visibility: revert; print-color-adjust: revert; quotes: revert; r: revert; reading-flow: revert; reading-order: revert; resize: revert; rotate: revert; ruby-align: revert; ruby-position: revert; rx: revert; ry: revert; scale: revert; scroll-behavior: revert; scroll-initial-target: revert; scroll-margin-block: revert; scroll-margin: revert; scroll-margin-inline: revert; scroll-marker-group: revert; scroll-padding-block: revert; scroll-padding: revert; scroll-padding-inline: revert; scroll-snap-align: revert; scroll-snap-stop: revert; scroll-snap-type: revert; scroll-target-group: revert; scroll-timeline: revert; scrollbar-color: revert; scrollbar-gutter: revert; scrollbar-width: revert; shape-image-threshold: revert; shape-margin: revert; shape-outside: revert; shape-rendering: revert; size: revert; speak: revert; stop-color: revert; stop-opacity: revert; stroke: revert; stroke-dasharray: revert; stroke-dashoffset: revert; stroke-linecap: revert; stroke-linejoin: revert; stroke-miterlimit: revert; stroke-opacity: revert; stroke-width: revert; tab-size: revert; table-layout: revert; text-align: revert; text-align-last: revert; text-anchor: revert; text-autospace: revert; text-box: revert; text-combine-upright: revert; text-decoration: revert; text-decoration-skip-ink: revert; text-emphasis: revert; text-emphasis-position: revert; text-indent: revert; text-justify: revert; text-overflow: revert; text-shadow: revert; text-transform: revert; text-underline-offset: revert; text-underline-position: revert; text-wrap: revert; timeline-scope: revert; timeline-trigger: revert; touch-action: revert; transform: revert; transform-box: revert; transform-origin: revert; transform-style: revert; transition: revert; translate: revert; trigger-scope: revert; user-select: revert; vector-effect: revert; vertical-align: revert; view-timeline: revert; view-transition-class: revert; view-transition-group: revert; view-transition-name: revert; view-transition-scope: revert; visibility: revert; border-spacing: revert; -webkit-box-align: revert; -webkit-box-decoration-break: revert; -webkit-box-direction: revert; -webkit-box-flex: revert; -webkit-box-ordinal-group: revert; -webkit-box-orient: revert; -webkit-box-pack: revert; -webkit-box-reflect: revert; -webkit-line-break: revert; -webkit-line-clamp: revert; -webkit-mask-box-image: revert; -webkit-rtl-ordering: revert; -webkit-ruby-position: revert; -webkit-tap-highlight-color: revert; -webkit-text-combine: revert; -webkit-text-decorations-in-effect: revert; -webkit-text-fill-color: revert; -webkit-text-security: revert; -webkit-text-stroke: revert; -webkit-user-drag: revert; white-space-collapse: revert; widows: revert; width: revert; will-change: revert; word-break: revert; word-spacing: revert; x: revert; y: revert; z-index: revert; font-size: inherit; font-style: inherit; font-weight: inherit; margin: 0px; margin-block: unset; margin-inline: unset; padding: 0px; display: inline !important; } .rtjson-text-preview shreddit-spoiler { background: var(--color-category-spoiler); border-radius: var(--radius-sm); color: var(--color-category-spoiler); height: var(--size-md); overflow: hidden; vertical-align: middle; width: var(--size-2xl); display: inline-block !important; } .rtjson-text-full p:first-of-type { margin-top: 0px; } .rtjson-text-full p:last-of-type { margin-bottom: 0px; } ------MultipartBoundary--I56SseK8KlbPUoX04656zDPlz19lMcO3aAtG7jdQgM---- Content-Type: text/css Content-Transfer-Encoding: binary Content-Location: https://www.redditstatic.com/shreddit/comment-forest-client-css-DHGvxlkb.css @charset "utf-8"; shreddit-comment[is-pdp-seeker-m1] [slot="comment"] p { margin-top: 8px; margin-bottom: 8px; } shreddit-comment[is-pdp-seeker-m1] [slot="comment"] p:first-of-type { margin-top: 0px; } shreddit-comment[is-pdp-seeker-m1] [slot="comment"] p:last-of-type { margin-bottom: 0px; } ------MultipartBoundary--I56SseK8KlbPUoX04656zDPlz19lMcO3aAtG7jdQgM---- Content-Type: text/css Content-Transfer-Encoding: binary Content-Location: https://www.redditstatic.com/shreddit/hui-grid-client-css-DP-dfyG4.css @charset "utf-8"; flex-left-nav-container { --rtl-multiplier: 1; --hover-curve: var(--expand-curve, cubic-bezier(0.65, 0, 0.35, 1)); --unhover-curve: var(--collapse-curve, cubic-bezier(0.87, 0, 0.13, 1)); --hover-duration: var(--expand-duration, 300ms); --unhover-duration: var(--collapse-duraction, 250ms); --flex-nav-closed-size: 32px; --flex-nav-expanded-size: 272px; --closed-floating-translation: calc(var(--rtl-multiplier) * (var(--flex-nav-closed-size) - var(--flex-nav-expanded-size))); --open-floating-translation: 0%; --left-nav-box-shadow-none: 0 0 0 rgba(0, 0, 0, 0); --left-nav-box-shadow-hover: var(--elevation-lg); --left-nav-min-height: calc(100vh - var(--shreddit-header-height)); --flex-nav-z-index: 100; position: relative; box-sizing: border-box; min-height: var(--left-nav-min-height); border-inline-end: none !important; } flex-left-nav-container:dir(rtl) { --rtl-multiplier: -1; } @supports (height:100dvh) { flex-left-nav-container { --left-nav-min-height: calc(100dvh - var(--shreddit-header-height)); } } @media (prefers-reduced-motion) { flex-left-nav-container { --hover-duration: 0ms; --unhover-duration: 0ms; } } flex-left-nav-container[no-animate], flex-left-nav-container[skip-animation] { --hover-duration: 0ms; --unhover-duration: 0ms; } flex-left-nav-container:not(:defined) { visibility: visible; } flex-left-nav-container reddit-sidebar-nav#left-sidebar { padding-inline-end: 1.5rem; } flex-left-nav-container #flex-nav-buttons { position: absolute; top: 20px; z-index: calc(var(--flex-nav-z-index) + 1); inset-inline-end: -16px; } flex-left-nav-container #flex-left-nav-container { contain: layout; box-sizing: border-box; will-change: transform, box-shadow, border-inline-end; position: fixed; width: var(--flex-nav-expanded-size); border-inline-end: 1px solid var(--color-neutral-border); background-color: var(--color-neutral-background); box-shadow: var(--left-nav-box-shadow-none); min-height: var(--left-nav-min-height); } flex-left-nav-container #flex-left-nav-contents { will-change: opacity; box-sizing: border-box; opacity: 0; transition: opacity var(--unhover-duration) var(--unhover-curve); } flex-left-nav-container #flex-left-nav-contents[hidden] { display: none; } flex-left-nav-container[expanded="1"].hovered #flex-left-nav-container, flex-left-nav-container[expanded="0"] #flex-left-nav-container { display: block; z-index: var(--flex-nav-z-index); visibility: visible; opacity: 1; transform: translate(var(--open-floating-translation)); transition: none; } flex-left-nav-container[expanded="1"] #flex-nav-expand-button, flex-left-nav-container[expanded="0"] #flex-nav-collapse-button { display: none; } flex-left-nav-container[expanded="1"] #flex-left-nav-container { opacity: 1; } flex-left-nav-container[expanded="1"].hovered #flex-left-nav-container { transform: translate(var(--open-floating-translation)); transition: none; } flex-left-nav-container[expanded="1"] #flex-left-nav-contents { opacity: 1; transition: opacity var(--hover-duration) var(--hover-curve); } flex-left-nav-container[expanded="0"] { border-inline-end: 1px solid var(--color-neutral-border); } flex-left-nav-container[expanded="0"] #flex-left-nav-container { transform: translateX(var(--closed-floating-translation)); } flex-left-nav-container[expanded="0"].hovered #flex-left-nav-container { box-shadow: var(--left-nav-box-shadow-hover); transform: translate(var(--open-floating-translation)); border-inline-end: 1px solid var(--color-neutral-border); } flex-left-nav-container[expanded="0"].hovered #flex-left-nav-contents { opacity: 1; } .flex-grid--main-container-card { width: 100%; } .grid-container { --expand-duration: 250ms; --collapse-duration: 300ms; --expand-curve: cubic-bezier(0.65, 0, 0.35, 1); --collapse-curve: cubic-bezier(0.87, 0, 0.13, 1); box-sizing: border-box; grid-template-columns: repeat(1, minmax(0px, 1fr)); } @media (prefers-reduced-motion) { .grid-container { --expand-duration: 0ms; --collapse-duration: 0ms; } } .grid-container:has(flex-left-nav-container[no-animate]) { --expand-duration: 0ms; --collapse-duration: 0ms; } @media (min-width: 1200px) { .grid-container:not(.grid-full), .grid-container:not(.grid-

full).flex-nav-expanded { --flex-nav-width: 272px; --transition-duration: var(--expand-duration); --transition-curve: var(--expand-curve); } .grid-container:not(.grid-full).flex-nav-collapsed { --flex-nav-width: 32px; --transition-duration: var(--collapse-duration); --transition-curve: var(--collapse-curve); } .grid-container:not(.grid-full) { will-change: ; grid-template-columns: var(--flex-nav-width) 1fr; transition: grid-template-columns var(--transition-duration) var(--transition-curve); } .grid-container:not(.grid-full) .subgrid-container { will-change: max-width; max-width: calc(100vw - var(--flex-nav-width,0px)); transition: max-width var(--transition-duration) var(--transition-curve); } } @media (min-width: 768px) { .flex-grid--main-container-card.right-sidebar-xs { max-width: calc(100% - 316px - 1.5rem); } } @media (min-width: 960px) { .flex-grid--main-container-card.right-sidebar-s { max-width: calc(100% - 316px - 1.5rem); } } @media (min-width: 1128px) { .flex-grid--main-container-card.right-sidebar-s, .flex-grid--main-container-card.right-sidebar-xs { max-width: 756px; } } @media (min-width: 1200px) { .flex-grid--main-container-card.right-sidebar-m, .flex-grid--main-container-card.right-sidebar-s, .flex-grid--main-container-card.right-sidebar-xs { max-width: calc(100% - 316px - 1.5rem); } } @media (min-width: 1400px) { .flex-grid--main-container-card.right-sidebar-m, .flex-grid--main-container-card.right-sidebar-s, .flex-grid--main-container-card.right-sidebar-xs { max-width: 756px; } } @media (min-width: 1416px) { .flex-grid--main-container-card.right-sidebar-l { max-width: 756px; } } @media (min-width: 1920px) { .flex-grid--main-container-card.right-sidebar-xl { max-width: 756px; } } ------MultipartBoundary--I56SseK8KlbPUoX04656zDPlz19lMcO3aAtG7jdQgM---- Content-Type: text/css Content-Transfer-Encoding: binary Content-Location: https://www.redditstatic.com/shreddit/guides-suggested-queries-client-css-BbOsI5UO.css @charset "utf-8"; .guides-response-preview a { font-size: 0.875rem; line-height: 1.25rem; color: var(--color-primary-plain); text-decoration: none; } .guides-response-preview a:visited { color: var(--color-primary-plain-visited); } .guides-response-preview a.no-visited:visited { color: var(--color-primary-plain); } .guides-response-preview a:hover { color: var(--color-primary-plain-hover); } .guides-response-preview li { margin: 0px; list-style-type: disc; } .guides-response-preview p { font-size: 0.875rem; line-height: 1.25rem; margin-block: 0.5rem; margin-bottom: 0px; margin-top: 0px; } .guides-response-preview h3, .guides-response-preview h4 { margin: 0px; font-weight: 700; font-size: 0.875rem; line-height: 1.25rem; display: block; margin-inline: 0px; unicode-bidi: isolate; } .guides-response-preview h3 { margin-block: 1em; } .guides-response-preview h4 { margin-block: 1.33em; } .guides-response-preview ul { margin: 0px; display: block; list-style-type: disc; margin-block: 1em; margin-inline: 0px; padding-inline-start: 40px; unicode-bidi: isolate; } ------MultipartBoundary--I56SseK8KlbPUoX04656zDPlz19lMcO3aAtG7jdQgM---- Content-Type: text/css Content-Transfer-Encoding: binary Content-Location: https://www.redditstatic.com/shreddit/experiences-client-css-nPypN_OK.css @charset "utf-8"; #credential_picker_container { color-scheme: light; } ------MultipartBoundary--I56SseK8KlbPUoX04656zDPlz19lMcO3aAtG7jdQgM---- Content-Type: text/css Content-Transfer-Encoding: binary Content-Location: https://www.redditstatic.com/shreddit/nsfw-bypassable-modal-client-css-DFFxdNBl.css @charset "utf-8"; #blocking-modal-contents::part(panel) { max-width: min(90dvw, 656px); } ------MultipartBoundary--I56SseK8KlbPUoX04656zDPlz19lMcO3aAtG7jdQgM---- Content-Type: text/css Content-Transfer-Encoding: binary Content-Location: https://www.redditstatic.com/shreddit/google-one-tap-client-css-C556qdmX.css @charset "utf-8"; iframe#credential_picker_iframe { color-scheme: auto; margin-bottom: unset; z-index: 9998; pointer-events: auto; } ------MultipartBoundary--I56SseK8KlbPUoX04656zDPlz19lMcO3aAtG7jdQgM---- Content-Type: text/css Content-Transfer-Encoding: binary Content-Location: https://www.redditstatic.com/shreddit/header-client-css-BYPk6fcZ.css @charset "utf-8"; #left-nav-drawer::part(base), #left-nav-drawer::part(overlay) { top: calc(var(--shreddit-header-height) + 1px); } #left-nav-drawer::part(base) { align-items: start; flex-direction: column; justify-content: start; z-index: 5; } #left-nav-drawer::part(panel) { border-radius: 0px; box-shadow: none; max-height: none; width: 280px; } ------MultipartBoundary--I56SseK8KlbPUoX04656zDPlz19lMcO3aAtG7jdQgM---- Content-Type: text/css Content-Transfer-Encoding: binary Content-Location: https://www.redditstatic.com/shreddit/header-small-client-css-BhMnLYvh.css @charset "utf-8"; reddit-header-small:has(#menu[open]) .reddit-header-small-nav-bar, reddit-header-small:has(#reddit-search-dialog[open]) .reddit-header-small-nav-bar { position: fixed; top: 0px; left: 0px; right: 0px; } reddit-header-small:has(#menu[open]) .prominent-search, reddit-header-small:has(#reddit-search-dialog[open]) .prominent-search { z-index: -1; visibility: hidden; } ------MultipartBoundary--I56SseK8KlbPUoX04656zDPlz19lMcO3aAtG7jdQgM---- Content-Type: text/css Content-Transfer-Encoding: binary Content-Location: cid:css-7b044910-d3b2-43ad-9158-f7f6cda373ec@mhtml.blink @charset "utf-8"; shreddit-app { --shreddit-header-height: 48px; } ------MultipartBoundary--I56SseK8KlbPUoX04656zDPlz19lMcO3aAtG7jdQgM---- Content-Type: text/css Content-Transfer-Encoding: binary Content-Location: cid:css-109d8d07-e7c4-4c9f-aba4-c92c38ee8d42@mhtml.blink @charset "utf-8"; .qJTHM { user-select: none; color: rgb(32, 33, 36); direction: ltr; font-family: Roboto-Regular, arial, sans-serif; -webkit-font-smoothing: antialiased; font-weight: 400; margin: 0px; overflow: hidden; text-size-adjust: 100%; } .ynRLnc { left: -9999px; position: absolute; top: -9999px; } .L6cTce { display: none; } .bltWBb { overflow-wrap: break-word; word-break: break-word; } .hSRGPd { color: rgb(26, 115, 232); cursor: pointer; font-weight: 500; text-decoration: none; } .Bz112c-W3lGp { height: 16px; width: 16px; } .Bz112c-E3DyYd { height: 20px; width: 20px; } .Bz112c-r9oPif { height: 24px; width: 24px; } .Bz112c-u2z5K { height: 36px; width: 36px; } .Bz112c-uaxL4e { border-radius: 10px; } .LgbsSe-Bz112c { display: block; } .S9gUrf-YoZ4jf { border-width: medium; border-style: none; border-color: currentcolor; border-image: initial; margin: 0px; padding: 0px; } .S9gUrf-YoZ4jf * { border-width: medium; border-style: none; border-color: currentcolor; border-image: initial; margin: 0px; padding: 0px; } .fFW7wc-ibnC6b > .aZ2wEe > div { border-color: rgb(66, 133, 244); } .P1ekSe-ZMv3u { transition: height 0.2s linear; } .P1ekSe-ZMv3u > div:first-child { transition: width 0.3s linear; background-color: rgb(26, 115, 232) !important; } .P1ekSe-ZMv3u > div:nth-child(2) { background-image: linear-gradient(90deg, rgba(255, 255, 255, 0.7), rgba(255, 255, 255, 0.7)), linear-gradient(90deg, rgb(26, 115, 232), rgb(26, 115, 232)) !important; } .P1ekSe-ZMv3u > div:nth-child(3) { background-image: linear-gradient(90deg, rgba(255, 255, 255, 0.7), rgba(255, 255, 255, 0.7)), linear-gradient(90deg, rgb(26, 115, 232), rgb(26, 115, 232)) !important; } .haAclf { display: inline-block; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe { border-radius: 4px; box-sizing: border-box; transition: background-color 0.218s, border-color 0.218s; user-select: none; appearance: none; background-color: rgb(255, 255, 255); background-image: none; border: 1px solid rgb(218, 220, 224); color: rgb(60, 64, 67); cursor: pointer; font-family: "Google Sans", arial, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; height: 40px; letter-spacing: 0.25px; outline: none; overflow: hidden; padding: 0px 12px; position: relative; text-align: center; vertical-align: middle; white-space: nowrap; width: auto; } @media screen and (-ms-high-contrast:active) { .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe { border: 2px solid windowtext; color: windowtext; } } @media screen and (preferes-contrast:more) { .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe { color: rgb(0, 0, 0); } } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.pSzOP-SxQuSe { font-size: 14px; height: 32px; letter-spacing: 0.25px; padding: 0px 10px; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.purZT-SxQuSe { font-size: 11px; height: 20px; letter-spacing: 0.3px; padding: 0px 8px; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.Bz112c-LgbsSe { padding: 0px; width: 40px; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.Bz112c-LgbsSe.pSzOP-SxQuSe { width: 32px; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.Bz112c-LgbsSe.purZT-SxQuSe { width: 20px; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.JGcpL-RbRzK { border-radius: 20px; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.JGcpL-RbRzK.pSzOP-SxQuSe { border-radius: 16px; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.JGcpL-RbRzK.purZT-SxQuSe { border-radius: 10px; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.MFS4be-Ia7Qfc { border-width: medium; border-style: none; border-color: currentcolor; border-image: initial; color: rgb(255, 255, 255); } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.MFS4be-v3pZbf-Ia7Qfc { background-color: rgb(26, 115, 232); } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.MFS4be-JaPV2b-Ia7Qfc { background-color: rgb(32, 33, 36); color: rgb(232, 234, 237); } @media screen and (prefers-contrast: more) { .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.MFS4be-JaPV2b-Ia7Qfc { color: rgb(255, 255, 255); } } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-Bz112c { height: 18px; margin-right: 8px; min-width: 18px; width: 18px; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.pSzOP-SxQuSe .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-Bz112c { height: 14px; min-width: 14px; width: 14px; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.purZT-SxQuSe .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-Bz112c { height: 10px; min-width: 10px; width: 10px; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.jVeSEe .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-Bz112c { margin-left: 8px; margin-right: -4px; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.Bz112c-LgbsSe .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-Bz112c { margin: 0px; padding: 10px; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.Bz112c-LgbsSe.pSzOP-SxQuSe .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-Bz112c { padding: 8px; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.Bz112c-LgbsSe.purZT-SxQuSe .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-Bz112c { padding: 4px; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-Bz112c-haAclf { border-top-left-radius: 3px; border-bottom-left-radius: 3px; display: flex; -webkit-box-pack: center; justify-content: center; -webkit-box-align: center; align-items: center; background-color: rgb(255, 255, 255); height: 36px; margin-left: -10px; margin-right: 12px; min-width: 36px; width: 36px; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-Bz112c-haAclf .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-Bz112c, .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.Bz112c-LgbsSe .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-Bz112c-haAclf .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-Bz112c { margin: 0px; padding: 0px; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.pSzOP-SxQuSe .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-Bz112c-haAclf { height: 28px; margin-left: -8px; margin-right: 10px; min-width: 28px; width: 28px; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.purZT-SxQuSe .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-Bz112c-haAclf { height: 16px; margin-left: -6px; margin-right: 8px; min-width: 16px; width: 16px; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.Bz112c-LgbsSe .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-Bz112c-haAclf { border-radius: 3px; margin-left: 2px; margin-right: 0px; padding: 0px; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.JGcpL-RbRzK .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-Bz112c-haAclf { border-radius: 18px; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.pSzOP-SxQuSe.JGcpL-RbRzK .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-Bz112c-haAclf { border-radius: 14px; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.purZT-SxQuSe.JGcpL-RbRzK .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-Bz112c-haAclf { border-radius: 8px; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-bN97Pc-sM5MNb { display: flex; -webkit-box-align: center; align-items: center; -webkit-box-orient: horizontal; -webkit-box-direction: normal; flex-flow: row; -webkit-box-pack: justify; justify-content: space-between; height: 100%; position: relative; width: 100%; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe .oXtfBe-l4eHX { -webkit-box-pack: center; justify-content: center; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-BPrWId { -webkit-box-flex: 1; flex-grow: 1; font-family: "Google Sans", arial, sans-serif; font-weight: 500; overflow: hidden; text-overflow: ellipsis; vertical-align: top; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.purZT-SxQuSe .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-BPrWId { font-weight: 300; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe .oXtfBe-l4eHX .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-BPrWId { -webkit-box-flex: 0; flex-grow: 0; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-MJoBVe { transition: background-color 0.218s; inset: 0px; position: absolute; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe:focus, .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe:hover { box-shadow: none; border-color: rgb(210, 227, 252); outline: none; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe:focus-within { outline: rgb(0, 99, 155) solid 2px; border-color: transparent; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe:hover .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-MJoBVe { background: rgba(66, 133, 244, 0.08); } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe:active .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-MJoBVe, .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe:focus .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-MJoBVe { background: rgba(66, 133, 244, 0.1); } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.MFS4be-Ia7Qfc:hover .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-MJoBVe { background: rgba(255, 255, 255, 0.24); } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.MFS4be-Ia7Qfc:active .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-MJoBVe, .nsm7Bb-

HzV7m-LgbsSe.MFS4be-Ia7Qfc:focus .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-MJoBVe { background: rgba(255, 255, 255, 0.32); } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe .n1UuX-DkfjY { border-radius: 50%; display: flex; height: 20px; margin-left: -4px; margin-right: 8px; min-width: 20px; width: 20px; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.jVeSEe .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-BPrWId { font-family: Roboto; font-size: 12px; text-align: left; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.jVeSEe .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-BPrWId .K4efff .fmcmS, .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.jVeSEe .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-BPrWId .ssJRIf { overflow: hidden; text-overflow: ellipsis; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.jVeSEe .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-BPrWId .K4efff { display: flex; -webkit-box-align: center; align-items: center; color: rgb(95, 99, 104); fill: rgb(95, 99, 104); font-size: 11px; font-weight: 400; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.jVeSEe.MFS4be-Ia7Qfc .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-BPrWId .K4efff { color: rgb(232, 234, 237); fill: rgb(232, 234, 237); } @media screen and (prefers-contrast: more) { .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.jVeSEe .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-BPrWId .K4efff, .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.jVeSEe.MFS4be-Ia7Qfc .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-BPrWId .K4efff { color: rgb(0, 0, 0); fill: rgb(0, 0, 0); } } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.jVeSEe .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-BPrWId .K4efff .Bz112c { height: 18px; margin: -3px -3px -3px 2px; min-width: 18px; width: 18px; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.jVeSEe .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-Bz112c-haAclf { border-radius: 0px 3px 3px 0px; margin-left: 12px; margin-right: -10px; } .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe.jVeSEe.JGcpL-RbRzK .nsm7Bb-HzV7m-LgbsSe-Bz112c-haAclf { border-radius: 18px; } .L5Fo6c-sM5MNb { border: 0px; display: block; left: 0px; position: relative; top: 0px; } .L5Fo6c-bF1uUb { border-radius: 4px; inset: 0px; cursor: pointer; position: absolute; } .L5Fo6c-bF1uUb:focus { border-width: medium; border-style: none; border-color: currentcolor; border-image: initial; outline: none; } sentinel { } ------MultipartBoundary--I56SseK8KlbPUoX04656zDPlz19lMcO3aAtG7jdQgM---- Content-Type: text/css Content-Transfer-Encoding: binary Content-Location: cid:css-4e2db8db-78c1-4e23-97b7-c9e656fa1f39@mhtml.blink @charset "utf-8"; #shreddit-media-lightbox .lightboxed-content { display: flex; align-items: center; justify-content: center; width: 100%; height: 100%; } #shreddit-media-lightbox .non-lightboxed-content { display: none; } #shreddit-media-lightbox .media-lightbox-img { max-height: none; } #shreddit-media-lightbox::part(panel) { max-width: 100svw; max-height: 100svh; width: 100svw; height: 100svh; border-radius: 0px; } ------MultipartBoundary--I56SseK8KlbPUoX04656zDPlz19lMcO3aAtG7jdQgM---- Content-Type: text/css Content-Transfer-Encoding: binary Content-Location: cid:css-118caeec-c9ed-4561-8fd6-6ce3de87d6dd@mhtml.blink @charset "utf-8"; .rpl-scroll-lock { overflow: hidden !important; padding-right: var(--rpl-scrollbar-width,0) !important; } body.rpl-scroll-lock .fixed.right-0 { right: var(--rpl-scrollbar-width,0) !important; } ------MultipartBoundary--I56SseK8KlbPUoX04656zDPlz19lMcO3aAtG7jdQgM---- Content-Type: text/css Content-Transfer-Encoding: binary Content-Location: cid:css-1d0bbc8b-f935-4082-bec3-41c97d7e7de3@mhtml.blink @charset "utf-8"; faceplate-expandable-section-helper { display: contents; } faceplate-expandable-section-helper > details > summary { list-style-type: none; } faceplate-expandable-section-helper > details > summary::-webkit-details-marker, faceplate-expandable-section-helper > details > summary::marker { display: none; } faceplate-expandable-section-helper[rpl] > details > summary { margin: 0px; } faceplate-expandable-section-helper > details > summary [icon-name="caret-down-outline"] { transition: transform 0.22s ease-in-out; } faceplate-expandable-section-helper:not(:defined) > details[open] > summary svg[rpl][icon-name="caret-down-outline"], faceplate-expandable-section-helper[open] > details > summary svg[rpl][icon-name="caret-down-outline"] { transform: rotate(180deg); } faceplate-expandable-section-helper:not(:defined) > details[open] > summary svg[rpl][icon-name="caret-down-outline"], faceplate-expandable-section-helper:not([open]) > details > summary svg[rpl][icon-name="caret-down-outline"] { transform: rotate(0deg); } faceplate-hovercard:not(:defined) > [slot="content"] { display: none; } .dx-zstack > * { grid-column-start: 1; grid-row-start: 1; } .text-outline-thin-bright { text-shadow: rgb(0, 0, 0) 1px 0px 0.5px, rgb(0, 0, 0) -1px 0px 0.5px, rgb(0, 0, 0) 0px 1px 0.5px, rgb(0, 0, 0) 0px -1px 0.5px; } .text-outline-thick-bright { text-shadow: rgb(0, 0, 0) 1px 0px 2px, rgb(0, 0, 0) -1px 0px 2px, rgb(0, 0, 0) 0px 1px 1px, rgb(0, 0, 0) 0px -1px 1px, rgb(0, 0, 0) 1px 0px 2px, rgb(0, 0, 0) -1px 0px 2px, rgb(0, 0, 0) 0px 1px 1px, rgb(0, 0, 0) 0px -1px 1px; } .text-outline-thin-dark { text-shadow: rgb(255, 255, 255) 1px 0px 0.5px, rgb(255, 255, 255) -1px 0px 0.5px, rgb(255, 255, 255) 0px 1px 0.5px, rgb(255, 255, 255) 0px -1px 0.5px; } .text-outline-thick-dark { text-shadow: rgb(255, 255, 255) 1px 0px 2px, rgb(255, 255, 255) -1px 0px 2px, rgb(255, 255, 255) 0px 1px 1px, rgb(255, 255, 255) 0px -1px 1px, rgb(255, 255, 255) 1px 0px 2px, rgb(255, 255, 255) -1px 0px 2px, rgb(255, 255, 255) 0px 1px 1px, rgb(255, 255, 255) 0px -1px 1px; } .border-dx-thick { border-width: 2px; } .border-dx-thin { border-width: 1px; } .rounded-dx-lg { border-radius: 1.5rem; } .rounded-dx-md { border-radius: 1rem; } .rounded-dx-sm { border-radius: 0.5rem; } :root { --dx-text-color-light: inherit; --dx-text-color-dark: inherit; --dx-bg-color-light: initial; --dx-bg-color-dark: initial; --dx-border-color-light: initial; --dx-border-color-dark: initial; } .dx-bg-color, .light .dx-bg-color { background-color: var(--dx-bg-color-light); } .dx-border-color, .light .dx-border-color { border-color: var(--dx-border-color-light); } .dx-text-color, .light .dx-text-color { color: var(--dx-text-color-light); } .dark .dx-bg-color { background-color: var(--dx-bg-color-dark); } .dark .dx-border-color { border-color: var(--dx-border-color-dark); } .dark .dx-text-color { color: var(--dx-text-color-dark); } @media (prefers-color-scheme: dark) { .dx-bg-color { background-color: var(--dx-bg-color-dark); } .dx-text-color { color: var(--dx-text-color-dark); } .dx-border-color { border-color: var(--dx-border-color-dark); } } svg[rpl].rpl-rtl-icon:dir(rtl) { transform: scaleX(-1); } .border-spacing-xs { --tw-border-spacing-x: 0; --tw-border-spacing-y: 0; } .-rotate-45, .-rotate-90, .-scale-x-100, .-translate-x-1\/2, .-translate-x-2\/4, .-translate-x-4xl, .-translate-x-\[4px\], .-translate-y-1\/2, .-translate-y-2\/4, .-translate-y-\[2px\], .-translate-y-full, .before\:scale-\[--emote-scale\]::before, .enabled\:hover\:scale-\[1\.2\], .group-aria-pressed\/award\:-translate-y-\[10px\], .group-aria-pressed\/award\:scale-\[1\.4\], .group-hover\/award\:-translate-y-\[10px\], .group-hover\/award\:scale-\[1\.4\], .group-hover\:scale-\[1\.03\], .group-open\:rotate-180, .hover\:scale-110, .hover\:scale-\[2\], .rotate-180, .rotate-45, .rotate-90, .scale-0, .scale-100, .scale-75, .scale-90, .scale-\[1\.2\], .scale-\[2\], .scale-\[4\], .scale-\[\.68\], .scale-x-100, .scale-x-\[-1\], .skew-x-0, .transform, .translate-x-0, .translate-x-1\/2, .translate-x-4xl, .translate-x-full, .translate-x-px, .translate-y-0, .translate-y-1\/2, .translate-y-4xl, .translate-y-full, .translate-y-px { --tw-translate-x: 0; --tw-translate-y: 0; --tw-rotate: 0; --tw-skew-x: 0; --tw-skew-y: 0; --tw-scale-x: 1; --tw-scale-y: 1; } .snap-x { --tw-scroll-snap-strictness: proximity; } .from-\[color\:var\(--color-neutral-background-weak\)\], .from-\[color\:var\(--color-neutral-background\)\], .from-\[color\:var\(--gallery-gradient-bg\,var\(--color-neutral-background\)\)\], .from-berrypurple-900, .from-black\/80, .from-orangered-500, .from-transparent, .group-hover\:from-\[color\:var\(--color-neutral-background-hover\)\], .to-\[var\(--color-neutral-background\)\], .to-lightblue-500, .to-orangered-400, .to-transparent, .via-black\/25, .xs\:from-\[color\:var\(--color-neutral-background-weak\)\] { --tw-gradient-from-position: ; --tw-gradient-via-position: ; --tw-gradient-to-position: ; } .ordinal { --tw-ordinal: ; --tw-slashed-zero: ; --tw-numeric-figure: ; --tw-numeric-spacing: ; --tw-numeric-fraction: ; } .hover\:shadow-\[0_0_0_2px_var\(--color-primary-background\)\], .shadow-\[0_0_0_4px_var\(--color-primary-background\)\], .shadow-\[0_2px_0_0_var\(--color-secondary-background-selected\)\], .shadow-\[0px_-40px_21px_var\(--color-neutral-background\)\], .shadow-\[0px_0px_2px_0px_rgba\(0\,0\,0\,0\.25\)\], .shadow-\[0px_1px_2px_0px_rgba\(0\,0\,0\,0\.25\)\], .shadow-\[0px_1px_8px_0px\], .shadow-\[0px_2px_2px_0px_rgba\(0\,0\,0\,0\.25\)\], .shadow-\[0px_3px_2px_0px_rgba\(0\,0\,0\,0\.25\)\], .shadow-\[0px_4px_2px_0px_rgba\(0\,0\,0\,0\.25\)\], .shadow-md, .shadow-none, .shadow-sm, .shadow-xs, .xs\:shadow-none, .xs\:shadow-sm, :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:shadow-none) { --tw-ring-offset-shadow: 0 0 #0000; --tw-ring-shadow: 0 0 #0000; --tw-shadow: 0 0 #0000; --tw-shadow-colored: 0 0 #0000; } .focus\:ring-1, .group-focus-within\/topic\:ring-2, .ring { --tw-ring-inset: ; --tw-ring-offset-width: 0px; --tw-ring-offset-color: #fff; --tw-ring-color: rgba(59,130,246,.5); --tw-ring-offset-shadow: 0 0 #0000; --tw-ring-shadow: 0 0 #0000; --tw-shadow: 0 0 #0000; --tw-shadow-colored: 0 0 #0000; } .backdrop-blur-2xl, .backdrop-blur-\[16px\], .backdrop-blur-sm, .backdrop-filter { --tw-backdrop-blur: ; --tw-backdrop-brightness: ; --tw-backdrop-contrast: ; --tw-backdrop-grayscale: ; --tw-backdrop-hue-rotate: ; --tw-backdrop-invert: ; --tw-backdrop-opacity: ; --tw-backdrop-saturate: ; --tw-backdrop-sepia: ; } .\!container { width: 100% !important; } .container { width: 100%; } @media (min-width: 768px) { .\!container { max-width: 768px !important; } .container { max-width: 768px; } } @media (min-width: 960px) { .\!container { max-width: 960px !important; } .container { max-width: 960px; } } @media (min-width: 1024px) { .\!container { max-width: 1024px !important; } .container { max-width: 1024px; } } @media (min-width: 1200px) { .\!container { max-width: 1200px !important; } .container { max-width: 1200px; } } @media (min-width: 1416px) { .\!container { max-width: 1416px !important; } .container { max-width: 1416px; } } @media (min-width: 1472px) { .\!container { max-width: 1472px !important; } .container { max-width: 1472px; } } @media (min-width: 1920px) { .\!container { max-width: 1920px !important; } .container { max-width: 1920px; } } .\!a { color: var(--color-a-default) !important; font-size: 1em !important; text-decoration: none !important; } .a { color: var(--color-a-default); font-size: 1em; text-decoration: none; } .\!a:hover { color: var(--color-a-hover) !important; } .a:hover { color: var(--color-a-hover); } .a.visited:not(.no-visited), .a:visited:not(.no-visited) { color: var(--color-a-visited); } .\!a.visited:not(.no-visited), .\!a:visited:not(.no-visited) { color: var(--color-a-visited) !important; } .\!button { background: var(--button-color-background) !important; border: var(--button-border-width,0) solid var(--button-border-color,transparent) !important; border-radius: 999px !important; box-shadow: var(--button-shadow) !important; box-sizing: border-box !important; color: var(--button-color-text) !important; cursor: pointer !important; display: inline-block !important; font-style: !important; font-variant-ligatures: !important; font-variant-caps: !important; font-variant-numeric: !important; font-variant-east-asian: !important; font-variant-alternates: !important; font-variant-position: !important; font-variant-emoji: !important; font-weight: !important; font-stretch: !important; font-size: !important; font-family: !important; font-optical-sizing: !important; font-size-adjust: !important; font-kerning: !important; font-feature-settings: !important; font-variation-settings: !important; font-language-override: !important; height: var(--button-height) !important; line-height: calc(var(--button-height) - var(--button-border-width, 0px)*2) !important; outline-offset: 0px !important; overflow: hidden !important; padding: 0 calc(var(--button-padding) - var(--button-border-width, 0px)) !important; text-align: center !important; text-decoration: none !important; text-overflow: ellipsis !important; white-space: nowrap !important; --button-border-color: var(--button-border-color-default) !important; --button-border-width: var(--button-border-width-default) !important; --button-color-background: var(--button-color-background-default) !important; --button-color-text: var(--button-color-text-default) !important; } .button { background: var(--button-color-background); border: var(--button-border-width,0) solid var(--button-border-color,transparent); border-radius: 999px; box-shadow: var(--button-shadow); box-sizing: border-box; color: var(--button-color-text); cursor: pointer; display: inline-block; font-style: ; font-variant-ligatures: ; font-variant-caps: ; font-variant-numeric: ; font-variant-east-asian: ; font-variant-alternates: ; font-variant-position: ; font-variant-emoji: ; font-weight: ; font-stretch: ; font-size: ; font-family: ; font-optical-sizing: ; font-size-adjust: ; font-kerning: ; font-feature-settings: ; font-variation-settings: ; font-language-override: ; height: var(--button-height); line-height: calc(var(--button-height) - var(--button-border-width, 0px)*2); outline-offset: 0px; overflow: hidden; padding: 0 calc(var(--button-padding) - var(--button-border-width, 0px)); text-align: center; text-decoration: none; text-overflow: ellipsis; white-space: nowrap; --button-border-color: var(--button-border-color-default); --

button-border-width: var(--button-border-width-default); --button-color-background: var(--button-color-background-default); --button-color-text: var(--button-color-text-default); } .\!button.icon { width: var(--button-height) !important; } .button.icon { width: var(--button-height); } .button.\!icon { width: var(--button-height) !important; } .\!button:focus { --button-color-overlay: var(--color-button-overlay-focus) !important; } .button:focus { --button-color-overlay: var(--color-button-overlay-focus); } .\!button.hover { --button-color-overlay: var(--color-button-overlay-focus) !important; --button-border-color: var(--button-border-color-hover) !important; --button-color-background: var(--button-color-background-hover) !important; --button-color-text: var(--button-color-text-hover,var(--button-color-text-default)) !important; } .button.hover { --button-color-overlay: var(--color-button-overlay-focus); --button-border-color: var(--button-border-color-hover); --button-color-background: var(--button-color-background-hover); --button-color-text: var(--button-color-text-hover,var(--button-color-text-default)); } @media (hover: hover) { .\!button:hover { --button-color-overlay: var(--color-button-overlay-focus) !important; --button-border-color: var(--button-border-color-hover) !important; --button-color-background: var(--button-color-background-hover) !important; --button-color-text: var(--button-color-text-hover,var(--button-color-text-default)) !important; } .button:hover { --button-color-overlay: var(--color-button-overlay-focus); --button-border-color: var(--button-border-color-hover); --button-color-background: var(--button-color-background-hover); --button-color-text: var(--button-color-text-hover,var(--button-color-text-default)); } } .button.active, .button:active { --button-color-overlay: var(--color-button-overlay-active); --button-color-background: linear-gradient(var(--color-interactive-pressed),var(--color-interactive-pressed)),var(--button-color-background-active); } .\!button.active, .\!button:active, .button.\!active { --button-color-overlay: var(--color-button-overlay-active) !important; --button-color-background: linear-gradient(var(--color-interactive-pressed),var(--color-interactive-pressed)),var(--button-color-background-active) !important; } .button.anchor-disabled, .button:disabled, .button[aria-disabled="true"] { --button-border-color-hover: var(--button-border-color-default); --button-color-background: var(--button-color-background-disabled); --button-color-text: var(--button-color-text-disabled); --button-border-color: var(--button-border-color-disabled); cursor: not-allowed; pointer-events: none; } .\!button.anchor-disabled, .\!button:disabled, .\!button[aria-disabled="true"] { pointer-events: none !important; } .\!button.anchor-disabled, .\!button.disabled.pointer-all, .\!button:disabled, .\!button[aria-disabled="true"] { --button-border-color-hover: var(--button-border-color-default) !important; --button-color-background: var(--button-color-background-disabled) !important; --button-color-text: var(--button-color-text-disabled) !important; --button-border-color: var(--button-border-color-disabled) !important; cursor: not-allowed !important; } .\!button.disabled.pointer-all { pointer-events: all !important; } .button.disabled.pointer-all { --button-border-color-hover: var(--button-border-color-default); --button-color-background: var(--button-color-background-disabled); --button-color-text: var(--button-color-text-disabled); --button-border-color: var(--button-border-color-disabled); cursor: not-allowed; pointer-events: all; } .button.\!disabled.pointer-all { --button-border-color-hover: var(--button-border-color-default) !important; --button-color-background: var(--button-color-background-disabled) !important; --button-color-text: var(--button-color-text-disabled) !important; --button-border-color: var(--button-border-color-disabled) !important; cursor: not-allowed !important; pointer-events: all !important; } .\!button.button-activated { --button-border-color: var(--button-border-color-activated) !important; --button-color-background: var(--button-color-background-activated) !important; --button-color-text: var(--button-color-text-activated) !important; } .button.button-activated { --button-border-color: var(--button-border-color-activated); --button-color-background: var(--button-color-background-activated); --button-color-text: var(--button-color-text-activated); } .button-shell { background: var(--button-color-background); border: var(--button-border-width,0) solid var(--button-border-color,transparent); border-radius: 999px; box-shadow: var(--button-shadow); box-sizing: border-box; color: var(--button-color-text); cursor: pointer; display: inline-block; font-style: ; font-variant-ligatures: ; font-variant-caps: ; font-variant-numeric: ; font-variant-east-asian: ; font-variant-alternates: ; font-variant-position: ; font-variant-emoji: ; font-weight: ; font-stretch: ; font-size: ; font-family: ; font-optical-sizing: ; font-size-adjust: ; font-kerning: ; font-feature-settings: ; font-variation-settings: ; font-language-override: ; height: var(--button-height); line-height: calc(var(--button-height) - var(--button-border-width, 0px)*2); outline-offset: 0px; overflow: hidden; padding: 0 calc(var(--button-padding) - var(--button-border-width, 0px)); text-align: center; text-decoration: none; text-overflow: ellipsis; white-space: nowrap; --button-border-color: var(--button-border-color-default); --button-border-width: var(--button-border-width-default); --button-color-background: var(--button-color-background-default); --button-color-text: var(--button-color-text-default); } .button-shell.icon { width: var(--button-height); } .button-shell.\!icon { width: var(--button-height) !important; } .button-disabled { --button-border-color-hover: var(--button-border-color-default); --button-color-background: var(--button-color-background-disabled); --button-color-text: var(--button-color-text-disabled); --button-border-color: var(--button-border-color-disabled); } .button-large { --button-height: var(--size-button-lg-h); --button-padding: var(--spacer-xs); --button-font: var(--font-button-lg); --button-border-width-default: var(--line-button-lg-border); } .button-medium { --button-height: var(--size-button-md-h); --button-padding: var(--spacer-xs); --button-font: var(--font-button-md); --button-border-width-default: var(--line-button-md-border); } .button-small { --button-height: var(--size-button-sm-h); --button-padding: var(--spacer-2xs); --button-font: var(--font-button-sm); --button-border-width-default: var(--line-button-sm-border); } .button-x-small { --button-height: var(--size-button-xs-h); --button-padding: var(--spacer-sm); --button-font: var(--font-button-xs); --button-border-width-default: var(--line-button-xs-border); } .button-primary { --button-color-background-default: var(--color-primary-background); --button-color-background-focus: var(--color-primary-background); --button-color-background-hover: var(--color-button-primary-background-hover); --button-color-background-active: linear-gradient(var(--color-button-primary-background-hover),var(--color-button-primary-background-hover)); --button-color-background-disabled: var(--color-button-primary-background-disabled); --button-color-background-activated: var(--color-button-primary-background-activated); --button-color-text-default: var(--color-global-white); --button-color-text-disabled: var(--color-button-primary-text-disabled); --button-color-text-activated: var(--color-button-primary-text-activated); --button-border-color-default: transparent; } .button-primarynext { --button-color-background-default: var(--color-primarynext-background); --button-color-background-focus: var(--color-primarynext-background); --button-color-background-hover: var(--color-primarynext-background-hover); --button-color-background-active: linear-gradient(var(--color-primarynext-background-hover),var(--color-primarynext-background-hover)); --button-color-background-disabled: var(--color-button-primary-background-disabled); --button-color-background-activated: var(--color-button-primary-background-activated); --button-color-text-default: var(--color-primarynext-onBackground); --button-color-text-disabled: var(--color-button-primary-text-disabled); --button-color-text-activated: var(--color-button-primary-text-activated); --button-border-color-default: transparent; } .button-secondary { --button-color-background-default: var(--color-button-secondary-background); --button-color-background-focus: var(--color-button-secondary-background-focus); --button-color-background-hover: var(--color-button-secondary-background-hover); --button-color-background-active: linear-gradient(var(--color-button-secondary-background-hover),var(--color-button-secondary-background-hover)); --button-color-background-disabled: var(--color-button-secondary-background-disabled); --button-color-background-activated: var(--color-button-secondary-background-activated); --button-color-text-default: var(--color-button-secondary-text); --button-color-text-disabled: var(--color-button-secondary-text-disabled); --button-color-text-activated: var(--color-button-secondary-text-activated); --button-border-color-default: var(--color-button-secondary-border); } .button-tertiary { --button-color-background-default: var(--color-button-tertiary-background); --button-color-background-focus: var(--color-button-tertiary-background-focus); --button-color-background-hover: var(--color-button-tertiary-background-hover); --button-color-background-disabled: var(--color-button-tertiary-background-disabled); --button-color-background-activated: var(--color-button-tertiary-background-activated); --button-color-text-default: var(--color-button-tertiary-text); --button-color-text-disabled: var(--color-button-tertiary-text-disabled); --button-color-text-activated: var(--color-button-tertiary-text-activated); --button-border-color-default: transparent; } .button-plain, .button-plain-weak { --button-color-background-default: transparent; --button-color-background-focus: transparent; --button-color-background-hover: var(--color-button-plain-background-hover); --button-color-background-disabled: var(--color-button-plain-background-disabled); --button-color-background-activated: var(--color-button-plain-background-activated); --button-color-background-active: linear-gradient(var(--color-button-secondary-background-hover),var(--color-button-secondary-background-hover)); --button-color-text-default: var(--color-button-plain-text); --button-color-text-disabled: var(--color-button-plain-text-disabled); --button-color-text-activated: var(--color-button-plain-text-activated); --button-color-text-hover: var(--color-button-plain-text-hover); --button-border-color-default: transparent; } .button-plain-weak { --button-color-text-default: var(--color-button-plain-text-weak); } .button-bordered, .button-bordered-cab { --button-color-background-default: transparent; --button-color-background-focus: transparent; --button-color-background-hover: transparent; --button-color-background-active: linear-gradient(transparent,transparent); --button-color-background-disabled: transparent; --button-color-background-activated: var(--color-button-secondary-background-activated); --button-color-text-default: var(--color-secondary-plain); --button-color-text-disabled: var(--color-interactive-content-disabled); --button-color-text-activated: var(--color-neutral-content-strong); --button-color-text-hover: var(--color-secondary-plain-hover); --button-border-color-default: var(--color-neutral-border-medium); --button-border-color-hover: var(--color-neutral-border-strong); --button-border-color-active: var(--color-neutral-border-strong); --button-border-color-activated: var(--color-neutral-border-strong); --button-border-color-disabled: var(--color-neutral-content-disabled); --button-border-width-default: var(--line-sm); --button-border-width-activated: var(--line-sm); } .button-bordered-cab { --button-color-background-hover: var(--color-button-secondary-background-hover); --button-border-color-default: var(--color-neutral-border-weak); --button-border-color-hover: var(--color-neutral-border-weak); --button-border-color-active: var(--color-neutral-border-weak); --button-border-color-activated: var(--color-neutral-border-weak); } .button-destructive { --button-color-background-default: var(--color-danger-background); --button-color-background-focus: var(--color-danger-background-hover); --button-color-background-hover: var(--color-danger-background-hover); --button-color-background-active: linear-gradient(var(--color-danger-background-hover),var(--color-danger-background-hover)); --button-color-background-disabled: var(--color-button-secondary-background-disabled); --button-color-text-default: var(--color-danger-content-default); --button-color-text-disabled: var(--color-button-secondary-text-disabled); --button-border-color-default: transparent; --button-border-color-hover: transparent; --button-border-color-active: transparent; } .button-media { --button-color-background-default: var(--color-media-background); --button-color-background-focus: var(--color-media-background-hover); --button-color-background-hover: var(--color-media-background-hover); --button-color-background-active: linear-gradient(var(--color-media-background-hover),var(--color-media-background-hover)); --button-border-color-activated: var(--color-neutral-content-strong); --button-color-text-default: #fff; --button-color-text-disabled: var(--color-media-onbackground-disabled); --button-color-background-disabled: var(--color-media-background); --button-border-color-default: var(--color-media-border-weak); --button-

border-width-default: var(--line-sm); } .button-media-cab { --button-color-background-default: transparent; --button-color-background-hover: var(--color-media-background-hover); --button-color-background-disabled: transparent; --button-color-background-active: linear-gradient(var(--color-media-background-hover),var(--color-media-background-hover)); --button-color-background-activated: var(--color-media-background-selected); --button-color-text-default: var(--color-media-onBackground); --button-color-text-activated: var(--color-media-onBackground); --button-color-text-hover: var(--color-media-onBackground); --button-color-text-disabled: var(--color-media-onbackground-disabled); --button-border-color-default: var(--color-media-border-weak); --button-border-color-hover: var(--color-media-border-weak); --button-border-color-disabled: var(--color-media-border-weak); --button-border-width-default: var(--line-sm); } .button-brand { --button-color-background-default: var(--color-brand-background); --button-color-background-hover: var(--color-brand-background-hover); --button-color-background-active: linear-gradient(var(--color-brand-background-hover),var(--color-brand-background-hover)); --button-color-background-disabled: var(--color-interactive-background-disabled); --button-color-text-default: var(--color-danger-content-default); --button-color-text-disabled: var(--color-interactive-content-disabled); --button-border-color-default: transparent; } .button-success { --button-color-background-default: var(--color-success-background); --button-color-background-focus: var(--color-success-background-hover); --button-color-background-hover: var(--color-success-background-hover); --button-color-background-active: linear-gradient(var(--color-success-background-hover),var(--color-success-background-hover)); --button-color-background-disabled: var(--color-button-primary-background-disabled); --button-color-text-default: var(--color-success-onBackground); --button-color-text-disabled: var(--color-button-primary-text-disabled); --button-border-color-default: transparent; } .button-plain-inverted { --button-color-background-default: transparent; --button-color-background-focus: var(--color-neutral-content); --button-color-background-hover: var(--color-neutral-content); --button-color-background-active: var(--color-interactive-pressed); --button-color-background-disabled: transparent; --button-color-text-default: var(--color-neutral-background-weak); --button-color-text-disabled: var(--color-neutral-content); --button-border-color-default: transparent; --button-color-background-activated: var(--color-button-plain-inverted-background-activated); --button-color-text-activated: var(--color-button-plain-inverted-text-activated); } .full-snoo-xs { --full-snoo-size: var(--rem48); --full-snoo-top-spacer: 0.125rem; --full-snoo-bottom-spacer: -0.1875rem; } .full-snoo-xs:not(.no-safe-area) { height: var(--full-snoo-size); margin-top: var(--full-snoo-top-spacer); width: var(--full-snoo-size); } .full-snoo-xs:not(.no-safe-area) > img { bottom: var(--full-snoo-bottom-spacer); } .full-snoo-xs > img { width: var(--rem36); } .full-snoo-sm { --full-snoo-size: var(--rem64); --full-snoo-top-spacer: 0.125rem; --full-snoo-bottom-spacer: calc(var(--rem4)*-1); } .full-snoo-sm:not(.no-safe-area) { height: var(--full-snoo-size); margin-top: var(--full-snoo-top-spacer); width: var(--full-snoo-size); } .full-snoo-sm:not(.no-safe-area) > img { bottom: var(--full-snoo-bottom-spacer); } .full-snoo-sm > img { width: var(--rem48); } .full-snoo-md { --full-snoo-size: var(--rem88); --full-snoo-top-spacer: var(--spacer-2xs); --full-snoo-bottom-spacer: calc(var(--rem6)*-1); } .full-snoo-md:not(.no-safe-area) { height: var(--full-snoo-size); margin-top: var(--full-snoo-top-spacer); width: var(--full-snoo-size); } .full-snoo-md:not(.no-safe-area) > img { bottom: var(--full-snoo-bottom-spacer); } .full-snoo-md > img { width: var(--rem64); } .full-snoo-lg { --full-snoo-size: var(--rem144); --full-snoo-top-spacer: 0.375rem; --full-snoo-bottom-spacer: calc(var(--rem10)*-1); } .full-snoo-lg:not(.no-safe-area) { height: var(--full-snoo-size); margin-top: var(--full-snoo-top-spacer); width: var(--full-snoo-size); } .full-snoo-lg:not(.no-safe-area) > img { bottom: var(--full-snoo-bottom-spacer); } .full-snoo-lg > img { width: 6.625rem; } .full-snoo-xl { --full-snoo-size: var(--rem192); --full-snoo-top-spacer: var(--spacer-xs); --full-snoo-bottom-spacer: calc(var(--rem14)*-1); } .full-snoo-xl:not(.no-safe-area) { height: var(--full-snoo-size); margin-top: var(--full-snoo-top-spacer); width: var(--full-snoo-size); } .full-snoo-xl:not(.no-safe-area) > img { bottom: var(--full-snoo-bottom-spacer); } .full-snoo-xl > img { width: 8.8125rem; } .full-snoo-2xl { --full-snoo-size: var(--rem320); --full-snoo-top-spacer: var(--spacer-sm); --full-snoo-bottom-spacer: calc(var(--rem22)*-1); } .full-snoo-2xl:not(.no-safe-area) { height: var(--full-snoo-size); margin-top: var(--full-snoo-top-spacer); width: var(--full-snoo-size); } .full-snoo-2xl:not(.no-safe-area) > img { bottom: var(--full-snoo-bottom-spacer); } .full-snoo-2xl > img { width: 14.75rem; } .sr-only { height: 1px; margin: -1px; overflow: hidden; padding: 0px; position: absolute; width: 1px; clip: rect(0px, 0px, 0px, 0px); border-width: 0px; white-space: nowrap; } .pointer-events-none { pointer-events: none; } .pointer-events-auto { pointer-events: auto; } .\!visible { visibility: visible !important; } .visible { visibility: visible; } .invisible { visibility: hidden; } .collapse { visibility: collapse; } .static { position: static; } .fixed { position: fixed; } .absolute { position: absolute; } .\!relative { position: relative !important; } .relative { position: relative; } .sticky { position: sticky; } .inset-0 { inset: 0px; } .inset-1\/2 { inset: 50%; } .inset-x-0 { left: 0px; right: 0px; } .inset-y-0 { bottom: 0px; top: 0px; } .-bottom-1\/2 { bottom: -50%; } .-bottom-xl { bottom: -2rem; } .-end-px { inset-inline-end: -1px; } .-end-sm { inset-inline-end: -0.75rem; } .-left-1\/2 { left: -50%; } .-left-\[1rem\] { left: -1rem; } .-left-\[99999px\] { left: -99999px; } .-left-full { left: -100%; } .-right-\[\.65rem\] { right: -0.65rem; } .-right-\[\.75rem\] { right: -0.75rem; } .-right-\[0\.0625rem\] { right: -0.0625rem; } .-right-\[0\.0825rem\] { right: -0.0825rem; } .-right-\[0\.125rem\] { right: -0.125rem; } .-right-\[6px\] { right: -6px; } .-right-px { right: -1px; } .-start-full { inset-inline-start: -100%; } .-top-2xl { top: -3rem; } .-top-2xs { top: -0.25rem; } .-top-\[35px\] { top: -35px; } .-top-\[6px\] { top: -6px; } .-top-\[9rem\] { top: -9rem; } .-top-full { top: -100%; } .-top-xs { top: -0.5rem; } .bottom-0 { bottom: 0px; } .bottom-100 { bottom: 100%; } .bottom-2xl { bottom: 3rem; } .bottom-\[-38px\] { bottom: -38px; } .bottom-\[-50px\] { bottom: -50px; } .bottom-\[-70px\] { bottom: -70px; } .bottom-\[-8px\] { bottom: -8px; } .bottom-\[0px\] { bottom: 0px; } .bottom-\[10px\] { bottom: 10px; } .bottom-\[13px\] { bottom: 13px; } .bottom-\[29px\] { bottom: 29px; } .bottom-\[2px\] { bottom: 2px; } .bottom-\[38px\] { bottom: 38px; } .bottom-\[3px\] { bottom: 3px; } .bottom-\[40px\] { bottom: 40px; } .bottom-\[42px\] { bottom: 42px; } .bottom-\[44px\] { bottom: 44px; } .bottom-\[48px\] { bottom: 48px; } .bottom-\[4px\] { bottom: 4px; } .bottom-\[52px\] { bottom: 52px; } .bottom-\[56px\] { bottom: 56px; } .bottom-\[5px\] { bottom: 5px; } .bottom-\[9\%\] { bottom: 9%; } .bottom-\[96px\] { bottom: 96px; } .bottom-\[var\(--rem20\)\] { bottom: var(--rem20); } .bottom-lg { bottom: 1.5rem; } .bottom-md { bottom: 1rem; } .bottom-sm { bottom: 0.75rem; } .bottom-xl { bottom: 2rem; } .bottom-xs { bottom: 0.5rem; } .end-0 { inset-inline-end: 0px; } .end-2xs { inset-inline-end: 0.25rem; } .end-\[-26px\] { inset-inline-end: -26px; } .end-\[-50px\] { inset-inline-end: -50px; } .end-\[-56px\] { inset-inline-end: -56px; } .end-\[-8px\] { inset-inline-end: -8px; } .end-\[17px\] { inset-inline-end: 17px; } .end-\[20px\] { inset-inline-end: 20px; } .end-\[23px\] { inset-inline-end: 23px; } .end-\[46px\] { inset-inline-end: 46px; } .end-\[4px\] { inset-inline-end: 4px; } .end-\[5\%\] { inset-inline-end: 5%; } .end-\[84px\] { inset-inline-end: 84px; } .end-\[calc\(50\%-380px\)\] { inset-inline-end: calc(50% - 380px); } .end-md { inset-inline-end: 1rem; } .end-sm { inset-inline-end: 0.75rem; } .end-xs { inset-inline-end: 0.5rem; } .left-0 { left: 0px; } .left-1\/2 { left: 50%; } .left-1\/4 { left: 25%; } .left-2\/4 { left: 50%; } .left-\[1\.25rem\] { left: 1.25rem; } .left-\[10px\] { left: 10px; } .left-\[16px\] { left: 16px; } .left-\[18px\] { left: 18px; } .left-\[2\.5rem\] { left: 2.5rem; } .left-\[2rem\] { left: 2rem; } .left-\[3px\] { left: 3px; } .left-\[4px\] { left: 4px; } .left-\[5\%\] { left: 5%; } .left-\[50\%\] { left: 50%; } .left-\[8px\] { left: 8px; } .left-\[9px\] { left: 9px; } .left-\[var\(--rem20\)\] { left: var(--rem20); } .left-md { left: 1rem; } .left-sm { left: 0.75rem; } .left-xs { left: 0.5rem; } .right-0 { right: 0px; } .right-1\/2 { right: 50%; } .right-1\/4 { right: 25%; } .right-\[0\.05rem\] { right: 0.05rem; } .right-\[0\.10rem\] { right: 0.1rem; } .right-\[15px\] { right: 15px; } .right-\[19px\] { right: 19px; } .right-\[29px\] { right: 29px; } .right-\[2rem\] { right: 2rem; } .right-\[318px\] { right: 318px; } .right-\[3px\] { right: 3px; } .right-\[40px\] { right: 40px; } .right-\[4px\] { right: 4px; } .right-\[52px\] { right: 52px; } .right-\[59px\] { right: 59px; } .right-\[5px\] { right: 5px; } .right-\[8px\] { right: 8px; } .right-\[9px\] { right: 9px; } .right-lg { right: 1.5rem; } .right-md { right: 1rem; } .right-sm { right: 0.75rem; } .right-xl { right: 2rem; } .right-xs { right: 0.5rem; } .start-0 { inset-inline-start: 0px; } .start-\[-12\.5px\] { inset-inline-start: -12.5px; } .start-\[1\.25rem\] { inset-inline-start: 1.25rem; } .start-\[11px\] { inset-inline-start: 11px; } .start-\[16px\] { inset-inline-start: 16px; } .start-\[2\.5rem\] { inset-inline-start: 2.5rem; } .start-\[28px\] { inset-inline-start: 28px; } .start-\[2px\] { inset-inline-start: 2px; } .start-\[4px\] { inset-inline-start: 4px; } .start-\[8px\] { inset-inline-start: 8px; } .start-\[\?rem\] { } .start-\[calc\(50\%-360px\)\] { inset-inline-start: calc(50% - 360px); } .start-md { inset-inline-start: 1rem; } .start-xl { inset-inline-start: 2rem; } .start-xs { inset-inline-start: 0.5rem; } .top-0 { top: 0px; } .top-1\/2 { top: 50%; } .top-100 { top: 100%; } .top-2\/4 { top: 50%; } .top-2xs { top: 0.25rem; } .top-3xl { top: 4rem; } .top-5xl { top: 8rem; } .top-\[-0\.25rem\] { top: -0.25rem; } .top-\[-1px\] { top: -1px; } .top-\[-20px\] { top: -20px; } .top-\[-47px\] { top: -47px; } .top-\[-8px\] { top: -8px; } .top-\[0\.125em\] { top: 0.125em; } .top-\[11px\] { top: 11px; } .top-\[12px\] { top: 12px; } .top-\[15\%\] { top: 15%; } .top-\[23px\] { top: 23px; } .top-\[2px\] { top: 2px; } .top-\[2rem\] { top: 2rem; } .top-\[37px\] { top: 37px; } .top-\[3px\] { top: 3px; } .top-\[48px\] { top: 48px; } .top-\[4px\] { top: 4px; } .top-\[50\%\] { top: 50%; } .top-\[56px\] { top: 56px; } .top-\[5px\] { top: 5px; } .top-\[72px\] { top: 72px; } .top-\[7px\] { top: 7px; } .top-\[8px\] { top: 8px; } .top-\[9px\] { top: 9px; } .top-\[calc\(50\%-230px\)\] { top: calc(50% - 230px); } .top-\[calc\(var\(--shreddit-header-height\)\)\] { top: calc(var(--shreddit-header-height)); } .top-\[calc\(var\(--shreddit-header-height\)\+1px\)\] { top: calc(var(--shreddit-header-height) + 1px); } .top-\[var\(--shreddit-header-height\)\] { top: var(--shreddit-header-height); } .top-lg { top: 1.5rem; } .top-md { top: 1rem; } .top-px { top: 1px; } .top-sm { top: 0.75rem; } .top-xl { top: 2rem; } .top-xs { top: 0.5rem; } .isolate { isolation: isolate; } .-z-10 { z-index: -10; } .z-0 { z-index: 0; } .z-1 { z-index: 1; } .z-10 { z-index: 10; } .z-2 { z-index: 2; } .z-20 { z-index: 20; } .z-30 { z-index: 30; } .z-40 { z-index: 40; } .z-5 { z-index: 5; } .z-50 { z-index: 50; } .z-\[-1\] { z-index: -1; } .z-\[1001\] { z-index: 1001; } .z-\[100\] { z-index: 100; } .z-\[10\] { z-index: 10; } .z-\[1\] { z-index: 1; } .z-\[20\] { z-index: 20; } .z-\[2\] { z-index: 2; } .z-\[3\] { z-index: 3; } .z-\[4\] { z-index: 4; } .z-\[9000\] { z-index: 9000; } .z-\[unset\] { z-index: unset; } .order-1 { order: 1; } .order-2 { order: 2; } .order-3 { order: 3; } .order-4 { order: 4; } .order-first { order: -9999; } .order-last { order: 9999; } .col-\[1\] { grid-column: 1; } .col-\[2_\/_-1\] { grid-column: 2 / -1; } .col-span-1 { grid-column: span 1 / span 1; } .col-span-2 { grid-column: span 2 / span 2; } .col-span-5 { grid-column: span 5 / span 5; } .col-span-full { grid-column: 1 / -1; } .col-start-1 { grid-column-start: 1; } .col-start-2 { grid-column-start: 2; } .col-start-3 { grid-column-start: 3; } .col-end-1 { grid-column-end: 1; } .col-end-17 { grid-column-end: 17; } .col-end-2 { grid-column-end: 2; } .col-end-3 { grid-column-end: 3; } .col-end-4 { grid-column-end: 4; } .col-end-\[-1\] { grid-column-end: -1; } .row-\[1\] { grid-row: 1; } .row-\[1_\/_2\] { grid-row: 1 / 2; } .row-span-1 { grid-row: span 1 / span 1; } .row-span-3 { grid-row: span 3 / span 3; } .row-span-full { grid-row: 1 / -1; } .row-start-1 { grid-row-start: 1; } .row-start-2 { grid-row-start: 2; } .row-start-3 { grid-row-start: 3; } .row-start-4 { grid-row-start: 4; } .row-start-5 { grid-row-start: 5; } .row-start-6 { grid-row-start: 6; } .row-end-2 { grid-row-end: 2; } .row-end-3 { grid-row-end: 3; } .row-end-4 { grid-row-end: 4; } .row-end-5 { grid-row-end: 5; } .row-end-6 { grid-row-end: 6; } .row-end-7 { grid-row-end: 7; } .row-end-auto { grid-row-end: auto; } .float-start { float: inline-start; } .float-right { float: right; } .float-left { float: left; } .\!m-0 { margin: 0px !important; } .-m-\[0\.5rem\] { margin: -0.5rem; } .-m-\[4px\] { margin: -4px; } .-m-xs { margin: -0.5rem; } .m-0 { margin: 0px; } .m-2xs { margin: 0.25rem; } .m-\[16px\] { margin: 16px; } .m-\[2px\] { margin: 2px; } .m-\[4px\] { margin: 4px; } .m-\[6px\] { margin: 6px; } .m-auto { margin: auto; } .m-lg { margin: 1.5rem; } .m-md { margin: 1rem; } .m-sm { margin: 0.75rem; } .m-xs { margin: 0.5rem; } .\!mx-0 { margin-left:

0px !important; margin-right: 0px !important; } .\!my-\[-10px\] { margin-bottom: -10px !important; margin-top: -10px !important; } .-mx-md { margin-left: -1rem; margin-right: -1rem; } .-mx-sm { margin-left: -0.75rem; margin-right: -0.75rem; } .-mx-xs { margin-left: -0.5rem; margin-right: -0.5rem; } .mx-0 { margin-left: 0px; margin-right: 0px; } .mx-2xs { margin-left: 0.25rem; margin-right: 0.25rem; } .mx-\[-16px\] { margin-left: -16px; margin-right: -16px; } .mx-\[12px\] { margin-left: 12px; margin-right: 12px; } .mx-\[2px\] { margin-left: 2px; margin-right: 2px; } .mx-\[3rem\] { margin-left: 3rem; margin-right: 3rem; } .mx-\[40px\] { margin-left: 40px; margin-right: 40px; } .mx-\[4px\] { margin-left: 4px; margin-right: 4px; } .mx-auto { margin-left: auto; margin-right: auto; } .mx-lg { margin-left: 1.5rem; margin-right: 1.5rem; } .mx-md { margin-left: 1rem; margin-right: 1rem; } .mx-sm { margin-left: 0.75rem; margin-right: 0.75rem; } .mx-xs { margin-left: 0.5rem; margin-right: 0.5rem; } .my-0 { margin-bottom: 0px; margin-top: 0px; } .my-2xl { margin-bottom: 3rem; margin-top: 3rem; } .my-2xs { margin-bottom: 0.25rem; margin-top: 0.25rem; } .my-\[-10px\] { margin-bottom: -10px; margin-top: -10px; } .my-\[10px\] { margin-bottom: 10px; margin-top: 10px; } .my-\[16px\] { margin-bottom: 16px; margin-top: 16px; } .my-\[18px\] { margin-bottom: 18px; margin-top: 18px; } .my-\[1px\] { margin-bottom: 1px; margin-top: 1px; } .my-\[20px\] { margin-bottom: 20px; margin-top: 20px; } .my-\[6px\] { margin-bottom: 6px; margin-top: 6px; } .my-\[calc\(var\(--rem8\)-var\(--rem1\)\)\] { margin-bottom: calc(var(--rem8) - var(--rem1)); margin-top: calc(var(--rem8) - var(--rem1)); } .my-auto { margin-bottom: auto; margin-top: auto; } .my-lg { margin-bottom: 1.5rem; margin-top: 1.5rem; } .my-md { margin-bottom: 1rem; margin-top: 1rem; } .my-px { margin-bottom: 1px; margin-top: 1px; } .my-sm { margin-bottom: 0.75rem; margin-top: 0.75rem; } .my-xl { margin-bottom: 2rem; margin-top: 2rem; } .my-xs { margin-bottom: 0.5rem; margin-top: 0.5rem; } .\!mr-xs { margin-right: 0.5rem !important; } .-mb-2xs { margin-bottom: -0.25rem; } .-mb-\[1px\] { margin-bottom: -1px; } .-mb-\[1rem\] { margin-bottom: -1rem; } .-mb-\[2px\] { margin-bottom: -2px; } .-mb-\[2rem\] { margin-bottom: -2rem; } .-mb-\[35px\] { margin-bottom: -35px; } .-mb-\[4px\] { margin-bottom: -4px; } .-mb-lg { margin-bottom: -1.5rem; } .-mb-px { margin-bottom: -1px; } .-mb-sm { margin-bottom: -0.75rem; } .-mb-xl { margin-bottom: -2rem; } .-mb-xs { margin-bottom: -0.5rem; } .-me-2xs { margin-inline-end: -0.25rem; } .-me-\[10px\] { margin-inline-end: -10px; } .-me-\[7px\] { margin-inline-end: -7px; } .-me-md { margin-inline-end: -1rem; } .-me-sm { margin-inline-end: -0.75rem; } .-me-xs { margin-inline-end: -0.5rem; } .-ml-2xs { margin-left: -0.25rem; } .-ml-lg { margin-left: -1.5rem; } .-ml-md { margin-left: -1rem; } .-ml-px { margin-left: -1px; } .-ml-sm { margin-left: -0.75rem; } .-ml-xs { margin-left: -0.5rem; } .-mr-2xs { margin-right: -0.25rem; } .-mr-\[7px\] { margin-right: -7px; } .-mr-md { margin-right: -1rem; } .-mr-sm { margin-right: -0.75rem; } .-ms-2xs { margin-inline-start: -0.25rem; } .-ms-\[2px\] { margin-inline-start: -2px; } .-ms-\[calc\(var\(--rem4\)-var\(--rem1\)\)\] { margin-inline-start: calc(var(--rem4)*-1 - var(--rem1)*-1); } .-ms-\[var\(--rem10\)\] { margin-inline-start: calc(var(--rem10)*-1); } .-ms-\[var\(--rem12\)\] { margin-inline-start: calc(var(--rem12)*-1); } .-ms-\[var\(--rem14\)\] { margin-inline-start: calc(var(--rem14)*-1); } .-ms-\[var\(--rem16\)\] { margin-inline-start: calc(var(--rem16)*-1); } .-ms-\[var\(--rem18\)\] { margin-inline-start: calc(var(--rem18)*-1); } .-ms-\[var\(--rem20\)\] { margin-inline-start: calc(var(--rem20)*-1); } .-ms-\[var\(--rem4\)\] { margin-inline-start: calc(var(--rem4)*-1); } .-ms-\[var\(--rem6\)\] { margin-inline-start: calc(var(--rem6)*-1); } .-ms-\[var\(--rem8\)\] { margin-inline-start: calc(var(--rem8)*-1); } .-ms-lg { margin-inline-start: -1.5rem; } .-ms-md { margin-inline-start: -1rem; } .-ms-sm { margin-inline-start: -0.75rem; } .-ms-xs { margin-inline-start: -0.5rem; } .-mt-2xs { margin-top: -0.25rem; } .-mt-3xl { margin-top: -4rem; } .-mt-\[103px\] { margin-top: -103px; } .-mt-\[1em\] { margin-top: -1em; } .-mt-\[1px\] { margin-top: -1px; } .-mt-\[2px\] { margin-top: -2px; } .-mt-\[36px\] { margin-top: -36px; } .-mt-\[4px\] { margin-top: -4px; } .-mt-\[var\(--page-y-padding\)\] { margin-top: calc(var(--page-y-padding)*-1); } .-mt-\[var\(--shreddit-header-large-height\)\] { margin-top: calc(var(--shreddit-header-large-height)*-1); } .-mt-lg { margin-top: -1.5rem; } .-mt-md { margin-top: -1rem; } .-mt-xl { margin-top: -2rem; } .-mt-xs { margin-top: -0.5rem; } .mb-0 { margin-bottom: 0px; } .mb-2xl { margin-bottom: 3rem; } .mb-2xs { margin-bottom: 0.25rem; } .mb-3xl { margin-bottom: 4rem; } .mb-\[-1px\] { margin-bottom: -1px; } .mb-\[-2px\] { margin-bottom: -2px; } .mb-\[-32px\] { margin-bottom: -32px; } .mb-\[-40px\] { margin-bottom: -40px; } .mb-\[-4px\] { margin-bottom: -4px; } .mb-\[0\.25rem\] { margin-bottom: 0.25rem; } .mb-\[0\.5rem\] { margin-bottom: 0.5rem; } .mb-\[0px\] { margin-bottom: 0px; } .mb-\[1\.25rem\] { margin-bottom: 1.25rem; } .mb-\[10px\] { margin-bottom: 10px; } .mb-\[12px\] { margin-bottom: 12px; } .mb-\[14px\] { margin-bottom: 14px; } .mb-\[16px\] { margin-bottom: 16px; } .mb-\[18px\] { margin-bottom: 18px; } .mb-\[1px\] { margin-bottom: 1px; } .mb-\[2\.5rem\] { margin-bottom: 2.5rem; } .mb-\[20px\] { margin-bottom: 20px; } .mb-\[24px\] { margin-bottom: 24px; } .mb-\[2px\] { margin-bottom: 2px; } .mb-\[2rem\] { margin-bottom: 2rem; } .mb-\[300px\] { margin-bottom: 300px; } .mb-\[32px\] { margin-bottom: 32px; } .mb-\[36px\] { margin-bottom: 36px; } .mb-\[3px\] { margin-bottom: 3px; } .mb-\[40px\] { margin-bottom: 40px; } .mb-\[45px\] { margin-bottom: 45px; } .mb-\[4px\] { margin-bottom: 4px; } .mb-\[50px\] { margin-bottom: 50px; } .mb-\[52px\] { margin-bottom: 52px; } .mb-\[8px\] { margin-bottom: 8px; } .mb-lg { margin-bottom: 1.5rem; } .mb-md { margin-bottom: 1rem; } .mb-px { margin-bottom: 1px; } .mb-sm { margin-bottom: 0.75rem; } .mb-xl { margin-bottom: 2rem; } .mb-xs { margin-bottom: 0.5rem; } .me-0 { margin-inline-end: 0px; } .me-2xs { margin-inline-end: 0.25rem; } .me-3xl { margin-inline-end: 4rem; } .me-\[-16px\] { margin-inline-end: -16px; } .me-\[-2px\] { margin-inline-end: -2px; } .me-\[-4px\] { margin-inline-end: -4px; } .me-\[-8px\] { margin-inline-end: -8px; } .me-\[12px\] { margin-inline-end: 12px; } .me-\[2px\] { margin-inline-end: 2px; } .me-\[3px\] { margin-inline-end: 3px; } .me-\[4px\] { margin-inline-end: 4px; } .me-\[6px\] { margin-inline-end: 6px; } .me-\[8px\] { margin-inline-end: 8px; } .me-\[calc\(var\(--size-button-sm-h\)-var\(--rem10\)-var\(--button-border-width-default\)\)\] { margin-inline-end: calc(var(--size-button-sm-h) - var(--rem10) - var(--button-border-width-default)); } .me-\[var\(--rem4\)\] { margin-inline-end: var(--rem4); } .me-\[var\(--rem6\)\] { margin-inline-end: var(--rem6); } .me-auto { margin-inline-end: auto; } .me-lg { margin-inline-end: 1.5rem; } .me-md { margin-inline-end: 1rem; } .me-sm { margin-inline-end: 0.75rem; } .me-xl { margin-inline-end: 2rem; } .me-xs { margin-inline-end: 0.5rem; } .ml-0 { margin-left: 0px; } .ml-2xl { margin-left: 3rem; } .ml-2xs { margin-left: 0.25rem; } .ml-\[-14px\] { margin-left: -14px; } .ml-\[-16px\] { margin-left: -16px; } .ml-\[-1rem\] { margin-left: -1rem; } .ml-\[11px\] { margin-left: 11px; } .ml-\[15px\] { margin-left: 15px; } .ml-\[1px\] { margin-left: 1px; } .ml-\[2\.5rem\] { margin-left: 2.5rem; } .ml-\[2\.75rem\] { margin-left: 2.75rem; } .ml-\[28px\] { margin-left: 28px; } .ml-\[2px\] { margin-left: 2px; } .ml-\[2rem\] { margin-left: 2rem; } .ml-\[40px\] { margin-left: 40px; } .ml-\[4px\] { margin-left: 4px; } .ml-\[6px\] { margin-left: 6px; } .ml-auto { margin-left: auto; } .ml-lg { margin-left: 1.5rem; } .ml-md { margin-left: 1rem; } .ml-px { margin-left: 1px; } .ml-sm { margin-left: 0.75rem; } .ml-xl { margin-left: 2rem; } .ml-xs { margin-left: 0.5rem; } .mr-0 { margin-right: 0px; } .mr-2xl { margin-right: 3rem; } .mr-2xs { margin-right: 0.25rem; } .mr-\[-16px\] { margin-right: -16px; } .mr-\[-8px\] { margin-right: -8px; } .mr-\[15px\] { margin-right: 15px; } .mr-\[2px\] { margin-right: 2px; } .mr-\[300px\] { margin-right: 300px; } .mr-\[4px\] { margin-right: 4px; } .mr-\[6px\] { margin-right: 6px; } .mr-\[8px\] { margin-right: 8px; } .mr-\[var\(--rem6\)\] { margin-right: var(--rem6); } .mr-auto { margin-right: auto; } .mr-lg { margin-right: 1.5rem; } .mr-md { margin-right: 1rem; } .mr-sm { margin-right: 0.75rem; } .mr-xl { margin-right: 2rem; } .mr-xs { margin-right: 0.5rem; } .ms-0 { margin-inline-start: 0px; } .ms-2xl { margin-inline-start: 3rem; } .ms-2xs { margin-inline-start: 0.25rem; } .ms-\[-\.25rem\] { margin-inline-start: -0.25rem; } .ms-\[-14px\] { margin-inline-start: -14px; } .ms-\[-24px\] { margin-inline-start: -24px; } .ms-\[-2px\] { margin-inline-start: -2px; } .ms-\[-36px\] { margin-inline-start: -36px; } .ms-\[22px\] { margin-inline-start: 22px; } .ms-\[2px\] { margin-inline-start: 2px; } .ms-\[30px\] { margin-inline-start: 30px; } .ms-\[34px\] { margin-inline-start: 34px; } .ms-\[36px\] { margin-inline-start: 36px; } .ms-\[38px\] { margin-inline-start: 38px; } .ms-\[3px\] { margin-inline-start: 3px; } .ms-\[4px\] { margin-inline-start: 4px; } .ms-\[6px\] { margin-inline-start: 6px; } .ms-\[var\(--rem4\)\] { margin-inline-start: var(--rem4); } .ms-auto { margin-inline-start: auto; } .ms-lg { margin-inline-start: 1.5rem; } .ms-md { margin-inline-start: 1rem; } .ms-px { margin-inline-start: 1px; } .ms-sm { margin-inline-start: 0.75rem; } .ms-xl { margin-inline-start: 2rem; } .ms-xs { margin-inline-start: 0.5rem; } .mt-0 { margin-top: 0px; } .mt-2xl { margin-top: 3rem; } .mt-2xs { margin-top: 0.25rem; } .mt-3xl { margin-top: 4rem; } .mt-4xl { margin-top: 6rem; } .mt-5xl { margin-top: 8rem; } .mt-\[-0\.125rem\] { margin-top: -0.125rem; } .mt-\[-0\.25rem\] { margin-top: -0.25rem; } .mt-\[-14px\] { margin-top: -14px; } .mt-\[-16px\] { margin-top: -16px; } .mt-\[-21px\] { margin-top: -21px; } .mt-\[-24px\] { margin-top: -24px; } .mt-\[-2px\] { margin-top: -2px; } .mt-\[-40px\] { margin-top: -40px; } .mt-\[-4px\] { margin-top: -4px; } .mt-\[-65vh\] { margin-top: -65vh; } .mt-\[-66px\] { margin-top: -66px; } .mt-\[-8px\] { margin-top: -8px; } .mt-\[1\.5rem\] { margin-top: 1.5rem; } .mt-\[100px\] { margin-top: 100px; } .mt-\[10px\] { margin-top: 10px; } .mt-\[12px\] { margin-top: 12px; } .mt-\[136px\] { margin-top: 136px; } .mt-\[14px\] { margin-top: 14px; } .mt-\[16px\] { margin-top: 16px; } .mt-\[1em\] { margin-top: 1em; } .mt-\[1px\] { margin-top: 1px; } .mt-\[1rem\] { margin-top: 1rem; } .mt-\[2\.5rem\] { margin-top: 2.5rem; } .mt-\[20px\] { margin-top: 20px; } .mt-\[20vh\] { margin-top: 20vh; } .mt-\[2px\] { margin-top: 2px; } .mt-\[30px\] { margin-top: 30px; } .mt-\[36px\] { margin-top: 36px; } .mt-\[48px\] { margin-top: 48px; } .mt-\[4px\] { margin-top: 4px; } .mt-\[50px\] { margin-top: 50px; } .mt-\[60px\] { margin-top: 60px; } .mt-\[6px\] { margin-top: 6px; } .mt-\[76px\] { margin-top: 76px; } .mt-\[80px\] { margin-top: 80px; } .mt-\[8px\] { margin-top: 8px; } .mt-\[var\(--rem20\)\] { margin-top: var(--rem20); } .mt-auto { margin-top: auto; } .mt-lg { margin-top: 1.5rem; } .mt-md { margin-top: 1rem; } .mt-sm { margin-top: 0.75rem; } .mt-xl { margin-top: 2rem; } .mt-xs { margin-top: 0.5rem; } .box-border { box-sizing: border-box; } .box-content { box-sizing: initial; } .line-clamp-1 { -webkit-line-clamp: 1; } .line-clamp-1, .line-clamp-12 { display: -webkit-box; overflow: hidden; -webkit-box-orient: vertical; } .line-clamp-12 { -webkit-line-clamp: 12; } .line-clamp-2 { -webkit-line-clamp: 2; } .line-clamp-2, .line-clamp-3 { display: -webkit-box; overflow: hidden; -webkit-box-orient: vertical; } .line-clamp-3 { -webkit-line-clamp: 3; } .line-clamp-4 { -webkit-line-clamp: 4; } .line-clamp-4, .line-clamp-5 { display: -webkit-box; overflow: hidden; -webkit-box-orient: vertical; } .line-clamp-5 { -webkit-line-clamp: 5; } .line-clamp-6 { -webkit-line-clamp: 6; } .line-clamp-6, .line-clamp-8 { display: -webkit-box; overflow: hidden; -webkit-box-orient: vertical; } .line-clamp-8 { -webkit-line-clamp: 8; } .\!block { display: block !important; } .block { display: block; } .inline-block { display: inline-block; } .inline { display: inline; } .\!flex { display: flex !important; } .flex { display: flex; } .inline-flex { display: inline-flex; } .\!table { display: table !important; } .table { display: table; } .inline-table { display: inline-table; } .table-cell { display: table-cell; } .table-row-group { display: table-row-group; } .table-row { display: table-row; } .grid { display: grid; } .inline-grid { display: inline-grid; } .contents { display: contents; } .list-item { display: list-item; } .\!hidden { display: none !important; } .hidden { display: none; } .aspect-\[2\/1\] { aspect-ratio: 2 / 1; } .aspect-\[3\/4\] { aspect-ratio: 3 / 4; } .aspect-\[32\/9\] { aspect-ratio: 32 / 9; } .aspect-\[4\/3\] { aspect-ratio: 4 / 3; } .aspect-square { aspect-ratio: 1 / 1; } .size-sm { height: 0.75rem; width: 0.75rem; } .\!h-\[24px\] { height: 24px !important; } .\!h-auto { height: auto !important; } .h-0 { height: 0px; } .h-100 { height: 100%; } .h-2xl { height: 3rem; } .h-2xs { height: 0.25rem; } .h-3xl { height: 4rem; } .h-4xl { height: 6rem; } .h-5xl { height: 8rem; } .h-\[\.25rem\] { height: 0.25rem; } .h-\[\.375rem\] { height: 0.375rem; } .h-\[\.5rem\] { height: 0.5rem; } .h-\[\.75rem\] { height: 0.75rem; } .h-\[1\.25rem\] { height: 1.25rem; } .h-\[1\.5rem\] { height: 1.5rem; } .h-\[1\.75rem\] { height: 1.75rem; } .h-\[1\.7rem\] { height: 1.7rem; } .h-\[100px\] { height: 100px; } .h-\[100vh\] {

height: 100vh; } .h-\[1024px\] { height: 1024px; } .h-\[104px\] { height: 104px; } .h-\[108px\] { height: 108px; } .h-\[10px\] { height: 10px; } .h-\[11\.5px\] { height: 11.5px; } .h-\[110px\] { height: 110px; } .h-\[1120px\] { height: 1120px; } .h-\[112px\] { height: 112px; } .h-\[114px\] { height: 114px; } .h-\[115px\] { height: 115px; } .h-\[118px\] { height: 118px; } .h-\[120px\] { height: 120px; } .h-\[124px\] { height: 124px; } .h-\[125px\] { height: 125px; } .h-\[126px\] { height: 126px; } .h-\[128px\] { height: 128px; } .h-\[129px\] { height: 129px; } .h-\[12px\] { height: 12px; } .h-\[12rem\] { height: 12rem; } .h-\[135\%\] { height: 135%; } .h-\[140px\] { height: 140px; } .h-\[144px\] { height: 144px; } .h-\[148px\] { height: 148px; } .h-\[14px\] { height: 14px; } .h-\[150px\] { height: 150px; } .h-\[151px\] { height: 151px; } .h-\[159px\] { height: 159px; } .h-\[160px\] { height: 160px; } .h-\[161px\] { height: 161px; } .h-\[164px\] { height: 164px; } .h-\[168px\] { height: 168px; } .h-\[16px\] { height: 16px; } .h-\[170px\] { height: 170px; } .h-\[175px\] { height: 175px; } .h-\[176px\] { height: 176px; } .h-\[177px\] { height: 177px; } .h-\[17rem\] { height: 17rem; } .h-\[180px\] { height: 180px; } .h-\[184px\] { height: 184px; } .h-\[185px\] { height: 185px; } .h-\[18px\] { height: 18px; } .h-\[190px\] { height: 190px; } .h-\[192px\] { height: 192px; } .h-\[196px\] { height: 196px; } .h-\[1em\] { height: 1em; } .h-\[1px\] { height: 1px; } .h-\[1rem\] { height: 1rem; } .h-\[2\.25rem\] { height: 2.25rem; } .h-\[2\.5rem\] { height: 2.5rem; } .h-\[2\.875rem\] { height: 2.875rem; } .h-\[200px\] { height: 200px; } .h-\[209px\] { height: 209px; } .h-\[20px\] { height: 20px; } .h-\[210px\] { height: 210px; } .h-\[213px\] { height: 213px; } .h-\[218px\] { height: 218px; } .h-\[21px\] { height: 21px; } .h-\[228px\] { height: 228px; } .h-\[22px\] { height: 22px; } .h-\[240px\] { height: 240px; } .h-\[24px\] { height: 24px; } .h-\[250px\] { height: 250px; } .h-\[268px\] { height: 268px; } .h-\[280px\] { height: 280px; } .h-\[285px\] { height: 285px; } .h-\[289px\] { height: 289px; } .h-\[28px\] { height: 28px; } .h-\[2px\] { height: 2px; } .h-\[2rem\] { height: 2rem; } .h-\[3\.25rem\] { height: 3.25rem; } .h-\[3\.2rem\] { height: 3.2rem; } .h-\[3\.5rem\] { height: 3.5rem; } .h-\[3\.75rem\] { height: 3.75rem; } .h-\[300px\] { height: 300px; } .h-\[305px\] { height: 305px; } .h-\[30px\] { height: 30px; } .h-\[316px\] { height: 316px; } .h-\[320px\] { height: 320px; } .h-\[324px\] { height: 324px; } .h-\[328px\] { height: 328px; } .h-\[32px\] { height: 32px; } .h-\[33px\] { height: 33px; } .h-\[348px\] { height: 348px; } .h-\[34px\] { height: 34px; } .h-\[350px\] { height: 350px; } .h-\[360px\] { height: 360px; } .h-\[36px\] { height: 36px; } .h-\[370px\] { height: 370px; } .h-\[374px\] { height: 374px; } .h-\[38px\] { height: 38px; } .h-\[396px\] { height: 396px; } .h-\[3rem\] { height: 3rem; } .h-\[4\.5rem\] { height: 4.5rem; } .h-\[400px\] { height: 400px; } .h-\[40px\] { height: 40px; } .h-\[420px\] { height: 420px; } .h-\[42px\] { height: 42px; } .h-\[434px\] { height: 434px; } .h-\[44px\] { height: 44px; } .h-\[452px\] { height: 452px; } .h-\[455px\] { height: 455px; } .h-\[46px\] { height: 46px; } .h-\[470px\] { height: 470px; } .h-\[485px\] { height: 485px; } .h-\[48px\] { height: 48px; } .h-\[494px\] { height: 494px; } .h-\[4px\] { height: 4px; } .h-\[4rem\] { height: 4rem; } .h-\[5\.5rem\] { height: 5.5rem; } .h-\[500px\] { height: 500px; } .h-\[50px\] { height: 50px; } .h-\[50vh\] { height: 50vh; } .h-\[520px\] { height: 520px; } .h-\[52px\] { height: 52px; } .h-\[550px\] { height: 550px; } .h-\[55vh\] { height: 55vh; } .h-\[562px\] { height: 562px; } .h-\[56px\] { height: 56px; } .h-\[580px\] { height: 580px; } .h-\[584px\] { height: 584px; } .h-\[58px\] { height: 58px; } .h-\[5rem\] { height: 5rem; } .h-\[600px\] { height: 600px; } .h-\[60px\] { height: 60px; } .h-\[62px\] { height: 62px; } .h-\[63px\] { height: 63px; } .h-\[644px\] { height: 644px; } .h-\[64px\] { height: 64px; } .h-\[65px\] { height: 65px; } .h-\[66px\] { height: 66px; } .h-\[68px\] { height: 68px; } .h-\[6px\] { height: 6px; } .h-\[6rem\] { height: 6rem; } .h-\[700px\] { height: 700px; } .h-\[70px\] { height: 70px; } .h-\[70vh\] { height: 70vh; } .h-\[72px\] { height: 72px; } .h-\[73px\] { height: 73px; } .h-\[74px\] { height: 74px; } .h-\[768px\] { height: 768px; } .h-\[76px\] { height: 76px; } .h-\[80px\] { height: 80px; } .h-\[80vh\] { height: 80vh; } .h-\[82px\] { height: 82px; } .h-\[83px\] { height: 83px; } .h-\[84px\] { height: 84px; } .h-\[88px\] { height: 88px; } .h-\[8px\] { height: 8px; } .h-\[8rem\] { height: 8rem; } .h-\[90px\] { height: 90px; } .h-\[91px\] { height: 91px; } .h-\[92px\] { height: 92px; } .h-\[93px\] { height: 93px; } .h-\[96px\] { height: 96px; } .h-\[97px\] { height: 97px; } .h-\[98px\] { height: 98px; } .h-\[auto\] { height: auto; } .h-\[calc\(100dvh-var\(--shreddit-header-height\)\)\] { height: calc(100dvh - var(--shreddit-header-height)); } .h-\[calc\(100vh-7\.5rem\)\] { height: calc(-7.5rem + 100vh); } .h-\[calc\(100vh-8rem\)\] { height: calc(-8rem + 100vh); } .h-\[calc\(100vh-var\(--shreddit-header-height\)\)\] { height: calc(100vh - var(--shreddit-header-height)); } .h-\[calc\(100vh-var\(--shreddit-header-height\)-120px\)\] { height: calc(100vh - var(--shreddit-header-height) - 120px); } .h-\[calc\(100vh-var\(--shreddit-header-height\)-1px\)\] { height: calc(100vh - var(--shreddit-header-height) - 1px); } .h-\[calc\(100vh-var\(--shreddit-header-height\)-2px\)\] { height: calc(100vh - var(--shreddit-header-height) - 2px); } .h-\[calc\(100vh-var\(--shreddit-header-height\)-48px\)\] { height: calc(100vh - var(--shreddit-header-height) - 48px); } .h-\[calc\(100vh-var\(--shreddit-header-height\)-var\(--shreddit-bottom-padding\)\)\] { height: calc(100vh - var(--shreddit-header-height) - var(--shreddit-bottom-padding)); } .h-\[calc\(100vh-var\(--shreddit-header-large-height\)-100px\)\] { height: calc(100vh - var(--shreddit-header-large-height) - 100px); } .h-\[var\(--accessory-container-height\)\] { height: var(--accessory-container-height); } .h-\[var\(--gallery-max-h\)\] { height: var(--gallery-max-h); } .h-\[var\(--icon-badge-container-height\)\] { height: var(--icon-badge-container-height); } .h-\[var\(--list-height\)\] { height: var(--list-height); } .h-\[var\(--marketplace-modal-height\)\] { height: var(--marketplace-modal-height); } .h-\[var\(--modal-height\)\] { height: var(--modal-height); } .h-\[var\(--rem20\)\] { height: var(--rem20); } .h-\[var\(--rem28\)\] { height: var(--rem28); } .h-\[var\(--rem32\)\] { height: var(--rem32); } .h-\[var\(--rem36\)\] { height: var(--rem36); } .h-auto { height: auto; } .h-dvh { height: 100dvh; } .h-fit { height: fit-content; } .h-full { height: 100%; } .h-header-large { height: var(--shreddit-header-large-height); } .h-header-small { height: var(--shreddit-header-height); } .h-lg { height: 1.5rem; } .h-lvh { height: 100lvh; } .h-md { height: 1rem; } .h-min { height: min-content; } .h-px { height: 1px; } .h-screen { height: 100vh; } .h-screen-without-header { height: calc(var(--viewport-height,100vh) - var(--shreddit-header-height) - 1px); } .h-screen-without-header-large { height: calc(var(--viewport-height,100vh) - var(--shreddit-header-large-height) - 1px); } .h-sm { height: 0.75rem; } .h-xl { height: 2rem; } .h-xs { height: 0.5rem; } .\!max-h-0 { max-height: 0px !important; } .\!max-h-none { max-height: none !important; } .max-h-0 { max-height: 0px; } .max-h-2xl { max-height: 3rem; } .max-h-3xl { max-height: 4rem; } .max-h-\[1\.5rem\] { max-height: 1.5rem; } .max-h-\[1000px\] { max-height: 1000px; } .max-h-\[100vw\] { max-height: 100vw; } .max-h-\[107px\] { max-height: 107px; } .max-h-\[1120px\] { max-height: 1120px; } .max-h-\[13\.125rem\] { max-height: 13.125rem; } .max-h-\[130\%\] { max-height: 130%; } .max-h-\[130px\] { max-height: 130px; } .max-h-\[140px\] { max-height: 140px; } .max-h-\[148px\] { max-height: 148px; } .max-h-\[150px\] { max-height: 150px; } .max-h-\[18px\] { max-height: 18px; } .max-h-\[18rem\] { max-height: 18rem; } .max-h-\[1920px\] { max-height: 1920px; } .max-h-\[192px\] { max-height: 192px; } .max-h-\[19rem\] { max-height: 19rem; } .max-h-\[2\.5em\] { max-height: 2.5em; } .max-h-\[2\.5rem\] { max-height: 2.5rem; } .max-h-\[20rem\] { max-height: 20rem; } .max-h-\[228px\] { max-height: 228px; } .max-h-\[232px\] { max-height: 232px; } .max-h-\[25\.5rem\] { max-height: 25.5rem; } .max-h-\[250px\] { max-height: 250px; } .max-h-\[253px\] { max-height: 253px; } .max-h-\[25vh\] { max-height: 25vh; } .max-h-\[260px\] { max-height: 260px; } .max-h-\[276px\] { max-height: 276px; } .max-h-\[294px\] { max-height: 294px; } .max-h-\[2em\] { max-height: 2em; } .max-h-\[2rem\] { max-height: 2rem; } .max-h-\[300px\] { max-height: 300px; } .max-h-\[30vh\] { max-height: 30vh; } .max-h-\[320px\] { max-height: 320px; } .max-h-\[330px\] { max-height: 330px; } .max-h-\[336px\] { max-height: 336px; } .max-h-\[348px\] { max-height: 348px; } .max-h-\[350px\] { max-height: 350px; } .max-h-\[370px\] { max-height: 370px; } .max-h-\[375px\] { max-height: 375px; } .max-h-\[385px\] { max-height: 385px; } .max-h-\[38px\] { max-height: 38px; } .max-h-\[400px\] { max-height: 400px; } .max-h-\[40px\] { max-height: 40px; } .max-h-\[40vh\] { max-height: 40vh; } .max-h-\[432px\] { max-height: 432px; } .max-h-\[472px\] { max-height: 472px; } .max-h-\[480px\] { max-height: 480px; } .max-h-\[500px\] { max-height: 500px; } .max-h-\[50vh\] { max-height: 50vh; } .max-h-\[520px\] { max-height: 520px; } .max-h-\[532px\] { max-height: 532px; } .max-h-\[540px\] { max-height: 540px; } .max-h-\[560px\] { max-height: 560px; } .max-h-\[590px\] { max-height: 590px; } .max-h-\[596px\] { max-height: 596px; } .max-h-\[600px\] { max-height: 600px; } .max-h-\[62px\] { max-height: 62px; } .max-h-\[640px\] { max-height: 640px; } .max-h-\[651px\] { max-height: 651px; } .max-h-\[67vh\] { max-height: 67vh; } .max-h-\[70vh\] { max-height: 70vh; } .max-h-\[711px\] { max-height: 711px; } .max-h-\[740px\] { max-height: 740px; } .max-h-\[768px\] { max-height: 768px; } .max-h-\[80\%\] { max-height: 80%; } .max-h-\[80px\] { max-height: 80px; } .max-h-\[80vh\] { max-height: 80vh; } .max-h-\[90vh\] { max-height: 90vh; } .max-h-\[95vh\] { max-height: 95vh; } .max-h-\[calc\(100dvh_-_8rem\)\] { max-height: calc(-8rem + 100dvh); } .max-h-\[calc\(100vh-128px\)\] { max-height: calc(-128px + 100vh); } .max-h-\[calc\(100vh-240px\)\] { max-height: calc(-240px + 100vh); } .max-h-\[calc\(100vh-300px\)\] { max-height: calc(-300px + 100vh); } .max-h-\[calc\(100vh-64px\)\] { max-height: calc(-64px + 100vh); } .max-h-\[calc\(100vh-var\(--shreddit-header-height\)-15px-10px\)\] { max-height: calc(100vh - var(--shreddit-header-height) - 25px); } .max-h-\[calc\(100vh-var\(--shreddit-header-height\)-1px\)\] { max-height: calc(100vh - var(--shreddit-header-height) - 1px); } .max-h-\[calc\(100vh-var\(--shreddit-header-height\)-33px\)\] { max-height: calc(100vh - var(--shreddit-header-height) - 33px); } .max-h-\[calc\(100vh-var\(--shreddit-header-height\)-6\.25rem\)\] { max-height: calc(100vh - var(--shreddit-header-height) - 6.25rem); } .max-h-\[calc\(var\(--dvh-unit\)*100-var\(--shreddit-header-height\)-1px\)\] { max-height: calc(var(--dvh-unit)*100 - var(--shreddit-header-height) - 1px); } .max-h-\[calc\(var\(--viewport-height\)-220px\)\] { max-height: calc(var(--viewport-height) - 220px); } .max-h-\[calc\(var\(--viewport-height\)-var\(--size-5xl\)\)\] { max-height: calc(var(--viewport-height) - var(--size-5xl)); } .max-h-\[max\(23vw\,250px\)\] { max-height: max(23vw, 250px); } .max-h-\[min\(20vw\,150px\)\] { max-height: min(20vw, 150px); } .max-h-\[min\(230px\,100\%\)\] { max-height: min(230px, 100%); } .max-h-\[unset\] { max-height: unset; } .max-h-\[var\(--gallery-max-h\)\] { max-height: var(--gallery-max-h); } .max-h-\[var\(--modal-height\)\] { max-height: var(--modal-height); } .max-h-\[var\(--rem20\)\] { max-height: var(--rem20); } .max-h-dvh { max-height: 100dvh; } .max-h-full { max-height: 100%; } .max-h-none { max-height: none; } .max-h-screen { max-height: 100vh; } .max-h-screen-without-header { max-height: calc(var(--viewport-height,100vh) - var(--shreddit-header-height) - 1px); } .max-h-xl { max-height: 2rem; } .min-h-0 { min-height: 0px; } .min-h-2xl { min-height: 3rem; } .min-h-3xl { min-height: 4rem; } .min-h-4xl { min-height: 6rem; } .min-h-5xl { min-height: 8rem; } .min-h-\[0px\] { min-height: 0px; } .min-h-\[1\.5rem\] { min-height: 1.5rem; } .min-h-\[100px\] { min-height: 100px; } .min-h-\[100vh\] { min-height: 100vh; } .min-h-\[106px\] { min-height: 106px; } .min-h-\[10px\] { min-height: 10px; } .min-h-\[10rem\] { min-height: 10rem; } .min-h-\[128px\] { min-height: 128px; } .min-h-\[12px\] { min-height: 12px; } .min-h-\[132px\] { min-height: 132px; } .min-h-\[144px\] { min-height: 144px; } .min-h-\[150px\] { min-height: 150px; } .min-h-\[15rem\] { min-height: 15rem; } .min-h-\[180px\] { min-height: 180px; } .min-h-\[18px\] { min-height: 18px; } .min-h-\[1rem\] { min-height: 1rem; } .min-h-\[2\.5rem\] { min-height: 2.5rem; } .min-h-\[2\.875rem\] { min-height: 2.875rem; } .min-h-\[200px\] { min-height: 200px; } .min-h-\[20px\] { min-height: 20px; } .min-h-\[240px\] { min-height: 240px; } .min-h-\[24px\] { min-height: 24px; } .min-h-\[260px\] { min-height: 260px; } .min-h-\[28px\] { min-height: 28px; } .min-h-\[2lh\] { min-height: 2lh; } .min-h-\[2rem\] { min-height: 2rem; } .min-h-\[3\.25rem\] { min-height: 3.25rem; } .min-h-\[30px\] { min-height: 30px; } .min-h-\[30rem\] { min-height: 30rem; } .min-h-\[310px\] { min-height: 310px; } .min-h-\[32px\] { min-height: 32px; } .min-h-\[34px\] { min-height: 34px; } .min-h-\[350px\] { min-height: 350px; } .min-h-\[36px\] { min-height: 36px; } .min-h-\

[38px\] { min-height: 38px; } .min-h-\[3rem\] { min-height: 3rem; } .min-h-\[4\.5rem\] { min-height: 4.5rem; } .min-h-\[400px\] { min-height: 400px; } .min-h-\[40px\] { min-height: 40px; } .min-h-\[42px\] { min-height: 42px; } .min-h-\[44px\] { min-height: 44px; } .min-h-\[45\%\] { min-height: 45%; } .min-h-\[500px\] { min-height: 500px; } .min-h-\[506px\] { min-height: 506px; } .min-h-\[56px\] { min-height: 56px; } .min-h-\[584px\] { min-height: 584px; } .min-h-\[58px\] { min-height: 58px; } .min-h-\[5rem\] { min-height: 5rem; } .min-h-\[600px\] { min-height: 600px; } .min-h-\[60px\] { min-height: 60px; } .min-h-\[60vh\] { min-height: 60vh; } .min-h-\[640px\] { min-height: 640px; } .min-h-\[64px\] { min-height: 64px; } .min-h-\[65vh\] { min-height: 65vh; } .min-h-\[70px\] { min-height: 70px; } .min-h-\[75vh\] { min-height: 75vh; } .min-h-\[7rem\] { min-height: 7rem; } .min-h-\[80px\] { min-height: 80px; } .min-h-\[84px\] { min-height: 84px; } .min-h-\[900px\] { min-height: 900px; } .min-h-\[90px\] { min-height: 90px; } .min-h-\[93px\] { min-height: 93px; } .min-h-\[auto\] { min-height: auto; } .min-h-\[calc\(100dvh-var\(--shreddit-header-height\)\)\], .min-h-\[calc\(100dvh_-_var\(--shreddit-header-height\)\)\] { min-height: calc(100dvh - var(--shreddit-header-height)); } .min-h-\[calc\(100vh-var\(--shreddit-header-height\)-var\(--page-y-padding\)\)\] { min-height: calc(100vh - var(--shreddit-header-height) - var(--page-y-padding)); } .min-h-\[min\(20vw\,150px\)\] { min-height: min(20vw, 150px); } .min-h-\[var\(--shreddit-header-height\)\] { min-height: var(--shreddit-header-height); } .min-h-full { min-height: 100%; } .min-h-md { min-height: 1rem; } .min-h-px { min-height: 1px; } .min-h-screen { min-height: 100vh; } .min-h-screen-without-header { min-height: calc(var(--viewport-height,100vh) - var(--shreddit-header-height) - 1px); } .min-h-sm { min-height: 0.75rem; } .min-h-xl { min-height: 2rem; } .\!w-auto { width: auto !important; } .\!w-lg { width: 1.5rem !important; } .\!w-md { width: 1rem !important; } .w-0 { width: 0px; } .w-1\/2 { width: 50%; } .w-1\/3 { width: 33.3333%; } .w-1\/4 { width: 25%; } .w-1\/6 { width: 16.6667%; } .w-100 { width: 100%; } .w-11\/12 { width: 91.6667%; } .w-2\/3 { width: 66.6667%; } .w-2xl { width: 3rem; } .w-2xs { width: 0.25rem; } .w-3\/4 { width: 75%; } .w-3\/5 { width: 60%; } .w-3\/6 { width: 50%; } .w-3xl { width: 4rem; } .w-4\/5 { width: 80%; } .w-4xl { width: 6rem; } .w-5\/6 { width: 83.3333%; } .w-5xl { width: 8rem; } .w-\[\.25rem\] { width: 0.25rem; } .w-\[\.375rem\] { width: 0.375rem; } .w-\[\.5rem\] { width: 0.5rem; } .w-\[\.75rem\] { width: 0.75rem; } .w-\[1\.5rem\] { width: 1.5rem; } .w-\[1\.75rem\] { width: 1.75rem; } .w-\[10\%\] { width: 10%; } .w-\[100px\] { width: 100px; } .w-\[100vw\] { width: 100vw; } .w-\[1024px\] { width: 1024px; } .w-\[1080px\] { width: 1080px; } .w-\[10px\] { width: 10px; } .w-\[11\.5px\] { width: 11.5px; } .w-\[110px\] { width: 110px; } .w-\[1120px\] { width: 1120px; } .w-\[112px\] { width: 112px; } .w-\[113px\] { width: 113px; } .w-\[114px\] { width: 114px; } .w-\[1164px\] { width: 1164px; } .w-\[1200px\] { width: 1200px; } .w-\[120px\] { width: 120px; } .w-\[124px\] { width: 124px; } .w-\[128px\] { width: 128px; } .w-\[12px\] { width: 12px; } .w-\[12rem\] { width: 12rem; } .w-\[130px\] { width: 130px; } .w-\[131px\] { width: 131px; } .w-\[138px\] { width: 138px; } .w-\[14\%\] { width: 14%; } .w-\[140px\] { width: 140px; } .w-\[142px\] { width: 142px; } .w-\[145px\] { width: 145px; } .w-\[146px\] { width: 146px; } .w-\[15\%\] { width: 15%; } .w-\[150px\] { width: 150px; } .w-\[156px\] { width: 156px; } .w-\[15rem\] { width: 15rem; } .w-\[160px\] { width: 160px; } .w-\[164px\] { width: 164px; } .w-\[165px\] { width: 165px; } .w-\[16px\] { width: 16px; } .w-\[170px\] { width: 170px; } .w-\[172px\] { width: 172px; } .w-\[174px\] { width: 174px; } .w-\[176px\] { width: 176px; } .w-\[178px\] { width: 178px; } .w-\[180px\] { width: 180px; } .w-\[184px\] { width: 184px; } .w-\[187px\] { width: 187px; } .w-\[190px\] { width: 190px; } .w-\[196px\] { width: 196px; } .w-\[19px\] { width: 19px; } .w-\[1em\] { width: 1em; } .w-\[1px\] { width: 1px; } .w-\[1rem\] { width: 1rem; } .w-\[2\.25rem\] { width: 2.25rem; } .w-\[2\.5rem\] { width: 2.5rem; } .w-\[2\.875rem\] { width: 2.875rem; } .w-\[20\%\] { width: 20%; } .w-\[200px\] { width: 200px; } .w-\[204px\] { width: 204px; } .w-\[20px\] { width: 20px; } .w-\[20rem\] { width: 20rem; } .w-\[212px\] { width: 212px; } .w-\[215px\] { width: 215px; } .w-\[219px\] { width: 219px; } .w-\[22\.5rem\] { width: 22.5rem; } .w-\[220px\] { width: 220px; } .w-\[224px\] { width: 224px; } .w-\[225px\] { width: 225px; } .w-\[22px\] { width: 22px; } .w-\[230px\] { width: 230px; } .w-\[236px\] { width: 236px; } .w-\[23px\] { width: 23px; } .w-\[240px\] { width: 240px; } .w-\[24px\] { width: 24px; } .w-\[24rem\] { width: 24rem; } .w-\[25\%\] { width: 25%; } .w-\[250px\] { width: 250px; } .w-\[25rem\] { width: 25rem; } .w-\[260px\] { width: 260px; } .w-\[262px\] { width: 262px; } .w-\[266px\] { width: 266px; } .w-\[268px\] { width: 268px; } .w-\[270px\] { width: 270px; } .w-\[272px\] { width: 272px; } .w-\[273px\] { width: 273px; } .w-\[27rem\] { width: 27rem; } .w-\[28\%\] { width: 28%; } .w-\[280px\] { width: 280px; } .w-\[288px\] { width: 288px; } .w-\[28px\] { width: 28px; } .w-\[293px\] { width: 293px; } .w-\[2px\] { width: 2px; } .w-\[2rem\] { width: 2rem; } .w-\[3\.25rem\] { width: 3.25rem; } .w-\[3\.5rem\] { width: 3.5rem; } .w-\[30\%\] { width: 30%; } .w-\[300px\] { width: 300px; } .w-\[304px\] { width: 304px; } .w-\[306px\] { width: 306px; } .w-\[314px\] { width: 314px; } .w-\[316px\] { width: 316px; } .w-\[320px\] { width: 320px; } .w-\[322px\] { width: 322px; } .w-\[324px\] { width: 324px; } .w-\[327px\] { width: 327px; } .w-\[328px\] { width: 328px; } .w-\[329px\] { width: 329px; } .w-\[32px\] { width: 32px; } .w-\[32rem\] { width: 32rem; } .w-\[330px\] { width: 330px; } .w-\[336px\] { width: 336px; } .w-\[342px\] { width: 342px; } .w-\[343px\] { width: 343px; } .w-\[346px\] { width: 346px; } .w-\[348px\] { width: 348px; } .w-\[35\%\] { width: 35%; } .w-\[350px\] { width: 350px; } .w-\[360px\] { width: 360px; } .w-\[368px\] { width: 368px; } .w-\[36px\] { width: 36px; } .w-\[370px\] { width: 370px; } .w-\[373px\] { width: 373px; } .w-\[375px\] { width: 375px; } .w-\[380px\] { width: 380px; } .w-\[384px\] { width: 384px; } .w-\[388px\] { width: 388px; } .w-\[38px\] { width: 38px; } .w-\[396px\] { width: 396px; } .w-\[3rem\] { width: 3rem; } .w-\[4\.5rem\] { width: 4.5rem; } .w-\[40\%\] { width: 40%; } .w-\[400px\] { width: 400px; } .w-\[40px\] { width: 40px; } .w-\[430px\] { width: 430px; } .w-\[448px\] { width: 448px; } .w-\[44px\] { width: 44px; } .w-\[45\%\] { width: 45%; } .w-\[450px\] { width: 450px; } .w-\[452px\] { width: 452px; } .w-\[456px\] { width: 456px; } .w-\[468px\] { width: 468px; } .w-\[46px\] { width: 46px; } .w-\[480px\] { width: 480px; } .w-\[48px\] { width: 48px; } .w-\[494px\] { width: 494px; } .w-\[4rem\] { width: 4rem; } .w-\[5\.5rem\] { width: 5.5rem; } .w-\[50\%\] { width: 50%; } .w-\[500px\] { width: 500px; } .w-\[50px\] { width: 50px; } .w-\[50vw\] { width: 50vw; } .w-\[524px\] { width: 524px; } .w-\[52px\] { width: 52px; } .w-\[532px\] { width: 532px; } .w-\[53px\] { width: 53px; } .w-\[55\%\] { width: 55%; } .w-\[550px\] { width: 550px; } .w-\[56px\] { width: 56px; } .w-\[584px\] { width: 584px; } .w-\[58px\] { width: 58px; } .w-\[5rem\] { width: 5rem; } .w-\[60\%\] { width: 60%; } .w-\[600px\] { width: 600px; } .w-\[608px\] { width: 608px; } .w-\[60px\] { width: 60px; } .w-\[62\.4px\] { width: 62.4px; } .w-\[62px\] { width: 62px; } .w-\[640px\] { width: 640px; } .w-\[64px\] { width: 64px; } .w-\[66px\] { width: 66px; } .w-\[68px\] { width: 68px; } .w-\[69\%\] { width: 69%; } .w-\[692px\] { width: 692px; } .w-\[69px\] { width: 69px; } .w-\[6rem\] { width: 6rem; } .w-\[70\%\] { width: 70%; } .w-\[70px\] { width: 70px; } .w-\[70vw\] { width: 70vw; } .w-\[728px\] { width: 728px; } .w-\[72px\] { width: 72px; } .w-\[730px\] { width: 730px; } .w-\[736px\] { width: 736px; } .w-\[74px\] { width: 74px; } .w-\[75\%\] { width: 75%; } .w-\[768px\] { width: 768px; } .w-\[8\%\] { width: 8%; } .w-\[80\%\] { width: 80%; } .w-\[800px\] { width: 800px; } .w-\[80px\] { width: 80px; } .w-\[84px\] { width: 84px; } .w-\[85\%\] { width: 85%; } .w-\[86px\] { width: 86px; } .w-\[88px\] { width: 88px; } .w-\[8px\] { width: 8px; } .w-\[90\%\] { width: 90%; } .w-\[90px\] { width: 90px; } .w-\[90vw\] { width: 90vw; } .w-\[92px\] { width: 92px; } .w-\[94px\] { width: 94px; } .w-\[95\%\] { width: 95%; } .w-\[950px\] { width: 950px; } .w-\[95px\] { width: 95px; } .w-\[95vw\] { width: 95vw; } .w-\[96\%\] { width: 96%; } .w-\[96px\] { width: 96px; } .w-\[97px\] { width: 97px; } .w-\[990px\] { width: 990px; } .w-\[calc\(100\%\+4px\)\] { width: calc(100% + 4px); } .w-\[calc\(100\%-110px\)\] { width: calc(100% - 110px); } .w-\[calc\(100\%-16px\)\] { width: calc(100% - 16px); } .w-\[calc\(100\%-1rem\)\] { width: calc(100% - 1rem); } .w-\[calc\(100\%-24px\)\] { width: calc(100% - 24px); } .w-\[calc\(100\%-2rem\)\] { width: calc(100% - 2rem); } .w-\[calc\(100\%-32px\)\] { width: calc(100% - 32px); } .w-\[calc\(100\%-3rem\)\] { width: calc(100% - 3rem); } .w-\[calc\(100\%-70px\)\] { width: calc(100% - 70px); } .w-\[calc\(100\%-84px\)\] { width: calc(100% - 84px); } .w-\[calc\(100\%-var\(--spacer-xl\)\)\] { width: calc(100% - var(--spacer-xl)); } .w-\[calc\(100\%_-_5rem\)\] { width: calc(100% - 5rem); } .w-\[calc\(100vw-2rem\)\] { width: calc(-2rem + 100vw); } .w-\[calc\(100vw-32px\)\] { width: calc(-32px + 100vw); } .w-\[calc\(100vw-80px\)\] { width: calc(-80px + 100vw); } .w-\[calc\(100vw-var\(--size-2xl\)\)\] { width: calc(100vw - var(--size-2xl)); } .w-\[calc\(50\%\+0\.5px\)\] { width: calc(50% + 0.5px); } .w-\[inherit\] { width: inherit; } .w-\[min\(95vw\,560px\)\] { width: min(95vw, 560px); } .w-\[var\(--accessory-container-width\)\] { width: var(--accessory-container-width); } .w-\[var\(--confirmation-modal-width\)\] { width: var(--confirmation-modal-width); } .w-\[var\(--content-width\)\] { width: var(--content-width); } .w-\[var\(--emote-size\)\] { width: var(--emote-size); } .w-\[var\(--gallery-max-h\)\] { width: var(--gallery-max-h); } .w-\[var\(--icon-badge-container-width\)\] { width: var(--icon-badge-container-width); } .w-\[var\(--rem20\)\] { width: var(--rem20); } .w-\[var\(--rem28\)\] { width: var(--rem28); } .w-\[var\(--rem36\)\] { width: var(--rem36); } .w-\[var\(--right-rail-width\)\] { width: var(--right-rail-width); } .w-\[var\(--wv-modal-width\)\] { width: var(--wv-modal-width); } .w-auto { width: auto; } .w-fit { width: fit-content; } .w-full { width: 100%; } .w-lg { width: 1.5rem; } .w-max { width: max-content; } .w-md { width: 1rem; } .w-min { width: min-content; } .w-px { width: 1px; } .w-screen { width: 100vw; } .w-sm { width: 0.75rem; } .w-xl { width: 2rem; } .w-xs { width: 0.5rem; } .min-w-0 { min-width: 0px; } .min-w-100 { min-width: 100%; } .min-w-2xs { min-width: 0.25rem; } .min-w-4xl { min-width: 6rem; } .min-w-5xl { min-width: 8rem; } .min-w-\[0\.5rem\] { min-width: 0.5rem; } .min-w-\[1\.5rem\] { min-width: 1.5rem; } .min-w-\[100px\] { min-width: 100px; } .min-w-\[120px\] { min-width: 120px; } .min-w-\[130px\] { min-width: 130px; } .min-w-\[150px\] { min-width: 150px; } .min-w-\[15rem\] { min-width: 15rem; } .min-w-\[170px\] { min-width: 170px; } .min-w-\[174px\] { min-width: 174px; } .min-w-\[175px\] { min-width: 175px; } .min-w-\[180px\] { min-width: 180px; } .min-w-\[183px\] { min-width: 183px; } .min-w-\[18rem\] { min-width: 18rem; } .min-w-\[1rem\] { min-width: 1rem; } .min-w-\[2\.5rem\] { min-width: 2.5rem; } .min-w-\[2\.875rem\] { min-width: 2.875rem; } .min-w-\[200px\] { min-width: 200px; } .min-w-\[20px\] { min-width: 20px; } .min-w-\[20rem\] { min-width: 20rem; } .min-w-\[220px\] { min-width: 220px; } .min-w-\[23px\] { min-width: 23px; } .min-w-\[256px\] { min-width: 256px; } .min-w-\[272px\] { min-width: 272px; } .min-w-\[277px\] { min-width: 277px; } .min-w-\[280px\] { min-width: 280px; } .min-w-\[288px\] { min-width: 288px; } .min-w-\[28px\] { min-width: 28px; } .min-w-\[2rem\] { min-width: 2rem; } .min-w-\[3\.25rem\] { min-width: 3.25rem; } .min-w-\[300px\] { min-width: 300px; } .min-w-\[312px\] { min-width: 312px; } .min-w-\[316px\] { min-width: 316px; } .min-w-\[320px\] { min-width: 320px; } .min-w-\[32px\] { min-width: 32px; } .min-w-\[34px\] { min-width: 34px; } .min-w-\[350px\] { min-width: 350px; } .min-w-\[358px\] { min-width: 358px; } .min-w-\[368px\] { min-width: 368px; } .min-w-\[36px\] { min-width: 36px; } .min-w-\[384px\] { min-width: 384px; } .min-w-\[38px\] { min-width: 38px; } .min-w-\[3rem\] { min-width: 3rem; } .min-w-\[4\.5rem\] { min-width: 4.5rem; } .min-w-\[400px\] { min-width: 400px; } .min-w-\[40px\] { min-width: 40px; } .min-w-\[42px\] { min-width: 42px; } .min-w-\[432px\] { min-width: 432px; } .min-w-\[46px\] { min-width: 46px; } .min-w-\[500px\] { min-width: 500px; } .min-w-\[50px\] { min-width: 50px; } .min-w-\[52px\] { min-width: 52px; } .min-w-\[55\%\] { min-width: 55%; } .min-w-\[5rem\] { min-width: 5rem; } .min-w-\[610px\] { min-width: 610px; } .min-w-\[632px\] { min-width: 632px; } .min-w-\[69px\] { min-width: 69px; } .min-w-\[70px\] { min-width: 70px; } .min-w-\[75px\] { min-width: 75px; } .min-w-\[80px\] { min-width: 80px; } .min-w-\[85px\] { min-width: 85px; } .min-w-\[8rem\] { min-width: 8rem; } .min-w-\[calc\(100\%-24px\)\] { min-width: calc(100% - 24px); } .min-w-\[var\(--dropdown-menu-width\)\] { min-

width: var(--dropdown-menu-width); } .min-w-fit { min-width: fit-content; } .min-w-full { min-width: 100%; } .min-w-lg { min-width: 1.5rem; } .min-w-max { min-width: max-content; } .min-w-px { min-width: 1px; } .\!max-w-\[448px\] { max-width: 448px !important; } .max-w-0 { max-width: 0px; } .max-w-100 { max-width: 100%; } .max-w-2xl { max-width: 42rem; } .max-w-3xl { max-width: 48rem; } .max-w-4xl { max-width: 56rem; } .max-w-\[100\%\] { max-width: 100%; } .max-w-\[100px\] { max-width: 100px; } .max-w-\[100vw\] { max-width: 100vw; } .max-w-\[1080px\] { max-width: 1080px; } .max-w-\[1088px\] { max-width: 1088px; } .max-w-\[10rem\] { max-width: 10rem; } .max-w-\[110px\] { max-width: 110px; } .max-w-\[115px\] { max-width: 115px; } .max-w-\[120px\] { max-width: 120px; } .max-w-\[12rem\] { max-width: 12rem; } .max-w-\[1340px\] { max-width: 1340px; } .max-w-\[140px\] { max-width: 140px; } .max-w-\[144px\] { max-width: 144px; } .max-w-\[148px\] { max-width: 148px; } .max-w-\[14rem\] { max-width: 14rem; } .max-w-\[1500px\] { max-width: 1500px; } .max-w-\[150px\] { max-width: 150px; } .max-w-\[160px\] { max-width: 160px; } .max-w-\[164px\] { max-width: 164px; } .max-w-\[169px\] { max-width: 169px; } .max-w-\[170px\] { max-width: 170px; } .max-w-\[176px\] { max-width: 176px; } .max-w-\[180px\] { max-width: 180px; } .max-w-\[200px\] { max-width: 200px; } .max-w-\[20rem\] { max-width: 20rem; } .max-w-\[220px\] { max-width: 220px; } .max-w-\[236px\] { max-width: 236px; } .max-w-\[240px\] { max-width: 240px; } .max-w-\[24px\] { max-width: 24px; } .max-w-\[250px\] { max-width: 250px; } .max-w-\[260px\] { max-width: 260px; } .max-w-\[262px\] { max-width: 262px; } .max-w-\[274px\] { max-width: 274px; } .max-w-\[280px\] { max-width: 280px; } .max-w-\[285px\] { max-width: 285px; } .max-w-\[294px\] { max-width: 294px; } .max-w-\[300px\] { max-width: 300px; } .max-w-\[316px\] { max-width: 316px; } .max-w-\[320px\] { max-width: 320px; } .max-w-\[336px\] { max-width: 336px; } .max-w-\[340px\] { max-width: 340px; } .max-w-\[343px\] { max-width: 343px; } .max-w-\[348px\] { max-width: 348px; } .max-w-\[350px\] { max-width: 350px; } .max-w-\[352px\] { max-width: 352px; } .max-w-\[360px\] { max-width: 360px; } .max-w-\[370px\] { max-width: 370px; } .max-w-\[375px\] { max-width: 375px; } .max-w-\[378px\] { max-width: 378px; } .max-w-\[380px\] { max-width: 380px; } .max-w-\[38px\] { max-width: 38px; } .max-w-\[392px\] { max-width: 392px; } .max-w-\[400px\] { max-width: 400px; } .max-w-\[40px\] { max-width: 40px; } .max-w-\[432px\] { max-width: 432px; } .max-w-\[448px\] { max-width: 448px; } .max-w-\[453px\] { max-width: 453px; } .max-w-\[460px\] { max-width: 460px; } .max-w-\[480px\] { max-width: 480px; } .max-w-\[500px\] { max-width: 500px; } .max-w-\[532px\] { max-width: 532px; } .max-w-\[540px\] { max-width: 540px; } .max-w-\[550px\] { max-width: 550px; } .max-w-\[560px\] { max-width: 560px; } .max-w-\[562px\] { max-width: 562px; } .max-w-\[570px\] { max-width: 570px; } .max-w-\[584px\] { max-width: 584px; } .max-w-\[600px\] { max-width: 600px; } .max-w-\[608px\] { max-width: 608px; } .max-w-\[61vw\] { max-width: 61vw; } .max-w-\[640px\] { max-width: 640px; } .max-w-\[652px\] { max-width: 652px; } .max-w-\[688px\] { max-width: 688px; } .max-w-\[700px\] { max-width: 700px; } .max-w-\[720px\] { max-width: 720px; } .max-w-\[725px\] { max-width: 725px; } .max-w-\[732px\] { max-width: 732px; } .max-w-\[736px\] { max-width: 736px; } .max-w-\[750px\] { max-width: 750px; } .max-w-\[756px\] { max-width: 756px; } .max-w-\[764px\] { max-width: 764px; } .max-w-\[768px\] { max-width: 768px; } .max-w-\[80\%\] { max-width: 80%; } .max-w-\[800px\] { max-width: 800px; } .max-w-\[8rem\] { max-width: 8rem; } .max-w-\[90\%\] { max-width: 90%; } .max-w-\[90px\] { max-width: 90px; } .max-w-\[90vw\] { max-width: 90vw; } .max-w-\[922px\] { max-width: 922px; } .max-w-\[940px\] { max-width: 940px; } .max-w-\[950px\] { max-width: 950px; } .max-w-\[96\%\] { max-width: 96%; } .max-w-\[960px\] { max-width: 960px; } .max-w-\[973px\] { max-width: 973px; } .max-w-\[990px\] { max-width: 990px; } .max-w-\[calc\(100\%-16px\)\] { max-width: calc(100% - 16px); } .max-w-\[calc\(100\%-24px\)\] { max-width: calc(100% - 24px); } .max-w-\[calc\(100\%-60px\)\] { max-width: calc(100% - 60px); } .max-w-\[calc\(100\%_-_2rem\)\] { max-width: calc(100% - 2rem); } .max-w-\[calc\(100dvw_-_20rem\)\] { max-width: calc(-20rem + 100dvw); } .max-w-\[calc\(100vw-32px\)\] { max-width: calc(-32px + 100vw); } .max-w-\[calc\(100vw-var\(--size-2xl\)\)\] { max-width: calc(100vw - var(--size-2xl)); } .max-w-\[calc\(100vw-var\(--size-xl\)\)\] { max-width: calc(100vw - var(--size-xl)); } .max-w-\[min\(230px\,100\%\)\] { max-width: min(230px, 100%); } .max-w-\[min\(95vw\,560px\)\] { max-width: min(95vw, 560px); } .max-w-\[unset\] { max-width: unset; } .max-w-\[var\(--flair-max-width\)\] { max-width: var(--flair-max-width); } .max-w-\[var\(--gallery-max-w\)\] { max-width: var(--gallery-max-w); } .max-w-\[var\(--size-switch-input-w\)\] { max-width: var(--size-switch-input-w); } .max-w-container-m { max-width: 1132px; } .max-w-container-xl { max-width: 1524px; } .max-w-fit { max-width: fit-content; } .max-w-full { max-width: 100%; } .max-w-lg { max-width: 32rem; } .max-w-md { max-width: 28rem; } .max-w-none { max-width: none; } .max-w-screen-l { max-width: 1416px; } .max-w-screen-m { max-width: 1200px; } .max-w-sm { max-width: 24rem; } .max-w-xl { max-width: 36rem; } .max-w-xs { max-width: 20rem; } .flex-1 { flex: 1 1 0%; } .flex-\[1\] { flex: 1 1 0%; } .flex-\[1_0_0\] { flex: 1 0 0px; } .flex-\[1_1_9rem\] { flex: 1 1 9rem; } .flex-\[2\] { flex: 2 1 0%; } .flex-\[3\] { flex: 3 1 0%; } .flex-\[4\] { flex: 4 1 0%; } .flex-\[5\] { flex: 5 1 0%; } .flex-auto { flex: 1 1 auto; } .flex-initial { flex: 0 1 auto; } .flex-none { flex: 0 0 auto; } .flex-shrink { flex-shrink: 1; } .flex-shrink-0 { flex-shrink: 0; } .shrink { flex-shrink: 1; } .shrink-0 { flex-shrink: 0; } .shrink-\[1000\] { flex-shrink: 1000; } .flex-grow { flex-grow: 1; } .flex-grow-0 { flex-grow: 0; } .grow { flex-grow: 1; } .grow-0 { flex-grow: 0; } .basis-0 { flex-basis: 0px; } .basis-1\/2 { flex-basis: 50%; } .basis-100 { flex-basis: 100%; } .basis-\[126px\] { flex-basis: 126px; } .basis-\[140px\] { flex-basis: 140px; } .basis-\[18\%\] { flex-basis: 18%; } .basis-\[20px\] { flex-basis: 20px; } .basis-\[210px\] { flex-basis: 210px; } .basis-\[232px\] { flex-basis: 232px; } .basis-\[260px\] { flex-basis: 260px; } .basis-\[28px\] { flex-basis: 28px; } .basis-\[38\%\] { flex-basis: 38%; } .basis-\[400px\] { flex-basis: 400px; } .basis-\[40px\] { flex-basis: 40px; } .basis-\[42\%\] { flex-basis: 42%; } .basis-\[66\%\] { flex-basis: 66%; } .basis-\[70\%\] { flex-basis: 70%; } .basis-\[80\%\] { flex-basis: 80%; } .basis-\[80px\] { flex-basis: 80px; } .basis-\[calc\(33\.33\%-8px\)\] { flex-basis: calc(33.33% - 8px); } .basis-\[calc\(50\%\+44px\)\] { flex-basis: calc(50% + 44px); } .basis-auto { flex-basis: auto; } .basis-full { flex-basis: 100%; } .table-auto { table-layout: auto; } .table-fixed { table-layout: fixed; } .border-collapse { border-collapse: collapse; } .border-separate { border-collapse: initial; } .border-spacing-xs { --tw-border-spacing-x: 0.5rem; --tw-border-spacing-y: 0.5rem; border-spacing: var(--tw-border-spacing-x) var(--tw-border-spacing-y); } .origin-bottom { transform-origin: center bottom; } .origin-bottom-right { transform-origin: right bottom; } .origin-center { transform-origin: center center; } .origin-left { transform-origin: left center; } .origin-top-left { transform-origin: left top; } .-rotate-45, .-translate-x-1\/2, .-translate-x-2\/4, .-translate-x-4xl, .-translate-x-\[4px\], .-translate-y-1\/2, .-translate-y-2\/4, .-translate-y-\[2px\], .-translate-y-full, .translate-x-0, .translate-x-1\/2, .translate-x-4xl, .translate-x-full, .translate-x-px, .translate-y-0, .translate-y-1\/2, .translate-y-4xl, .translate-y-full, .translate-y-px { transform: translate(var(--tw-translate-x),var(--tw-translate-y)) rotate(var(--tw-rotate)) skewX(var(--tw-skew-x)) skewY(var(--tw-skew-y)) scaleX(var(--tw-scale-x)) scaleY(var(--tw-scale-y)); } .-rotate-45 { --tw-rotate: -45deg; } .-rotate-90 { --tw-rotate: -90deg; } .-rotate-90, .rotate-180 { transform: translate(var(--tw-translate-x),var(--tw-translate-y)) rotate(var(--tw-rotate)) skewX(var(--tw-skew-x)) skewY(var(--tw-skew-y)) scaleX(var(--tw-scale-x)) scaleY(var(--tw-scale-y)); } .rotate-180 { --tw-rotate: 180deg; } .rotate-45 { --tw-rotate: 45deg; } .rotate-45, .rotate-90 { transform: translate(var(--tw-translate-x),var(--tw-translate-y)) rotate(var(--tw-rotate)) skewX(var(--tw-skew-x)) skewY(var(--tw-skew-y)) scaleX(var(--tw-scale-x)) scaleY(var(--tw-scale-y)); } .rotate-90 { --tw-rotate: 90deg; } .skew-x-0 { --tw-skew-x: 0deg; } .scale-0, .skew-x-0 { transform: translate(var(--tw-translate-x),var(--tw-translate-y)) rotate(var(--tw-rotate)) skewX(var(--tw-skew-x)) skewY(var(--tw-skew-y)) scaleX(var(--tw-scale-x)) scaleY(var(--tw-scale-y)); } .scale-0 { --tw-scale-x: 0; --tw-scale-y: 0; } .scale-100 { --tw-scale-x: 1; --tw-scale-y: 1; } .scale-100, .scale-75 { transform: translate(var(--tw-translate-x),var(--tw-translate-y)) rotate(var(--tw-rotate)) skewX(var(--tw-skew-x)) skewY(var(--tw-skew-y)) scaleX(var(--tw-scale-x)) scaleY(var(--tw-scale-y)); } .scale-75 { --tw-scale-x: .75; --tw-scale-y: .75; } .scale-90 { --tw-scale-x: .9; --tw-scale-y: .9; } .scale-90, .scale-\[\.68\] { transform: translate(var(--tw-translate-x),var(--tw-translate-y)) rotate(var(--tw-rotate)) skewX(var(--tw-skew-x)) skewY(var(--tw-skew-y)) scaleX(var(--tw-scale-x)) scaleY(var(--tw-scale-y)); } .scale-\[\.68\] { --tw-scale-x: .68; --tw-scale-y: .68; } .scale-\[1\.2\] { --tw-scale-x: 1.2; --tw-scale-y: 1.2; } .scale-\[1\.2\], .scale-\[2\] { transform: translate(var(--tw-translate-x),var(--tw-translate-y)) rotate(var(--tw-rotate)) skewX(var(--tw-skew-x)) skewY(var(--tw-skew-y)) scaleX(var(--tw-scale-x)) scaleY(var(--tw-scale-y)); } .scale-\[2\] { --tw-scale-x: 2; --tw-scale-y: 2; } .scale-\[4\] { --tw-scale-x: 4; --tw-scale-y: 4; } .-scale-x-100, .scale-\[4\] { transform: translate(var(--tw-translate-x),var(--tw-translate-y)) rotate(var(--tw-rotate)) skewX(var(--tw-skew-x)) skewY(var(--tw-skew-y)) scaleX(var(--tw-scale-x)) scaleY(var(--tw-scale-y)); } .-scale-x-100 { --tw-scale-x: -1; } .scale-x-100 { --tw-scale-x: 1; } .scale-x-100, .scale-x-\[-1\] { transform: translate(var(--tw-translate-x),var(--tw-translate-y)) rotate(var(--tw-rotate)) skewX(var(--tw-skew-x)) skewY(var(--tw-skew-y)) scaleX(var(--tw-scale-x)) scaleY(var(--tw-scale-y)); } .scale-x-\[-1\] { --tw-scale-x: -1; } .transform { transform: translate(var(--tw-translate-x),var(--tw-translate-y)) rotate(var(--tw-rotate)) skewX(var(--tw-skew-x)) skewY(var(--tw-skew-y)) scaleX(var(--tw-scale-x)) scaleY(var(--tw-scale-y)); } .transform-none { transform: none; } .animate-\[fade-in_0\.2s_ease-in\] { animation: 0.2s ease-in 0s 1 normal none running fade-in; } .animate-\[fade-in_0\.5s_ease-in\] { animation: 0.5s ease-in 0s 1 normal none running fade-in; } @keyframes fade-in { 0% { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-hover); opacity: 0; } 75% { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-hover); } 100% { background-color: unset; opacity: 1; } } .animate-\[fade-in_1000ms_ease-in_backwards\] { animation: 1s ease-in 0s 1 normal backwards running fade-in; } .animate-\[spin_2s_linear_infinite\] { animation: 2s linear 0s infinite normal none running spin; } .animate-\[typing-indicator-bounce_2s_0\.0s_ease-in_infinite\] { animation: 2s ease-in 0s infinite normal none running typing-indicator-bounce; } .animate-\[typing-indicator-bounce_2s_0\.2s_ease-in_infinite\] { animation: 2s ease-in 0.2s infinite normal none running typing-indicator-bounce; } @keyframes typing-indicator-bounce { 0% { transform: translate(0px); } 20% { transform: translateY(-3px); } 40% { transform: translate(0px); } } .animate-\[typing-indicator-bounce_2s_0\.4s_ease-in_infinite\] { animation: 2s ease-in 0.4s infinite normal none running typing-indicator-bounce; } @keyframes blink { 50% { border-color: var(--color-neutral-border-strong); } } .animate-blink { animation: 0.9s step-end 0s infinite normal none running blink; } @keyframes ping { 75%, 100% { opacity: 0; transform: scale(2); } } .animate-ping { animation: 1s cubic-bezier(0, 0, 0.2, 1) 0s infinite normal none running ping; } .animate-pulse { animation: 2s cubic-bezier(0.4, 0, 0.6, 1) 0s infinite normal none running pulse; } @keyframes spin { 100% { transform: rotate(1turn); } } .animate-spin { animation: 1s linear 0s infinite normal none running spin; } .cursor-auto { cursor: auto; } .cursor-default { cursor: default; } .cursor-grab { cursor: grab; } .cursor-help { cursor: help; } .cursor-none { cursor: none; } .cursor-not-allowed { cursor: not-allowed; } .cursor-nwse-resize { cursor: nwse-resize; } .cursor-pointer { cursor: pointer; } .cursor-text { cursor: text; } .cursor-wait { cursor: wait; } .cursor-zoom-in { cursor: zoom-in; } .cursor-zoom-out { cursor: zoom-out; } .touch-none { touch-action: none; } .select-none { user-select: none; } .select-text { user-select: text; } .select-all { user-select: all; } .select-auto { user-select: auto; } .resize-none { resize: none; } .resize-y { resize: vertical; } .resize { resize: both; } .snap-x { scroll-snap-type: x var(--tw-scroll-snap-strictness); } .snap-mandatory { --tw-scroll-snap-strictness: mandatory; } .snap-start { scroll-snap-align: start; } .scroll-m-\[60px\] { scroll-margin: 60px; } .scroll-m-\[80px\] { scroll-margin: 80px; } .scroll-mt-3xl { scroll-margin-top: 4rem; }

.scroll-mt-4xl { scroll-margin-top: 6rem; } .list-inside { list-style-position: inside; } .list-disc { list-style-type: disc; } .list-none { list-style-type: none; } .appearance-none { appearance: none; } .auto-cols-\[calc\(50\%-0\.5rem\)\] { grid-auto-columns: calc(50% - 0.5rem); } .auto-cols-fr { grid-auto-columns: minmax(0px, 1fr); } .grid-flow-row { grid-auto-flow: row; } .grid-flow-col { grid-auto-flow: column; } .auto-rows-\[minmax\(106px\,_auto\)\] { grid-auto-rows: minmax(106px, auto); } .auto-rows-\[minmax\(140px\,_auto\)\] { grid-auto-rows: minmax(140px, auto); } .auto-rows-fr { grid-auto-rows: minmax(0px, 1fr); } .grid-cols-1 { grid-template-columns: repeat(1, minmax(0px, 1fr)); } .grid-cols-16 { grid-template-columns: repeat(16, minmax(0px, 1fr)); } .grid-cols-2 { grid-template-columns: repeat(2, minmax(0px, 1fr)); } .grid-cols-3 { grid-template-columns: repeat(3, minmax(0px, 1fr)); } .grid-cols-4 { grid-template-columns: repeat(4, minmax(0px, 1fr)); } .grid-cols-5 { grid-template-columns: repeat(5, minmax(0px, 1fr)); } .grid-cols-6 { grid-template-columns: repeat(6, minmax(0px, 1fr)); } .grid-cols-7 { grid-template-columns: repeat(7, minmax(0px, 1fr)); } .grid-cols-\[1fr\] { grid-template-columns: 1fr; } .grid-cols-\[1fr_110px\] { grid-template-columns: 1fr 110px; } .grid-cols-\[1fr_1fr_8px\] { grid-template-columns: 1fr 1fr 8px; } .grid-cols-\[1fr_4fr\] { grid-template-columns: 1fr 4fr; } .grid-cols-\[1fr_80px_80px_80px_80px\] { grid-template-columns: 1fr 80px 80px 80px 80px; } .grid-cols-\[1fr_8px\] { grid-template-columns: 1fr 8px; } .grid-cols-\[1fr_auto\] { grid-template-columns: 1fr auto; } .grid-cols-\[1fr_min-content\] { grid-template-columns: 1fr min-content; } .grid-cols-\[24px_1fr\] { grid-template-columns: 24px 1fr; } .grid-cols-\[24px_minmax\(0\,1fr\)\] { grid-template-columns: 24px minmax(0px, 1fr); } .grid-cols-\[259px_1fr\] { grid-template-columns: 259px 1fr; } .grid-cols-\[2rem_1fr_2rem\] { grid-template-columns: 2rem 1fr 2rem; } .grid-cols-\[auto_2px_1rem_2px_1rem\] { grid-template-columns: auto 2px 1rem 2px 1rem; } .grid-cols-\[auto_auto_1fr\] { grid-template-columns: auto auto 1fr; } .grid-cols-\[minmax\(0\,1fr\)\] { grid-template-columns: minmax(0px, 1fr); } .grid-cols-\[repeat\(6\,minmax\(32px\,1fr\)\)\] { grid-template-columns: repeat(6, minmax(32px, 1fr)); } .grid-cols-\[repeat\(auto-fill\,_100px\)\] { grid-template-columns: repeat(auto-fill, 100px); } .grid-cols-\[repeat\(auto-fill\,_106px\)\] { grid-template-columns: repeat(auto-fill, 106px); } .grid-cols-\[repeat\(auto-fill\,_110px\)\] { grid-template-columns: repeat(auto-fill, 110px); } .grid-cols-\[repeat\(auto-fit\,_minmax\(106px\,_auto\)\)\] { grid-template-columns: repeat(auto-fit, minmax(106px, auto)); } .grid-cols-\[repeat\(auto-fit\,_minmax\(8rem\,_1fr\)\)\] { grid-template-columns: repeat(auto-fit, minmax(8rem, 1fr)); } .grid-rows-1 { grid-template-rows: repeat(1, minmax(0px, 1fr)); } .grid-rows-\[1fr\] { grid-template-rows: 1fr; } .grid-rows-\[1fr_auto\] { grid-template-rows: 1fr auto; } .grid-rows-\[2fr\,1fr\] { grid-template-rows: 2fr 1fr; } .grid-rows-\[32px\] { grid-template-rows: 32px; } .grid-rows-\[auto_auto\] { grid-template-rows: auto auto; } .grid-rows-\[auto_auto_auto\] { grid-template-rows: auto auto auto; } .grid-rows-\[auto_auto_auto_auto_auto\] { grid-template-rows: auto auto auto auto auto; } .\!flex-row { flex-direction: row !important; } .flex-row { flex-direction: row; } .flex-row-reverse { flex-direction: row-reverse; } .flex-col { flex-direction: column; } .flex-col-reverse { flex-direction: column-reverse; } .flex-wrap { flex-wrap: wrap; } .flex-wrap-reverse { flex-wrap: wrap-reverse; } .flex-nowrap { flex-wrap: nowrap; } .place-content-between { place-content: space-between; } .place-content-evenly { place-content: space-evenly; } .place-items-center { place-items: center; } .content-center { align-content: center; } .content-start { align-content: flex-start; } .content-end { align-content: flex-end; } .content-stretch { align-content: stretch; } .items-start { align-items: flex-start; } .items-end { align-items: flex-end; } .items-center { align-items: center; } .items-baseline { align-items: baseline; } .items-stretch { align-items: stretch; } .justify-start { justify-content: flex-start; } .justify-end { justify-content: flex-end; } .justify-center { justify-content: center; } .justify-between { justify-content: space-between; } .justify-around { justify-content: space-around; } .justify-evenly { justify-content: space-evenly; } .justify-stretch { justify-content: stretch; } .justify-items-start { justify-items: start; } .justify-items-end { justify-items: end; } .justify-items-center { justify-items: center; } .\!gap-0 { gap: 0px !important; } .gap-0 { gap: 0px; } .gap-2xl { gap: 3rem; } .gap-2xs { gap: 0.25rem; } .gap-3xl { gap: 4rem; } .gap-\[0\.5rem\] { gap: 0.5rem; } .gap-\[0\.625rem\] { gap: 0.625rem; } .gap-\[0\.75rem\] { gap: 0.75rem; } .gap-\[1\.5rem\] { gap: 1.5rem; } .gap-\[12px\] { gap: 12px; } .gap-\[15\%\] { gap: 15%; } .gap-\[16px\] { gap: 16px; } .gap-\[1rem\] { gap: 1rem; } .gap-\[2\.5rem\] { gap: 2.5rem; } .gap-\[20px\] { gap: 20px; } .gap-\[24px\] { gap: 24px; } .gap-\[2px\] { gap: 2px; } .gap-\[3px\] { gap: 3px; } .gap-\[40px\] { gap: 40px; } .gap-\[4px\] { gap: 4px; } .gap-\[6px\] { gap: 6px; } .gap-\[6rem\] { gap: 6rem; } .gap-\[75px\] { gap: 75px; } .gap-\[8px\] { gap: 8px; } .gap-\[var\(--rem16\)\] { gap: var(--rem16); } .gap-\[var\(--rem4\)\] { gap: var(--rem4); } .gap-lg { gap: 1.5rem; } .gap-md { gap: 1rem; } .gap-px { gap: 1px; } .gap-sm { gap: 0.75rem; } .gap-xl { gap: 2rem; } .gap-xs { gap: 0.5rem; } .gap-x-2xl { column-gap: 3rem; } .gap-x-2xs { column-gap: 0.25rem; } .gap-x-3xl { column-gap: 4rem; } .gap-x-\[10px\] { column-gap: 10px; } .gap-x-\[12px\] { column-gap: 12px; } .gap-x-\[2px\] { column-gap: 2px; } .gap-x-\[5px\] { column-gap: 5px; } .gap-x-\[8px\] { column-gap: 8px; } .gap-x-lg { column-gap: 1.5rem; } .gap-x-md { column-gap: 1rem; } .gap-x-sm { column-gap: 0.75rem; } .gap-x-xl { column-gap: 2rem; } .gap-x-xs { column-gap: 0.5rem; } .gap-y-2xs { row-gap: 0.25rem; } .gap-y-\[20px\] { row-gap: 20px; } .gap-y-lg { row-gap: 1.5rem; } .gap-y-md { row-gap: 1rem; } .gap-y-sm { row-gap: 0.75rem; } .gap-y-xl { row-gap: 2rem; } .gap-y-xs { row-gap: 0.5rem; } .space-x-md > :not([hidden]) ~ :not([hidden]) { --tw-space-x-reverse: 0; margin-left: calc(1rem*(1 - var(--tw-space-x-reverse))); margin-right: calc(1rem*var(--tw-space-x-reverse)); } .space-y-0 > :not([hidden]) ~ :not([hidden]) { --tw-space-y-reverse: 0; margin-bottom: calc(0px*var(--tw-space-y-reverse)); margin-top: calc(0px*(1 - var(--tw-space-y-reverse))); } .space-y-\[14px\] > :not([hidden]) ~ :not([hidden]) { --tw-space-y-reverse: 0; margin-bottom: calc(14px*var(--tw-space-y-reverse)); margin-top: calc(14px*(1 - var(--tw-space-y-reverse))); } .space-y-md > :not([hidden]) ~ :not([hidden]) { --tw-space-y-reverse: 0; margin-bottom: calc(1rem*var(--tw-space-y-reverse)); margin-top: calc(1rem*(1 - var(--tw-space-y-reverse))); } .space-y-sm > :not([hidden]) ~ :not([hidden]) { --tw-space-y-reverse: 0; margin-bottom: calc(.75rem*var(--tw-space-y-reverse)); margin-top: calc(.75rem*(1 - var(--tw-space-y-reverse))); } .divide-x-0 > :not([hidden]) ~ :not([hidden]) { --tw-divide-x-reverse: 0; border-left-width: calc(0rem*(1 - var(--tw-divide-x-reverse))); border-right-width: calc(0rem*var(--tw-divide-x-reverse)); } .divide-y > :not([hidden]) ~ :not([hidden]) { --tw-divide-y-reverse: 0; border-bottom-width: calc(.0625rem*var(--tw-divide-y-reverse)); border-top-width: calc(.0625rem*(1 - var(--tw-divide-y-reverse))); } .divide-y-\[2px\] > :not([hidden]) ~ :not([hidden]) { --tw-divide-y-reverse: 0; border-bottom-width: calc(2px*var(--tw-divide-y-reverse)); border-top-width: calc(2px*(1 - var(--tw-divide-y-reverse))); } .divide-solid > :not([hidden]) ~ :not([hidden]) { border-style: solid; } .divide-neutral-border-weak > :not([hidden]) ~ :not([hidden]) { border-color: var(--color-neutral-border-weak); } .place-self-center { place-self: center; } .self-start { align-self: flex-start; } .self-end { align-self: flex-end; } .self-center { align-self: center; } .self-stretch { align-self: stretch; } .justify-self-start { justify-self: start; } .justify-self-end { justify-self: end; } .overflow-auto { overflow: auto; } .overflow-hidden { overflow: hidden; } .overflow-clip { overflow: clip; } .\!overflow-visible { overflow: visible !important; } .overflow-visible { overflow: visible; } .overflow-scroll { overflow: scroll; } .overflow-x-auto { overflow-x: auto; } .overflow-y-auto { overflow-y: auto; } .overflow-x-hidden { overflow-x: hidden; } .overflow-y-hidden { overflow-y: hidden; } .overflow-x-clip { overflow-x: clip; } .overflow-x-visible { overflow-x: visible; } .overflow-x-scroll { overflow-x: scroll; } .overflow-y-scroll { overflow-y: scroll; } .overscroll-auto { overscroll-behavior: auto; } .overscroll-contain { overscroll-behavior: contain; } .overscroll-none { overscroll-behavior: none; } .scroll-smooth { scroll-behavior: smooth; } .truncate { overflow: hidden; white-space: nowrap; } .overflow-ellipsis, .text-ellipsis, .truncate { text-overflow: ellipsis; } .text-clip { text-overflow: clip; } .whitespace-normal { white-space: normal; } .whitespace-nowrap { white-space: nowrap; } .whitespace-pre { white-space: pre; } .whitespace-pre-line { white-space: pre-line; } .whitespace-pre-wrap { white-space: pre-wrap; } .text-wrap { text-wrap: wrap; } .text-nowrap { text-wrap: nowrap; } .text-balance { text-wrap: balance; } .text-pretty { text-wrap: pretty; } .break-normal { overflow-wrap: normal; word-break: normal; } .break-words { overflow-wrap: break-word; } .break-all { word-break: break-all; } .\!rounded-full { border-radius: 624.938rem !important; } .\!rounded-none { border-radius: 0px !important; } .rounded-1 { border-radius: 0.25rem; } .rounded-2 { border-radius: 0.5rem; } .rounded-4 { border-radius: 1rem; } .rounded-5 { border-radius: 1.25rem; } .rounded-6 { border-radius: 1.5rem; } .rounded-8 { border-radius: 2rem; } .rounded-\[\.75rem\] { border-radius: 0.75rem; } .rounded-\[0\.125rem\] { border-radius: 0.125rem; } .rounded-\[0\.75rem\] { border-radius: 0.75rem; } .rounded-\[100px\] { border-radius: 100px; } .rounded-\[10px\] { border-radius: 10px; } .rounded-\[128px\] { border-radius: 128px; } .rounded-\[12px\] { border-radius: 12px; } .rounded-\[14px\] { border-radius: 14px; } .rounded-\[15px\] { border-radius: 15px; } .rounded-\[16px\] { border-radius: 16px; } .rounded-\[20px\] { border-radius: 20px; } .rounded-\[22px\] { border-radius: 22px; } .rounded-\[24px\] { border-radius: 24px; } .rounded-\[256px\] { border-radius: 256px; } .rounded-\[2px\] { border-radius: 2px; } .rounded-\[3\.25rem\] { border-radius: 3.25rem; } .rounded-\[3px\] { border-radius: 3px; } .rounded-\[4px\] { border-radius: 4px; } .rounded-\[50\%\] { border-radius: 50%; } .rounded-\[52px\] { border-radius: 52px; } .rounded-\[6px\] { border-radius: 6px; } .rounded-\[8px\] { border-radius: 8px; } .rounded-\[9\%/6\.8\%\] { border-radius: 9% / 6.8%; } .rounded-\[var\(--rem8\)\] { border-radius: var(--rem8); } .rounded-full { border-radius: 624.938rem; } .rounded-lg { border-radius: 2rem; } .rounded-md { border-radius: 1.25rem; } .rounded-none { border-radius: 0px; } .rounded-sm { border-radius: 0.25rem; } .rounded-b-\[0\.5rem\] { border-bottom-left-radius: 0.5rem; border-bottom-right-radius: 0.5rem; } .rounded-b-\[16px\] { border-bottom-left-radius: 16px; border-bottom-right-radius: 16px; } .rounded-b-\[8px\] { border-bottom-left-radius: 8px; border-bottom-right-radius: 8px; } .rounded-b-none { border-bottom-left-radius: 0px; border-bottom-right-radius: 0px; } .rounded-b-sm { border-bottom-left-radius: 0.25rem; border-bottom-right-radius: 0.25rem; } .rounded-l-\[12px\] { border-bottom-left-radius: 12px; border-top-left-radius: 12px; } .rounded-l-\[6px\] { border-bottom-left-radius: 6px; border-top-left-radius: 6px; } .rounded-l-\[8px\] { border-bottom-left-radius: 8px; border-top-left-radius: 8px; } .rounded-l-full { border-bottom-left-radius: 624.938rem; border-top-left-radius: 624.938rem; } .rounded-l-sm { border-bottom-left-radius: 0.25rem; border-top-left-radius: 0.25rem; } .rounded-r-\[12px\] { border-bottom-right-radius: 12px; border-top-right-radius: 12px; } .rounded-r-\[6px\] { border-bottom-right-radius: 6px; border-top-right-radius: 6px; } .rounded-r-\[8px\] { border-bottom-right-radius: 8px; border-top-right-radius: 8px; } .rounded-r-full { border-bottom-right-radius: 624.938rem; border-top-right-radius: 624.938rem; } .rounded-r-sm { border-bottom-right-radius: 0.25rem; border-top-right-radius: 0.25rem; } .rounded-s-\[16px\] { border-end-start-radius: 16px; border-start-start-radius: 16px; } .rounded-t-\[0\.5rem\] { border-top-left-radius: 0.5rem; border-top-right-radius: 0.5rem; } .rounded-t-\[12px\] { border-top-left-radius: 12px; border-top-right-radius: 12px; } .rounded-t-\[16px\] { border-top-left-radius: 16px; border-top-right-radius: 16px; } .rounded-t-\[1rem\] { border-top-left-radius: 1rem; border-top-right-radius: 1rem; } .rounded-t-\[20px\] { border-top-left-radius: 20px; border-top-right-radius: 20px; } .rounded-t-\[6px\] { border-top-left-radius: 6px; border-top-right-radius: 6px; } .rounded-t-\[8px\] { border-top-left-radius: 8px; border-top-right-radius: 8px; } .rounded-t-lg { border-top-left-radius: 2rem; border-top-right-radius: 2rem; } .rounded-t-md { border-top-left-radius: 1.25rem; border-top-right-radius: 1.25rem; } .rounded-t-none { border-top-left-radius: 0px; border-top-right-radius: 0px; } .rounded-t-sm { border-top-left-radius: 0.25rem; border-top-right-radius: 0.25rem; } .rounded-bl-\[0\.5rem\] { border-bottom-left-radius: 0.5rem; } .rounded-bl-\[12px\] { border-bottom-left-radius: 12px; } .rounded-bl-none { border-bottom-left-radius: 0px; }

.rounded-br-\[8px\] { border-bottom-right-radius: 8px; } .rounded-br-none { border-bottom-right-radius: 0px; } .rounded-ee-\[0\.5rem\] { border-end-end-radius: 0.5rem; } .rounded-ee-\[6px\] { border-end-end-radius: 6px; } .rounded-es-\[12px\] { border-end-start-radius: 12px; } .rounded-es-\[6px\] { border-end-start-radius: 6px; } .rounded-se-\[6px\] { border-start-end-radius: 6px; } .rounded-se-md { border-start-end-radius: 1.25rem; } .rounded-ss-\[6px\] { border-start-start-radius: 6px; } .rounded-ss-md { border-start-start-radius: 1.25rem; } .rounded-tl-\[1\.25rem\] { border-top-left-radius: 1.25rem; } .rounded-tl-\[16px\] { border-top-left-radius: 16px; } .rounded-tr-\[1\.25rem\] { border-top-right-radius: 1.25rem; } .rounded-tr-\[16px\] { border-top-right-radius: 16px; } .rounded-tr-\[8px\] { border-top-right-radius: 8px; } .\!border-0 { border-width: 0px !important; } .border { border-width: 0.0625rem; } .border-0 { border-width: 0px; } .border-\[0\.125rem\] { border-width: 0.125rem; } .border-\[0\.1875rem\] { border-width: 0.1875rem; } .border-\[0\.5px\] { border-width: 0.5px; } .border-\[1px\] { border-width: 1px; } .border-\[2px\] { border-width: 2px; } .border-\[3px\] { border-width: 3px; } .border-\[4px\] { border-width: 4px; } .border-\[5px\] { border-width: 5px; } .border-lg { border-width: 0.25rem; } .border-md { border-width: 0.125rem; } .border-sm { border-width: 0.0625rem; } .border-x-0 { border-left-width: 0px; border-right-width: 0px; } .border-y-0 { border-bottom-width: 0px; border-top-width: 0px; } .border-y-sm { border-top-width: 0.0625rem; } .border-b, .border-y-sm { border-bottom-width: 0.0625rem; } .border-b-0 { border-bottom-width: 0px; } .border-b-\[1px\] { border-bottom-width: 1px; } .border-b-sm { border-bottom-width: 0.0625rem; } .border-e-0 { border-inline-end-width: 0px; } .border-l { border-left-width: 0.0625rem; } .border-l-0 { border-left-width: 0px; } .border-l-\[1px\] { border-left-width: 1px; } .border-l-md { border-left-width: 0.125rem; } .border-l-sm { border-left-width: 0.0625rem; } .border-r { border-right-width: 0.0625rem; } .border-r-0 { border-right-width: 0px; } .border-r-sm { border-right-width: 0.0625rem; } .border-s { border-inline-start-width: 0.0625rem; } .border-s-0 { border-inline-start-width: 0px; } .border-s-\[1px\] { border-inline-start-width: 1px; } .border-s-lg { border-inline-start-width: 0.25rem; } .border-s-md { border-inline-start-width: 0.125rem; } .border-s-sm { border-inline-start-width: 0.0625rem; } .border-t { border-top-width: 0.0625rem; } .border-t-0 { border-top-width: 0px; } .border-t-\[1px\] { border-top-width: 1px; } .border-t-sm { border-top-width: 0.0625rem; } .border-solid { border-style: solid; } .border-dashed { border-style: dashed; } .border-dotted { border-style: dotted; } .border-hidden { border-style: hidden; } .border-none { border-style: none; } .\!border-\[\#006C56\] { --tw-border-opacity: 1 !important; border-color: rgb(0 108 86/var(--tw-border-opacity)) !important; } .border-\[\#dadce0\] { --tw-border-opacity: 1; border-color: rgb(218 220 224/var(--tw-border-opacity)); } .border-\[color\:var\(--button-border-color-default\)\] { border-color: var(--button-border-color-default); } .border-\[color\:var\(--button-border-color-disabled\)\] { border-color: var(--button-border-color-disabled); } .border-\[var\(--color-a-default\)\] { border-color: var(--color-a-default); } .border-\[var\(--color-divider-default\)\] { border-color: var(--color-divider-default); } .border-\[var\(--color-neutral-border-weak\)\] { border-color: var(--color-neutral-border-weak); } .border-\[var\(--color-ui-modalbackground\)\] { border-color: var(--color-ui-modalbackground); } .border-action-downvote { border-color: var(--color-action-downvote); } .border-action-secondary { border-color: var(--color-action-secondary); } .border-action-upvote { border-color: var(--color-action-upvote); } .border-alert-caution { border-color: var(--color-alert-caution); } .border-alienblue-300 { --tw-border-opacity: 1; border-color: rgb(144 169 253/var(--tw-border-opacity)); } .border-alienblue-600 { --tw-border-opacity: 1; border-color: rgb(17 91 202/var(--tw-border-opacity)); } .border-black { --tw-border-opacity: 1; border-color: rgb(0 0 0/var(--tw-border-opacity)); } .border-black\/20 { border-color: rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.2); } .border-coolgray-100 { --tw-border-opacity: 1; border-color: rgb(219 228 233/var(--tw-border-opacity)); } .border-coolgray-350 { --tw-border-opacity: 1; border-color: rgb(139 162 173/var(--tw-border-opacity)); } .border-coolgray-450 { --tw-border-opacity: 1; border-color: rgb(116 135 145/var(--tw-border-opacity)); } .border-danger-background { border-color: var(--color-danger-background); } .border-danger-content { border-color: var(--color-danger-content); } .border-global-gold { border-color: var(--color-global-gold); } .border-global-offline { border-color: var(--color-global-offline); } .border-global-online { border-color: var(--color-global-online); } .border-global-orangered { border-color: var(--color-global-orangered); } .border-global-white { --tw-border-opacity: 1; border-color: rgb(255 255 255/var(--tw-border-opacity)); } .border-inverted-neutral-border { border-color: var(--color-inverted-neutral-border); } .border-mintgreen-600 { --tw-border-opacity: 1; border-color: rgb(0 108 86/var(--tw-border-opacity)); } .border-neutral-background { border-color: var(--color-neutral-background); } .border-neutral-background-container { border-color: var(--color-neutral-background-container); } .border-neutral-background-gilded { border-color: var(--color-neutral-background-gilded); } .border-neutral-background-selected { border-color: var(--color-neutral-background-selected); } .border-neutral-background-weak { border-color: var(--color-neutral-background-weak); } .border-neutral-background-weak-hover { border-color: var(--color-neutral-background-weak-hover); } .border-neutral-border { border-color: var(--color-neutral-border); } .border-neutral-border-medium { border-color: var(--color-neutral-border-medium); } .border-neutral-border-strong { border-color: var(--color-neutral-border-strong); } .border-neutral-border-weak { border-color: var(--color-neutral-border-weak); } .border-neutral-content { border-color: var(--color-neutral-content); } .border-neutral-content-weak { border-color: var(--color-neutral-content-weak); } .border-primary { border-color: var(--color-primary); } .border-primary-border { border-color: var(--color-primary-border); } .border-puregray-700 { --tw-border-opacity: 1; border-color: rgb(48 48 48/var(--tw-border-opacity)); } .border-puregray-900 { --tw-border-opacity: 1; border-color: rgb(19 19 19/var(--tw-border-opacity)); } .border-secondary-background { border-color: var(--color-secondary-background); } .border-secondary-background-hover { border-color: var(--color-secondary-background-hover); } .border-secondary-background-selected { border-color: var(--color-secondary-background-selected); } .border-tone-2 { border-color: var(--color-tone-2); } .border-tone-3 { border-color: var(--color-tone-3); } .border-tone-4 { border-color: var(--color-tone-4); } .border-tone-5 { border-color: var(--color-tone-5); } .border-transparent { border-color: transparent; } .border-ui-modalbackground { border-color: var(--color-ui-modalbackground); } .border-warning-content { border-color: var(--color-warning-content); } .border-white { --tw-border-opacity: 1; border-color: rgb(255 255 255/var(--tw-border-opacity)); } .border-white-opacity-20 { border-color: rgba(255, 255, 255, 0.2); } .border-b-neutral-border { border-bottom-color: var(--color-neutral-border); } .border-b-neutral-border-weak { border-bottom-color: var(--color-neutral-border-weak); } .border-e-neutral-border { border-inline-end-color: var(--color-neutral-border); } .border-e-neutral-border-weak { border-inline-end-color: var(--color-neutral-border-weak); } .border-l-alienblue-500 { --tw-border-opacity: 1; border-left-color: rgb(24 112 244/var(--tw-border-opacity)); } .border-l-neutral-border { border-left-color: var(--color-neutral-border); } .border-l-neutral-border-weak { border-left-color: var(--color-neutral-border-weak); } .border-l-tone-3 { border-left-color: var(--color-tone-3); } .border-s-neutral-border-weak { border-inline-start-color: var(--color-neutral-border-weak); } .border-t-coolgray-100 { --tw-border-opacity: 1; border-top-color: rgb(219 228 233/var(--tw-border-opacity)); } .border-t-neutral-border-weak { border-top-color: var(--color-neutral-border-weak); } .border-t-tone-4 { border-top-color: var(--color-tone-4); } .border-t-transparent { border-top-color: transparent; } .border-opacity-10 { --tw-border-opacity: 0.1; } .border-opacity-20 { --tw-border-opacity: 0.2; } .\!bg-\[\#E6FFF9\] { --tw-bg-opacity: 1 !important; background-color: rgb(230 255 249/var(--tw-bg-opacity)) !important; } .\!bg-\[var\(--shreddit-color-mods-reported-background\)\] { background-color: var(--shreddit-color-mods-reported-background) !important; } .\!bg-danger-background-weaker { background-color: var(--color-danger-background-weaker) !important; } .\!bg-transparent { background-color: initial !important; } .bg-\[\#00E2B7\] { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(0 226 183/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-\[\#82959b\] { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(130 149 155/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-\[\#B6E9FF\] { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(182 233 255/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-\[\#BFEEB8\] { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(191 238 184/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-\[\#C5C5C5\] { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(197 197 197/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-\[\#C6DCFF\] { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(198 220 255/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-\[\#D2DADD\] { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(210 218 221/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-\[\#D8D4FF\] { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(216 212 255/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-\[\#F2C8FF\] { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(242 200 255/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-\[\#FF9C1A\] { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(255 156 26/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-\[\#FFC5EC\] { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(255 197 236/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-\[\#FFCCD2\] { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(255 204 210/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-\[\#FFD5C6\] { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(255 213 198/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-\[\#FFE88F\] { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(255 232 143/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-\[\#d7dfe2\] { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(215 223 226/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-\[\#ffffff\] { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(255 255 255/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-\[--slider-bg\] { background-color: var(--slider-bg); } .bg-\[--slider-fill\] { background-color: var(--slider-fill); } .bg-\[color\:var\(--button-color-background-default\)\] { background-color: var(--button-color-background-default); } .bg-\[color\:var\(--button-color-background-disabled\)\] { background-color: var(--button-color-background-disabled); } .bg-\[color\:var\(--color-button-plain-background-disabled\)\] { background-color: var(--color-button-plain-background-disabled); } .bg-\[color\:var\(--color-tone-6\)\] { background-color: var(--color-tone-6); } .bg-\[color\:var\(--shreddit-content-background\)\] { background-color: var(--shreddit-content-background); } .bg-\[rgba\(0\,0\,0\,0\.6\)\] { background-color: rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.6); } .bg-\[var\(--color-banner-plain\)\] { background-color: var(--color-banner-plain); } .bg-\[var\(--color-caution-background\)\] { background-color: var(--color-caution-background); } .bg-\[var\(--rpl-hovercard-background-color\)\] { background-color: var(--rpl-hovercard-background-color); } .bg-action-downvote { background-color: var(--color-action-downvote); } .bg-action-upvote { background-color: var(--color-action-upvote); } .bg-alert-caution { background-color: var(--color-alert-caution); } .bg-alienblue-100 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(220 226 251/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-alienblue-200 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(184 197 252/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-alienblue-400 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(100 142 252/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-alienblue-50 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(238 240 251/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-alienblue-600 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(17 91 202/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-alienblue-700 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(10 68 155/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-berrypurple-100 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(243 218 251/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-black { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(0 0 0/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-black-opacity-60 { background-color: rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.6); } .bg-black-opacity-80 { background-color: rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.8); } .bg-black\/20 { background-color: rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.2); } .bg-black\/50 { background-color: rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.5); } .bg-black\/60 { background-color: rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.6); } .bg-black\/70 { background-color: rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.7); } .bg-brand-background { background-color: var(--color-brand-background); } .bg-brand-secondary-limegreen_base { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(174 239 15/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-category-spoiler { background-color: var(--color-category-spoiler); } .bg-caution-background { background-color: var(--color-caution-background); } .bg-coolgray-100 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(219 228 233/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-coolgray-150 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(201 215 222/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-coolgray-200 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(183 202

212/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-coolgray-400 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(127 148 159/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-coolgray-50 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(238 241 243/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-coolgray-500 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(102 119 128/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-coolgray-550 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(92 108 116/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-danger-background { background-color: var(--color-danger-background); } .bg-danger-background-weaker { background-color: var(--color-danger-background-weaker); } .bg-downvote-background { background-color: var(--color-downvote-background); } .bg-global-black { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(0 0 0/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-global-brand-orangered { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(255 69 0/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-global-orangered { background-color: var(--color-global-orangered); } .bg-global-white { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(255 255 255/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-interactive-background-disabled { background-color: var(--color-interactive-background-disabled); } .bg-interactive-content-disabled { background-color: var(--color-interactive-content-disabled); } .bg-inverted-neutral-background { background-color: var(--color-inverted-neutral-background); } .bg-kiwigreen-100 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(168 245 160/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-kiwigreen-200 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(88 225 91/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-kiwigreen-25 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(235 253 231/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-kiwigreen-400 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(1 168 22/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-kiwigreen-50 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(221 248 215/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-kiwigreen-600 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(1 110 11/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-kiwigreen-900 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(13 32 5/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-lightblue-300 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(2 185 251/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-media-background { background-color: var(--color-media-background); } .bg-mintgreen-200 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(0 226 183/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-mintgreen-500 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(1 135 109/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-mods-filtered-background { background-color: var(--shreddit-color-mods-filtered-background); } .bg-mods-reported-background { background-color: var(--shreddit-color-mods-reported-background); } .bg-neutral-background { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background); } .bg-neutral-background-container { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-container); } .bg-neutral-background-container-strong { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-container-strong); } .bg-neutral-background-gilded-hover { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-gilded-hover); } .bg-neutral-background-highlighted-strong { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-highlighted-strong); } .bg-neutral-background-hover { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-hover); } .bg-neutral-background-medium { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-medium); } .bg-neutral-background-selected { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-selected); } .bg-neutral-background-strong { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-strong); } .bg-neutral-background-weak { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-weak); } .bg-neutral-background-weak-hover { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-weak-hover); } .bg-neutral-border { background-color: var(--color-neutral-border); } .bg-neutral-border-weak { background-color: var(--color-neutral-border-weak); } .bg-neutral-content { background-color: var(--color-neutral-content); } .bg-neutral-content-disabled { background-color: var(--color-neutral-content-disabled); } .bg-neutral-content-strong { background-color: var(--color-neutral-content-strong); } .bg-online { background-color: var(--color-online); } .bg-opacity-08 { background-color: var(--color-opacity-08); } .bg-orangered-100 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(252 219 207/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-orangered-200 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(253 180 152/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-orangered-300 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(255 137 93/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-orangered-400 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(255 69 0/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-orangered-50 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(252 238 232/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-orangered-500 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(217 57 0/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-periwinkle-100 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(230 223 251/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-periwinkle-200 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(205 190 253/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-periwinkle-700 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(64 1 234/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-primary { background-color: var(--color-primary); } .bg-primary-background { background-color: var(--color-primary-background); } .bg-puregray-900 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(19 19 19/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-red-100 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(251 219 212/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-red-200 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(253 179 164/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-red-500 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(235 0 31/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-sakurapink-400 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(255 56 187/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-scrim { background-color: var(--color-scrim); } .bg-secondary-background { background-color: var(--color-secondary-background); } .bg-secondary-background-hover { background-color: var(--color-secondary-background-hover); } .bg-secondary-background-selected { background-color: var(--color-secondary-background-selected); } .bg-secondary-plain { background-color: var(--color-secondary-plain); } .bg-streak-not-reached-background { background-color: var(--shreddit-color-streak-not-reached-background); } .bg-streak-progress { background-color: var(--shreddit-color-streak-progress); } .bg-success-background { background-color: var(--color-success-background); } .bg-tone-1 { background-color: var(--color-tone-1); } .bg-tone-2 { background-color: var(--color-tone-2); } .bg-tone-3 { background-color: var(--color-tone-3); } .bg-tone-4 { background-color: var(--color-tone-4); } .bg-tone-5 { background-color: var(--color-tone-5); } .bg-tone-6 { background-color: var(--color-tone-6); } .bg-tone-7 { background-color: var(--color-tone-7); } .bg-transparent { background-color: initial; } .bg-ui-canvas { background-color: var(--color-ui-canvas); } .bg-ui-modalbackground { background-color: var(--color-ui-modalbackground); } .bg-warning-background { background-color: var(--color-warning-background); } .bg-white { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(255 255 255/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-white\/30 { background-color: rgba(255, 255, 255, 0.3); } .bg-white\/60 { background-color: rgba(255, 255, 255, 0.6); } .bg-yellow-100 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(255 226 132/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-yellow-200 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(255 191 11/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-yellow-300 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(216 161 0/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-yellow-400 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(183 136 0/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-yellow-50 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(255 243 192/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-yelloworange-100 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(252 220 200/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-yelloworange-400 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(228 108 0/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .bg-opacity-0 { --tw-bg-opacity: 0; } .bg-opacity-15 { --tw-bg-opacity: 0.15; } .bg-opacity-55 { --tw-bg-opacity: 0.55; } .bg-opacity-60 { --tw-bg-opacity: 0.6; } .bg-opacity-70 { --tw-bg-opacity: 0.7; } .bg-opacity-\[0\.07\] { --tw-bg-opacity: 0.07; } .bg-\[image\:var\(--color-avatar-gradient\)\] { background-image: var(--color-avatar-gradient); } .bg-\[image\:var\(--small-banner\)\] { background-image: var(--small-banner); } .bg-gradient-to-bl { background-image: linear-gradient(to bottom left,var(--tw-gradient-stops)); } .bg-gradient-to-l { background-image: linear-gradient(to left,var(--tw-gradient-stops)); } .bg-gradient-to-r { background-image: linear-gradient(to right,var(--tw-gradient-stops)); } .bg-gradient-to-t { background-image: linear-gradient(to top,var(--tw-gradient-stops)); } .bg-none { background-image: none; } .from-\[color\:var\(--color-neutral-background\)\] { --tw-gradient-from: var(--color-neutral-background) var(--tw-gradient-from-position); --tw-gradient-to: hsla(0,0%,100%,0) var(--tw-gradient-to-position); --tw-gradient-stops: var(--tw-gradient-from),var(--tw-gradient-to); } .from-\[color\:var\(--color-neutral-background-weak\)\] { --tw-gradient-from: var(--color-neutral-background-weak) var(--tw-gradient-from-position); --tw-gradient-to: hsla(0,0%,100%,0) var(--tw-gradient-to-position); --tw-gradient-stops: var(--tw-gradient-from),var(--tw-gradient-to); } .from-\[color\:var\(--gallery-gradient-bg\,var\(--color-neutral-background\)\)\] { --tw-gradient-from: var(--gallery-gradient-bg,var(--color-neutral-background)) var(--tw-gradient-from-position); --tw-gradient-to: hsla(0,0%,100%,0) var(--tw-gradient-to-position); --tw-gradient-stops: var(--tw-gradient-from),var(--tw-gradient-to); } .from-berrypurple-900 { --tw-gradient-from: #300643 var(--tw-gradient-from-position); --tw-gradient-to: rgba(48,6,67,0) var(--tw-gradient-to-position); --tw-gradient-stops: var(--tw-gradient-from),var(--tw-gradient-to); } .from-black\/80 { --tw-gradient-from: rgba(0,0,0,.8) var(--tw-gradient-from-position); --tw-gradient-to: transparent var(--tw-gradient-to-position); --tw-gradient-stops: var(--tw-gradient-from),var(--tw-gradient-to); } .from-orangered-500 { --tw-gradient-from: #d93900 var(--tw-gradient-from-position); --tw-gradient-to: rgba(217,57,0,0) var(--tw-gradient-to-position); --tw-gradient-stops: var(--tw-gradient-from),var(--tw-gradient-to); } .from-transparent { --tw-gradient-from: transparent var(--tw-gradient-from-position); --tw-gradient-to: transparent var(--tw-gradient-to-position); --tw-gradient-stops: var(--tw-gradient-from),var(--tw-gradient-to); } .via-black\/25 { --tw-gradient-to: transparent var(--tw-gradient-to-position); --tw-gradient-stops: var(--tw-gradient-from),rgba(0,0,0,.25) var(--tw-gradient-via-position),var(--tw-gradient-to); } .to-\[var\(--color-neutral-background\)\] { --tw-gradient-to: var(--color-neutral-background) var(--tw-gradient-to-position); } .to-lightblue-500 { --tw-gradient-to: #007fae var(--tw-gradient-to-position); } .to-orangered-400 { --tw-gradient-to: #ff4500 var(--tw-gradient-to-position); } .to-transparent { --tw-gradient-to: transparent var(--tw-gradient-to-position); } .to-100\% { --tw-gradient-to-position: 100%; } .bg-\[length\:100\%_177px\] { background-size: 100% 177px; } .bg-\[length\:296px\] { background-size: 296px; } .bg-contain { background-size: contain; } .bg-cover { background-size: cover; } .bg-clip-content { background-clip: content-box; } .bg-\[center_35\%\] { background-position: center 35%; } .bg-center { background-position: 50% center; } .bg-left { background-position: 0px center; } .bg-top { background-position: center top; } .bg-no-repeat { background-repeat: no-repeat; } .fill-\[color\:var\(--color-danger-content\)\] { fill: var(--color-danger-content); } .fill-\[color\:var\(--color-identity-coins\)\] { fill: var(--color-identity-coins); } .fill-\[color\:var\(--color-identity-moderator\)\] { fill: var(--color-identity-moderator); } .fill-\[color\:var\(--color-online\)\] { fill: var(--color-online); } .fill-action-primary { fill: var(--color-action-primary); } .fill-current { fill: currentcolor; } .fill-global-brand-orangered { fill: rgb(255, 69, 0); } .fill-neutral-border { fill: var(--color-neutral-border); } .fill-neutral-border-medium { fill: var(--color-neutral-border-medium); } .fill-neutral-content-weak { fill: var(--color-neutral-content-weak); } .fill-primary-background { fill: var(--color-primary-background); } .fill-secondary-plain { fill: var(--color-secondary-plain); } .object-contain { object-fit: contain; } .object-cover { object-fit: cover; } .object-fill { object-fit: fill; } .object-scale-down { object-fit: scale-down; } .object-center { object-position: center center; } .object-top { object-position: center top; } .\!p-0 { padding: 0px !important; } .\!p-2xs { padding: 0.25rem !important; } .p-0 { padding: 0px; } .p-2xl { padding: 3rem; } .p-2xs { padding: 0.25rem; } .p-3xl { padding: 4rem; } .p-\[10px\] { padding: 10px; } .p-\[12px\] { padding: 12px; } .p-\[16px\] { padding: 16px; } .p-\[1px\] { padding: 1px; } .p-\[1rem\] { padding: 1rem; } .p-\[2\.5rem\] { padding: 2.5rem; } .p-\[2\.75rem\] { padding: 2.75rem; } .p-\[20px\] { padding: 20px; } .p-\[24px\] { padding: 24px; } .p-\[2px\] { padding: 2px; } .p-\[4px\] { padding: 4px; } .p-\[56px\] { padding: 56px; } .p-\[6px\] { padding: 6px; } .p-\[72px\] { padding: 72px; } .p-\[8px\] { padding: 8px; } .p-lg { padding: 1.5rem; } .p-md { padding: 1rem; } .p-px { padding: 1px; } .p-sm { padding: 0.75rem; } .p-xl { padding: 2rem; } .p-xs { padding: 0.5rem; } .\!px-0 { padding-left: 0px !important; padding-right: 0px !important; } .\!px-2xs { padding-left: 0.25rem !important; padding-right: 0.25rem !important; } .\!px-md { padding-left: 1rem !important; padding-right: 1rem !important; }

.\!px-sm { padding-left: 0.75rem !important; padding-right: 0.75rem !important; } .\!px-xs { padding-left: 0.5rem !important; padding-right: 0.5rem !important; } .\!py-0 { padding-bottom: 0px !important; padding-top: 0px !important; } .px-0 { padding-left: 0px; padding-right: 0px; } .px-2xs { padding-left: 0.25rem; padding-right: 0.25rem; } .px-\[10px\] { padding-left: 10px; padding-right: 10px; } .px-\[11px\] { padding-left: 11px; padding-right: 11px; } .px-\[12px\] { padding-left: 12px; padding-right: 12px; } .px-\[16px\] { padding-left: 16px; padding-right: 16px; } .px-\[1rem\] { padding-left: 1rem; padding-right: 1rem; } .px-\[20px\] { padding-left: 20px; padding-right: 20px; } .px-\[2px\] { padding-left: 2px; padding-right: 2px; } .px-\[2rem\] { padding-left: 2rem; padding-right: 2rem; } .px-\[30\.5px\] { padding-left: 30.5px; padding-right: 30.5px; } .px-\[3px\] { padding-left: 3px; padding-right: 3px; } .px-\[40px\] { padding-left: 40px; padding-right: 40px; } .px-\[4px\] { padding-left: 4px; padding-right: 4px; } .px-\[4rem\] { padding-left: 4rem; padding-right: 4rem; } .px-\[5px\] { padding-left: 5px; padding-right: 5px; } .px-\[6px\] { padding-left: 6px; padding-right: 6px; } .px-\[80px\] { padding-left: 80px; padding-right: 80px; } .px-\[8px\] { padding-left: 8px; padding-right: 8px; } .px-\[calc\(var\(--rem10\)-var\(--button-border-width\,0px\)\)\] { padding-left: calc(var(--rem10) - var(--button-border-width,0px)); padding-right: calc(var(--rem10) - var(--button-border-width,0px)); } .px-\[calc\(var\(--rem12\)-var\(--button-border-width\,0px\)\)\] { padding-left: calc(var(--rem12) - var(--button-border-width,0px)); padding-right: calc(var(--rem12) - var(--button-border-width,0px)); } .px-\[calc\(var\(--rem16\)-var\(--button-border-width\,0px\)\)\] { padding-left: calc(var(--rem16) - var(--button-border-width,0px)); padding-right: calc(var(--rem16) - var(--button-border-width,0px)); } .px-\[calc\(var\(--rem8\)-var\(--button-border-width\,0px\)\)\] { padding-left: calc(var(--rem8) - var(--button-border-width,0px)); padding-right: calc(var(--rem8) - var(--button-border-width,0px)); } .px-\[var\(--horizontal-padding\)\] { padding-left: var(--horizontal-padding); padding-right: var(--horizontal-padding); } .px-\[var\(--list-padding\)\] { padding-left: var(--list-padding); padding-right: var(--list-padding); } .px-\[var\(--rem10\)\] { padding-left: var(--rem10); padding-right: var(--rem10); } .px-\[var\(--rem14\)\] { padding-left: var(--rem14); padding-right: var(--rem14); } .px-\[var\(--rem6\)\] { padding-left: var(--rem6); padding-right: var(--rem6); } .px-\[var\(--rem8\)\] { padding-left: var(--rem8); padding-right: var(--rem8); } .px-\[var\(--topbar-horizontal-padding\)\] { padding-left: var(--topbar-horizontal-padding); padding-right: var(--topbar-horizontal-padding); } .px-lg { padding-left: 1.5rem; padding-right: 1.5rem; } .px-md { padding-left: 1rem; padding-right: 1rem; } .px-px { padding-left: 1px; padding-right: 1px; } .px-sm { padding-left: 0.75rem; padding-right: 0.75rem; } .px-xl { padding-left: 2rem; padding-right: 2rem; } .px-xs { padding-left: 0.5rem; padding-right: 0.5rem; } .py-0 { padding-bottom: 0px; padding-top: 0px; } .py-2xl { padding-bottom: 3rem; padding-top: 3rem; } .py-2xs { padding-bottom: 0.25rem; padding-top: 0.25rem; } .py-\[1\.5rem\] { padding-bottom: 1.5rem; padding-top: 1.5rem; } .py-\[10px\] { padding-bottom: 10px; padding-top: 10px; } .py-\[12px\] { padding-bottom: 12px; padding-top: 12px; } .py-\[19px\] { padding-bottom: 19px; padding-top: 19px; } .py-\[1px\] { padding-bottom: 1px; padding-top: 1px; } .py-\[2\.875rem\] { padding-bottom: 2.875rem; padding-top: 2.875rem; } .py-\[20px\] { padding-bottom: 20px; padding-top: 20px; } .py-\[27px\] { padding-bottom: 27px; padding-top: 27px; } .py-\[2px\] { padding-bottom: 2px; padding-top: 2px; } .py-\[3px\] { padding-bottom: 3px; padding-top: 3px; } .py-\[40px\] { padding-bottom: 40px; padding-top: 40px; } .py-\[44px\] { padding-bottom: 44px; padding-top: 44px; } .py-\[6px\] { padding-bottom: 6px; padding-top: 6px; } .py-\[7px\] { padding-bottom: 7px; padding-top: 7px; } .py-\[8px\] { padding-bottom: 8px; padding-top: 8px; } .py-\[calc\(var\(--rem4\)-var\(--rem1\)\)\] { padding-bottom: calc(var(--rem4) - var(--rem1)); padding-top: calc(var(--rem4) - var(--rem1)); } .py-\[var\(--rem10\)\] { padding-bottom: var(--rem10); padding-top: var(--rem10); } .py-\[var\(--rem14\)\] { padding-bottom: var(--rem14); padding-top: var(--rem14); } .py-\[var\(--rem6\)\] { padding-bottom: var(--rem6); padding-top: var(--rem6); } .py-lg { padding-bottom: 1.5rem; padding-top: 1.5rem; } .py-md { padding-bottom: 1rem; padding-top: 1rem; } .py-px { padding-bottom: 1px; padding-top: 1px; } .py-sm { padding-bottom: 0.75rem; padding-top: 0.75rem; } .py-xl { padding-bottom: 2rem; padding-top: 2rem; } .py-xs { padding-bottom: 0.5rem; padding-top: 0.5rem; } .\!pl-0 { padding-left: 0px !important; } .pb-0 { padding-bottom: 0px; } .pb-2xl { padding-bottom: 3rem; } .pb-2xs { padding-bottom: 0.25rem; } .pb-5xl { padding-bottom: 8rem; } .pb-\[\.5rem\] { padding-bottom: 0.5rem; } .pb-\[0\.4rem\] { padding-bottom: 0.4rem; } .pb-\[16px\] { padding-bottom: 16px; } .pb-\[20px\] { padding-bottom: 20px; } .pb-\[22px\] { padding-bottom: 22px; } .pb-\[2px\] { padding-bottom: 2px; } .pb-\[30px\] { padding-bottom: 30px; } .pb-\[36px\] { padding-bottom: 36px; } .pb-\[3px\] { padding-bottom: 3px; } .pb-\[4px\] { padding-bottom: 4px; } .pb-\[50px\] { padding-bottom: 50px; } .pb-\[64px\] { padding-bottom: 64px; } .pb-\[6px\] { padding-bottom: 6px; } .pb-\[8px\] { padding-bottom: 8px; } .pb-\[calc\(var\(--spacer-xl\)\+env\(safe-area-inset-bottom\)\)\] { padding-bottom: calc(var(--spacer-xl) + env(safe-area-inset-bottom)); } .pb-\[env\(safe-area-inset-bottom\)\] { padding-bottom: env(safe-area-inset-bottom); } .pb-lg { padding-bottom: 1.5rem; } .pb-md { padding-bottom: 1rem; } .pb-px { padding-bottom: 1px; } .pb-sm { padding-bottom: 0.75rem; } .pb-xl { padding-bottom: 2rem; } .pb-xs { padding-bottom: 0.5rem; } .pe-0 { padding-inline-end: 0px; } .pe-2xl { padding-inline-end: 3rem; } .pe-2xs { padding-inline-end: 0.25rem; } .pe-3xl { padding-inline-end: 4rem; } .pe-\[10px\] { padding-inline-end: 10px; } .pe-\[12px\] { padding-inline-end: 12px; } .pe-\[2px\] { padding-inline-end: 2px; } .pe-\[3px\] { padding-inline-end: 3px; } .pe-\[40px\] { padding-inline-end: 40px; } .pe-\[6px\] { padding-inline-end: 6px; } .pe-\[calc\(var\(--rem6\)-var\(--rem1\)\)\] { padding-inline-end: calc(var(--rem6) - var(--rem1)); } .pe-\[var\(--rem12\)\] { padding-inline-end: var(--rem12); } .pe-\[var\(--rem14\)\] { padding-inline-end: var(--rem14); } .pe-\[var\(--rem16\)\] { padding-inline-end: var(--rem16); } .pe-\[var\(--rem8\)\] { padding-inline-end: var(--rem8); } .pe-lg { padding-inline-end: 1.5rem; } .pe-md { padding-inline-end: 1rem; } .pe-sm { padding-inline-end: 0.75rem; } .pe-xl { padding-inline-end: 2rem; } .pe-xs { padding-inline-end: 0.5rem; } .pl-0 { padding-left: 0px; } .pl-2xl { padding-left: 3rem; } .pl-2xs { padding-left: 0.25rem; } .pl-\[115px\] { padding-left: 115px; } .pl-\[12px\] { padding-left: 12px; } .pl-\[26px\] { padding-left: 26px; } .pl-\[6px\] { padding-left: 6px; } .pl-\[8px\] { padding-left: 8px; } .pl-\[var\(--rem10\)\] { padding-left: var(--rem10); } .pl-lg { padding-left: 1.5rem; } .pl-md { padding-left: 1rem; } .pl-px { padding-left: 1px; } .pl-sm { padding-left: 0.75rem; } .pl-xl { padding-left: 2rem; } .pl-xs { padding-left: 0.5rem; } .pr-0 { padding-right: 0px; } .pr-2xl { padding-right: 3rem; } .pr-2xs { padding-right: 0.25rem; } .pr-\[15px\] { padding-right: 15px; } .pr-\[4px\] { padding-right: 4px; } .pr-\[50px\] { padding-right: 50px; } .pr-\[6px\] { padding-right: 6px; } .pr-\[var\(--rem14\)\] { padding-right: var(--rem14); } .pr-lg { padding-right: 1.5rem; } .pr-md { padding-right: 1rem; } .pr-sm { padding-right: 0.75rem; } .pr-xl { padding-right: 2rem; } .pr-xs { padding-right: 0.5rem; } .ps-0 { padding-inline-start: 0px; } .ps-2xs { padding-inline-start: 0.25rem; } .ps-\[10px\] { padding-inline-start: 10px; } .ps-\[110px\] { padding-inline-start: 110px; } .ps-\[115px\] { padding-inline-start: 115px; } .ps-\[12px\] { padding-inline-start: 12px; } .ps-\[15px\] { padding-inline-start: 15px; } .ps-\[1rem\] { padding-inline-start: 1rem; } .ps-\[20px\] { padding-inline-start: 20px; } .ps-\[2px\] { padding-inline-start: 2px; } .ps-\[32px\] { padding-inline-start: 32px; } .ps-\[3px\] { padding-inline-start: 3px; } .ps-\[4px\] { padding-inline-start: 4px; } .ps-\[6px\] { padding-inline-start: 6px; } .ps-\[calc\(var\(--rem12\)-var\(--rem1\)\)\] { padding-inline-start: calc(var(--rem12) - var(--rem1)); } .ps-\[var\(--rem10\)\] { padding-inline-start: var(--rem10); } .ps-\[var\(--rem12\)\] { padding-inline-start: var(--rem12); } .ps-\[var\(--rem14\)\] { padding-inline-start: var(--rem14); } .ps-\[var\(--rem16\)\] { padding-inline-start: var(--rem16); } .ps-lg { padding-inline-start: 1.5rem; } .ps-md { padding-inline-start: 1rem; } .ps-sm { padding-inline-start: 0.75rem; } .ps-xl { padding-inline-start: 2rem; } .ps-xs { padding-inline-start: 0.5rem; } .pt-0 { padding-top: 0px; } .pt-2xl { padding-top: 3rem; } .pt-2xs { padding-top: 0.25rem; } .pt-3xl { padding-top: 4rem; } .pt-\[0\.6rem\] { padding-top: 0.6rem; } .pt-\[10px\] { padding-top: 10px; } .pt-\[12px\] { padding-top: 12px; } .pt-\[13px\] { padding-top: 13px; } .pt-\[20px\] { padding-top: 20px; } .pt-\[2px\] { padding-top: 2px; } .pt-\[40px\] { padding-top: 40px; } .pt-\[42px\] { padding-top: 42px; } .pt-\[4px\] { padding-top: 4px; } .pt-\[50px\] { padding-top: 50px; } .pt-\[52px\] { padding-top: 52px; } .pt-\[64px\] { padding-top: 64px; } .pt-\[6px\] { padding-top: 6px; } .pt-\[72px\] { padding-top: 72px; } .pt-\[80px\] { padding-top: 80px; } .pt-\[8px\] { padding-top: 8px; } .pt-\[var\(--page-y-padding\)\] { padding-top: var(--page-y-padding); } .pt-lg { padding-top: 1.5rem; } .pt-md { padding-top: 1rem; } .pt-sm { padding-top: 0.75rem; } .pt-xl { padding-top: 2rem; } .pt-xs { padding-top: 0.5rem; } .text-left { text-align: left; } .text-center { text-align: center; } .text-right { text-align: right; } .text-justify { text-align: justify; } .text-start { text-align: start; } .text-end { text-align: end; } .indent-0 { text-indent: 0px; } .align-baseline { vertical-align: initial; } .align-top { vertical-align: top; } .align-middle { vertical-align: middle; } .align-bottom { vertical-align: bottom; } .align-text-bottom { vertical-align: text-bottom; } .font-mono { font-family: var(--font-mono); } .font-sans { font-family: var(--font-sans); } .\!text-20 { font-size: 1.25rem !important; line-height: 1.25rem !important; } .text-10 { font-size: 0.625rem; line-height: 1rem; } .text-11 { font-size: 0.6875rem; line-height: 1rem; } .text-12, .text-12\/4 { font-size: 0.75rem; line-height: 1rem; } .text-13 { font-size: 0.8125rem; line-height: 1rem; } .text-14, .text-14\/5 { font-size: 0.875rem; line-height: 1.25rem; } .text-15 { font-size: 0.9375rem; } .text-15, .text-16 { line-height: 1.25rem; } .text-16 { font-size: 1rem; } .text-18 { font-size: 1.125rem; line-height: 1.5rem; } .text-20 { font-size: 1.25rem; line-height: 1.25rem; } .text-24 { font-size: 1.5rem; line-height: 1.75rem; } .text-32 { font-size: 2rem; line-height: 2.25rem; } .text-48 { font-size: 3rem; line-height: 3rem; } .text-64 { font-size: 4rem; line-height: 4rem; } .text-\[1\.4rem\] { font-size: 1.4rem; } .text-\[1\.75rem\] { font-size: 1.75rem; } .text-\[10px\] { font-size: 10px; } .text-\[11px\] { font-size: 11px; } .text-\[12px\] { font-size: 12px; } .text-\[13px\] { font-size: 13px; } .text-\[14px\] { font-size: 14px; } .text-\[15px\] { font-size: 15px; } .text-\[16px\] { font-size: 16px; } .text-\[17px\] { font-size: 17px; } .text-\[2\.25rem\] { font-size: 2.25rem; } .text-\[2\.5rem\] { font-size: 2.5rem; } .text-\[2\.625rem\] { font-size: 2.625rem; } .text-\[24px\] { font-size: 24px; } .text-\[2em\] { font-size: 2em; } .text-\[2rem\] { font-size: 2rem; } .text-\[3\.5rem\] { font-size: 3.5rem; } .text-\[32px\] { font-size: 32px; } .text-\[32px\]\/\[44\.52px\] { font-size: 32px; line-height: 44.52px; } .text-\[34px\] { font-size: 34px; } .text-\[3rem\] { font-size: 3rem; } .text-\[40px\] { font-size: 40px; } .text-\[4rem\] { font-size: 4rem; } .text-\[56px\] { font-size: 56px; } .text-\[5rem\] { font-size: 5rem; } .text-\[60px\] { font-size: 60px; } .text-\[72px\]\/\[80px\] { font-size: 72px; line-height: 80px; } .text-\[88px\] { font-size: 88px; } .text-body-1 { font-size: var(--font-body-1-size); font-weight: var(--font-body-1-weight); letter-spacing: var(--font-body-1-kerning); line-height: var(--font-body-1-line-height); } .text-body-2 { font-size: var(--font-body-2-size); font-weight: var(--font-body-2-weight); letter-spacing: var(--font-body-2-kerning); line-height: var(--font-body-2-line-height); } .text-caption-1 { font-size: var(--font-caption-1-size); font-weight: var(--font-caption-1-weight); letter-spacing: var(--font-caption-1-kerning); line-height: var(--font-caption-1-line-height); } .text-caption-2 { font-size: var(--font-caption-2-size); font-weight: var(--font-caption-2-weight); letter-spacing: var(--font-caption-2-kerning); line-height: var(--font-caption-2-line-height); } .text-display { font-size: var(--font-display-size); font-weight: var(--font-display-weight); letter-spacing: var(--font-display-kerning); line-height: var(--font-display-line-height); } .text-headline { font-size: var(--font-headline-size); font-weight: var(--font-headline-weight); letter-spacing: var(--font-headline-kerning); line-height: var(--font-headline-line-height); } .text-huge-display { font-size: var(--font-huge-display-size); font-weight: var(--font-huge-display-weight); letter-spacing: var(--font-huge-display-kerning); line-height: var(--font-huge-display-line-height); } .text-inherit { font-size: inherit; line-height: inherit; } .text-label-1 { font-size: var(--font-label-1-size); font-weight: var(--font-label-1-weight); letter-spacing: var(-

-font-label-1-kerning); line-height: var(--font-label-1-line-height); } .text-label-2 { font-size: var(--font-label-2-size); font-weight: var(--font-label-2-weight); letter-spacing: var(--font-label-2-kerning); line-height: var(--font-label-2-line-height); } .text-title-1 { font-size: var(--font-title-1-size); font-weight: var(--font-title-1-weight); letter-spacing: var(--font-title-1-kerning); line-height: var(--font-title-1-line-height); } .text-title-2 { font-size: var(--font-title-2-size); font-weight: var(--font-title-2-weight); letter-spacing: var(--font-title-2-kerning); line-height: var(--font-title-2-line-height); } .text-title-3 { font-size: var(--font-title-3-size); font-weight: var(--font-title-3-weight); letter-spacing: var(--font-title-3-kerning); line-height: var(--font-title-3-line-height); } .font-\[500\] { font-weight: 500; } .font-\[600\] { font-weight: 600; } .font-\[800\] { font-weight: 800; } .font-\[900\] { font-weight: 900; } .font-\[var\(--font-title-h4\)\] { font-weight: var(--font-title-h4); } .font-bold { font-weight: 700; } .font-medium { font-weight: 500; } .font-normal { font-weight: 400; } .font-semibold { font-weight: 600; } .uppercase { text-transform: uppercase; } .lowercase { text-transform: lowercase; } .capitalize { text-transform: capitalize; } .normal-case { text-transform: none; } .italic { font-style: italic; } .not-italic { font-style: normal; } .ordinal { --tw-ordinal: ordinal; font-variant-numeric: var(--tw-ordinal) var(--tw-slashed-zero) var(--tw-numeric-figure) var(--tw-numeric-spacing) var(--tw-numeric-fraction); } .leading-3 { line-height: 0.75rem; } .leading-4 { line-height: 1rem; } .leading-5 { line-height: 1.25rem; } .leading-6 { line-height: 1.5rem; } .leading-7 { line-height: 1.75rem; } .leading-8 { line-height: 2rem; } .leading-9 { line-height: 2.25rem; } .leading-\[--emote-line-height\] { line-height: var(--emote-line-height); } .leading-\[0\.85rem\] { line-height: 0.85rem; } .leading-\[0\] { line-height: 0; } .leading-\[1\.25\] { line-height: 1.25; } .leading-\[14px\] { line-height: 14px; } .leading-\[20px\] { line-height: 20px; } .leading-\[28px\] { line-height: 28px; } .leading-\[38px\] { line-height: 38px; } .leading-\[52px\] { line-height: 52px; } .leading-\[58px\] { line-height: 58px; } .leading-\[64px\] { line-height: 64px; } .leading-\[68px\] { line-height: 68px; } .leading-\[96px\] { line-height: 96px; } .leading-none { line-height: 1; } .leading-normal { line-height: 1.5; } .leading-relaxed { line-height: 1.625; } .leading-tight { line-height: 1.25; } .tracking-\[-0\.2px\] { letter-spacing: -0.2px; } .tracking-\[1\.2px\] { letter-spacing: 1.2px; } .tracking-normal { letter-spacing: 0px; } .tracking-tight { letter-spacing: -0.025em; } .tracking-tighter { letter-spacing: -0.05em; } .tracking-wide { letter-spacing: 0.025em; } .tracking-wider { letter-spacing: 0.05em; } .tracking-widest { letter-spacing: 0.1em; } .\!text-\[\#00C29D\] { --tw-text-opacity: 1 !important; color: rgb(0 194 157/var(--tw-text-opacity)) !important; } .\!text-danger-content { color: var(--color-danger-content) !important; } .\!text-neutral-content-strong { color: var(--color-neutral-content-strong) !important; } .\!text-tone-1 { color: var(--color-tone-1) !important; } .text-\[\#0F1A1C\] { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(15 26 28/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .text-\[\#131313\] { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(19 19 19/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .text-\[\#949798\] { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(148 151 152/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .text-\[\#B06400\] { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(176 100 0/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .text-\[\#C33700\] { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(195 55 0/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .text-\[\#FF4500\] { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(255 69 0/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .text-\[\#fffc\] { color: rgba(255, 255, 255, 0.8); } .text-\[color\:inherit\] { color: inherit; } .text-\[color\:var\(--button-color-text-default\)\] { color: var(--button-color-text-default); } .text-\[color\:var\(--button-color-text-disabled\)\] { color: var(--button-color-text-disabled); } .text-\[color\:var\(--color-a-default\)\] { color: var(--color-a-default); } .text-\[color\:var\(--color-button-plain-text-disabled\)\] { color: var(--color-button-plain-text-disabled); } .text-\[color\:var\(--color-button-secondary-text-disabled\)\] { color: var(--color-button-secondary-text-disabled); } .text-\[color\:var\(--color-input-helper-text\)\] { color: var(--color-input-helper-text); } .text-\[color\:var\(--color-tone-2\)\] { color: var(--color-tone-2); } .text-\[var\(--color-alert-negative\)\] { color: var(--color-alert-negative); } .text-\[var\(--color-alert-positive\)\] { color: var(--color-alert-positive); } .text-\[var\(--color-banner-plain-text\)\] { color: var(--color-banner-plain-text); } .text-\[var\(--color-caution-onBackground\)\] { color: var(--color-caution-onBackground); } .text-\[var\(--color-identity-coins\)\] { color: var(--color-identity-coins); } .text-action-downvote { color: var(--color-action-downvote); } .text-action-secondary { color: var(--color-action-secondary); } .text-action-upvote { color: var(--color-action-upvote); } .text-ai-plain { color: var(--color-ai-plain); } .text-alert-caution { color: var(--color-alert-caution); } .text-alert-negative { color: var(--color-alert-negative); } .text-alienblue-400 { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(100 142 252/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .text-alienblue-600 { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(17 91 202/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .text-alienblue-700 { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(10 68 155/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .text-berrypurple-700 { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(118 0 163/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .text-black { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(0 0 0/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .text-brand-background { color: var(--color-brand-background); } .text-brand-onBackground { color: var(--color-brand-onBackground); } .text-category-nsfw { color: var(--color-category-nsfw); } .text-category-spoiler { color: var(--color-category-spoiler); } .text-caution-onBackground { color: var(--color-caution-onBackground); } .text-caution-plain { color: var(--color-caution-plain); } .text-coolgray-200 { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(183 202 212/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .text-coolgray-350 { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(139 162 173/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .text-coolgray-450 { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(116 135 145/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .text-coolgray-50 { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(238 241 243/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .text-coolgray-525 { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(87 111 118/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .text-coolgray-550 { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(92 108 116/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .text-coolgray-600 { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(83 97 104/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .text-coolgray-650 { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(72 84 91/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .text-coolgray-700 { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(61 73 78/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .text-coolgray-750 { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(51 61 66/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .text-coolgray-850 { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(33 39 42/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .text-coolgray-900 { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(24 28 31/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .text-coolgray-950 { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(14 17 19/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .text-current { color: currentcolor; } .text-danger-background { color: var(--color-danger-background); } .text-danger-content { color: var(--color-danger-content); } .text-danger-plain { color: var(--color-danger-plain); } .text-global-admin { color: var(--color-global-admin); } .text-global-alienblue { color: var(--color-global-alienblue); } .text-global-black { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(0 0 0/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .text-global-brand-orangered { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(255 69 0/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .text-global-gold { color: var(--color-global-gold); } .text-global-moderator { color: var(--color-global-moderator); } .text-global-nsfw { color: var(--color-global-nsfw); } .text-global-offline { color: var(--color-global-offline); } .text-global-online { color: var(--color-global-online); } .text-global-orangered { color: var(--color-global-orangered); } .text-global-white { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(255 255 255/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .text-identity-admin { color: var(--color-identity-admin); } .text-identity-moderator { color: var(--color-identity-moderator); } .text-interactive-content-disabled { color: var(--color-interactive-content-disabled); } .text-inverted-neutral-content { color: var(--color-inverted-neutral-content); } .text-inverted-neutral-content-strong { color: var(--color-inverted-neutral-content-strong); } .text-inverted-secondary-onBackground { color: var(--color-inverted-secondary-onBackground); } .text-inverted-secondary-plain { color: var(--color-inverted-secondary-plain); } .text-kiwigreen-400 { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(1 168 22/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .text-kiwigreen-700 { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(0 83 6/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .text-lightblue-400 { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(2 157 213/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .text-media-onBackground { color: var(--color-media-onBackground); } .text-media-onbackground { color: var(--color-media-onbackground); } .text-media-onbackground-weak { color: var(--color-media-onbackground-weak); } .text-mintgreen-600 { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(0 108 86/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .text-mods-filtered-onBackground { color: var(--shreddit-color-mods-filtered-onBackground); } .text-mods-reported-onBackground { color: var(--shreddit-color-mods-reported-onBackground); } .text-neutral-background { color: var(--color-neutral-background); } .text-neutral-border-medium { color: var(--color-neutral-border-medium); } .text-neutral-border-weak { color: var(--color-neutral-border-weak); } .text-neutral-content { color: var(--color-neutral-content); } .text-neutral-content-disabled { color: var(--color-neutral-content-disabled); } .text-neutral-content-strong { color: var(--color-neutral-content-strong); } .text-neutral-content-weak { color: var(--color-neutral-content-weak); } .text-online { color: var(--color-online); } .text-orangered-300 { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(255 137 93/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .text-orangered-500 { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(217 57 0/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .text-orangered-700 { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(132 33 0/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .text-periwinkle-500 { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(106 92 255/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .text-periwinkle-700 { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(64 1 234/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .text-primary { color: var(--color-primary); } .text-primary-background { color: var(--color-primary-background); } .text-primary-onBackground { color: var(--color-primary-onBackground); } .text-primary-plain { color: var(--color-primary-plain); } .text-puregray-500 { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(118 118 118/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .text-red-400 { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(255 79 64/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .text-red-500 { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(235 0 31/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .text-red-700 { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(144 0 15/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .text-sakurapink-500 { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(222 1 159/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .text-secondary { color: var(--color-secondary); } .text-secondary-background { color: var(--color-secondary-background); } .text-secondary-onBackground { color: var(--color-secondary-onBackground); } .text-secondary-plain { color: var(--color-secondary-plain); } .text-secondary-plain-weak { color: var(--color-secondary-plain-weak); } .text-secondary-weak { color: var(--color-secondary-weak); } .text-streak-not-reached-text { color: var(--shreddit-color-streak-not-reached-text); } .text-success-background { color: var(--color-success-background); } .text-success-content { color: var(--color-success-content); } .text-success-plain { color: var(--color-success-plain); } .text-tone-1 { color: var(--color-tone-1); } .text-tone-2 { color: var(--color-tone-2); } .text-tone-3 { color: var(--color-tone-3); } .text-tone-7 { color: var(--color-tone-7); } .text-upvote-content { color: var(--color-upvote-content); } .text-warning-content { color: var(--color-warning-content); } .text-warning-onBackground { color: var(--color-warning-onBackground); } .text-white { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(255 255 255/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .text-yellow-700 { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(91 66 0/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .text-yelloworange-700 { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(115 51 0/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .underline { text-decoration-line: underline; } .line-through { text-decoration-line: line-through; } .\!no-underline { text-decoration-line: none !important; } .no-underline { text-decoration-line: none; } .decoration-solid { text-decoration-style: solid; } .decoration-dotted { text-decoration-style: dotted; } .caret-transparent { caret-color: transparent; } .opacity-0 { opacity: 0; } .opacity-10 { opacity: 0.1; } .opacity-100 { opacity: 1; } .opacity-20 { opacity: 0.2; } .opacity-25 { opacity: 0.25; } .opacity-30 { opacity: 0.3; } .opacity-35 { opacity: 0.35; } .opacity-40 { opacity: 0.4; } .opacity-50 { opacity: 0.5; } .opacity-55 { opacity: 0.55; } .opacity-60 { opacity: 0.6; } .opacity-75 { opacity: 0.75; } .opacity-80 { opacity: 0.8; } .opacity-90 { opacity: 0.9; } .opacity-\[--slider-opacity\] { opacity: var(--slider-opacity); } .shadow-\[0_0_0_4px_var\(--color-primary-background\)\] { --tw-shadow: 0 0 0 4px var(--color-primary-background); --tw-shadow-colored: 0 0 0 4px var(--tw-shadow-color); box-shadow: var(--tw-ring-offset-shadow,0 0 #0000),var(--tw-ring-shadow,0 0 #0000),var(--tw-shadow); } .shadow-\[0_2px_0_0_var\(--color-secondary-background-selected\)\] { --tw-shadow: 0 2px 0 0 var(--color-secondary-background-selected); --tw-shadow-colored: 0 2px 0 0 var(--tw-shadow-color); box-shadow: var(--tw-ring-offset-shadow,0 0 #0000),var(--tw-ring-shadow,0 0 #0000),var(--tw-shadow); } .shadow-\[0px_-40px_21px_var\(--color-neutral-background\)\] { --

tw-shadow: 0px -40px 21px var(--color-neutral-background); --tw-shadow-colored: 0px -40px 21px var(--tw-shadow-color); box-shadow: var(--tw-ring-offset-shadow,0 0 #0000),var(--tw-ring-shadow,0 0 #0000),var(--tw-shadow); } .shadow-\[0px_0px_2px_0px_rgba\(0\,0\,0\,0\.25\)\] { --tw-shadow: 0px 0px 2px 0px rgba(0,0,0,.25); --tw-shadow-colored: 0px 0px 2px 0px var(--tw-shadow-color); box-shadow: var(--tw-ring-offset-shadow,0 0 #0000),var(--tw-ring-shadow,0 0 #0000),var(--tw-shadow); } .shadow-\[0px_1px_2px_0px_rgba\(0\,0\,0\,0\.25\)\] { --tw-shadow: 0px 1px 2px 0px rgba(0,0,0,.25); --tw-shadow-colored: 0px 1px 2px 0px var(--tw-shadow-color); } .shadow-\[0px_1px_2px_0px_rgba\(0\,0\,0\,0\.25\)\], .shadow-\[0px_1px_8px_0px\] { box-shadow: var(--tw-ring-offset-shadow,0 0 #0000),var(--tw-ring-shadow,0 0 #0000),var(--tw-shadow); } .shadow-\[0px_1px_8px_0px\] { --tw-shadow: 0px 1px 8px 0px; --tw-shadow-colored: 0px 1px 8px 0px var(--tw-shadow-color); } .shadow-\[0px_2px_2px_0px_rgba\(0\,0\,0\,0\.25\)\] { --tw-shadow: 0px 2px 2px 0px rgba(0,0,0,.25); --tw-shadow-colored: 0px 2px 2px 0px var(--tw-shadow-color); box-shadow: var(--tw-ring-offset-shadow,0 0 #0000),var(--tw-ring-shadow,0 0 #0000),var(--tw-shadow); } .shadow-\[0px_3px_2px_0px_rgba\(0\,0\,0\,0\.25\)\] { --tw-shadow: 0px 3px 2px 0px rgba(0,0,0,.25); --tw-shadow-colored: 0px 3px 2px 0px var(--tw-shadow-color); box-shadow: var(--tw-ring-offset-shadow,0 0 #0000),var(--tw-ring-shadow,0 0 #0000),var(--tw-shadow); } .shadow-\[0px_4px_2px_0px_rgba\(0\,0\,0\,0\.25\)\] { --tw-shadow: 0px 4px 2px 0px rgba(0,0,0,.25); --tw-shadow-colored: 0px 4px 2px 0px var(--tw-shadow-color); } .shadow-\[0px_4px_2px_0px_rgba\(0\,0\,0\,0\.25\)\], .shadow-md { box-shadow: var(--tw-ring-offset-shadow,0 0 #0000),var(--tw-ring-shadow,0 0 #0000),var(--tw-shadow); } .shadow-md { --tw-shadow: var(--elevation-md); --tw-shadow-colored: var(--elevation-md); } .shadow-none { --tw-shadow: 0 0 #0000; --tw-shadow-colored: 0 0 #0000; } .shadow-none, .shadow-sm { box-shadow: var(--tw-ring-offset-shadow,0 0 #0000),var(--tw-ring-shadow,0 0 #0000),var(--tw-shadow); } .shadow-sm { --tw-shadow: var(--elevation-sm); --tw-shadow-colored: var(--elevation-sm); } .shadow-xs { --tw-shadow: var(--elevation-xs); --tw-shadow-colored: var(--elevation-xs); box-shadow: var(--tw-ring-offset-shadow,0 0 #0000),var(--tw-ring-shadow,0 0 #0000),var(--tw-shadow); } .shadow-\[0\.75rem\] { --tw-shadow-color: 0.75rem; --tw-shadow: var(--tw-shadow-colored); } .shadow-neutral-border-weak { --tw-shadow-color: var(--color-neutral-border-weak); --tw-shadow: var(--tw-shadow-colored); } .outline-none { outline: transparent solid 2px; outline-offset: 2px; } .outline { outline-style: solid; } .outline-0 { outline-width: 0px; } .outline-1 { outline-width: 1px; } .outline-2 { outline-width: 2px; } .outline-\[3px\] { outline-width: 3px; } .-outline-offset-1 { outline-offset: -1px; } .outline-offset-0 { outline-offset: 0px; } .outline-offset-2, .outline-offset-\[2px\] { outline-offset: 2px; } .outline-\[\#FF9C1A\] { outline-color: rgb(255, 156, 26); } .outline-\[--color-neutral-border-strong\] { outline-color: var(--color-neutral-border-strong); } .outline-\[var\(--color-brand-background\)\] { outline-color: var(--color-brand-background); } .outline-danger-content { outline-color: var(--color-danger-content); } .outline-global-brand-orangered { outline-color: rgb(255, 69, 0); } .outline-global-white { outline-color: rgb(255, 255, 255); } .outline-lightblue-300 { outline-color: rgb(2, 185, 251); } .outline-neutral-background-medium { outline-color: var(--color-neutral-background-medium); } .outline-neutral-border-weak { outline-color: var(--color-neutral-border-weak); } .outline-transparent { outline-color: transparent; } .ring { --tw-ring-offset-shadow: var(--tw-ring-inset) 0 0 0 var(--tw-ring-offset-width) var(--tw-ring-offset-color); --tw-ring-shadow: var(--tw-ring-inset) 0 0 0 calc(3px + var(--tw-ring-offset-width)) var(--tw-ring-color); box-shadow: var(--tw-ring-offset-shadow),var(--tw-ring-shadow),var(--tw-shadow,0 0 #0000); } .blur-\[6px\] { --tw-blur: blur(6px); } .blur-\[6px\], .drop-shadow { filter: var(--tw-blur) var(--tw-brightness) var(--tw-contrast) var(--tw-grayscale) var(--tw-hue-rotate) var(--tw-invert) var(--tw-saturate) var(--tw-sepia) var(--tw-drop-shadow); } .drop-shadow { --tw-drop-shadow: drop-shadow(0 1px 2px rgba(0,0,0,.1)) drop-shadow(0 1px 1px rgba(0,0,0,.06)); } .grayscale { --tw-grayscale: grayscale(100%); } .grayscale, .invert { filter: var(--tw-blur) var(--tw-brightness) var(--tw-contrast) var(--tw-grayscale) var(--tw-hue-rotate) var(--tw-invert) var(--tw-saturate) var(--tw-sepia) var(--tw-drop-shadow); } .invert { --tw-invert: invert(100%); } .backdrop-blur-2xl { --tw-backdrop-blur: blur(2.5rem); } .backdrop-blur-2xl, .backdrop-blur-\[16px\] { backdrop-filter: var(--tw-backdrop-blur) var(--tw-backdrop-brightness) var(--tw-backdrop-contrast) var(--tw-backdrop-grayscale) var(--tw-backdrop-hue-rotate) var(--tw-backdrop-invert) var(--tw-backdrop-opacity) var(--tw-backdrop-saturate) var(--tw-backdrop-sepia); } .backdrop-blur-\[16px\] { --tw-backdrop-blur: blur(16px); } .backdrop-blur-sm { --tw-backdrop-blur: blur(0.25rem); } .backdrop-blur-sm, .backdrop-filter { backdrop-filter: var(--tw-backdrop-blur) var(--tw-backdrop-brightness) var(--tw-backdrop-contrast) var(--tw-backdrop-grayscale) var(--tw-backdrop-hue-rotate) var(--tw-backdrop-invert) var(--tw-backdrop-opacity) var(--tw-backdrop-saturate) var(--tw-backdrop-sepia); } .transition { transition-duration: 0.15s; transition-property: color, background-color, border-color, text-decoration-color, fill, stroke, opacity, box-shadow, transform, filter, backdrop-filter; transition-timing-function: cubic-bezier(0.4, 0, 0.2, 1); } .transition-\[max-height\] { transition-duration: 0.15s; transition-property: max-height; transition-timing-function: cubic-bezier(0.4, 0, 0.2, 1); } .transition-\[max-width\] { transition-duration: 0.15s; transition-property: max-width; transition-timing-function: cubic-bezier(0.4, 0, 0.2, 1); } .transition-\[opacity\] { transition-duration: 0.15s; transition-property: opacity; transition-timing-function: cubic-bezier(0.4, 0, 0.2, 1); } .transition-\[transform\] { transition-duration: 0.15s; transition-property: transform; transition-timing-function: cubic-bezier(0.4, 0, 0.2, 1); } .transition-\[width\,height\,border-radius\] { transition-duration: 0.15s; transition-property: width, height, border-radius; transition-timing-function: cubic-bezier(0.4, 0, 0.2, 1); } .transition-all { transition-duration: 0.15s; transition-property: all; transition-timing-function: cubic-bezier(0.4, 0, 0.2, 1); } .transition-colors { transition-duration: 0.15s; transition-property: color, background-color, border-color, text-decoration-color, fill, stroke; transition-timing-function: cubic-bezier(0.4, 0, 0.2, 1); } .transition-opacity { transition-duration: 0.15s; transition-property: opacity; transition-timing-function: cubic-bezier(0.4, 0, 0.2, 1); } .transition-transform { transition-duration: 0.15s; transition-property: transform; transition-timing-function: cubic-bezier(0.4, 0, 0.2, 1); } .delay-100 { transition-delay: 0.1s; } .delay-200 { transition-delay: 0.2s; } .delay-300 { transition-delay: 0.3s; } .duration-1000 { transition-duration: 1s; } .duration-150 { transition-duration: 0.15s; } .duration-200 { transition-duration: 0.2s; } .duration-300 { transition-duration: 0.3s; } .duration-500 { transition-duration: 0.5s; } .duration-75 { transition-duration: 75ms; } .duration-\[1500ms\] { transition-duration: 1.5s; } .duration-\[250ms\] { transition-duration: 0.25s; } .ease-\[cubic-bezier\(0\.22\,1\,0\.36\,1\)\] { transition-timing-function: cubic-bezier(0.22, 1, 0.36, 1); } .ease-\[cubic-bezier\(0\.54\,1\.15\,1\,1\)\] { transition-timing-function: cubic-bezier(0.54, 1.15, 1, 1); } .ease-in { transition-timing-function: cubic-bezier(0.4, 0, 1, 1); } .ease-in-out { transition-timing-function: cubic-bezier(0.4, 0, 0.2, 1); } .ease-out { transition-timing-function: cubic-bezier(0, 0, 0.2, 1); } .will-change-transform { will-change: transform; } .leading-inherit { line-height: inherit; } .\@container { container-type: inline-size; } .text-14-scalable { font-size: 0.875rem; line-height: 1.25rem; } .text-16-scalable { font-size: 1rem; line-height: 1.25rem; } .text-18-scalable { font-size: 1.125rem; line-height: 1.5rem; } .text-24-scalable { font-size: 1.5rem; line-height: 1.75rem; } .text-title-1-scalable { font-size: var(--font-title-1-size); font-weight: var(--font-title-1-weight); letter-spacing: var(--font-title-1-kerning); line-height: var(--font-title-1-line-height); } .scalable-text, .text-10-scalable, .text-11-scalable, .text-12-scalable, .text-13-scalable, .text-14-scalable, .text-15-scalable, .text-16-scalable, .text-17-scalable, .text-18-scalable, .text-19-scalable, .text-20-scalable, .text-24-scalable, .text-32-scalable, .text-48-scalable, .text-64-scalable, .text-body-1-scalable, .text-body-2-scalable, .text-caption-1-scalable, .text-caption-2-scalable, .text-display-scalable, .text-headline-scalable, .text-huge-display-scalable, .text-inherit-scalable, .text-label-1-scalable, .text-label-2-scalable, .text-title-1-scalable, .text-title-2-scalable, .text-title-3-scalable, .text-undefined-scalable { text-size-adjust: clamp(100%,calc(100%*var(--preferred-text-scale)),140%); } .scrollbar-hide { scrollbar-width: none; } .scrollbar-hide::-webkit-scrollbar { display: none; width: 0px !important; } .-translate-x-1\/2, .-translate-x-2\/4 { --tw-translate-x: -50%; } .-translate-x-1\/2, .-translate-x-2\/4, .-translate-x-4xl { transform: translate3d(var(--tw-translate-x),var(--tw-translate-y),0) rotate(var(--tw-rotate)) skewX(var(--tw-skew-x)) skewY(var(--tw-skew-y)) scaleX(var(--tw-scale-x)) scaleY(var(--tw-scale-y)); } .-translate-x-4xl { --tw-translate-x: -6rem; } .-translate-x-\[4px\] { --tw-translate-x: -4px; transform: translate3d(var(--tw-translate-x),var(--tw-translate-y),0) rotate(var(--tw-rotate)) skewX(var(--tw-skew-x)) skewY(var(--tw-skew-y)) scaleX(var(--tw-scale-x)) scaleY(var(--tw-scale-y)); } .-translate-y-1\/2, .-translate-y-2\/4 { --tw-translate-y: -50%; } .-translate-y-1\/2, .-translate-y-2\/4, .-translate-y-\[2px\] { transform: translate3d(var(--tw-translate-x),var(--tw-translate-y),0) rotate(var(--tw-rotate)) skewX(var(--tw-skew-x)) skewY(var(--tw-skew-y)) scaleX(var(--tw-scale-x)) scaleY(var(--tw-scale-y)); } .-translate-y-\[2px\] { --tw-translate-y: -2px; } .-translate-y-full { --tw-translate-y: -100%; } .-translate-y-full, .translate-x-0 { transform: translate3d(var(--tw-translate-x),var(--tw-translate-y),0) rotate(var(--tw-rotate)) skewX(var(--tw-skew-x)) skewY(var(--tw-skew-y)) scaleX(var(--tw-scale-x)) scaleY(var(--tw-scale-y)); } .translate-x-0 { --tw-translate-x: 0px; } .translate-x-1\/2 { --tw-translate-x: 50%; } .translate-x-1\/2, .translate-x-4xl { transform: translate3d(var(--tw-translate-x),var(--tw-translate-y),0) rotate(var(--tw-rotate)) skewX(var(--tw-skew-x)) skewY(var(--tw-skew-y)) scaleX(var(--tw-scale-x)) scaleY(var(--tw-scale-y)); } .translate-x-4xl { --tw-translate-x: 6rem; } .translate-x-full { --tw-translate-x: 100%; } .translate-x-full, .translate-x-px { transform: translate3d(var(--tw-translate-x),var(--tw-translate-y),0) rotate(var(--tw-rotate)) skewX(var(--tw-skew-x)) skewY(var(--tw-skew-y)) scaleX(var(--tw-scale-x)) scaleY(var(--tw-scale-y)); } .translate-x-px { --tw-translate-x: 1px; } .translate-y-0 { --tw-translate-y: 0px; } .translate-y-0, .translate-y-1\/2 { transform: translate3d(var(--tw-translate-x),var(--tw-translate-y),0) rotate(var(--tw-rotate)) skewX(var(--tw-skew-x)) skewY(var(--tw-skew-y)) scaleX(var(--tw-scale-x)) scaleY(var(--tw-scale-y)); } .translate-y-1\/2 { --tw-translate-y: 50%; } .translate-y-4xl { --tw-translate-y: 6rem; } .translate-y-4xl, .translate-y-full { transform: translate3d(var(--tw-translate-x),var(--tw-translate-y),0) rotate(var(--tw-rotate)) skewX(var(--tw-skew-x)) skewY(var(--tw-skew-y)) scaleX(var(--tw-scale-x)) scaleY(var(--tw-scale-y)); } .translate-y-full { --tw-translate-y: 100%; } .translate-y-px { --tw-translate-y: 1px; transform: translate3d(var(--tw-translate-x),var(--tw-translate-y),0) rotate(var(--tw-rotate)) skewX(var(--tw-skew-x)) skewY(var(--tw-skew-y)) scaleX(var(--tw-scale-x)) scaleY(var(--tw-scale-y)); } .\[--button-border-color\:var\(--color-global-white\)\] { --button-border-color: var(--color-global-white); } .\[--button-color-text\:var\(--color-global-white\)\] { --button-color-text: var(--color-global-white); } .\[--color-neutral-background-hover\:var\(--color-neutral-background-strong-hover\)\] { --color-neutral-background-hover: var(--color-neutral-background-strong-hover); } .\[--emote-size\:20px\] { --emote-size: 20px; } .\[--emote-size\:60px\] { --emote-size: 60px; } .\[backface-visibility\:hidden\] { backface-visibility: hidden; } .\[box-shadow\:0_-6px_8px_var\(--color-tone-5\)\] { box-shadow: 0 -6px 8px var(--color-tone-5); } .\[caret-color\:var\(--color-tone-1\)\] { caret-color: var(--color-tone-1); } .\[color\:transparent\] { color: transparent; } .\[font-size\:var\(--emote-size\)\] { font-size: var(--emote-size); } .\[perspective\:1000px\] { perspective: 1000px; } .\[text-shadow\:1px_0_0_var\(--color-media-background\)\,-1px_0_0_var\(--color-media-background\)\,0_1px_0_var\(--color-media-background\)\,0_-1px_0_var\(--color-media-background\)\] { text-shadow: 1px 0 0 var(--color-media-background),-1px 0 0 var(--color-media-background),0 1px 0 var(--color-media-background),0 -1px 0 var(--color-media-background); } .\[transform-style\:preserve-3d\] { transform-style: preserve-3d; } .\[transform\:rotateY\(180deg\)\] { transform: rotateY(180deg); } .\[transform\:translate3d\(0\,0\,0\)\] { transform: translateZ(0px); } @media (min-width: 1024px) { .lg\:full-snoo-lg { --full-snoo-size: var(--rem144); --full-snoo-top-spacer:

0.375rem; --full-snoo-bottom-spacer: calc(var(--rem10)*-1); } .lg\:full-snoo-lg:not(.no-safe-area) { height: var(--full-snoo-size); margin-top: var(--full-snoo-top-spacer); width: var(--full-snoo-size); } .lg\:full-snoo-lg:not(.no-safe-area) > img { bottom: var(--full-snoo-bottom-spacer); } .lg\:full-snoo-lg > img { width: 6.625rem; } } @media (min-width: 960px) { .s\:button-medium { --button-height: var(--size-button-md-h); --button-padding: var(--spacer-xs); --button-font: var(--font-button-md); --button-border-width-default: var(--line-button-md-border); } } .*\:m-0 > * { margin: 0px; } .*\:rounded-1 > * { border-radius: 0.25rem; } .first-letter\:capitalize::first-letter { text-transform: capitalize; } .marker\:hidden ::marker { display: none; } .marker\:text-primary-plain ::marker { color: var(--color-primary-plain); } .marker\:hidden::marker { display: none; } .marker\:text-primary-plain::marker { color: var(--color-primary-plain); } .selection\:text-transparent ::selection { color: transparent; } .selection\:text-transparent::selection { color: transparent; } .placeholder\:text-neutral-content-weak::placeholder { color: var(--color-neutral-content-weak); } .before\:absolute::before { content: var(--tw-content); position: absolute; } .before\:left-\[-1rem\]::before { content: var(--tw-content); left: -1rem; } .before\:start-0::before { content: var(--tw-content); inset-inline-start: 0px; } .before\:top-0::before, .before\:top-\[0\]::before { content: var(--tw-content); top: 0px; } .before\:top-lg::before { content: var(--tw-content); top: 1.5rem; } .before\:top-sm::before { content: var(--tw-content); top: 0.75rem; } .before\:mx-2xs::before { content: var(--tw-content); margin-left: 0.25rem; margin-right: 0.25rem; } .before\:ml-sm::before { content: var(--tw-content); margin-left: 0.75rem; } .before\:ms-md::before { content: var(--tw-content); margin-inline-start: 1rem; } .before\:block::before { content: var(--tw-content); display: block; } .before\:h-\[--emote-size\]::before { content: var(--tw-content); height: var(--emote-size); } .before\:h-full::before { content: var(--tw-content); height: 100%; } .before\:w-2xs::before { content: var(--tw-content); width: 0.25rem; } .before\:w-\[--emote-size\]::before { content: var(--tw-content); width: var(--emote-size); } .before\:origin-top-left::before { content: var(--tw-content); transform-origin: left top; } .before\:scale-\[--emote-scale\]::before { content: var(--tw-content); --tw-scale-x: var(--emote-scale); --tw-scale-y: var(--emote-scale); transform: translate(var(--tw-translate-x),var(--tw-translate-y)) rotate(var(--tw-rotate)) skewX(var(--tw-skew-x)) skewY(var(--tw-skew-y)) scaleX(var(--tw-scale-x)) scaleY(var(--tw-scale-y)); } .before\:rounded-full::before { border-radius: 624.938rem; content: var(--tw-content); } .before\:border-y-0::before { border-bottom-width: 0px; border-top-width: 0px; content: var(--tw-content); } .before\:border-l-\[1px\]::before { border-left-width: 1px; content: var(--tw-content); } .before\:border-r-\[0px\]::before { border-right-width: 0px; content: var(--tw-content); } .before\:border-solid::before { border-style: solid; content: var(--tw-content); } .before\:border-tone-4::before { border-color: var(--color-tone-4); content: var(--tw-content); } .before\:bg-secondary-background::before { background-color: var(--color-secondary-background); content: var(--tw-content); } .before\:bg-\[size\:--emote-size\]::before { background-size: var(--emote-size); content: var(--tw-content); } .before\:text-12::before { content: var(--tw-content); font-size: 0.75rem; line-height: 1rem; } .before\:text-14::before { content: var(--tw-content); font-size: 0.875rem; line-height: 1.25rem; } .before\:content-\[\'\'\']::before { --tw-content: ""; content: var(--tw-content); } .before\:content-\[\'Â·\'\']::before { --tw-content: "Â·"; content: var(--tw-content); } .before\:content-\[\'â€¢\'\']::before { --tw-content: "â€¢"; content: var(--tw-content); } .before\:content-\[attr\(priority\)\]::before { --tw-content: attr(priority); content: var(--tw-content); } .after\:invisible::after { content: var(--tw-content); visibility: hidden; } .after\:absolute::after { content: var(--tw-content); position: absolute; } .after\:left-\[-1rem\]::after { content: var(--tw-content); left: -1rem; } .after\:start-0::after { content: var(--tw-content); inset-inline-start: 0px; } .after\:top-0::after, .after\:top-\[0\]::after { content: var(--tw-content); top: 0px; } .after\:col-start-1::after { content: var(--tw-content); grid-column-start: 1; } .after\:col-end-2::after { content: var(--tw-content); grid-column-end: 2; } .after\:row-start-1::after { content: var(--tw-content); grid-row-start: 1; } .after\:row-end-2::after { content: var(--tw-content); grid-row-end: 2; } .after\:clear-both::after { clear: both; content: var(--tw-content); } .after\:ms-\[0\.375rem\]::after { content: var(--tw-content); margin-inline-start: 0.375rem; } .after\:box-border::after { box-sizing: border-box; content: var(--tw-content); } .after\:block::after { content: var(--tw-content); display: block; } .after\:table::after { content: var(--tw-content); display: table; } .after\:h-\[20px\]::after { content: var(--tw-content); height: 20px; } .after\:h-full::after { content: var(--tw-content); height: 100%; } .after\:w-100::after { content: var(--tw-content); width: 100%; } .after\:w-\[24px\]::after { content: var(--tw-content); width: 24px; } .after\:w-full::after { content: var(--tw-content); width: 100%; } .after\:resize-y::after { content: var(--tw-content); resize: vertical; } .after\:whitespace-pre-wrap::after { content: var(--tw-content); white-space: pre-wrap; } .after\:rounded-l-\[6px\]::after { border-bottom-left-radius: 6px; border-top-left-radius: 6px; content: var(--tw-content); } .after\:rounded-bl-\[12px\]::after { border-bottom-left-radius: 12px; content: var(--tw-content); } .after\:border-sm::after { border-width: 0.0625rem; content: var(--tw-content); } .after\:border-y-0::after { border-bottom-width: 0px; border-top-width: 0px; content: var(--tw-content); } .after\:border-b-\[1px\]::after { border-bottom-width: 1px; content: var(--tw-content); } .after\:border-e-0::after { border-inline-end-width: 0px; content: var(--tw-content); } .after\:border-l-\[1px\]::after { border-left-width: 1px; content: var(--tw-content); } .after\:border-r-\[0px\]::after { border-right-width: 0px; content: var(--tw-content); } .after\:border-solid::after { border-style: solid; content: var(--tw-content); } .after\:border-neutral-border-weak::after { border-color: var(--color-neutral-border-weak); content: var(--tw-content); } .after\:border-tone-4::after { border-color: var(--color-tone-4); content: var(--tw-content); } .after\:px-md::after { content: var(--tw-content); padding-left: 1rem; padding-right: 1rem; } .after\:py-sm::after { content: var(--tw-content); padding-bottom: 0.75rem; padding-top: 0.75rem; } .after\:font-mono::after { content: var(--tw-content); font-family: var(--font-mono); } .after\:leading-5::after { content: var(--tw-content); line-height: 1.25rem; } .after\:content-\[\'\'\']::after { --tw-content: ""; content: var(--tw-content); } .first\:ml-0:first-child { margin-left: 0px; } .first\:ms-0:first-child { margin-inline-start: 0px; } .first\:ms-md:first-child { margin-inline-start: 1rem; } .first\:ms-xs:first-child { margin-inline-start: 0.5rem; } .first\:mt-0:first-child { margin-top: 0px; } .first\:pl-md:first-child { padding-left: 1rem; } .last\:mb-0:last-child { margin-bottom: 0px; } .last\:me-0:last-child { margin-inline-end: 0px; } .last\:me-md:last-child { margin-inline-end: 1rem; } .last\:me-xs:last-child { margin-inline-end: 0.5rem; } .last\:mr-0:last-child { margin-right: 0px; } .last\:hidden:last-child { display: none; } .last\:border-0:last-child { border-width: 0px; } .last\:border-b-0:last-child { border-bottom-width: 0px; } .last\:border-none:last-child { border-style: none; } .last\:pb-0:last-child { padding-bottom: 0px; } .last\:pr-md:last-child { padding-right: 1rem; } .last-of-type\:mb-0:last-of-type { margin-bottom: 0px; } .visited\:border-\[var\(--color-a-visited\)\]:visited { border-color: var(--color-a-visited); } .visited\:bg-transparent:visited { background-color: initial; } .visited\:text-inherit:visited { font-size: inherit; line-height: inherit; } .visited\:\!text-secondary-plain:visited { color: var(--color-secondary-plain) !important; } .visited\:\!text-secondary-plain-weak:visited { color: var(--color-secondary-plain-weak) !important; } .visited\:\!text-white:visited { color: rgb(255, 255, 255) !important; } .visited\:text-media-onbackground:visited { color: var(--color-media-onbackground); } .visited\:text-neutral-background-weak:visited { color: var(--color-neutral-background-weak); } .visited\:text-neutral-content-strong:visited { color: var(--color-neutral-content-strong); } .visited\:text-neutral-content-weak:visited { color: var(--color-neutral-content-weak); } .visited\:text-secondary:visited { color: var(--color-secondary); } .visited\:text-secondary-plain:visited { color: var(--color-secondary-plain); } .visited\:text-secondary-plain-weak:visited { color: var(--color-secondary-plain-weak); } .visited\:no-underline:visited { text-decoration-line: none; } .empty\:hidden:empty { display: none; } .empty\:pr-0:empty { padding-right: 0px; } .focus-within\:border-neutral-border-medium:focus-within { border-color: var(--color-neutral-border-medium); } .focus-within\:border-neutral-border-strong:focus-within { border-color: var(--color-neutral-border-strong); } .focus-within\:bg-neutral-background-hover:focus-within { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-hover); } .focus-within\:bg-neutral-background-strong-hover:focus-within { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-strong-hover); } .focus-within\:opacity-100:focus-within { opacity: 1; } .focus-within\:outline:focus-within { outline-style: solid; } .focus-within\:outline-1:focus-within { outline-width: 1px; } @media (hover: hover) and (pointer: fine) { .hover\:scale-110:hover { --tw-scale-x: 1.1; --tw-scale-y: 1.1; } .hover\:scale-110:hover, .hover\:scale-\[2\]:hover { transform: translate(var(--tw-translate-x),var(--tw-translate-y)) rotate(var(--tw-rotate)) skewX(var(--tw-skew-x)) skewY(var(--tw-skew-y)) scaleX(var(--tw-scale-x)) scaleY(var(--tw-scale-y)); } .hover\:scale-\[2\]:hover { --tw-scale-x: 2; --tw-scale-y: 2; } .hover\:cursor-pointer:hover { cursor: pointer; } .hover\:rounded-2:hover { border-radius: 0.5rem; } .hover\:border-\[color\:var\(--button-border-color-disabled\)\]:hover { border-color: var(--button-border-color-disabled); } .hover\:border-\[var\(--color-a-hover\)\]:hover { border-color: var(--color-a-hover); } .hover\:border-global-brand-orangered:hover { --tw-border-opacity: 1; border-color: rgb(255 69 0/var(--tw-border-opacity)); } .hover\:border-global-orangered:hover { border-color: var(--color-global-orangered); } .hover\:border-neutral-content-weak:hover { border-color: var(--color-neutral-content-weak); } .hover\:border-primary-hover:hover { border-color: var(--color-primary-hover); } .hover\:border-secondary-background-hover:hover { border-color: var(--color-secondary-background-hover); } .hover\:border-tone-3:hover { border-color: var(--color-tone-3); } .hover\:border-l-neutral-border:hover { border-left-color: var(--color-neutral-border); } .hover\:\!bg-\[var\(--notification-banner-prim-hover\)\]:hover { background-color: var(--notification-banner-prim-hover) !important; } .hover\:\!bg-\[var\(--notification-banner-sec-hover\)\]:hover { background-color: var(--notification-banner-sec-hover) !important; } .hover\:\!bg-neutral-background-hover:hover { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-hover) !important; } .hover\:bg-black\/70:hover { background-color: rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.7); } .hover\:bg-black\/80:hover { background-color: rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.8); } .hover\:bg-coolgray-950:hover { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(14 17 19/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .hover\:bg-downvote-background-hover:hover { background-color: var(--color-downvote-background-hover); } .hover\:bg-global-brand-orangered:hover { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(255 69 0/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .hover\:bg-interactive-pressed:hover { background-color: var(--color-interactive-pressed); } .hover\:bg-mods-filtered-background-hover:hover { background-color: var(--shreddit-color-mods-filtered-background-hover); } .hover\:bg-mods-reported-background-hover:hover { background-color: var(--shreddit-color-mods-reported-background-hover); } .hover\:bg-neutral-background-container:hover { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-container); } .hover\:bg-neutral-background-container-hover:hover { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-container-hover); } .hover\:bg-neutral-background-container-strong:hover { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-container-strong); } .hover\:bg-neutral-background-container-strong-hover:hover { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-container-strong-hover); } .hover\:bg-neutral-background-hover:hover { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-hover); } .hover\:bg-neutral-background-selected:hover { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-selected); } .hover\:bg-neutral-background-strong-hover:hover { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-strong-hover); } .hover\:bg-neutral-background-weak:hover { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-weak); } .hover\:bg-neutral-background-weak-hover:hover { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-weak-hover); } .hover\:bg-secondary-background-hover:hover { background-color: var(--color-secondary-background-hover); } .hover\:bg-tone-4:hover { background-color: var(--color-tone-4); } .hover\:bg-transparent:hover { background-color: initial; } .hover\:bg-upvote-background-hover:hover {

background-color: var(--color-upvote-background-hover); } .hover\:bg-white-opacity-20:hover { background-color: rgba(255, 255, 255, 0.2); } .hover\:text-inherit:hover { font-size: inherit; line-height: inherit; } .hover\:text-\[\#949798\]:hover { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(148 151 152/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .hover\:text-action-downvote:hover { color: var(--color-action-downvote); } .hover\:text-action-upvote:hover { color: var(--color-action-upvote); } .hover\:text-brand-background-hover:hover { color: var(--color-brand-background-hover); } .hover\:text-danger-content-hover:hover { color: var(--color-danger-content-hover); } .hover\:text-global-white:hover { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(255 255 255/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .hover\:text-inverted-secondary-plain-hover:hover { color: var(--color-inverted-secondary-plain-hover); } .hover\:text-neutral-content:hover { color: var(--color-neutral-content); } .hover\:text-neutral-content-strong:hover { color: var(--color-neutral-content-strong); } .hover\:text-neutral-content-weak:hover { color: var(--color-neutral-content-weak); } .hover\:text-primary-hover:hover { color: var(--color-primary-hover); } .hover\:text-primary-plain:hover { color: var(--color-primary-plain); } .hover\:text-secondary:hover { color: var(--color-secondary); } .hover\:text-secondary-hover:hover { color: var(--color-secondary-hover); } .hover\:text-secondary-onBackground:hover { color: var(--color-secondary-onBackground); } .hover\:text-secondary-plain:hover { color: var(--color-secondary-plain); } .hover\:text-secondary-plain-hover:hover { color: var(--color-secondary-plain-hover); } .hover\:text-secondary-plain-weak:hover { color: var(--color-secondary-plain-weak); } .hover\:text-secondary-weak:hover { color: var(--color-secondary-weak); } .hover\:text-success-content:hover { color: var(--color-success-content); } .hover\:text-success-hover:hover { color: var(--color-success-hover); } .hover\:text-white:hover { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(255 255 255/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .hover\:underline:hover { text-decoration-line: underline; } .hover\:no-underline:hover { text-decoration-line: none; } .hover\:decoration-solid:hover { text-decoration-style: solid; } .hover\:opacity-100:hover { opacity: 1; } .hover\:opacity-30:hover { opacity: 0.3; } .hover\:opacity-75:hover { opacity: 0.75; } .hover\:opacity-80:hover { opacity: 0.8; } .hover\:opacity-90:hover { opacity: 0.9; } .hover\:shadow-\[0_0_0_2px_var\(--color-primary-background\)\]:hover { --tw-shadow: 0 0 0 2px var(--color-primary-background); --tw-shadow-colored: 0 0 0 2px var(--tw-shadow-color); box-shadow: var(--tw-ring-offset-shadow,0 0 #0000),var(--tw-ring-shadow,0 0 #0000),var(--tw-shadow); } .hover\:shadow-elevation-small:hover { --tw-shadow-color: var(--color-elevation-small); --tw-shadow: var(--tw-shadow-colored); } .hover\:visited\:border-\[var\(--color-a-visited\)\]:visited:hover { border-color: var(--color-a-visited); } } .focus\:not-sr-only:focus { height: auto; margin: 0px; overflow: visible; padding: 0px; position: static; width: auto; clip: auto; white-space: normal; } .focus\:rounded-1:focus { border-radius: 0.25rem; } .focus\:border-global-brand-orangered:focus { --tw-border-opacity: 1; border-color: rgb(255 69 0/var(--tw-border-opacity)); } .focus\:border-global-focus:focus { border-color: var(--color-global-focus); } .focus\:border-primary-plain:focus { border-color: var(--color-primary-plain); } .focus\:bg-interactive-pressed:focus { background-color: var(--color-interactive-pressed); } .focus\:bg-neutral-background-hover:focus { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-hover); } .focus\:bg-transparent:focus { background-color: initial; } .focus\:text-white:focus { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(255 255 255/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .focus\:no-underline:focus { text-decoration-line: none; } .focus\:opacity-100:focus { opacity: 1; } .focus\:outline-none:focus { outline: transparent solid 2px; outline-offset: 2px; } .focus\:outline-neutral-content-weak:focus { outline-color: var(--color-neutral-content-weak); } .focus\:ring-1:focus { --tw-ring-offset-shadow: var(--tw-ring-inset) 0 0 0 var(--tw-ring-offset-width) var(--tw-ring-offset-color); --tw-ring-shadow: var(--tw-ring-inset) 0 0 0 calc(1px + var(--tw-ring-offset-width)) var(--tw-ring-color); box-shadow: var(--tw-ring-offset-shadow),var(--tw-ring-shadow),var(--tw-shadow,0 0 #0000); } .focus\:ring-global-brand-orangered:focus { --tw-ring-opacity: 1; --tw-ring-color: rgb(255 69 0/var(--tw-ring-opacity)); } .focus\:ring-opacity-30:focus { --tw-ring-opacity: 0.3; } .focus-visible\:bg-transparent:focus-visible { background-color: initial; } .focus-visible\:text-action-downvote:focus-visible { color: var(--color-action-downvote); } .focus-visible\:text-action-upvote:focus-visible { color: var(--color-action-upvote); } .focus-visible\:outline-none:focus-visible { outline: transparent solid 2px; outline-offset: 2px; } .focus-visible\:outline:focus-visible { outline-style: solid; } .focus-visible\:outline-2:focus-visible { outline-width: 2px; } .focus-visible\:-outline-offset-1:focus-visible { outline-offset: -1px; } .focus-visible\:outline-offset-2:focus-visible { outline-offset: 2px; } .active\:cursor-grabbing:active { cursor: grabbing; } .active\:border-primary-plain:active { border-color: var(--color-primary-plain); } .active\:\!bg-\[var\(--notification-banner-prim-active\)\]:active { background-color: var(--notification-banner-prim-active) !important; } .active\:\!bg-\[var\(--notification-banner-sec-active\)\]:active { background-color: var(--notification-banner-sec-active) !important; } .active\:bg-interactive-pressed:active { background-color: var(--color-interactive-pressed); } .active\:bg-neutral-background-selected:active { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-selected); } .active\:bg-orangered-50:active { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(252 238 232/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .active\:bg-secondary-background:active { background-color: var(--color-secondary-background); } .active\:bg-transparent:active { background-color: initial; } .active\:bg-none:active { background-image: none; } .active\:text-neutral-content-strong:active { color: var(--color-neutral-content-strong); } .active\:no-underline:active { text-decoration-line: none; } .enabled\:cursor-pointer:enabled { cursor: pointer; } @media (hover: hover) and (pointer: fine) { .enabled\:hover\:scale-\[1\.2\]:hover:enabled { --tw-scale-x: 1.2; --tw-scale-y: 1.2; transform: translate(var(--tw-translate-x),var(--tw-translate-y)) rotate(var(--tw-rotate)) skewX(var(--tw-skew-x)) skewY(var(--tw-skew-y)) scaleX(var(--tw-scale-x)) scaleY(var(--tw-scale-y)); } } .disabled\:pointer-events-none:disabled { pointer-events: none; } .disabled\:cursor-not-allowed:disabled { cursor: not-allowed; } .disabled\:bg-interactive-background-disabled:disabled { background-color: var(--color-interactive-background-disabled); } .disabled\:bg-neutral-background:disabled { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background); } .disabled\:bg-primary-background:disabled { background-color: var(--color-primary-background); } .disabled\:text-global-white:disabled { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(255 255 255/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .disabled\:text-interactive-content-disabled:disabled { color: var(--color-interactive-content-disabled); } .disabled\:no-underline:disabled { text-decoration-line: none; } .disabled\:opacity-50:disabled { opacity: 0.5; } .disabled\:opacity-60:disabled { opacity: 0.6; } .group[open] .group-open\:order-1 { order: 1; } .group[open] .group-open\:inline { display: inline; } .group[open] .group-open\:hidden { display: none; } .group[open] .group-open\:rotate-180 { --tw-rotate: 180deg; transform: translate(var(--tw-translate-x),var(--tw-translate-y)) rotate(var(--tw-rotate)) skewX(var(--tw-skew-x)) skewY(var(--tw-skew-y)) scaleX(var(--tw-scale-x)) scaleY(var(--tw-scale-y)); } .group:focus-within .group-focus-within\:sr-only { height: 1px; margin: -1px; overflow: hidden; padding: 0px; position: absolute; width: 1px; clip: rect(0px, 0px, 0px, 0px); border-width: 0px; white-space: nowrap; } .group:focus-within .group-focus-within\:not-sr-only { height: auto; margin: 0px; overflow: visible; padding: 0px; position: static; width: auto; clip: auto; white-space: normal; } .group:focus-within .group-focus-within\:flex { display: flex; } .group:focus-within .group-focus-within\:hidden { display: none; } .group\/topic:focus-within .group-focus-within\/topic\:border-global-brand-orangered { --tw-border-opacity: 1; border-color: rgb(255 69 0/var(--tw-border-opacity)); } .group\/topic:focus-within .group-focus-within\/topic\:ring-2 { --tw-ring-offset-shadow: var(--tw-ring-inset) 0 0 0 var(--tw-ring-offset-width) var(--tw-ring-offset-color); --tw-ring-shadow: var(--tw-ring-inset) 0 0 0 calc(2px + var(--tw-ring-offset-width)) var(--tw-ring-color); box-shadow: var(--tw-ring-offset-shadow),var(--tw-ring-shadow),var(--tw-shadow,0 0 #0000); } .group\/topic:focus-within .group-focus-within\/topic\:ring-global-brand-orangered { --tw-ring-opacity: 1; --tw-ring-color: rgb(255 69 0/var(--tw-ring-opacity)); } .group\/topic:focus-within .group-focus-within\/topic\:ring-opacity-30 { --tw-ring-opacity: 0.3; } @media (hover: hover) and (pointer: fine) { .group:hover .group-hover\:sr-only { height: 1px; margin: -1px; overflow: hidden; padding: 0px; position: absolute; width: 1px; clip: rect(0px, 0px, 0px, 0px); border-width: 0px; white-space: nowrap; } .group:hover .group-hover\:not-sr-only { height: auto; margin: 0px; overflow: visible; padding: 0px; position: static; width: auto; clip: auto; white-space: normal; } .group:hover .group-hover\:visible { visibility: visible; } .group\/tablerow:hover .group-hover\/tablerow\:invisible { visibility: hidden; } .group:hover .group-hover\:z-1 { z-index: 1; } .group:hover .group-hover\:block, .group\/tablerow:hover .group-hover\/tablerow\:block { display: block; } .group:hover .group-hover\:flex, .group\/tablerow:hover .group-hover\/tablerow\:flex { display: flex; } .group:hover .group-hover\:inline-flex { display: inline-flex; } .group:hover .group-hover\:hidden, .group\/tablerow:hover .group-hover\/tablerow\:hidden { display: none; } .group:hover .group-hover\:w-auto { width: auto; } .group\/award:hover .group-hover\/award\:-translate-y-\[10px\], .group\/award:hover .group-hover\/award\:scale-\[1\.4\] { transform: translate(var(--tw-translate-x),var(--tw-translate-y)) rotate(var(--tw-rotate)) skewX(var(--tw-skew-x)) skewY(var(--tw-skew-y)) scaleX(var(--tw-scale-x)) scaleY(var(--tw-scale-y)); } .group\/award:hover .group-hover\/award\:scale-\[1\.4\] { --tw-scale-x: 1.4; --tw-scale-y: 1.4; } .group:hover .group-hover\:scale-\[1\.03\] { --tw-scale-x: 1.03; --tw-scale-y: 1.03; transform: translate(var(--tw-translate-x),var(--tw-translate-y)) rotate(var(--tw-rotate)) skewX(var(--tw-skew-x)) skewY(var(--tw-skew-y)) scaleX(var(--tw-scale-x)) scaleY(var(--tw-scale-y)); } .group:hover .group-hover\:bg-neutral-background-hover { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-hover); } .group:hover .group-hover\:bg-neutral-background-selected { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-selected); } .group:hover .group-hover\:bg-secondary-plain-weak { background-color: var(--color-secondary-plain-weak); } .group:hover .group-hover\:bg-tone-2 { background-color: var(--color-tone-2); } .group:hover .group-hover\:from-\[color\:var\(--color-neutral-background-hover\)\] { --tw-gradient-from: var(--color-neutral-background-hover) var(--tw-gradient-from-position); --tw-gradient-to: hsla(0,0%,100%,0) var(--tw-gradient-to-position); --tw-gradient-stops: var(--tw-gradient-from),var(--tw-gradient-to); } .group:hover .group-hover\:text-primary-plain { color: var(--color-primary-plain); } .group:hover .group-hover\:underline { text-decoration-line: underline; } .group:hover .group-hover\:opacity-0 { opacity: 0; } .group:hover .group-hover\:opacity-100 { opacity: 1; } .group\/award:hover .group-hover\/award\:-translate-y-\[10px\] { --tw-translate-y: -10px; transform: translate3d(var(--tw-translate-x),var(--tw-translate-y),0) rotate(var(--tw-rotate)) skewX(var(--tw-skew-x)) skewY(var(--tw-skew-y)) scaleX(var(--tw-scale-x)) scaleY(var(--tw-scale-y)); } } .group.tab-bottom-border.tab-selected .group-\[\.tab-bottom-border\.tab-selected\]\:block { display: block; } .group.expanded .group-\[\.expanded\]\:flex { display: flex; } .group.expanded .group-\[\.expanded\]\:hidden, .group\/reckw.active .group-\[\&\.active\]\/reckw\:hidden, .group\/reckw:not(.active) .group-\[\&\:not\(\.active\)\]\/reckw\:hidden { display: none; } .group\/dropdown:not(:defined) .group-\[\:not\(\:defined\)\]\/dropdown\:hidden { display: none; } .group\/overflow-menu:not(:defined) .group-\[\:not\(\:defined\)\]\/overflow-menu\:hidden { display: none; } .group\/verdict[show-removal-reason-cta] .group-\[\[show-removal-reason-cta\]\]\/verdict\:hidden { display: none; } .group.expanded .group-\[\.expanded\]\:\!h-auto { height: auto !important; } @media (hover: hover) and (pointer: fine) { .group\/reckws:not([adding]) .group-\[\&\:not\(\[adding\]\)\]\/reckws\:hover\:bg-neutral-background-hover:hover { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-hover); } } .group\/reckws:not([adding]) .group-\[\&\:not\(\[adding\]\)\]\/reckws\:active\:bg-interactive-pressed:active { background-color: var(--color-interactive-pressed); } .peer:checked ~ .peer-checked\:visible { visibility: visible; } .peer:checked ~ .peer-checked\:border-alienblue-600 { --tw-border-opacity: 1; border-color: rgb(17 91 202/var(--tw-border-opacity)); } .peer:checked ~

.peer-checked\:bg-\[\#D2DADD\] { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(210 218 221/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .peer:checked ~ .peer-checked\:text-alienblue-600 { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(17 91 202/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } .peer:checked ~ .group .peer-checked\:group-\[\]\:border-global-brand-orangered { --tw-border-opacity: 1; border-color: rgb(255 69 0/var(--tw-border-opacity)); } .peer:checked ~ .group .peer-checked\:group-\[\]\:bg-orangered-100 { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(252 219 207/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } .peer:checked ~ .group .peer-checked\:group-\[\]\:opacity-100 { opacity: 1; } .has-\[\#resize-handle\:focus\]\:rounded-tl-\[4px\]:has(#resize-handle:focus) { border-top-left-radius: 4px; } .has-\[\#resize-handle\:hover\]\:rounded-tl-\[4px\]:has(#resize-handle:hover) { border-top-left-radius: 4px; } .has-\[\.achievement-link\:hover\]\:bg-neutral-background-hover:has(.achievement-link:hover) { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-hover); } .has-\[\.achievement-modal-trigger\:hover\]\:bg-neutral-background-hover:has(.achievement-modal-trigger:hover) { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-hover); } .has-\[\.task-name-link\:hover\]\:bg-neutral-background-container-strong-hover:has(.task-name-link:hover) { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-container-strong-hover); } .has-\[faceplate-checkbox-input\[checked\]\]\:bg-neutral-background-selected:has(faceplate-checkbox-input[checked]) { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-selected); } .aria-checked\:bg-neutral-background-selected[aria-checked="true"] { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-selected); } .aria-pressed\:border-caution-background[aria-pressed="true"] { border-color: var(--color-caution-background); } .aria-pressed\:bg-neutral-background-gilded[aria-pressed="true"] { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-gilded); } .aria-pressed\:bg-neutral-background-selected[aria-pressed="true"] { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-selected); } .aria-pressed\:outline[aria-pressed="true"] { outline-style: solid; } .aria-\[expanded\=true\]\:border[aria-expanded="true"] { border-width: 0.0625rem; } .aria-\[expanded\=true\]\:border-solid[aria-expanded="true"] { border-style: solid; } .aria-\[expanded\=true\]\:border-neutral-border-medium[aria-expanded="true"] { border-color: var(--color-neutral-border-medium); } .aria-\[expanded\=true\]\:bg-neutral-background-selected[aria-expanded="true"] { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-selected); } .group\/award[aria-pressed="true"] .group-aria-pressed\/award\:-translate-y-\[10px\], .group\/award[aria-pressed="true"] .group-aria-pressed\/award\:scale-\[1\.4\] { transform: translate(var(--tw-translate-x),var(--tw-translate-y)) rotate(var(--tw-rotate)) skewX(var(--tw-skew-x)) skewY(var(--tw-skew-y)) scaleX(var(--tw-scale-x)) scaleY(var(--tw-scale-y)); } .group\/award[aria-pressed="true"] .group-aria-pressed\/award\:scale-\[1\.4\] { --tw-scale-x: 1.4; --tw-scale-y: 1.4; } .group\/award[aria-pressed="true"] .group-aria-pressed\/award\:-translate-y-\[10px\] { --tw-translate-y: -10px; transform: translate3d(var(--tw-translate-x),var(--tw-translate-y),0) rotate(var(--tw-rotate)) skewX(var(--tw-skew-x)) skewY(var(--tw-skew-y)) scaleX(var(--tw-scale-x)) scaleY(var(--tw-scale-y)); } @container (min-width: 32px) { .\@\[32px\]\:flex { display: flex; } } @container (min-width: 64rem) { .\@5xl\:flex { display: flex; } .\@5xl\:hidden { display: none; } } .nd\:visible:not(:defined) { visibility: visible; } .nd\:invisible:not(:defined) { visibility: hidden; } .nd\:mx-md:not(:defined) { margin-left: 1rem; margin-right: 1rem; } .nd\:mb-md:not(:defined) { margin-bottom: 1rem; } .nd\:mt-lg:not(:defined) { margin-top: 1.5rem; } .nd\:block:not(:defined) { display: block; } .nd\:flex:not(:defined) { display: flex; } .nd\:hidden:not(:defined) { display: none; } .nd\:aspect-square:not(:defined) { aspect-ratio: 1 / 1; } .nd\:h-0:not(:defined) { height: 0px; } .nd\:h-2xl:not(:defined) { height: 3rem; } .nd\:h-\[110px\]:not(:defined) { height: 110px; } .nd\:h-\[32px\]:not(:defined) { height: 32px; } .nd\:h-\[40px\]:not(:defined) { height: 40px; } .nd\:h-\[64px\]:not(:defined) { height: 64px; } .nd\:h-\[88px\]:not(:defined) { height: 88px; } .nd\:h-\[var\(--gallery-initial-height\)\]:not(:defined) { height: var(--gallery-initial-height); } .nd\:h-lg:not(:defined) { height: 1.5rem; } .nd\:h-xl:not(:defined) { height: 2rem; } .nd\:max-h-\[32px\]:not(:defined) { max-height: 32px; } .nd\:max-h-xl:not(:defined) { max-height: 2rem; } .nd\:min-h-xl:not(:defined) { min-height: 2rem; } .nd\:w-\[104px\]:not(:defined) { width: 104px; } .nd\:w-\[380px\]:not(:defined) { width: 380px; } .nd\:w-\[54px\]:not(:defined) { width: 54px; } .nd\:w-fit:not(:defined) { width: fit-content; } .nd\:w-lg:not(:defined) { width: 1.5rem; } .nd\:w-xl:not(:defined) { width: 2rem; } @keyframes pulse { 50% { opacity: 0.5; } } .nd\:animate-pulse:not(:defined) { animation: 2s cubic-bezier(0.4, 0, 0.6, 1) 0s infinite normal none running pulse; } .nd\:flex-row:not(:defined) { flex-direction: row; } .nd\:gap-xs:not(:defined) { gap: 0.5rem; } .nd\:overflow-hidden:not(:defined) { overflow: hidden; } .nd\:rounded-4:not(:defined) { border-radius: 1rem; } .nd\:bg-neutral-background-selected:not(:defined) { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-selected); } .nd\:bg-neutral-background-weak:not(:defined) { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-weak); } .nd\:bg-secondary-background:not(:defined) { background-color: var(--color-secondary-background); } .nd\:pb-0:not(:defined) { padding-bottom: 0px; } .nd\:pb-2xl:not(:defined) { padding-bottom: 3rem; } .nd\:pb-\[var\(--rem36\)\]:not(:defined) { padding-bottom: var(--rem36); } .nd\:pb-xl:not(:defined) { padding-bottom: 2rem; } .nd\:pt-\[54px\]:not(:defined) { padding-top: 54px; } .nd\:pt-xs:not(:defined) { padding-top: 0.5rem; } @media (display-mode: minimal-ui), (display-mode: standalone), (display:window-controls-overlay) { .pwa\:block { display: block; } .pwa\:hidden { display: none; } } @media (prefers-reduced-motion: reduce) { .motion-reduce\:transition-none { transition-property: none; } } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:block) { display: block; } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:hidden) { display: none; } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:w-px) { width: 1px; } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:border-black-opacity-10) { border-color: rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.098); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-\[\#090F11\]) { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(9 15 17/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-\[\#95DCFB\]) { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(149 220 251/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-\[\#A0B0B5\]) { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(160 176 181/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-\[\#A3E398\]) { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(163 227 152/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-\[\#A7CCFF\]) { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(167 204 255/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-\[\#A8A8A8\]) { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(168 168 168/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-\[\#C3BDFF\]) { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(195 189 255/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-\[\#EEA7FF\]) { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(238 167 255/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-\[\#FADB61\]) { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(250 219 97/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-\[\#FFA5E3\]) { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(255 165 227/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-\[\#FFADB8\]) { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(255 173 184/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-\[\#FFBEA6\]) { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(255 190 166/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-alienblue-900) { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(10 26 63/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-berrypurple-900) { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(48 6 67/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-black\/30) { background-color: rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.3); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-coolgray-600) { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(83 97 104/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-coolgray-750) { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(51 61 66/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-coolgray-800) { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(42 50 54/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-coolgray-950\/30) { background-color: rgba(14, 17, 19, 0.3); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-danger-content-default) { background-color: var(--color-danger-content-default); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-global-black) { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(0 0 0/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-kiwigreen-900) { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(13 32 5/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-lime-700) { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(42 80 0/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-neutral-background) { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-neutral-background-container-strong) { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-container-strong); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-neutral-background-weak) { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-weak); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-orangered-900) { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(47 20 5/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-periwinkle-900) { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(22 14 91/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-red-900) { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(52 15 5/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-red-950) { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(31 11 4/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-yellow-900) { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(35 26 3/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:bg-yelloworange-900) { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(42 23 5/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:text-\[var\(--color-global-stars\)\]) { color: var(--color-global-stars); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:text-alienblue-300) { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(144 169 253/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:text-alienblue-400) { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(100 142 252/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:text-berrypurple-200) { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(234 179 253/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:text-caution-onBackground) { color: var(--color-caution-onBackground); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:text-coolgray-300) { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(151 175 188/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:text-coolgray-900) { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(24 28 31/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:text-global-white) { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(255 255 255/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:text-kiwigreen-300) { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(0 198 28/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:text-neutral-content-strong) { color: var(--color-neutral-content-strong); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:text-orangered-300) { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(255 137 93/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:text-periwinkle-200) { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(205 190 253/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:text-red-200) { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(253 179 164/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:text-white) { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(255 255 255/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:text-yellow-300) { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(216 161 0/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:text-yelloworange-300) { --tw-text-opacity: 1; color: rgb(255 138 53/var(--tw-text-opacity)); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:shadow-none) { --tw-shadow: 0 0 #0000; --tw-shadow-colored: 0 0 #0000; box-shadow: var(--tw-ring-offset-shadow,0 0 #0000),var(--tw-ring-shadow,0 0 #0000),var(--tw-shadow); } @media (hover: hover) and (pointer: fine) { :is([class~="theme-dark"] .dark\:hover\:bg-neutral-background-hover:hover) { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-hover); } } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .peer:checked ~ .group .dark\:peer-checked\:group-\[\]\:bg-orangered-900) { --tw-bg-opacity: 1; background-color: rgb(47 20 5/var(--tw-bg-opacity)); } @media (min-width: 1024px) { .lg\:absolute { position: absolute; } .lg\:row-start-1 { grid-row-start: 1; } .lg\:row-end-auto { grid-row-end: auto; } .lg\:mx-0 { margin-left: 0px; margin-right: 0px; } .lg\:mb-lg { margin-bottom: 1.5rem; } .lg\:mr-2xs { margin-right: 0.25rem; } .lg\:mt-lg { margin-top: 1.5rem; } .lg\:mt-sm { margin-top: 0.75rem; } .lg\:mt-xs { margin-top: 0.5rem; } .lg\:block { display: block; } .lg\:inline-block { display: inline-block; } .lg\:flex { display: flex; } .lg\:hidden { display: none; } .lg\:max-h-\[700px\] { max-height: 700px; } .lg\:w-5\/12 { width: 41.6667%; } .lg\:w-

fit { width: fit-content; } .lg\:justify-center { justify-content: center; } .lg\:px-0 { padding-left: 0px; padding-right: 0px; } .lg\:ps-sm { padding-inline-start: 0.75rem; } } @media (min-width: 768px) { .xs\:visible { visibility: visible; } .xs\:sticky { position: sticky; } .xs\:-left-\[2rem\] { left: -2rem; } .xs\:-top-\[2\.25rem\] { top: -2.25rem; } .xs\:start-\[-16\.5px\] { inset-inline-start: -16.5px; } .xs\:top-\[-2px\] { top: -2px; } .xs\:top-\[56px\] { top: 56px; } .xs\:top-\[calc\(var\(--shreddit-header-height\)\+16px\)\] { top: calc(var(--shreddit-header-height) + 16px); } .xs\:top-md { top: 1rem; } .xs\:z-10 { z-index: 10; } .xs\:order-first { order: -9999; } .xs\:order-none { order: 0; } .xs\:col-span-1 { grid-column: span 1 / span 1; } .xs\:col-span-2 { grid-column: span 2 / span 2; } .xs\:col-span-4 { grid-column: span 4 / span 4; } .xs\:col-start-1 { grid-column-start: 1; } .xs\:col-start-2 { grid-column-start: 2; } .xs\:col-start-4 { grid-column-start: 4; } .xs\:col-end-15 { grid-column-end: 15; } .xs\:col-end-2 { grid-column-end: 2; } .xs\:col-end-3 { grid-column-end: 3; } .xs\:col-end-6 { grid-column-end: 6; } .xs\:row-start-1 { grid-row-start: 1; } .xs\:row-start-2 { grid-row-start: 2; } .xs\:row-start-3 { grid-row-start: 3; } .xs\:row-start-4 { grid-row-start: 4; } .xs\:row-start-5 { grid-row-start: 5; } .xs\:row-end-2 { grid-row-end: 2; } .xs\:row-end-3 { grid-row-end: 3; } .xs\:row-end-4 { grid-row-end: 4; } .xs\:row-end-5 { grid-row-end: 5; } .xs\:row-end-6 { grid-row-end: 6; } .xs\:m-0 { margin: 0px; } .xs\:m-lg { margin: 1.5rem; } .xs\:-mx-xs { margin-left: -0.5rem; margin-right: -0.5rem; } .xs\:mx-0 { margin-left: 0px; margin-right: 0px; } .xs\:mx-auto { margin-left: auto; margin-right: auto; } .xs\:mx-md { margin-left: 1rem; margin-right: 1rem; } .xs\:mx-xs { margin-left: 0.5rem; margin-right: 0.5rem; } .xs\:my-0 { margin-bottom: 0px; margin-top: 0px; } .xs\:my-2xs { margin-bottom: 0.25rem; margin-top: 0.25rem; } .xs\:my-lg { margin-bottom: 1.5rem; margin-top: 1.5rem; } .xs\:my-md { margin-bottom: 1rem; margin-top: 1rem; } .xs\:my-sm { margin-bottom: 0.75rem; margin-top: 0.75rem; } .xs\:-mb-\[2\.25rem\] { margin-bottom: -2.25rem; } .xs\:-ms-sm { margin-inline-start: -0.75rem; } .xs\:-mt-sm { margin-top: -0.75rem; } .xs\:mb-0 { margin-bottom: 0px; } .xs\:mb-md { margin-bottom: 1rem; } .xs\:mb-sm { margin-bottom: 0.75rem; } .xs\:mb-xl { margin-bottom: 2rem; } .xs\:mb-xs { margin-bottom: 0.5rem; } .xs\:me-0 { margin-inline-end: 0px; } .xs\:me-3xl { margin-inline-end: 4rem; } .xs\:me-md { margin-inline-end: 1rem; } .xs\:ml-0 { margin-left: 0px; } .xs\:ml-auto { margin-left: auto; } .xs\:ml-md { margin-left: 1rem; } .xs\:ml-xl { margin-left: 2rem; } .xs\:mr-0 { margin-right: 0px; } .xs\:mr-md { margin-right: 1rem; } .xs\:mr-xl { margin-right: 2rem; } .xs\:ms-0 { margin-inline-start: 0px; } .xs\:ms-auto { margin-inline-start: auto; } .xs\:ms-sm { margin-inline-start: 0.75rem; } .xs\:ms-xs { margin-inline-start: 0.5rem; } .xs\:mt-0 { margin-top: 0px; } .xs\:mt-2xs { margin-top: 0.25rem; } .xs\:mt-\[2px\] { margin-top: 2px; } .xs\:mt-\[4\.7rem\] { margin-top: 4.7rem; } .xs\:mt-\[80px\] { margin-top: 80px; } .xs\:mt-lg { margin-top: 1.5rem; } .xs\:mt-md { margin-top: 1rem; } .xs\:mt-sm { margin-top: 0.75rem; } .xs\:mt-xl { margin-top: 2rem; } .xs\:mt-xs { margin-top: 0.5rem; } .xs\:line-clamp-1 { -webkit-line-clamp: 1; } .xs\:line-clamp-1, .xs\:line-clamp-2 { display: -webkit-box; overflow: hidden; -webkit-box-orient: vertical; } .xs\:line-clamp-2 { -webkit-line-clamp: 2; } .xs\:line-clamp-3 { -webkit-line-clamp: 3; } .xs\:line-clamp-3, .xs\:line-clamp-4 { display: -webkit-box; overflow: hidden; -webkit-box-orient: vertical; } .xs\:line-clamp-4 { -webkit-line-clamp: 4; } .xs\:line-clamp-6 { display: -webkit-box; overflow: hidden; -webkit-box-orient: vertical; -webkit-line-clamp: 6; } .xs\:line-clamp-none { display: block; overflow: visible; -webkit-box-orient: horizontal; -webkit-line-clamp: none; } .xs\:block { display: block; } .xs\:inline-block { display: inline-block; } .xs\:inline { display: inline; } .xs\:flex { display: flex; } .xs\:inline-flex { display: inline-flex; } .xs\:grid { display: grid; } .xs\:contents { display: contents; } .xs\:hidden { display: none; } .xs\:h-2xl { height: 3rem; } .xs\:h-3xl { height: 4rem; } .xs\:h-4xl { height: 6rem; } .xs\:h-\[--shreddit-header-height\] { height: var(--shreddit-header-height); } .xs\:h-\[100px\] { height: 100px; } .xs\:h-\[110px\] { height: 110px; } .xs\:h-\[161px\] { height: 161px; } .xs\:h-\[200px\] { height: 200px; } .xs\:h-\[22px\] { height: 22px; } .xs\:h-\[240px\] { height: 240px; } .xs\:h-\[30px\] { height: 30px; } .xs\:h-\[330px\] { height: 330px; } .xs\:h-\[38px\] { height: 38px; } .xs\:h-\[40px\] { height: 40px; } .xs\:h-\[48px\] { height: 48px; } .xs\:h-\[52px\] { height: 52px; } .xs\:h-\[56px\] { height: 56px; } .xs\:h-\[64px\] { height: 64px; } .xs\:h-\[78px\] { height: 78px; } .xs\:h-\[80px\] { height: 80px; } .xs\:h-\[88px\] { height: 88px; } .xs\:h-\[90px\] { height: 90px; } .xs\:h-\[98px\] { height: 98px; } .xs\:h-full { height: 100%; } .xs\:h-screen-without-header { height: calc(var(--viewport-height,100vh) - var(--shreddit-header-height) - 1px); } .xs\:h-xl { height: 2rem; } .xs\:max-h-\[400px\] { max-height: 400px; } .xs\:max-h-\[calc\(100vh-var\(--shreddit-header-height\)-1px\)\)\] { max-height: calc(100vh - var(--shreddit-header-height) - 1px); } .xs\:max-h-\[calc\(100vh-var\(--shreddit-header-height\)-32px\)\)\] { max-height: calc(100vh - var(--shreddit-header-height) - 32px); } .xs\:max-h-screen-without-header { max-height: calc(var(--viewport-height,100vh) - var(--shreddit-header-height) - 1px); } .xs\:min-h-\[20rem\] { min-height: 20rem; } .xs\:min-h-\[40px\] { min-height: 40px; } .xs\:min-h-\[72px\] { min-height: 72px; } .xs\:min-h-\[80px\] { min-height: 80px; } .xs\:min-h-\[calc\(100vh-var\(--shreddit-header-large-height\)\)\)\] { min-height: calc(100vh - var(--shreddit-header-large-height)); } .xs\:min-h-screen-without-header { min-height: calc(var(--viewport-height,100vh) - var(--shreddit-header-height) - 1px); } .xs\:w-1\/2 { width: 50%; } .xs\:w-100 { width: 100%; } .xs\:w-\[100px\] { width: 100px; } .xs\:w-\[1010px\] { width: 1010px; } .xs\:w-\[104px\] { width: 104px; } .xs\:w-\[120px\] { width: 120px; } .xs\:w-\[128px\] { width: 128px; } .xs\:w-\[130px\] { width: 130px; } .xs\:w-\[15\.5px\] { width: 15.5px; } .xs\:w-\[150px\] { width: 150px; } .xs\:w-\[161px\] { width: 161px; } .xs\:w-\[163px\] { width: 163px; } .xs\:w-\[200px\] { width: 200px; } .xs\:w-\[300px\] { width: 300px; } .xs\:w-\[316px\] { width: 316px; } .xs\:w-\[320px\] { width: 320px; } .xs\:w-\[352px\] { width: 352px; } .xs\:w-\[400px\] { width: 400px; } .xs\:w-\[440px\] { width: 440px; } .xs\:w-\[470px\] { width: 470px; } .xs\:w-\[485px\] { width: 485px; } .xs\:w-\[48px\] { width: 48px; } .xs\:w-\[500px\] { width: 500px; } .xs\:w-\[532px\] { width: 532px; } .xs\:w-\[56px\] { width: 56px; } .xs\:w-\[600px\] { width: 600px; } .xs\:w-\[640px\] { width: 640px; } .xs\:w-\[68px\] { width: 68px; } .xs\:w-\[752px\] { width: 752px; } .xs\:w-\[768px\] { width: 768px; } .xs\:w-\[80px\] { width: 80px; } .xs\:w-\[840px\] { width: 840px; } .xs\:w-\[88px\] { width: 88px; } .xs\:w-\[96\%\] { width: 96%; } .xs\:w-\[960px\] { width: 960px; } .xs\:w-auto { width: auto; } .xs\:w-fit { width: fit-content; } .xs\:w-full { width: 100%; } .xs\:w-lg { width: 1.5rem; } .xs\:w-xl { width: 2rem; } .xs\:min-w-\[19rem\] { min-width: 19rem; } .xs\:min-w-\[200px\] { min-width: 200px; } .xs\:min-w-\[316px\] { min-width: 316px; } .xs\:min-w-\[400px\] { min-width: 400px; } .xs\:min-w-\[513px\] { min-width: 513px; } .xs\:max-w-\[180px\] { max-width: 180px; } .xs\:max-w-\[200px\] { max-width: 200px; } .xs\:max-w-\[25rem\] { max-width: 25rem; } .xs\:max-w-\[280px\] { max-width: 280px; } .xs\:max-w-\[316px\] { max-width: 316px; } .xs\:max-w-\[432px\] { max-width: 432px; } .xs\:max-w-\[513px\] { max-width: 513px; } .xs\:max-w-\[550px\] { max-width: 550px; } .xs\:max-w-\[800px\] { max-width: 800px; } .xs\:max-w-\[90\%\] { max-width: 90%; } .xs\:max-w-\[calc\(100\%-30px\)\)\] { max-width: calc(100% - 30px); } .xs\:max-w-\[min\(756px\,calc\(100\%-\(16px\+316px\)\)\)\)\] { max-width: min(756px, 100% - 332px); } .xs\:max-w-none { max-width: none; } .xs\:max-w-sm { max-width: 24rem; } .xs\:flex-grow { flex-grow: 1; } .xs\:basis-\[calc\(50\%-6px\)\)\] { flex-basis: calc(50% - 6px); } .xs\:basis-full { flex-basis: 100%; } .xs\:scroll-m-\[120px\] { scroll-margin: 120px; } .xs\:auto-cols-\[calc\(33\.33\%-0\.5rem\)\)\] { grid-auto-columns: calc(33.33% - 0.5rem); } .xs\:grid-cols-2 { grid-template-columns: repeat(2, minmax(0px, 1fr)); } .xs\:grid-cols-3 { grid-template-columns: repeat(3, minmax(0px, 1fr)); } .xs\:grid-cols-8 { grid-template-columns: repeat(8, minmax(0px, 1fr)); } .xs\:grid-cols-\[15rem_1fr\] { grid-template-columns: 15rem 1fr; } .xs\:grid-cols-\[1fr_178px_178px_178px_178px\] { grid-template-columns: 1fr 178px 178px 178px 178px; } .xs\:grid-cols-\[2fr_1fr\] { grid-template-columns: 2fr 1fr; } .xs\:grid-cols-\[32px_1fr\] { grid-template-columns: 32px 1fr; } .xs\:grid-cols-\[32px_minmax\(0\,1fr\)\)\] { grid-template-columns: 32px minmax(0px, 1fr); } .xs\:grid-cols-\[min-content_1fr\] { grid-template-columns: min-content 1fr; } .xs\:grid-cols-\[repeat\(auto-fit\,minmax\(340px\,1fr\)\)\)\] { grid-template-columns: repeat(auto-fit, minmax(340px, 1fr)); } .xs\:grid-rows-\[auto_auto\] { grid-template-rows: auto auto; } .xs\:grid-rows-\[auto_auto_auto_auto\] { grid-template-rows: auto auto auto auto; } .xs\:flex-row { flex-direction: row; } .xs\:flex-wrap { flex-wrap: wrap; } .xs\:flex-nowrap { flex-wrap: nowrap; } .xs\:items-start { align-items: flex-start; } .xs\:items-end { align-items: flex-end; } .xs\:items-center { align-items: center; } .xs\:justify-start { justify-content: flex-start; } .xs\:justify-end { justify-content: flex-end; } .xs\:justify-center { justify-content: center; } .xs\:gap-\[5rem\] { gap: 5rem; } .xs\:gap-md { gap: 1rem; } .xs\:gap-sm { gap: 0.75rem; } .xs\:gap-xl { gap: 2rem; } .xs\:gap-xs { gap: 0.5rem; } .xs\:gap-x-3xl { column-gap: 4rem; } .xs\:gap-x-lg { column-gap: 1.5rem; } .xs\:gap-x-xs { column-gap: 0.5rem; } .xs\:gap-y-xl { row-gap: 2rem; } .xs\:overflow-hidden { overflow: hidden; } .xs\:overflow-y-auto { overflow-y: auto; } .xs\:overflow-x-hidden { overflow-x: hidden; } .xs\:text-ellipsis { text-overflow: ellipsis; } .xs\:whitespace-nowrap { white-space: nowrap; } .xs\:rounded-2 { border-radius: 0.5rem; } .xs\:rounded-4 { border-radius: 1rem; } .xs\:rounded-\[12px\] { border-radius: 12px; } .xs\:rounded-\[16px\] { border-radius: 16px; } .xs\:rounded-lg { border-radius: 2rem; } .xs\:rounded-md { border-radius: 1.25rem; } .xs\:rounded-b-\[12px\] { border-bottom-left-radius: 12px; border-bottom-right-radius: 12px; } .xs\:rounded-b-\[16px\] { border-bottom-left-radius: 16px; border-bottom-right-radius: 16px; } .xs\:rounded-t-\[16px\] { border-top-left-radius: 16px; border-top-right-radius: 16px; } .xs\:rounded-t-md { border-top-left-radius: 1.25rem; border-top-right-radius: 1.25rem; } .xs\:border-x-sm { border-left-width: 0.0625rem; border-right-width: 0.0625rem; } .xs\:border-l-sm { border-left-width: 0.0625rem; } .xs\:border-s-sm { border-inline-start-width: 0.0625rem; } .xs\:border-t-0 { border-top-width: 0px; } .xs\:border-solid { border-style: solid; } .xs\:border-s-neutral-border-weak { border-inline-start-color: var(--color-neutral-border-weak); } .xs\:bg-neutral-background-weak { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-weak); } .xs\:bg-\[image\:var\(--medium-banner\)\)\] { background-image: var(--medium-banner); } .xs\:from-\[color\:var\(--color-neutral-background-weak\)\)\] { --tw-gradient-from: var(--color-neutral-background-weak) var(--tw-gradient-from-position); --tw-gradient-to: hsla(0,0%,100%,0) var(--tw-gradient-to-position); --tw-gradient-stops: var(--tw-gradient-from),var(--tw-gradient-to); } .xs\:p-lg { padding: 1.5rem; } .xs\:p-md { padding: 1rem; } .xs\:\!px-0 { padding-left: 0px !important; padding-right: 0px !important; } .xs\:px-0 { padding-left: 0px; padding-right: 0px; } .xs\:px-2xs { padding-left: 0.25rem; padding-right: 0.25rem; } .xs\:px-3xl { padding-left: 4rem; padding-right: 4rem; } .xs\:px-\[5rem\] { padding-left: 5rem; padding-right: 5rem; } .xs\:px-lg { padding-left: 1.5rem; padding-right: 1.5rem; } .xs\:px-md { padding-left: 1rem; padding-right: 1rem; } .xs\:px-sm { padding-left: 0.75rem; padding-right: 0.75rem; } .xs\:px-xs { padding-left: 0.5rem; padding-right: 0.5rem; } .xs\:py-0 { padding-bottom: 0px; padding-top: 0px; } .xs\:py-lg { padding-bottom: 1.5rem; padding-top: 1.5rem; } .xs\:py-sm { padding-bottom: 0.75rem; padding-top: 0.75rem; } .xs\:pb-0 { padding-bottom: 0px; } .xs\:pb-\[40px\] { padding-bottom: 40px; } .xs\:pb-\[5\.5rem\] { padding-bottom: 5.5rem; } .xs\:pb-lg { padding-bottom: 1.5rem; } .xs\:pb-md { padding-bottom: 1rem; } .xs\:pb-xl { padding-bottom: 2rem; } .xs\:pb-xs { padding-bottom: 0.5rem; } .xs\:pe-0 { padding-inline-end: 0px; } .xs\:pe-2xs { padding-inline-end: 0.25rem; } .xs\:pe-lg { padding-inline-end: 1.5rem; } .xs\:pe-md { padding-inline-end: 1rem; } .xs\:pe-xl { padding-inline-end: 2rem; } .xs\:pl-sm { padding-left: 0.75rem; } .xs\:pl-xl { padding-left: 2rem; } .xs\:ps-2xs { padding-inline-start: 0.25rem; } .xs\:ps-md { padding-inline-start: 1rem; } .xs\:ps-xs { padding-inline-start: 0.5rem; } .xs\:pt-0 { padding-top: 0px; } .xs\:pt-2xl { padding-top: 3rem; } .xs\:pt-\[20px\] { padding-top: 20px; } .xs\:pt-lg { padding-top: 1.5rem; } .xs\:pt-md { padding-top: 1rem; } .xs\:pt-sm { padding-top: 0.75rem; } .xs\:pt-xs { padding-top: 0.5rem; } .xs\:text-left { text-align: left; } .xs\:text-start { text-align: start; } .xs\:text-12 { font-size: 0.75rem; line-height: 1rem; } .xs\:text-14 { font-size: 0.875rem; line-height:

1.25rem; } .xs\:text-16 { font-size: 1rem; line-height: 1.25rem; } .xs\:text-18 { font-size: 1.125rem; line-height: 1.5rem; } .xs\:text-24 { font-size: 1.5rem; line-height: 1.75rem; } .xs\:text-32 { font-size: 2rem; line-height: 2.25rem; } .xs\:text-body-1 { font-size: var(--font-body-1-size); font-weight: var(--font-body-1-weight); letter-spacing: var(--font-body-1-kerning); line-height: var(--font-body-1-line-height); } .xs\:text-caption-1 { font-size: var(--font-caption-1-size); font-weight: var(--font-caption-1-weight); letter-spacing: var(--font-caption-1-kerning); line-height: var(--font-caption-1-line-height); } .xs\:text-title-2 { font-size: var(--font-title-2-size); font-weight: var(--font-title-2-weight); letter-spacing: var(--font-title-2-kerning); line-height: var(--font-title-2-line-height); } .xs\:uppercase { text-transform: uppercase; } .xs\:leading-\[1\.5em\] { line-height: 1.5em; } .xs\:leading-\[30px\] { line-height: 30px; } .xs\:leading-\[38px\] { line-height: 38px; } .xs\:leading-\[40px\] { line-height: 40px; } .xs\:text-neutral-content-weak { color: var(--color-neutral-content-weak); } .xs\:shadow-none { --tw-shadow: 0 0 #0000; --tw-shadow-colored: 0 0 #0000; } .xs\:shadow-none, .xs\:shadow-sm { box-shadow: var(--tw-ring-offset-shadow,0 0 #0000),var(--tw-ring-shadow,0 0 #0000),var(--tw-shadow); } .xs\:shadow-sm { --tw-shadow: var(--elevation-sm); --tw-shadow-colored: var(--elevation-sm); } .xs\:text-14-scalable { font-size: 0.875rem; line-height: 1.25rem; } .xs\:text-16-scalable { font-size: 1rem; line-height: 1.25rem; } .xs\:text-18-scalable { font-size: 1.125rem; line-height: 1.5rem; } .xs\:text-20-scalable { font-size: 1.25rem; line-height: 1.25rem; } .xs\:text-14-scalable, .xs\:text-16-scalable, .xs\:text-18-scalable, .xs\:text-20-scalable { text-size-adjust: clamp(100%,calc(100%*var(--preferred-text-scale)),140%); } .first\:xs\:pl-2xs:first-child { padding-left: 0.25rem; } .last\:xs\:block:last-child { display: block; } .last\:xs\:pr-2xs:last-child { padding-right: 0.25rem; } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .xs\:dark\:bg-neutral-background-container) { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-container); } :is([class~="theme-dark"] .xs\:dark\:text-secondary-plain-weak) { color: var(--color-secondary-plain-weak); } @media (hover: hover) and (pointer: fine) { :is([class~="theme-dark"] .xs\:dark\:hover\:text-secondary-plain-weak:hover) { color: var(--color-secondary-plain-weak); } } } @media (min-width: 960px) { .s\:invisible { visibility: hidden; } .s\:fixed { position: fixed; } .s\:relative { position: relative; } .s\:bottom-auto { bottom: auto; } .s\:left-auto { left: auto; } .s\:right-auto { right: auto; } .s\:top-auto { top: auto; } .s\:top-sm { top: 0.75rem; } .s\:order-1 { order: 1; } .s\:order-2 { order: 2; } .s\:col-span-3 { grid-column: span 3 / span 3; } .s\:col-span-4 { grid-column: span 4 / span 4; } .s\:col-start-4 { grid-column-start: 4; } .s\:col-end-10 { grid-column-end: 10; } .s\:col-end-15 { grid-column-end: 15; } .s\:mx-md { margin-left: 1rem; margin-right: 1rem; } .s\:mb-0 { margin-bottom: 0px; } .s\:me-0 { margin-inline-end: 0px; } .s\:me-md { margin-inline-end: 1rem; } .s\:me-xl { margin-inline-end: 2rem; } .s\:ml-\[381px\] { margin-left: 381px; } .s\:ms-0 { margin-inline-start: 0px; } .s\:ms-lg { margin-inline-start: 1.5rem; } .s\:ms-xl { margin-inline-start: 2rem; } .s\:mt-0 { margin-top: 0px; } .s\:mt-md { margin-top: 1rem; } .s\:mt-xl { margin-top: 2rem; } .s\:block { display: block; } .s\:flex { display: flex; } .s\:grid { display: grid; } .s\:contents { display: contents; } .s\:hidden { display: none; } .s\:h-100 { height: 100%; } .s\:h-5xl { height: 8rem; } .s\:h-\[128px\] { height: 128px; } .s\:h-\[160px\] { height: 160px; } .s\:h-\[210px\] { height: 210px; } .s\:h-\[32\.5rem\] { height: 32.5rem; } .s\:h-\[400px\] { height: 400px; } .s\:h-\[478px\] { height: 478px; } .s\:h-\[75px\] { height: 75px; } .s\:h-\[785px\] { height: 785px; } .s\:h-\[88px\] { height: 88px; } .s\:h-\[calc\(100vh-var\(--shreddit-header-height\)-240px\)\] { height: calc(100vh - var(--shreddit-header-height) - 240px); } .s\:h-lg { height: 1.5rem; } .s\:max-h-\[24px\] { max-height: 24px; } .s\:max-h-\[318px\] { max-height: 318px; } .s\:max-h-\[432px\] { max-height: 432px; } .s\:max-h-\[48px\] { max-height: 48px; } .s\:max-h-\[640px\] { max-height: 640px; } .s\:max-h-\[64px\] { max-height: 64px; } .s\:min-h-\[22px\] { min-height: 22px; } .s\:min-h-\[38px\] { min-height: 38px; } .s\:min-h-\[48px\] { min-height: 48px; } .s\:w-4\/5 { width: 80%; } .s\:w-\[128px\] { width: 128px; } .s\:w-\[144px\] { width: 144px; } .s\:w-\[400px\] { width: 400px; } .s\:w-\[40vw\] { width: 40vw; } .s\:w-\[45\%\] { width: 45%; } .s\:w-\[558px\] { width: 558px; } .s\:w-\[730px\] { width: 730px; } .s\:w-\[768px\] { width: 768px; } .s\:w-\[88px\] { width: 88px; } .s\:w-\[960px\] { width: 960px; } .s\:w-\[calc\(var\(--flex-nav-width\)-1px\)\] { width: calc(var(--flex-nav-width) - 1px); } .s\:w-auto { width: auto; } .s\:w-fit { width: fit-content; } .s\:w-full { width: 100%; } .s\:w-lg { width: 1.5rem; } .s\:min-w-\[200px\] { min-width: 200px; } .s\:min-w-\[48px\] { min-width: 48px; } .s\:min-w-\[500px\] { min-width: 500px; } .s\:max-w-\[100\%\] { max-width: 100%; } .s\:max-w-\[1094px\] { max-width: 1094px; } .s\:max-w-\[20rem\] { max-width: 20rem; } .s\:max-w-\[230px\] { max-width: 230px; } .s\:max-w-\[291px\] { max-width: 291px; } .s\:max-w-\[360px\] { max-width: 360px; } .s\:max-w-\[450px\] { max-width: 450px; } .s\:max-w-\[48px\] { max-width: 48px; } .s\:max-w-\[590px\] { max-width: 590px; } .s\:max-w-\[890px\] { max-width: 890px; } .s\:max-w-\[922px\] { max-width: 922px; } .s\:max-w-\[940px\] { max-width: 940px; } .s\:max-w-container-s { max-width: 994px; } .s\:flex-1 { flex: 1 1 0%; } .s\:shrink { flex-shrink: 1; } .s\:flex-grow-0 { flex-grow: 0; } .s\:basis-1\/4 { flex-basis: 25%; } .s\:auto-rows-\[minmax\(144px\,_auto\)\] { grid-auto-rows: minmax(144px, auto); } .s\:grid-cols-12 { grid-template-columns: repeat(12, minmax(0px, 1fr)); } .s\:grid-cols-2 { grid-template-columns: repeat(2, minmax(0px, 1fr)); } .s\:grid-cols-3 { grid-template-columns: repeat(3, minmax(0px, 1fr)); } .s\:grid-cols-4 { grid-template-columns: repeat(4, minmax(0px, 1fr)); } .s\:grid-cols-5 { grid-template-columns: repeat(5, minmax(0px, 1fr)); } .s\:grid-cols-\[auto_400px\] { grid-template-columns: auto 400px; } .s\:grid-cols-\[repeat\(auto-fit\,_144px\)\] { grid-template-columns: repeat(auto-fit, 144px); } .s\:flex-row { flex-direction: row; } .s\:flex-row-reverse { flex-direction: row-reverse; } .s\:flex-nowrap { flex-wrap: nowrap; } .s\:items-end { align-items: flex-end; } .s\:items-center { align-items: center; } .s\:items-stretch { align-items: stretch; } .s\:justify-start { justify-content: flex-start; } .s\:justify-end { justify-content: flex-end; } .s\:justify-center { justify-content: center; } .s\:justify-between { justify-content: space-between; } .s\:gap-lg { gap: 1.5rem; } .s\:gap-md { gap: 1rem; } .s\:gap-sm { gap: 0.75rem; } .s\:gap-xl { gap: 2rem; } .s\:gap-xs { gap: 0.5rem; } .s\:gap-x-\[20px\] { column-gap: 20px; } .s\:gap-x-md { column-gap: 1rem; } .s\:gap-y-lg { row-gap: 1.5rem; } .s\:overflow-x-auto { overflow-x: auto; } .s\:rounded-2 { border-radius: 0.5rem; } .s\:rounded-4 { border-radius: 1rem; } .s\:rounded-r-\[8px\] { border-bottom-right-radius: 8px; border-top-right-radius: 8px; } .s\:rounded-ee-md { border-end-end-radius: 1.25rem; } .s\:rounded-es-md { border-end-start-radius: 1.25rem; } .s\:rounded-tl-none { border-top-left-radius: 0px; } .s\:rounded-tr-none { border-top-right-radius: 0px; } .s\:border-e-sm { border-inline-end-width: 0.0625rem; } .s\:border-l-sm { border-left-width: 0.0625rem; } .s\:border-s-sm { border-inline-start-width: 0.0625rem; } .s\:bg-\[image\:var\(--large-banner\)\] { background-image: var(--large-banner); } .s\:bg-center { background-position: 50% center; } .s\:p-lg { padding: 1.5rem; } .s\:p-md { padding: 1rem; } .s\:p-xl { padding: 2rem; } .s\:px-0 { padding-left: 0px; padding-right: 0px; } .s\:px-3xl { padding-left: 4rem; padding-right: 4rem; } .s\:px-lg { padding-left: 1.5rem; padding-right: 1.5rem; } .s\:px-md { padding-left: 1rem; padding-right: 1rem; } .s\:px-xs { padding-left: 0.5rem; padding-right: 0.5rem; } .s\:py-0 { padding-bottom: 0px; padding-top: 0px; } .s\:py-\[50px\] { padding-bottom: 50px; padding-top: 50px; } .s\:py-lg { padding-bottom: 1.5rem; padding-top: 1.5rem; } .s\:pb-0 { padding-bottom: 0px; } .s\:pb-\[20px\] { padding-bottom: 20px; } .s\:pb-sm { padding-bottom: 0.75rem; } .s\:pb-xl { padding-bottom: 2rem; } .s\:pe-0 { padding-inline-end: 0px; } .s\:pe-md { padding-inline-end: 1rem; } .s\:pe-xs { padding-inline-end: 0.5rem; } .s\:pr-0 { padding-right: 0px; } .s\:ps-0 { padding-inline-start: 0px; } .s\:pt-2xl { padding-top: 3rem; } .s\:pt-lg { padding-top: 1.5rem; } .s\:pt-md { padding-top: 1rem; } .s\:pt-sm { padding-top: 0.75rem; } .s\:text-left { text-align: left; } .s\:text-14 { font-size: 0.875rem; } .s\:text-14, .s\:text-20 { line-height: 1.25rem; } .s\:text-20 { font-size: 1.25rem; } .s\:text-32 { font-size: 2rem; line-height: 2.25rem; } .first\:s\:ms-xl:first-child { margin-inline-start: 2rem; } .last\:s\:me-xl:last-child { margin-inline-end: 2rem; } @container (min-width: 80rem) { .s\:\@7xl\:h-\[12rem\] { height: 12rem; } .s\:\@7xl\:bg-\[image\:var\(--x-large-banner\)\] { background-image: var(--x-large-banner); } } } @media (min-width: 1200px) { .m\:pointer-events-auto { pointer-events: auto; } .m\:col-start-2 { grid-column-start: 2; } .m\:col-start-3 { grid-column-start: 3; } .m\:col-start-4 { grid-column-start: 4; } .m\:col-end-11 { grid-column-end: 11; } .m\:col-end-13 { grid-column-end: 13; } .m\:col-end-15 { grid-column-end: 15; } .m\:col-end-4 { grid-column-end: 4; } .m\:mx-0 { margin-left: 0px; margin-right: 0px; } .m\:mx-auto { margin-left: auto; margin-right: auto; } .m\:mx-lg { margin-left: 1.5rem; margin-right: 1.5rem; } .m\:mb-\[2px\] { margin-bottom: 2px; } .m\:me-0 { margin-inline-end: 0px; } .m\:ml-sm { margin-left: 0.75rem; } .m\:mt-3xl { margin-top: 4rem; } .m\:mt-xl { margin-top: 2rem; } .m\:block { display: block; } .m\:inline-block { display: inline-block; } .m\:flex { display: flex; } .m\:contents { display: contents; } .m\:hidden { display: none; } .m\:h-\[700px\] { height: 700px; } .m\:max-h-\[337px\] { max-height: 337px; } .m\:max-h-\[60vh\] { max-height: 60vh; } .m\:max-h-\[calc\(50vh-70px\)\] { max-height: calc(-70px + 50vh); } .m\:w-1\/3 { width: 33.3333%; } .m\:w-\[1120px\] { width: 1120px; } .m\:w-\[1200px\] { width: 1200px; } .m\:w-\[320px\] { width: 320px; } .m\:w-\[400px\] { width: 400px; } .m\:w-\[50vw\] { width: 50vw; } .m\:w-\[520px\] { width: 520px; } .m\:w-\[560px\] { width: 560px; } .m\:w-fit { width: fit-content; } .m\:max-w-\[1072px\] { max-width: 1072px; } .m\:max-w-\[380px\] { max-width: 380px; } .m\:max-w-container-m { max-width: 1132px; } .m\:basis-\[calc\(33\.33\%-8px\)\] { flex-basis: calc(33.33% - 8px); } .m\:grid-cols-14 { grid-template-columns: repeat(14, minmax(0px, 1fr)); } .m\:flex-row { flex-direction: row; } .m\:items-end { align-items: flex-end; } .m\:gap-x-4xl { column-gap: 6rem; } .m\:gap-x-\[16px\] { column-gap: 16px; } .m\:space-x-2xs > :not([hidden]) ~ :not([hidden]) { --tw-space-x-reverse: 0; margin-left: calc(.25rem*(1 - var(--tw-space-x-reverse))); margin-right: calc(.25rem*var(--tw-space-x-reverse)); } .m\:border-t-0 { border-top-width: 0px; } .m\:px-lg { padding-left: 1.5rem; padding-right: 1.5rem; } .m\:px-xs { padding-left: 0.5rem; padding-right: 0.5rem; } .m\:py-sm { padding-bottom: 0.75rem; padding-top: 0.75rem; } .m\:\!pl-0 { padding-left: 0px !important; } .m\:\!pl-lg { padding-left: 1.5rem !important; } .m\:\!pr-0 { padding-right: 0px !important; } .m\:pb-0 { padding-bottom: 0px; } .m\:pb-xl { padding-bottom: 2rem; } .m\:pe-xs { padding-inline-end: 0.5rem; } .m\:ps-sm { padding-inline-start: 0.75rem; } .m\:text-14\/5 { font-size: 0.875rem; line-height: 1.25rem; } .m\:text-18\/6 { font-size: 1.125rem; line-height: 1.5rem; } .m\:text-32 { font-size: 2rem; line-height: 2.25rem; } .m\:font-bold { font-weight: 700; } .m\:font-semibold { font-weight: 600; } } @media (min-width: 1416px) { .l\:pointer-events-none { pointer-events: none; } .l\:absolute { position: absolute; } .l\:left-0 { left: 0px; } .l\:right-0 { right: 0px; } .l\:top-xs { top: 0.5rem; } .l\:col-start-4 { grid-column-start: 4; } .l\:col-end-13 { grid-column-end: 13; } .l\:col-end-14 { grid-column-end: 14; } .l\:col-end-15 { grid-column-end: 15; } .l\:col-end-17 { grid-column-end: 17; } .l\:col-end-19 { grid-column-end: 19; } .l\:col-end-4 { grid-column-end: 4; } .l\:mx-auto { margin-left: auto; margin-right: auto; } .l\:mt-md { margin-top: 1rem; } .l\:block { display: block; } .l\:flex { display: flex; } .l\:contents { display: contents; } .l\:hidden { display: none; } .l\:h-\[40px\] { height: 40px; } .l\:h-\[600px\] { height: 600px; } .l\:max-h-\[352px\] { max-height: 352px; } .l\:w-\[600px\] { width: 600px; } .l\:min-w-\[448px\] { min-width: 448px; } .l\:max-w-\[1352px\] { max-width: 1352px; } .l\:max-w-\[590px\] { max-width: 590px; } .l\:max-w-container-l { max-width: 1352px; } .l\:auto-cols-\[calc\(25\%-0\.5rem\)\] { grid-auto-columns: calc(25% - 0.5rem); } .l\:grid-cols-16 { grid-template-columns: repeat(16, minmax(0px, 1fr)); } .l\:gap-x-lg { column-gap: 1.5rem; } .l\:rounded-\[0\.75rem\] { border-radius: 0.75rem; } .l\:p-4xl { padding: 6rem; } .l\:px-lg { padding-left: 1.5rem; padding-right: 1.5rem; } .l\:pb-0 { padding-bottom: 0px; } .l\:pb-xl { padding-bottom: 2rem; } .l\:pt-5xl { padding-top: 8rem; } } @media (min-width: 1920px) { .xl\:col-start-4 { grid-column-start: 4; } .xl\:col-start-5 { grid-column-start: 5; } .xl\:col-end-14 { grid-column-end: 14; } .xl\:col-end-15 { grid-column-end: 15; } .xl\:block { display: block; } .xl\:flex { display: flex; } .xl\:contents { display: contents; } .xl\:hidden { display: none; } .xl\:max-h-\[452px\]

{ max-height: 452px; } .xl\:max-w-\[1524px\], .xl\:max-w-container-xl { max-width: 1524px; } .xl\:grid-cols-18 { grid-template-columns: repeat(18, minmax(0px, 1fr)); } .xl\:gap-y-xl { row-gap: 2rem; } .xl\:rounded-\[0\.75rem\] { border-radius: 0.75rem; } .xl\:pb-0 { padding-bottom: 0px; } .xl\:pb-xl { padding-bottom: 2rem; } } @media (max-width: 500px) { .embed-m\:hidden { display: none; } .embed-m\:flex-1 { flex: 1 1 0%; } } @media (max-width: 325px) { .embed-s\:absolute { position: absolute; } .embed-s\:right-md { right: 1rem; } .embed-s\:top-\[10px\] { top: 10px; } .embed-s\:ml-0 { margin-left: 0px; } .embed-s\:mt-xs { margin-top: 0.5rem; } .embed-s\:block { display: block; } .embed-s\:hidden { display: none; } .embed-s\:flex-col { flex-direction: column; } .embed-s\:items-start { align-items: flex-start; } .embed-s\:justify-between { justify-content: space-between; } } @media (max-width: 260px) { .embed-xs\:mt-2xs { margin-top: 0.25rem; } .embed-xs\:hidden { display: none; } .embed-xs\:h-\[40px\] { height: 40px; } .embed-xs\:h-\[80px\] { height: 80px; } .embed-xs\:h-lg { height: 1.5rem; } .embed-xs\:max-h-\[540px\] { max-height: 540px; } .embed-xs\:w-\[80px\] { width: 80px; } .embed-xs\:w-lg { width: 1.5rem; } .embed-xs\:gap-lg { gap: 1.5rem; } .embed-xs\:px-\[5px\] { padding-left: 5px; padding-right: 5px; } .embed-xs\:text-12 { font-size: 0.75rem; } .embed-xs\:leading-4, .embed-xs\:text-12 { line-height: 1rem; } } @media (min-width: 1472px) { .pdp-float-back-btn\:absolute { position: absolute; } .pdp-float-back-btn\:-start-\[2\.5rem\] { inset-inline-start: -2.5rem; } .pdp-float-back-btn\:top-md { top: 1rem; } } .\[\&\.active\]\:bg-neutral-background-hover.active { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background-hover); } @media (min-width: 768px) { .xs\:\[\&\.fixed-sidebar\]\:grid-cols-\[minmax\(0\,1fr\)_minmax\(0\,316px\)\].fixed-sidebar { grid-template-columns: minmax(0px, 1fr) minmax(0px, 316px); } .xs\:\[\&\.fixed-sidebar\]\:grid-cols-\[minmax\(0\,756px\)_minmax\(0\,316px\)\].fixed-sidebar { grid-template-columns: minmax(0px, 756px) minmax(0px, 316px); } } @media (min-width: 960px) { .s\:\[\&\.fixed-sidebar\]\:grid-cols-\[minmax\(0\,1fr\)_minmax\(0\,316px\)\].fixed-sidebar { grid-template-columns: minmax(0px, 1fr) minmax(0px, 316px); } .s\:\[\&\.fixed-sidebar\]\:grid-cols-\[minmax\(0\,756px\)_minmax\(0\,316px\)\].fixed-sidebar { grid-template-columns: minmax(0px, 756px) minmax(0px, 316px); } } @media (min-width: 1200px) { .m\:\[\&\.fixed-sidebar\]\:grid-cols-\[66\%_32\%\].fixed-sidebar { grid-template-columns: 66% 32%; } .m\:\[\&\.fixed-sidebar\]\:grid-cols-\[minmax\(0\,1fr\)_minmax\(0\,316px\)\].fixed-sidebar { grid-template-columns: minmax(0px, 1fr) minmax(0px, 316px); } .m\:\[\&\.fixed-sidebar\]\:grid-cols-\[minmax\(0\,756px\)_minmax\(0\,316px\)\].fixed-sidebar { grid-template-columns: minmax(0px, 756px) minmax(0px, 316px); } } @media (min-width: 1416px) { .l\:\[\&\.fixed-sidebar\]\:grid-cols-\[minmax\(0\,1fr\)_minmax\(0\,316px\)\].fixed-sidebar { grid-template-columns: minmax(0px, 1fr) minmax(0px, 316px); } .l\:\[\&\.fixed-sidebar\]\:grid-cols-\[minmax\(0\,756px\)_minmax\(0\,316px\)\].fixed-sidebar { grid-template-columns: minmax(0px, 756px) minmax(0px, 316px); } } @media (min-width: 1920px) { .xl\:\[\&\.fixed-sidebar\]\:grid-cols-\[minmax\(0\,1fr\)_minmax\(0\,316px\)\].fixed-sidebar { grid-template-columns: minmax(0px, 1fr) minmax(0px, 316px); } .xl\:\[\&\.fixed-sidebar\]\:grid-cols-\[minmax\(0\,756px\)_minmax\(0\,316px\)\].fixed-sidebar { grid-template-columns: minmax(0px, 756px) minmax(0px, 316px); } } @media (min-width: 768px) { .xs\:\[\&\.flex-sidebar\]\:grid-cols-\[minmax\(0\,1fr\)_auto\].flex-sidebar { grid-template-columns: minmax(0px, 1fr) auto; } .xs\:\[\&\.flex-sidebar\]\:grid-cols-\[minmax\(0\,756px\)_auto\].flex-sidebar { grid-template-columns: minmax(0px, 756px) auto; } } @media (min-width: 960px) { .s\:\[\&\.flex-sidebar\]\:grid-cols-\[minmax\(0\,1fr\)_auto\].flex-sidebar { grid-template-columns: minmax(0px, 1fr) auto; } .s\:\[\&\.flex-sidebar\]\:grid-cols-\[minmax\(0\,756px\)_auto\].flex-sidebar { grid-template-columns: minmax(0px, 756px) auto; } } @media (min-width: 1200px) { .m\:\[\&\.flex-sidebar\]\:grid-cols-\[66\%_32\%\].flex-sidebar { grid-template-columns: 66% 32%; } .m\:\[\&\.flex-sidebar\]\:grid-cols-\[minmax\(0\,1fr\)_auto\].flex-sidebar { grid-template-columns: minmax(0px, 1fr) auto; } .m\:\[\&\.flex-sidebar\]\:grid-cols-\[minmax\(0\,756px\)_auto\].flex-sidebar { grid-template-columns: minmax(0px, 756px) auto; } } @media (min-width: 1416px) { .l\:\[\&\.flex-sidebar\]\:grid-cols-\[minmax\(0\,1fr\)_auto\].flex-sidebar { grid-template-columns: minmax(0px, 1fr) auto; } .l\:\[\&\.flex-sidebar\]\:grid-cols-\[minmax\(0\,756px\)_auto\].flex-sidebar { grid-template-columns: minmax(0px, 756px) auto; } } @media (min-width: 1920px) { .xl\:\[\&\.flex-sidebar\]\:grid-cols-\[minmax\(0\,1fr\)_auto\].flex-sidebar { grid-template-columns: minmax(0px, 1fr) auto; } .xl\:\[\&\.flex-sidebar\]\:grid-cols-\[minmax\(0\,756px\)_auto\].flex-sidebar { grid-template-columns: minmax(0px, 756px) auto; } } .\[\&\.hidden\~*\]\:block.hidden ~ * { display: block; } .\[\&\:not\(\&\:has\(\[data-keyword-card\]\)\)\]\:hidden:not(.\[\&\:not\(\&\:has\(\[data-keyword-card\]\)\)\]\:hidden:has([data-keyword-card])) { display: none; } .\[\&\:not\(\:defined\)\>\[slot\]\]\:hidden:not(:defined) > [slot] { display: none; } .\[\&\:not\(\:defined\)\]\:hidden:not(:defined) { display: none; } .\[\&\:not\(\:defined\)_\.community-details\]\:hidden:not(:defined) .community-details { display: none; } .\[\&\:not\(\:focus-within\)\]\:sr-only:not(:focus-within) { height: 1px; margin: -1px; overflow: hidden; padding: 0px; position: absolute; width: 1px; clip: rect(0px, 0px, 0px, 0px); border-width: 0px; white-space: nowrap; } .\[\&\>*\]\:invisible > * { visibility: hidden; } .\[\&\>*\]\:min-w-0 > * { min-width: 0px; } .\[\&\>\.threadline\>*\\\]\:border-tone-2 > .threadline > undefined, .\[\&\>\.threadline\>*\]\:border-tone-2 > .threadline > * { border-color: var(--color-tone-2); } .\[\&\>\.threadline\>*\]\:border-tone-4 > .threadline > * { border-color: var(--color-tone-4); } .\[\&\>\:first-child\]\:mb-0 > :first-child { margin-bottom: 0px; } .\[\&\>\:first-child\]\:h-full > :first-child { height: 100%; } .\[\&\>\:first-child\]\:max-h-full > :first-child { max-height: 100%; } .\[\&\>\:first-child\]\:w-full > :first-child { width: 100%; } .\[\&\>\:first-child\]\:overflow-hidden > :first-child { overflow: hidden; } .\[\&\>\:first-child\]\:rounded-\[inherit\] > :first-child { border-radius: inherit; } .\[\&\>\:not\(\.pointer-events-none\)\]\:pointer-events-auto > :not(.pointer-events-none) { pointer-events: auto; } .\[\&\>a\]\:text-interactive-content-disabled > a { color: var(--color-interactive-content-disabled); } .\[\&\>div\]\:\!pr-0 > div { padding-right: 0px !important; } .\[\&\>div\]\:pl-xs > div { padding-left: 0.5rem; } .\[\&\>li\>div\]\:px-0 > li > div { padding-left: 0px; padding-right: 0px; } .\[\&\>p\]\:m-0 > p { margin: 0px; } .\[\&\>p\]\:my-0 > p { margin-bottom: 0px; margin-top: 0px; } .\[\&\>p\]\:line-clamp-5 > p { display: -webkit-box; overflow: hidden; -webkit-box-orient: vertical; -webkit-line-clamp: 5; } .\[\&\>span\>span\]\:text-12 > span > span { font-size: 0.75rem; line-height: 1rem; } .\[\&\>svg\]\:block > svg { display: block; } .\[\&\>svg\]\:aspect-square > svg { aspect-ratio: 1 / 1; } .\[\&\>svg\]\:h-\[1\.25rem\] > svg { height: 1.25rem; } .\[\&\>svg\]\:h-lg > svg { height: 1.5rem; } .\[\&\>svg\]\:h-md > svg { height: 1rem; } .\[\&\>svg\]\:h-sm > svg { height: 0.75rem; } .\[\&\>svg\]\:w-\[1\.25rem\] > svg { width: 1.25rem; } .\[\&\>svg\]\:w-lg > svg { width: 1.5rem; } .\[\&\>svg\]\:w-md > svg { width: 1rem; } .\[\&\>svg\]\:w-sm > svg { width: 0.75rem; } .\[\&\>svg\]\:text-center > svg { text-align: center; } .\[\&\>svg\]\:align-middle > svg { vertical-align: middle; } .\[\&\[faceplate-validity\=invalid\]\]\[faceplate-dirty\]\]\:mb-0[faceplate-validity="invalid"][faceplate-dirty] { margin-bottom: 0px; } .\[\&_*\:first-child\:not\(li\)\]\:mt-0 :first-child:not(li) { margin-top: 0px; } .\[\&_*\:last-child\]\:mb-0 :last-child { margin-bottom: 0px; } .\[\&_*\]\:animate-none * { animation: auto ease 0s 1 normal none running none; } .\[\&_\.emote\]\:whitespace-pre .emote { white-space: pre; } .\[\&_\.emote\]\:leading-\[1\.25rem\] .emote { line-height: 1.25rem; } .\[\&_\.flair-image\]\:align-middle .flair-image { vertical-align: middle; } .\[\&_\.flair-image\]\:align-bottom .flair-image { vertical-align: bottom; } .\[\&_\[slot\=\'verdict-indicator-avatar\'\]_span\]\:h-\[1\.5rem\] [slot="verdict-indicator-avatar"] span { height: 1.5rem; } .\[\&_\[slot\=\'verdict-indicator-avatar\'\]_span\]\:min-h-\[1\.5rem\] [slot="verdict-indicator-avatar"] span { min-height: 1.5rem; } .\[\&_\[slot\=\'verdict-indicator-avatar\'\]_span\]\:w-\[1\.5rem\] [slot="verdict-indicator-avatar"] span { width: 1.5rem; } .\[\&_\[slot\=\'verdict-indicator-avatar\'\]_span\]\:min-w-\[1\.5rem\] [slot="verdict-indicator-avatar"] span { min-width: 1.5rem; } .\[\&_a\]\:\!pointer-events-auto a { pointer-events: auto !important; } .\[\&_a\]\:\!text-current a { color: currentcolor !important; } .\[\&_a\]\:underline a { text-decoration-line: underline; } .\[\&_faceplate-img\.flair-image\]\:align-bottom faceplate-img.flair-image { vertical-align: bottom; } .\[\&_faceplate-img\]\:leading-normal faceplate-img { line-height: 1.5; } .\[\&_figure\]\:order-2 figure { order: 2; } .\[\&_figure\]\:p-md figure { padding: 1rem; } .\[\&_figure\]\:p-xs figure { padding: 0.5rem; } .\[\&_img\]\:h-\[40px\] img { height: 40px; } .\[\&_img\]\:w-\[40px\] img { width: 40px; } .\[\&_label\]\:hidden label { display: none; } .\[\&_li_*\]\:\!px-0 li * { padding-left: 0px !important; padding-right: 0px !important; } .\[\&_p\:nth-child\(n\+2\)\]\:hidden p:nth-child(n+2) { display: none; } .\[\&_p\]\:m-0 p { margin: 0px; } .\[\&_p\]\:my-0 p { margin-bottom: 0px; margin-top: 0px; } .\[\&_p\]\:line-clamp-5 p { display: -webkit-box; overflow: hidden; -webkit-box-orient: vertical; -webkit-line-clamp: 5; } .\[\&_p\]\:inline p { display: inline; } .\[\&_strong\]\:font-\[800\] strong { font-weight: 800; } .\[\&\~*\]\:hidden ~ * { display: none; } .rpl-bottom-sheet .\[\.rpl-bottom-sheet_\&\]\:mt-0 { margin-top: 0px; } .rpl-bottom-sheet .\[\.rpl-bottom-sheet_\&\]\:h-\[390px\] { height: 390px; } .rpl-bottom-sheet .\[\.rpl-bottom-sheet_\&\]\:flex-col { flex-direction: column; } .rpl-bottom-sheet .\[\.rpl-bottom-sheet_\&\]\:gap-0 { gap: 0px; } .rpl-bottom-sheet .\[\.rpl-bottom-sheet_\&\]\:bg-\[length\:358px\] { background-size: 358px; } .rpl-bottom-sheet .\[\.rpl-bottom-sheet_\&\]\:bg-\[center_25\%\] { background-position: center 25%; } .rpl-bottom-sheet .\[\.rpl-bottom-sheet_\&\]\:py-0 { padding-bottom: 0px; padding-top: 0px; } .rpl-bottom-sheet .\[\.rpl-bottom-sheet_\&\]\:pb-xs { padding-bottom: 0.5rem; } .rpl-bottom-sheet .\[\.rpl-bottom-sheet_\&\]\:pt-0 { padding-top: 0px; } .rpl-bottom-sheet .\[\.rpl-bottom-sheet_\&\]\:*\:w-full > * { width: 100%; } .rpl-dialog .\[\.rpl-dialog_\&\]\:max-w-\[320px\] { max-width: 320px; } faceplate-textarea-input[faceplate-validity="valid"] ~ div > .\[faceplate-textarea-input\[faceplate-validity\=\'valid\'\]\~div\>\&\]\:pointer-events-auto { pointer-events: auto; } faceplate-textarea-input[faceplate-validity="valid"] ~ div > .\[faceplate-textarea-input\[faceplate-validity\=\'valid\'\]\~div\>\&\]\:opacity-100 { opacity: 1; } ------MultipartBoundary--I56SseK8KlbPUoX04656zDPlz19lMcO3aAtG7jdQgM---- Content-Type: text/css Content-Transfer-Encoding: binary Content-Location: cid:css-f167af87-08a7-4c0e-baff-5db9f794335a@mhtml.blink @charset "utf-8"; :root, button, html, input, select { font-family: var(--font-sans); } faceplate-expandable-section-helper > details > summary, menu { list-style-type: none; } del, ins { text-underline-position: under; } ac-activate, ac-call, ac-contents, ac-dispatch, ac-publish, ac-render-template, ac-toggle, ac-track, faceplate-dropdown-menu:not(.connected) [slot="menu"], faceplate-hovercard:not(:defined) > [slot="content"], shreddit-ad-post:not(:defined) [slot="desktop-cta-row"], shreddit-ad-post:not(:defined) [slot="ssr-share-button"], shreddit-ad-post:not(:defined) [slot="share-button"], shreddit-ad-post[view-type="compactView"]:not(:defined) [slot="credit-bar"], shreddit-ad-post[view-type="compactView"]:not(:defined) [slot="action-bar-ad-cta"], shreddit-post:not(:defined) [slot="desktop-cta-row"], shreddit-post:not(:defined) [slot="ssr-share-button"], shreddit-post:not(:defined) [slot="share-button"], shreddit-post[view-type="compactView"]:not(:defined) [slot="credit-bar"], shreddit-post[view-type="compactView"]:not(:defined) [slot="action-bar-ad-cta"] { display: none; } .theme-light, :root { --rem360: 22.5rem; --rem320: 20rem; --rem192: 12rem; --rem144: 9rem; --rem128: 8rem; --rem96: 6rem; --rem90: 5.625rem; --rem88: 5.5rem; --rem64: 4rem; --rem56: 3.5rem; --rem48: 3rem; --rem40: 2.5rem; --rem36: 2.25rem; --rem32: 2rem; --rem28: 1.75rem; --rem26: 1.625rem; --rem24: 1.5rem; --rem22: 1.375rem; --rem20: 1.25rem; --rem18: 1.125rem; --rem16: 1rem; --rem15: 0.9375rem; --rem14: 0.875rem; --rem12: 0.75rem; --rem10: 0.625rem; --rem8: 0.5rem; --rem6: 0.375rem; --rem4: 0.25rem; --rem2: 0.125rem; --rem1: 0.0625rem; --spacer-4xs: 0.125rem; --spacer-2xs: 0.25rem; --spacer-xs: 0.5rem; --spacer-sm: 0.75rem; --spacer-md: 1rem; --spacer-lg: 1.5rem; --spacer-xl: 2rem; --spacer-2xl: 3rem; --spacer-a-px: 0px; --spacer-

button-lg-px: var(--spacer-lg); --spacer-button-md-px: var(--spacer-lg); --spacer-button-sm-px: var(--spacer-md); --spacer-input-padding-left: 0px; --spacer-input-padding-top: 0px; --spacer-label-default: 0px; --spacer-switch-input-active-pl: 0px; --size-2xs: 0.25rem; --size-xs: 0.5rem; --size-sm: 0.75rem; --size-md: 1rem; --size-lg: 1.5rem; --size-xl: 2rem; --size-2xl: 3rem; --size-3xl: 4rem; --size-4xl: 6rem; --size-5xl: 8rem; --size-button-lg-h: 3.375rem; --size-button-md-h: 2.75rem; --size-button-sm-h: 2.125rem; --size-button-xs-h: 1.375rem; --size-switch-input-h: 1.25rem; --size-switch-input-w: 2rem; --line-sm: 0.0625rem; --line-md: 0.125rem; --line-lg: 0.25rem; --line-a-focus: 0px; --line-a-outline-moz: 0.0625rem; --line-a-outline-wb: 0.3125rem; --line-button-lg-border: 0.0625rem; --line-button-md-border: 0.0625rem; --line-button-sm-border: 0.0625rem; --line-button-xs-border: 0.0625rem; --line-button-border-activated: 0.0625rem; --line-input-border: var(--line-sm); --radius-1: 0.25rem; --radius-2: 0.5rem; --radius-4: 1rem; --radius-5: 1.25rem; --radius-6: 1.5rem; --radius-8: 2rem; --radius-sm: 0.25rem; --radius-lg: 2rem; --radius-full: 624.9375rem; --radius-accordion-size: var(--radius-sm); --font-10-15-bold: 700 0.625rem/0.9375rem var(--font-sans); --font-button-lg: 700 1.125rem/1.375rem var(--font-sans); --font-button-lg-kerning: calc(var(--rpl-disable-letter-spacing, 1) * -0.001em); --font-button-md: 700 1rem/1.25rem var(--font-sans); --font-button-md-kerning: calc(var(--rpl-disable-letter-spacing, 1) * -0.001em); --font-button-sm: 700 0.875rem/1.125rem var(--font-sans); --font-button-sm-kerning: calc(var(--rpl-disable-letter-spacing, 1) * -0.001em); --font-button-xs: 700 0.75rem/0.875rem var(--font-sans); --font-button-xs-kerning: calc(var(--rpl-disable-letter-spacing, 1) * -0.001em); --font-label-default: var(--font-10-15-bold); --misc-accordion-border: 1px solid var(--color-tone-5); --misc-accordion-open-list-style-type: disclosure-open; --misc-accordion-closed-list-style-type: disclosure-closed; --misc-divider-margin: 0.5rem auto; --misc-label-text-transform: uppercase; --misc-label-letter-spacing: 0.5px; --color-primary-visited: #660099; --color-primary-background: #24a0ed; --color-primary-background-hover: #006cbf; --color-danger-content: #ea0027; --color-success-content: #46d160; --color-global-black: #000000; --color-global-white: #ffffff; --color-global-orangered: #D93900; --color-global-alienblue: #0079d3; --color-global-darkblue: #1d2535; --color-tone-1: #1a1a1b; --color-tone-2: #6a6d6f; --color-tone-3: #878a8c; --color-tone-4: #d3d6da; --color-tone-5: #edeff1; --color-tone-6: #f6f7f8; --color-tone-7: #ffffff; --color-action-primary: var(--color-primary-background); --color-action-secondary: var(--color-primary-background-hover); --color-action-upvote: var(--color-global-orangered); --color-action-downvote: #7193ff; --color-alert-positive: var(--color-success-content); --color-alert-negative: var(--color-danger-content); --color-alert-caution: #ffb000; --color-identity-admin: var(--color-global-orangered); --color-identity-moderator: #46d160; --color-identity-self: #0dd3bb; --color-identity-coins: #ddbd37; --color-category-live: var(--color-global-orangered); --color-category-nsfw: #ff3881; --color-category-spoiler: var(--color-tone-1); --color-ui-canvas: var(--color-tone-5); --color-ui-modalbackground: var(--color-tone-7); --color-opacity-highlight: linear-gradient(#006cbf1a, var(--color-tone-6)); --color-opacity-08: #1a1a1b14; --color-opacity-50: #00000080; --color-scrim: #1a1a1b4d; --color-a-default: var(--color-primary-background-hover); --color-a-hover: var(--color-primary-background-hover); --color-a-visited: var(--color-primary-background-hover); --color-button-overlay-focus: #ffffff1a; --color-button-overlay-active: #00000014; --color-button-primary-background-hover: var(--color-primary-background); --color-button-primary-background-disabled: var(--color-tone-6); --color-button-primary-border-hover: transparent; --color-button-primary-border-active: transparent; --color-button-primary-border-activated: transparent; --color-button-primary-border-disabled: transparent; --color-button-primary-text-disabled: var(--color-tone-2); --color-button-secondary-background: transparent; --color-button-secondary-background-focus: transparent; --color-button-secondary-background-hover: transparent; --color-button-secondary-background-disabled: var(--color-tone-6); --color-button-secondary-background-activated: transparent; --color-button-secondary-border: var(--color-primary-background-hover); --color-button-secondary-border-hover: var(--color-primary-background-hover); --color-button-secondary-border-active: var(--color-primary-background-hover); --color-button-secondary-border-activated: var(--color-primary-background-hover); --color-button-secondary-border-disabled: var(--color-tone-2); --color-button-secondary-text: var(--color-primary-background-hover); --color-button-secondary-text-disabled: var(--color-tone-2); --color-button-secondary-text-activated: var(--color-button-secondary-text); --color-button-tertiary-background: var(--color-tone-6); --color-button-tertiary-background-focus: var(--color-tone-6); --color-button-tertiary-background-hover: var(--color-tone-6); --color-button-tertiary-background-disabled: var(--color-tone-6); --color-button-tertiary-background-activated: var(--color-tone-6); --color-button-tertiary-border-hover: transparent; --color-button-tertiary-border-active: transparent; --color-button-tertiary-text: var(--color-primary-background-hover); --color-button-tertiary-text-disabled: var(--color-tone-2); --color-button-tertiary-text-activated: var(--color-primary-background-hover); --color-button-plain-background-hover: transparent; --color-button-plain-background-disabled: var(--color-tone-7); --color-button-plain-background-activated: transparent; --color-button-plain-border-hover: transparent; --color-button-plain-border-active: transparent; --color-button-plain-text: var(--color-primary-background-hover); --color-button-plain-text-disabled: var(--color-tone-2); --color-button-plain-text-activated: var(--color-primary-background-hover); --color-divider-default: var(--color-tone-5); --color-input-default: var(--color-tone-6); --color-input-hover: var(--color-primary-background-hover); --color-input-border: var(--color-tone-5); --color-input-text: var(--color-tone-1); --color-input-helper-text: var(--color-tone-1); --color-label-default: var(--color-tone-1); --color-switch-input-background-default: var(--color-tone-3); --color-switch-input-background-checked: var(--color-global-alienblue); --color-switch-input-background-disabled: var(--color-tone-6); --color-switch-input-background-checked-disabled: var(--color-tone-5); --color-switch-input-background-hover: var(--color-tone-3); --color-switch-input-background-checked-hover: var(--color-global-alienblue); --elevation-xs: 0 0.0625rem 0.125rem 0 #00000040; --elevation-sm: 0 0.0625rem 0.25rem 0 #00000026,0 0.25rem 0.25rem 0 #00000026; --elevation-md: 0 0.25rem 0.5rem 0 #0000001a,0 0.375rem 0.75rem 0 #00000040; --elevation-lg: 0 0.75rem 0.75rem 0 #00000026,0 1rem 2rem 0 #00000040; --elevation-focus-ring: 0 0 0 0.25rem var(--color-global-alienblue); --font-sans: -apple-system,BlinkMacSystemFont,'Segoe UI',Roboto,'Helvetica Neue',Arial,'Apple Color Emoji','Segoe UI Emoji','Segoe UI Symbol',sans-serif; --font-mono: Noto Mono,Menlo,Monaco,Consolas,monospace; --font-title-h0: normal 500 1.625rem/2rem var(--font-sans); --font-title-h1: normal 500 1.375rem/1.625rem var(--font-sans); --font-title-h2: normal 500 1.25rem/1.5rem var(--font-sans); --font-title-h3: normal 500 1.125rem/1.375rem var(--font-sans); --font-title-h4: normal 500 1rem/1.25rem var(--font-sans); --font-title-h5: normal 500 0.875rem/1.125rem var(--font-sans); --font-title-h6: normal 500 0.75rem/1rem var(--font-sans); --font-body: 0.875rem; --font-small: 0.75rem; --font-code: 0.875rem; --font-subheading: 0.75rem; --font-label: 0.625rem; --font-button-b1: normal bold 1.125rem/1.375rem var(--font-sans); --font-button-b2: normal bold 1rem/1.25rem var(--font-sans); --font-button-b3: normal bold 0.875rem/1.125rem var(--font-sans); --font-button-b4: normal bold 0.75rem/0.875rem var(--font-sans); --color-gradient-orangeyellow: linear-gradient(89.94deg, #ec0623 0%, #ff8717 100%); --color-gradient-bluepink: linear-gradient(89.94deg, #51b9ff 0%, #7785ff 52.6%, #b279ff 73.96%, #ff81ed 100%); --boxshadow-modal: 0px 2px 15px rgba(26, 26, 27, 0.3); --boxshadow-navigation: 0px 4px 14px rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.1); --boxshadow-tooltip: 0 1px 4px rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.15),0 4px 4px rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.15); color-scheme: light; } .theme-light dialog::backdrop, :root dialog::backdrop { --color-dialog-background: #00000080; } @media (prefers-color-scheme: dark) { :root:not(.theme-light) { --color-primary-visited: #c58af9; --color-primary-background: #006cbf; --color-primary-background-hover: #24a0ed; --color-tone-1: #d7dadc; --color-tone-2: #818384; --color-tone-3: #565758; --color-tone-4: #3a3a3c; --color-tone-5: #272729; --color-tone-6: #1a1a1b; --color-tone-7: #121213; --color-identity-coins: #ffe600; --color-ui-canvas: #050505; --color-ui-modalbackground: var(--color-tone-6); --color-opacity-50: #d7dadc80; --color-scrim: #0000004d; --elevation-xs: 0 0.0625rem 0.125rem 0 #000000ab; --elevation-sm: 0 0.0625rem 0.25rem 0 #00000054,0 0.25rem 0.25rem 0 #00000054; --elevation-md: 0 0.25rem 0.5rem 0 #00000033,0 0.375rem 0.75rem 0 #00000080; --elevation-lg: 0 0.75rem 0.75rem 0 #00000033,0 1rem 2rem 0 #00000080; --boxshadow-modal: 0px 2px 15px rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.3); --boxshadow-tooltip: 0 1px 4px rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.33),0 4px 4px rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.33); color-scheme: dark; } :root:not(.theme-light) dialog::backdrop { --color-dialog-background: #d7dadc80; } } .theme-dark { --color-primary-visited: #c58af9; --color-primary-background: #006cbf; --color-primary-background-hover: #24a0ed; --color-tone-1: #d7dadc; --color-tone-2: #818384; --color-tone-3: #565758; --color-tone-4: #3a3a3c; --color-tone-5: #272729; --color-tone-6: #1a1a1b; --color-tone-7: #121213; --color-identity-coins: #ffe600; --color-ui-canvas: #050505; --color-ui-modalbackground: var(--color-tone-6); --color-opacity-50: #d7dadc80; --color-scrim: #0000004d; --elevation-xs: 0 0.0625rem 0.125rem 0 #000000ab; --elevation-sm: 0 0.0625rem 0.25rem 0 #00000054,0 0.25rem 0.25rem 0 #00000054; --elevation-md: 0 0.25rem 0.5rem 0 #00000033,0 0.375rem 0.75rem 0 #00000080; --elevation-lg: 0 0.75rem 0.75rem 0 #00000033,0 1rem 2rem 0 #00000080; --boxshadow-modal: 0px 2px 15px rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.3); --boxshadow-tooltip: 0 1px 4px rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.33),0 4px 4px rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.33); color-scheme: dark; } .theme-dark dialog::backdrop { --color-dialog-background: #d7dadc80; } .theme-beta, .theme-light.theme-beta, .theme-light.theme-rpl, .theme-rpl { --spacer-a-px: 0.125rem; --spacer-button-lg-px: var(--spacer-md); --spacer-button-md-px: var(--spacer-md); --spacer-button-sm-px: var(--spacer-sm); --spacer-input-padding-left: var(--spacer-md); --spacer-input-padding-top: var(--spacer-2xs); --spacer-label-default: var(--spacer-md); --spacer-switch-input-active-pl: var(--spacer-xs); --size-banner-height: var(--size-rem40); --size-button-lg-h: var(--size-2xl); --size-button-md-h: 2.5rem; --size-button-sm-h: var(--size-xl); --size-button-xs-h: var(--size-lg); --size-switch-input-h: var(--size-xl); --size-switch-input-w: var(--size-2xl); --line-a-focus: var(--line-md); --line-a-outline-moz: 0px; --line-a-outline-wb: 0px; --line-button-lg-border: var(--line-sm); --line-button-md-border: var(--line-sm); --line-button-sm-border: var(--line-sm); --line-button-xs-border: var(--line-sm); --line-button-border-activated: var(--line-lg); --line-input-border: var(--line-lg); --radius-md: 1.25rem; --radius-accordion-size: 0px; --font-10: 400 0.625rem/1rem var(--font-sans); --font-12: 400 0.75rem/1rem var(--font-sans); --font-14: 400 0.875rem/1.25rem var(--font-sans); --font-16: 400 1rem/1.25rem var(--font-sans); --font-18: 400 1.125rem/1.5rem var(--font-sans); --font-20: 400 1.25rem/1.25rem var(--font-sans); --font-24: 400 1.5rem/1.75rem var(--font-sans); --font-32: 400 2rem/2.25rem var(--font-sans); --font-48: 400 3rem/3rem var(--font-sans); --font-64: 400 4rem/4rem var(--font-sans); --font-title-h0: var(--font-64); --font-title-h1: var(--font-32); --font-title-h2: var(--font-24); --font-title-h3: var(--font-18); --font-title-h4: var(--font-16); --font-title-h5: var(--font-14); --font-title-h6: var(--font-12); --font-14-20-regular: 400 0.875rem/1.25rem var(--font-sans); --font-14-20-semibold: 600 0.875rem/1.25rem var(--font-sans); --font-16-20-regular: 400 1rem/1.25rem var(--font-sans); --font-12-16-regular: 400 0.75rem/1rem var(--font-sans); --font-12-16-semibold: 600 0.75rem/1rem var(--font-sans); --font-huge-display-weight: 700; --font-huge-display-kerning: calc(var(--rpl-disable-letter-spacing, 1) * -0.004em); --font-huge-display: var(--font-huge-display-weight) var(--font-huge-display-size)/var(--font-huge-display-line-height) var(--font-sans); --font-display-weight: 700; --font-display-kerning: calc(var(--rpl-disable-letter-spacing, 1) * -0.004em); --font-display: var(--font-display-weight) var(--font-display-size)/var(--font-display-line-height) var(--font-sans); --font-title-1-weight: 700; --font-title-1: var(--font-title-1-weight) var(--font-title-1-size)/var(--font-title-1-line-height) var(--font-sans); --font-title-2-weight: 700; --font-title-2-kerning: calc(var(--rpl-disable-letter-spacing, 1) * -0.002em); --font-title-2: var(--font-title-2-weight)

var(--font-title-2-size)/var(--font-title-2-line-height) var(--font-sans); --font-title-3-weight: 700; --font-title-3-kerning: calc(var(--rpl-disable-letter-spacing, 1) * -0.005em); --font-title-3: var(--font-title-3-weight) var(--font-title-3-size)/var(--font-title-3-line-height) var(--font-sans); --font-headline-weight: 600; --font-headline-kerning: calc(var(--rpl-disable-letter-spacing, 1) * -0.004em); --font-headline: var(--font-headline-weight) var(--font-headline-size)/var(--font-headline-line-height) var(--font-sans); --font-body-1-weight: 400; --font-body-1-kerning: calc(var(--rpl-disable-letter-spacing, 1) * -0.003em); --font-body-1: var(--font-body-1-weight) var(--font-body-1-size)/var(--font-body-1-line-height) var(--font-sans); --font-body-2-weight: 400; --font-body-2-kerning: calc(var(--rpl-disable-letter-spacing, 1) * -0.002em); --font-body-2: var(--font-body-2-weight) var(--font-body-2-size)/var(--font-body-2-line-height) var(--font-sans); --font-label-1-weight: 600; --font-label-1-kerning: calc(var(--rpl-disable-letter-spacing, 1) * -0.003em); --font-label-1: var(--font-label-1-weight) var(--font-label-1-size)/var(--font-label-1-line-height) var(--font-sans); --font-label-2-weight: 600; --font-label-2-kerning: calc(var(--rpl-disable-letter-spacing, 1) * -0.001em); --font-label-2: var(--font-label-2-weight) var(--font-label-2-size)/var(--font-label-2-line-height) var(--font-sans); --font-caption-1-weight: 400; --font-caption-1-kerning: calc(var(--rpl-disable-letter-spacing, 1) * -0.001em); --font-caption-1: var(--font-caption-1-weight) var(--font-caption-1-size)/var(--font-caption-1-line-height) var(--font-sans); --font-caption-2-weight: 400; --font-caption-2-kerning: calc(var(--rpl-disable-letter-spacing, 1) * -0.001em); --font-caption-2: var(--font-caption-2-weight) var(--font-caption-2-size)/var(--font-caption-2-line-height) var(--font-sans); --font-button-lg: var(--font-14-20-semibold); --font-button-md: var(--font-14-20-semibold); --font-button-sm: var(--font-12-16-semibold); --font-label-default: var(--font-12-16-regular); --misc-accordion-border: 0; --misc-accordion-open-list-style-type: none; --misc-accordion-closed-list-style-type: none; --misc-divider-margin: 0; --misc-label-text-transform: capitalize; --misc-label-letter-spacing: initial; --blur-sm: 0.25rem; --blur-normal: 0.5rem; --blur-md: 0.75rem; --blur-lg: 1rem; --blur-xl: 1.5rem; --blur-2xl: 2.5rem; --blur-3xl: 4rem; --color-action-downvote: #6A5CFF; --color-action-upvote: #D93900; --color-ai-background-weaker: #E7FDF5; --color-ai-plain: #006C56; --color-ai-plain-hover: #015140; --color-alert-caution: #977000; --color-avatar-gradient: linear-gradient(0deg, #97AFBCff, #ffffffff 75%); --color-avatar-media-gradient: linear-gradient(0deg, #00000099, #181C1Fff 75%); --color-brand-background: #D93900; --color-brand-background-hover: #AE2C00; --color-brand-gradient-active: linear-gradient(180deg, #cd3700ff, #db3b00ff 68%, #D93900ff 100%); --color-brand-gradient-active-highlight: linear-gradient(83deg, #db3f0000 80%, #D93900ff 100%); --color-brand-gradient-default: linear-gradient(180deg, #D93900ff, #db3b00ff 30%, #AE2C00ff 100%); --color-brand-gradient-default-highlight: linear-gradient(258deg, #db3f0000 80%, #D93900ff 100%); --color-brand-gradient-hover: linear-gradient(180deg, #e23d00ff 15%, #cb3600ff 49%, #b43000ff 100%); --color-brand-gradient-hover-highlight: linear-gradient(323deg, #cb360000 65%, #cb3600ff 100%); --color-brand-onBackground: #FFFFFF; --color-category-live: #D93900; --color-category-nsfw: #DE019F; --color-category-spoiler: var(--color-tone-1); --color-caution-background: #FFBF0B; --color-caution-background-hover: #D8A100; --color-caution-onBackground: #000000; --color-caution-plain: #785800; --color-caution-plain-hover: #5B4200; --color-danger-background: #EB001F; --color-danger-background-disabled: #FDB3A4; --color-danger-background-hover: #BC0117; --color-danger-background-weaker: #FBDBD4; --color-danger-content: #BC0117; --color-danger-content-default: #ffffff; --color-danger-content-hover: #90000F; --color-danger-onBackground: #FFFFFF; --color-danger-plain: #BC0117; --color-danger-plain-hover: #90000F; --color-downvote-background: #6A5CFF; --color-downvote-background-disabled: rgba(106, 92, 255, 0.3); --color-downvote-background-hover: #523DFF; --color-downvote-content: #523DFF; --color-downvote-content-weak: #6A5CFF; --color-downvote-disabled: #523DFF4d; --color-downvote-onBackground: #FFFFFF; --color-downvote-onStrongScrim: #B29FFF; --color-downvote-onStrongScrim-disabled: rgba(178, 159, 255, 0.3); --color-downvote-onStrongScrim-weaker: #9580FF; --color-downvote-plain: #523DFF; --color-downvote-plain-disabled: rgba(82, 61, 255, 0.3); --color-downvote-plain-weaker: #6A5CFF; --color-elevation-large1: #0000003F; --color-elevation-large2: #00000026; --color-elevation-medium1: #0000003F; --color-elevation-medium2: #00000019; --color-elevation-small: #00000026; --color-elevation-xsmall: #0000003F; --color-favorite: #977000; --color-global-admin: #D93900; --color-global-alienblue: #1870F4; --color-global-black: #000000; --color-global-brand-orangered: #FF4500; --color-global-darkblue: #2A3236; --color-global-focus: Highlight; --color-global-gold: #B78800; --color-global-moderator: #008A10; --color-global-nsfw: #DE019F; --color-global-offline: #667780; --color-global-online: #00C61C; --color-global-orangered: #FF4500; --color-global-stars: #977000; --color-global-white: #FFFFFF; --color-gradient-media: linear-gradient(180deg, #00000000, #0000008a 60%, #00000099 100%); --color-gradient-media-strong: linear-gradient(180deg, #00000000, #000000cc 60%, #000000e6 100%); --color-identity-admin: #D93900; --color-identity-coins: #B78800; --color-identity-moderator: #008A10; --color-identity-self: #01876D; --color-interactive-background-disabled: #0000000C; --color-interactive-content-disabled: #0000003F; --color-interactive-focused: #007FAE; --color-interactive-pressed: #00000026; --color-inverted-interactive-background-disabled: #FFFFFF0C; --color-inverted-interactive-content-disabled: #FFFFFF3F; --color-inverted-interactive-pressed: #FFFFFF26; --color-inverted-neutral-background: #0E1113; --color-inverted-neutral-background-hover: #181C1F; --color-inverted-neutral-border: #FFFFFF33; --color-inverted-neutral-content: #B7CAD4; --color-inverted-neutral-content-strong: #EEF1F3; --color-inverted-secondary-background: #2A3236; --color-inverted-secondary-background-hover: #333D42; --color-inverted-secondary-background-selected: #3D494E; --color-inverted-secondary-onBackground: #FFFFFF; --color-inverted-secondary-plain: #DBE4E9; --color-inverted-secondary-plain-hover: #FFFFFF; --color-media-background: rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.6); --color-media-background-hover: rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.8); --color-media-background-selected: rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.8); --color-media-border-selected: #FFFFFF; --color-media-border-weak: #FFFFFF19; --color-media-onBackground: #FFFFFF; --color-media-onBackground-disabled: #FFFFFF3F; --color-media-onBackground-weak: #E5EBEE; --color-media-onbackground: #ffffff; --color-media-onbackground-disabled: #ffffff40; --color-media-onbackground-weak: #B7CAD4; --color-neutral-background: #FFFFFF; --color-neutral-background-container: #F6F8F9; --color-neutral-background-container-hover: #EEF1F3; --color-neutral-background-container-strong: #EEF1F3; --color-neutral-background-container-strong-hover: #E5EBEE; --color-neutral-background-gilded: #FFF9E0; --color-neutral-background-gilded-hover: #FFF3C0; --color-neutral-background-highlighted: #F6F8F9; --color-neutral-background-highlighted-strong: #FFF9E0; --color-neutral-background-hover: #F6F8F9; --color-neutral-background-medium: #F8F8F8; --color-neutral-background-pinned: #FFFFFF; --color-neutral-background-selected: #E5EBEE; --color-neutral-background-strong: #FFFFFF; --color-neutral-background-strong-hover: #F6F8F9; --color-neutral-background-weak: #F6F8F9; --color-neutral-background-weak-hover: #EEF1F3; --color-neutral-border: #00000033; --color-neutral-border-medium: #0000007F; --color-neutral-border-strong: #181C1F; --color-neutral-border-weak: #00000019; --color-neutral-content: #333D42; --color-neutral-content-disabled: #D6D6D6; --color-neutral-content-strong: #181C1F; --color-neutral-content-weak: #5C6C74; --color-offline: #767676; --color-online: #01A816; --color-opacity-08: #13131314; --color-opacity-50: #00000080; --color-opacity-highlight: linear-gradient(#0A2F6C1a, var(--color-tone-6)); --color-pizzaRed: #ef5350; --color-primary: #115BCA; --color-primary-background: #0A449B; --color-primary-background-hover: #0A2F6C; --color-primary-background-selected: #0A1A3F; --color-primary-border: #0A449B; --color-primary-border-hover: #0A2F6C; --color-primary-hover: #0A449B; --color-primary-onBackground: #FFFFFF; --color-primary-onBackground-selected: #FFFFFF; --color-primary-plain: #0A449B; --color-primary-plain-hover: #0A2F6C; --color-primary-plain-visited: #7600A3; --color-primary-visited: #9B00D4; --color-primarynext-background: #000000; --color-primarynext-background-hover: #21272A; --color-primarynext-onBackground: #FFFFFF; --color-primarynext-plain: #0A449B; --color-primarynext-plain-hover: #0A2F6C; --color-primarynext-plain-visited: #7600A3; --color-scrim: #00000099; --color-scrim-background: #00000099; --color-scrim-background-strong: #000000CC; --color-scrim-gradient: linear-gradient(180deg, #00000000, #0000008a 60%, #00000099 100%); --color-scrim-strong: #000000cc; --color-secondary: #21272A; --color-secondary-background: #E5EBEE; --color-secondary-background-hover: #DBE4E9; --color-secondary-background-selected: #C9D7DE; --color-secondary-hover: #000000; --color-secondary-onBackground: #000000; --color-secondary-plain: #181C1F; --color-secondary-plain-hover: #000000; --color-secondary-plain-weak: #5C6C74; --color-secondary-weak: #576F76; --color-success-background: #008A10; --color-success-background-hover: #016E0B; --color-success-content: #016E0B; --color-success-hover: #005306; --color-success-onBackground: #FFFFFF; --color-success-plain: #016E0B; --color-success-plain-hover: #005306; --color-tone-1: #131313; --color-tone-2: #434343; --color-tone-3: #ACACAC; --color-tone-4: #E4E4E4; --color-tone-5: #F2F2F2; --color-tone-6: #F8F8F8; --color-tone-7: #ffffff; --color-transparent-background-hover: #7487911a; --color-ui-canvas: var(--color-tone-5); --color-ui-modalbackground: var(--color-neutral-background-strong); --color-upvote-background: #D93900; --color-upvote-background-disabled: rgba(217, 57, 0, 0.3); --color-upvote-background-hover: #AE2C00; --color-upvote-content: #AE2C00; --color-upvote-content-weak: var(--color-global-brand-orangered); --color-upvote-disabled: #AE2C004d; --color-upvote-onBackground: #FFFFFF; --color-upvote-onStrongScrim: #FF895D; --color-upvote-onStrongScrim-disabled: rgba(255, 137, 93, 0.3); --color-upvote-onStrongScrim-weaker: #FF4500; --color-upvote-plain: #AE2C00; --color-upvote-plain-disabled: rgba(174, 44, 0, 0.3); --color-upvote-plain-weaker: #FF4500; --color-warning-background: #B78800; --color-warning-background-hover: #977000; --color-warning-content: #785800; --color-warning-content-hover: #5B4200; --color-warning-onBackground: #000000; --color-a-default: var(--color-primary); --color-a-hover: var(--color-primary-hover); --color-a-visited: var(--color-primary-visited); --color-banner-plain: var(--color-neutral-background-strong); --color-banner-plain-inverted: var(--color-neutral-content-strong); --color-banner-error: var(--color-danger-background); --color-banner-caution: var(--color-warning-background); --color-banner-success: var(--color-success-background); --color-banner-brand: var(--color-brand-background); --color-banner-plain-text: var(--color-neutral-content); --color-banner-plain-inverted-text: var(--color-neutral-background-weak); --color-banner-error-text: var(--color-danger-onBackground); --color-banner-caution-text: var(--color-warning-onBackground); --color-banner-caution-hover: var(--color-warning-background-hover); --color-banner-success-text: var(--color-success-onBackground); --color-banner-brand-text: var(--color-brand-onBackground); --color-button-overlay-focus: transparent; --color-button-overlay-active: transparent; --color-button-border-width: tomato; --color-button-border-width-activated: tomato; --color-button-primary-background-hover: var(--color-primary-background-hover); --color-button-primary-background-activated: var(--color-primary-background-selected); --color-button-primary-background-disabled: var(--color-interactive-background-disabled); --color-button-primary-border-hover: var(--color-primary-background); --color-button-primary-border-active: var(--color-primary-background-hover); --color-button-primary-text-disabled: var(--color-interactive-content-disabled); --color-button-primary-text-activated: var(--color-primary-onBackground-selected); --color-button-secondary-background: var(--color-secondary-background); --color-button-secondary-background-focus: var(--color-secondary-background); --color-button-secondary-background-hover: var(--color-secondary-background-hover); --color-button-secondary-background-disabled: var(--color-interactive-background-disabled); --color-button-secondary-background-activated:

var(--color-secondary-background-selected); --color-button-secondary-border: transparent; --color-button-secondary-border-hover: var(--color-secondary-background); --color-button-secondary-border-active: var(--color-secondary-background-hover); --color-button-secondary-border-activated: transparent; --color-button-secondary-border-disabled: transparent; --color-button-secondary-text: var(--color-secondary-onBackground); --color-button-secondary-text-disabled: var(--color-interactive-content-disabled); --color-button-secondary-text-activated: var(--color-secondary-onBackground); --color-button-tertiary-background: transparent; --color-button-tertiary-background-focus: transparent; --color-button-tertiary-background-hover: var(--color-secondary-background-hover); --color-button-tertiary-background-disabled: transparent; --color-button-tertiary-background-activated: var(--color-neutral-content); --color-button-tertiary-border-hover: var(--color-secondary-background); --color-button-tertiary-border-active: var(--color-secondary-background-hover); --color-button-tertiary-text: var(--color-neutral-content-strong); --color-button-tertiary-text-disabled: var(--color-neutral-content-disabled); --color-button-tertiary-text-activated: var(--color-neutral-background); --color-button-plain-background-hover: var(--color-secondary-background-hover); --color-button-plain-background-disabled: transparent; --color-button-plain-background-activated: var(--color-secondary-background-selected); --color-button-plain-border-hover: var(--color-secondary-background); --color-button-plain-border-active: var(--color-secondary-background-hover); --color-button-plain-text: var(--color-secondary-plain); --color-button-plain-text-hover: var(--color-secondary-plain-hover); --color-button-plain-text-disabled: var(--color-interactive-content-disabled); --color-button-plain-text-activated: var(--color-secondary-onBackground); --color-button-primary-border-activated: var(--color-primary-background); --color-button-plain-text-weak: var(--color-secondary-plain-weak); --color-button-plain-inverted-background-activated: var(--color-neutral-content); --color-button-plain-inverted-text-activated: var(--color-neutral-background); --color-button-media-border-color-activated: var(--color-media-border-selected); --color-button-favorite-text: var(--color-favorite); --color-button-caution-background: var(--color-caution-background); --color-button-caution-background-hover: var(--color-caution-background-hover); --color-button-caution-background-disabled: var(--color-interactive-background-disabled); --color-button-caution-text: var(--color-caution-onBackground); --color-divider-default: var(--color-neutral-border); --color-input-secondary: var(--color-secondary-background); --color-input-secondary-hover: var(--color-secondary-background-hover); --color-input-border: transparent; --color-input-bordered: transparent; --color-input-bordered-hover: var(--color-neutral-background-hover); --color-input-secondary-text: var(--color-secondary-onBackground); --color-input-bordered-text: var(--color-secondary-plain); --color-input-helper-text: var(--color-neutral-content-weak); --color-input-pressed: var(--color-interactive-pressed); --color-input-radio: var(--color-secondary-plain-weak); --color-input-radio-hover: var(--color-neutral-content-strong); --color-label-default: var(--color-neutral-content-weak); --color-shimmer-background: #00000008; --color-shimmer-gradient-overlay: linear-gradient(to right, #00000000, #0000000f 20%, #0000000f 50%, #00000008 70%, #00000000 100%); --color-switch-input-background-pressed-scrim: var(--color-interactive-pressed); --color-switch-input-background-handle: var(--color-global-white); --color-switch-input-background-handle-disabled: var(--color-secondary-background); --color-switch-input-background-default: var(--color-secondary-background); --color-switch-input-background-default-hover: var(--color-secondary-background-hover); --color-switch-input-background-default-disabled: var(--color-interactive-background-disabled); --color-switch-input-background-checked: var(--color-primary-background); --color-switch-input-background-checked-hover: var(--color-primary-background-hover); --color-switch-input-background-checked-disabled: var(--color-interactive-content-disabled); --color-tooltip-bg-neutral: var(--color-neutral-background-strong); --color-tooltip-text-neutral: var(--color-neutral-content); --color-tooltip-bg-inverted: var(--color-neutral-content); --color-tooltip-text-inverted: var(--color-neutral-background); --color-tooltip-bg-primary: var(--color-primary-background); --color-tooltip-text-primary: var(--color-primary-onBackground); --elevation-sm-inset: inset 0 0.0625rem 0.125rem 0 #00000021; --elevation-button-focus: var(--elevation-focus-ring); --elevation-switch-input-default-inset: var(--elevation-sm-inset); --font-huge-display-size: 4rem; --font-huge-display-line-height: 4rem; --font-display-size: 3rem; --font-display-line-height: 3rem; --font-title-1-size: 2rem; --font-title-1-line-height: 2.25rem; --font-title-2-size: 1.5rem; --font-title-2-line-height: 1.75rem; --font-title-3-size: 1.125rem; --font-title-3-line-height: 1.5rem; --font-headline-size: 1rem; --font-headline-line-height: 1.25rem; --font-body-1-size: 1rem; --font-body-1-line-height: 1.25rem; --font-body-2-size: 0.875rem; --font-body-2-line-height: 1.25rem; --font-label-1-size: 0.875rem; --font-label-1-line-height: 1.25rem; --font-label-2-size: 0.75rem; --font-label-2-line-height: 1rem; --font-caption-1-size: 0.75rem; --font-caption-1-line-height: 1rem; --font-caption-2-size: 0.625rem; --font-caption-2-line-height: 1rem; } .theme-beta[device="mobile"] .text-responsive, .theme-beta[device="tablet"] .text-responsive, .theme-light.theme-beta[device="mobile"] .text-responsive, .theme-light.theme-beta[device="tablet"] .text-responsive, .theme-light.theme-rpl[device="mobile"] .text-responsive, .theme-light.theme-rpl[device="tablet"] .text-responsive, .theme-rpl[device="mobile"] .text-responsive, .theme-rpl[device="tablet"] .text-responsive { --font-huge-display-size: 3rem; --font-huge-display-line-height: 3rem; --font-display-size: 3rem; --font-display-line-height: 3rem; --font-title-1-size: 2rem; --font-title-1-line-height: 2.25rem; --font-title-2-size: 1.5rem; --font-title-2-line-height: 1.75rem; --font-title-3-size: 1.1875rem; --font-title-3-line-height: 1.5rem; --font-headline-size: 1.0625rem; --font-headline-line-height: 1.25rem; --font-body-1-size: 1.0625rem; --font-body-1-line-height: 1.25rem; --font-body-2-size: 0.9375rem; --font-body-2-line-height: 1.25rem; --font-label-1-size: 0.9375rem; --font-label-1-line-height: 1.25rem; --font-label-2-size: 0.8125rem; --font-label-2-line-height: 1rem; --font-caption-1-size: 0.8125rem; --font-caption-1-line-height: 1rem; --font-caption-2-size: 0.6875rem; --font-caption-2-line-height: 1rem; } @media (prefers-color-scheme: dark) { :root:not(.theme-light) .theme-beta, :root:not(.theme-light) .theme-rpl, :root:not(.theme-light).theme-beta, :root:not(.theme-light).theme-rpl { --color-ai-background-weaker: #00382B; --color-ai-plain: #01A484; --color-ai-plain-hover: #00C29D; --color-avatar-gradient: linear-gradient(0deg, #48545Bff, #181C1Fff 75%); --color-brand-background: #D93900; --color-brand-background-hover: #AE2C00; --color-brand-onBackground: #FFFFFF; --color-caution-background: #D8A100; --color-caution-background-hover: #FFBF0B; --color-caution-onBackground: #000000; --color-caution-plain: #FFBF0B; --color-caution-plain-hover: #FFE284; --color-danger-background: #BC0117; --color-danger-background-disabled: #340F05; --color-danger-background-hover: #EB001F; --color-danger-background-weaker: #650405; --color-danger-content: #FF4F40; --color-danger-content-hover: #FF8773; --color-danger-onBackground: #FFFFFF; --color-danger-plain: #FF8773; --color-danger-plain-hover: #FDB3A4; --color-downvote-background: #6A5CFF; --color-downvote-background-disabled: rgba(106, 92, 255, 0.3); --color-downvote-background-hover: #523DFF; --color-downvote-content: #9580FF; --color-downvote-content-weak: #6A5CFF; --color-downvote-disabled: #9580FF4d; --color-downvote-onBackground: #FFFFFF; --color-downvote-onStrongScrim: #B29FFF; --color-downvote-onStrongScrim-disabled: rgba(178, 159, 255, 0.3); --color-downvote-onStrongScrim-weaker: #9580FF; --color-downvote-plain: #9580FF; --color-downvote-plain-disabled: rgba(149, 128, 255, 0.3); --color-downvote-plain-weaker: #6A5CFF; --color-elevation-large1: #0000007F; --color-elevation-large2: #00000033; --color-elevation-medium1: #0000007F; --color-elevation-medium2: #00000033; --color-elevation-small: #00000054; --color-elevation-xsmall: #000000AA; --color-favorite: #B78800; --color-global-admin: #D93900; --color-global-black: #000000; --color-global-brand-orangered: #FF4500; --color-global-focus: Highlight; --color-global-gold: #D8A100; --color-global-moderator: #008A10; --color-global-nsfw: #DE019F; --color-global-offline: #667780; --color-global-online: #00C61C; --color-global-orangered: #FF4500; --color-global-stars: #D8A100; --color-global-white: #FFFFFF; --color-interactive-background-disabled: #FFFFFF0C; --color-interactive-content-disabled: #FFFFFF3F; --color-interactive-focused: #007FAE; --color-interactive-pressed: #FFFFFF26; --color-inverted-interactive-background-disabled: #0000000C; --color-inverted-interactive-content-disabled: #0000003F; --color-inverted-interactive-pressed: #00000026; --color-inverted-neutral-background: #FFFFFF; --color-inverted-neutral-background-hover: #F6F8F9; --color-inverted-neutral-border: #00000033; --color-inverted-neutral-content: #333D42; --color-inverted-neutral-content-strong: #181C1F; --color-inverted-secondary-background: #E5EBEE; --color-inverted-secondary-background-hover: #DBE4E9; --color-inverted-secondary-background-selected: #C9D7DE; --color-inverted-secondary-onBackground: #000000; --color-inverted-secondary-plain: #181C1F; --color-inverted-secondary-plain-hover: #000000; --color-media-background: rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.6); --color-media-background-hover: rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.8); --color-media-background-selected: rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.8); --color-media-border-selected: #FFFFFF; --color-media-border-weak: #FFFFFF19; --color-media-onBackground: #FFFFFF; --color-media-onBackground-disabled: #FFFFFF3F; --color-media-onBackground-weak: #E5EBEE; --color-neutral-background: #0E1113; --color-neutral-background-container: #181C1F; --color-neutral-background-container-hover: #21272A; --color-neutral-background-container-strong: #21272A; --color-neutral-background-container-strong-hover: #2A3236; --color-neutral-background-gilded: #181C1F; --color-neutral-background-gilded-hover: #21272A; --color-neutral-background-highlighted: #181C1F; --color-neutral-background-highlighted-strong: #2A3236; --color-neutral-background-hover: #181C1F; --color-neutral-background-medium: #131313; --color-neutral-background-pinned: #0E1113; --color-neutral-background-selected: #2A3236; --color-neutral-background-strong: #181C1F; --color-neutral-background-strong-hover: #21272A; --color-neutral-background-weak: #000000; --color-neutral-background-weak-hover: #0E1113; --color-neutral-border: #FFFFFF33; --color-neutral-border-medium: #FFFFFF7F; --color-neutral-border-strong: #F6F8F9; --color-neutral-border-weak: #FFFFFF19; --color-neutral-content: #B7CAD4; --color-neutral-content-disabled: #303030; --color-neutral-content-strong: #EEF1F3; --color-neutral-content-weak: #8BA2AD; --color-offline: #767676; --color-online: #01A816; --color-opacity-50: #F2F2F280; --color-pizzaRed: #c62828; --color-primary: #648EFC; --color-primary-background: #115BCA; --color-primary-background-hover: #1870F4; --color-primary-background-selected: #648EFC; --color-primary-border: #648EFC; --color-primary-border-hover: #90A9FD; --color-primary-hover: #90A9FD; --color-primary-onBackground: #FFFFFF; --color-primary-onBackground-selected: #000000; --color-primary-plain: #648EFC; --color-primary-plain-hover: #90A9FD; --color-primary-plain-visited: #CF5FFF; --color-primary-visited: #CF5FFF; --color-primarynext-background: #EEF1F3; --color-primarynext-background-hover: #FFFFFF; --color-primarynext-onBackground: #000000; --color-primarynext-plain: #648EFC; --color-primarynext-plain-hover: #90A9FD; --color-primarynext-plain-visited: #CF5FFF; --color-scrim-background: #00000099; --color-scrim-background-strong: #000000CC; --color-secondary: #DBE4E9; --color-secondary-background: #2A3236; --color-secondary-background-hover: #333D42; --color-secondary-background-selected: #3D494E; --color-secondary-hover: #ffffff; --color-secondary-onBackground: #FFFFFF; --color-secondary-plain: #DBE4E9; --color-secondary-plain-hover: #FFFFFF; --color-secondary-plain-weak: #8BA2AD; --color-secondary-weak: #748791; --color-success-background: #016E0B; --color-success-background-hover: #008A10; --color-success-content: #01A816; --color-success-hover: #00C61C; --color-success-onBackground: #FFFFFF; --color-success-plain: #00C61C; --color-success-plain-hover: #58E15B; --color-tone-1: #F2F2F2; --color-tone-2: #ACACAC; --color-tone-3: #434343; --color-tone-4: #303030; --color-tone-5: #1E1E1E; --color-tone-6: #131313; --color-tone-7: #080808; --color-transparent-background-hover: #6677801a; --color-ui-canvas: #080808; --color-ui-modalbackground: var(--color-neutral-

background-strong); --color-upvote-background: #D93900; --color-upvote-background-disabled: rgba(217, 57, 0, 0.3); --color-upvote-background-hover: #AE2C00; --color-upvote-content: #FF4500; --color-upvote-content-weak: var(--color-global-brand-orangered); --color-upvote-disabled: #FF45004d; --color-upvote-onBackground: #FFFFFF; --color-upvote-onStrongScrim: #FF895D; --color-upvote-onStrongScrim-disabled: rgba(255, 137, 93, 0.3); --color-upvote-onStrongScrim-weaker: #FF4500; --color-upvote-plain: #FF895D; --color-upvote-plain-disabled: rgba(255, 137, 93, 0.3); --color-upvote-plain-weaker: #FF4500; --color-warning-background: #B78800; --color-warning-background-hover: #D8A100; --color-warning-content: #B78800; --color-warning-content-hover: #D8A100; --color-warning-onBackground: #000000; --color-button-primary-border-activated: transparent; --color-button-plain-inverted-activated-text: var(--color-neutral-background); --color-input-radio-hover: var(--color-secondary-plain); --color-shimmer-background: #ffffff08; --color-shimmer-gradient-overlay: linear-gradient(to right, #ffffff00, #ffffff05 20%, #ffffff0f 50%, #ffffff08 70%, #ffffff00 100%); } } .theme-dark .theme-beta, .theme-dark .theme-rpl, .theme-dark.theme-beta, .theme-dark.theme-rpl { --color-ai-background-weaker: #00382B; --color-ai-plain: #01A484; --color-ai-plain-hover: #00C29D; --color-avatar-gradient: linear-gradient(0deg, #48545Bff, #181C1Fff 75%); --color-brand-background: #D93900; --color-brand-background-hover: #AE2C00; --color-brand-onBackground: #FFFFFF; --color-caution-background: #D8A100; --color-caution-background-hover: #FFBF0B; --color-caution-onBackground: #000000; --color-caution-plain: #FFBF0B; --color-caution-plain-hover: #FFE284; --color-danger-background: #BC0117; --color-danger-background-disabled: #340F05; --color-danger-background-hover: #EB001F; --color-danger-background-weaker: #650405; --color-danger-content: #FF4F40; --color-danger-content-hover: #FF8773; --color-danger-onBackground: #FFFFFF; --color-danger-plain: #FF8773; --color-danger-plain-hover: #FDB3A4; --color-downvote-background: #6A5CFF; --color-downvote-background-disabled: rgba(106, 92, 255, 0.3); --color-downvote-background-hover: #523DFF; --color-downvote-content: #9580FF; --color-downvote-content-weak: #6A5CFF; --color-downvote-disabled: #9580FF4d; --color-downvote-onBackground: #FFFFFF; --color-downvote-onStrongScrim: #B29FFF; --color-downvote-onStrongScrim-disabled: rgba(178, 159, 255, 0.3); --color-downvote-onStrongScrim-weaker: #9580FF; --color-downvote-plain: #9580FF; --color-downvote-plain-disabled: rgba(149, 128, 255, 0.3); --color-downvote-plain-weaker: #6A5CFF; --color-elevation-large1: #0000007F; --color-elevation-large2: #00000033; --color-elevation-medium1: #0000007F; --color-elevation-medium2: #00000033; --color-elevation-small: #00000054; --color-elevation-xsmall: #000000AA; --color-favorite: #B78800; --color-global-admin: #D93900; --color-global-black: #000000; --color-global-brand-orangered: #FF4500; --color-global-focus: Highlight; --color-global-gold: #D8A100; --color-global-moderator: #008A10; --color-global-nsfw: #DE019F; --color-global-offline: #667780; --color-global-online: #00C61C; --color-global-orangered: #FF4500; --color-global-stars: #D8A100; --color-global-white: #FFFFFF; --color-interactive-background-disabled: #FFFFFF0C; --color-interactive-content-disabled: #FFFFFF3F; --color-interactive-focused: #007FAE; --color-interactive-pressed: #FFFFFF26; --color-inverted-interactive-background-disabled: #0000000C; --color-inverted-interactive-content-disabled: #0000003F; --color-inverted-interactive-pressed: #00000026; --color-inverted-neutral-background: #FFFFFF; --color-inverted-neutral-background-hover: #F6F8F9; --color-inverted-neutral-border: #00000033; --color-inverted-neutral-content: #333D42; --color-inverted-neutral-content-strong: #181C1F; --color-inverted-secondary-background: #E5EBEE; --color-inverted-secondary-background-hover: #DBE4E9; --color-inverted-secondary-background-selected: #C9D7DE; --color-inverted-secondary-onBackground: #000000; --color-inverted-secondary-plain: #181C1F; --color-inverted-secondary-plain-hover: #000000; --color-media-background: rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.6); --color-media-background-hover: rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.8); --color-media-background-selected: rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.8); --color-media-border-selected: #FFFFFF; --color-media-border-weak: #FFFFFF19; --color-media-onBackground: #FFFFFF; --color-media-onBackground-disabled: #FFFFFF3F; --color-media-onBackground-weak: #E5EBEE; --color-neutral-background: #0E1113; --color-neutral-background-container: #181C1F; --color-neutral-background-container-hover: #21272A; --color-neutral-background-container-strong: #21272A; --color-neutral-background-container-strong-hover: #2A3236; --color-neutral-background-gilded: #181C1F; --color-neutral-background-gilded-hover: #21272A; --color-neutral-background-highlighted: #181C1F; --color-neutral-background-highlighted-strong: #2A3236; --color-neutral-background-hover: #181C1F; --color-neutral-background-medium: #131313; --color-neutral-background-pinned: #0E1113; --color-neutral-background-selected: #2A3236; --color-neutral-background-strong: #181C1F; --color-neutral-background-strong-hover: #21272A; --color-neutral-background-weak: #000000; --color-neutral-background-weak-hover: #0E1113; --color-neutral-border: #FFFFFF33; --color-neutral-border-medium: #FFFFFF7F; --color-neutral-border-strong: #F6F8F9; --color-neutral-border-weak: #FFFFFF19; --color-neutral-content: #B7CAD4; --color-neutral-content-disabled: #303030; --color-neutral-content-strong: #EEF1F3; --color-neutral-content-weak: #8BA2AD; --color-offline: #767676; --color-online: #01A816; --color-opacity-50: #F2F2F280; --color-pizzaRed: #c62828; --color-primary: #648EFC; --color-primary-background: #115BCA; --color-primary-background-hover: #1870F4; --color-primary-background-selected: #648EFC; --color-primary-border: #648EFC; --color-primary-border-hover: #90A9FD; --color-primary-hover: #90A9FD; --color-primary-onBackground: #FFFFFF; --color-primary-onBackground-selected: #000000; --color-primary-plain: #648EFC; --color-primary-plain-hover: #90A9FD; --color-primary-plain-visited: #CF5FFF; --color-primary-visited: #CF5FFF; --color-primarynext-background: #EEF1F3; --color-primarynext-background-hover: #FFFFFF; --color-primarynext-onBackground: #000000; --color-primarynext-plain: #648EFC; --color-primarynext-plain-hover: #90A9FD; --color-primarynext-plain-visited: #CF5FFF; --color-scrim-background: #00000099; --color-scrim-background-strong: #000000CC; --color-secondary: #DBE4E9; --color-secondary-background: #2A3236; --color-secondary-background-hover: #333D42; --color-secondary-background-selected: #3D494E; --color-secondary-hover: #ffffff; --color-secondary-onBackground: #FFFFFF; --color-secondary-plain: #DBE4E9; --color-secondary-plain-hover: #FFFFFF; --color-secondary-plain-weak: #8BA2AD; --color-secondary-weak: #748791; --color-success-background: #016E0B; --color-success-background-hover: #008A10; --color-success-content: #01A816; --color-success-hover: #00C61C; --color-success-onBackground: #FFFFFF; --color-success-plain: #00C61C; --color-success-plain-hover: #58E15B; --color-tone-1: #F2F2F2; --color-tone-2: #ACACAC; --color-tone-3: #434343; --color-tone-4: #303030; --color-tone-5: #1E1E1E; --color-tone-6: #131313; --color-tone-7: #080808; --color-transparent-background-hover: #6677801a; --color-ui-canvas: #080808; --color-ui-modalbackground: var(--color-neutral-background-strong); --color-upvote-background: #D93900; --color-upvote-background-disabled: rgba(217, 57, 0, 0.3); --color-upvote-background-hover: #AE2C00; --color-upvote-content: #FF4500; --color-upvote-content-weak: var(--color-global-brand-orangered); --color-upvote-disabled: #FF45004d; --color-upvote-onBackground: #FFFFFF; --color-upvote-onStrongScrim: #FF895D; --color-upvote-onStrongScrim-disabled: rgba(255, 137, 93, 0.3); --color-upvote-onStrongScrim-weaker: #FF4500; --color-upvote-plain: #FF895D; --color-upvote-plain-disabled: rgba(255, 137, 93, 0.3); --color-upvote-plain-weaker: #FF4500; --color-warning-background: #B78800; --color-warning-background-hover: #D8A100; --color-warning-content: #B78800; --color-warning-content-hover: #D8A100; --color-warning-onBackground: #000000; --color-button-primary-border-activated: transparent; --color-button-plain-inverted-activated-text: var(--color-neutral-background); --color-input-radio-hover: var(--color-secondary-plain); --color-shimmer-background: #ffffff08; --color-shimmer-gradient-overlay: linear-gradient(to right, #ffffff00, #ffffff05 20%, #ffffff0f 50%, #ffffff08 70%, #ffffff00 100%); } :root { font-size: 16px; } .theme-dark, .theme-light, :root { background: var(--color-tone-7); color: var(--color-neutral-content,var(--color-tone-1)); } :not(:defined):not(faceplate-auto-height-animator, faceplate-dropdown-menu, faceplate-expandable-section-helper, faceplate-hovercard, faceplate-tracker) { visibility: hidden; } .nd-visible :not(:defined) { visibility: visible; } .theme-beta, .theme-beta.theme-dark, .theme-beta.theme-light, .theme-rpl, .theme-rpl.theme-dark, .theme-rpl.theme-light { --og-font: normal var(--font-sans); --font-10: var(--og-font); --font-12: var(--og-font); --font-14: var(--og-font); --font-16: var(--og-font); --font-18: var(--og-font); --font-20: var(--og-font); --font-24: var(--og-font); --font-32: var(--og-font); --font-48: var(--og-font); --font-64: var(--og-font); } .rpl-fonts-fix { --font-10: normal 400 0.625rem/1rem var(--font-sans); --font-12: normal 400 0.75rem/1rem var(--font-sans); --font-14: normal 400 0.875rem/1.25rem var(--font-sans); --font-16: normal 400 1rem/1.25rem var(--font-sans); --font-18: normal 400 1.125rem/1.5rem var(--font-sans); --font-20: normal 400 1.25rem/1.25rem var(--font-sans); --font-24: normal 400 1.5rem/1.75rem var(--font-sans); --font-32: normal 400 2rem/2.25rem var(--font-sans); --font-48: normal 400 3rem/3rem var(--font-sans); --font-64: normal 400 4rem/4rem var(--font-sans); --font-title-h0: var(--font-64); --font-title-h1: var(--font-32); --font-title-h2: var(--font-24); --font-title-h3: var(--font-18); --font-title-h4: var(--font-16); --font-title-h5: var(--font-14); --font-title-h6: var(--font-12); } [rpl][avatar]:dir(rtl):not([flip]):has(.snoovatar, img[src*="redditstatic.com/avatars/defaults/v2/"], img[src$="/assets/snoovatar-anonymous.png"], img[src$="/assets/snoovatar-blank.png"], img[src$="/assets/snoovatar-back-64x64px.png"], img[src$="/assets/snoovatar-snoo.png"], img[src$="/assets/suspended-snoo.png"]), [rpl][avatar][flip]:not(:dir(rtl)):has(.snoovatar, img[src*="redditstatic.com/avatars/defaults/v2/"], img[src$="/assets/snoovatar-anonymous.png"], img[src$="/assets/snoovatar-blank.png"], img[src$="/assets/snoovatar-back-64x64px.png"], img[src$="/assets/snoovatar-snoo.png"], img[src$="/assets/suspended-snoo.png"]) { transform: scaleX(-1); } faceplate-banner [slot="closeButton"] { margin-inline-start: var(--spacer-sm); } faceplate-banner [slot="actionButtons"] button:first-of-type { margin-inline-end: var(--spacer-xs); } faceplate-banner[appearance="caution"] button { color: var(--color-banner-caution-text); } faceplate-banner[appearance="caution"] button:hover { background-color: var(--color-banner-caution-hover); } .button-favorite { --button-color-background-focus: transparent; --button-color-background-hover: var(--color-button-plain-background-hover); --button-color-background-disabled: var(--color-button-plain-background-disabled); --button-color-background-activated: var(--color-button-plain-background-activated); --button-color-background-active: linear-gradient(var(--color-button-secondary-background-hover), var(--color-button-secondary-background-hover)); --button-color-text-disabled: var(--color-button-plain-text-disabled); --button-color-text-activated: var(--color-button-plain-text-activated); --button-border-color-default: transparent; --button-color-text-default: var(--color-neutral-content-weak); --button-color-background-default: transparent; --button-color-text-hover: var(--color-secondary-onBackground); } .button-favorite-toggled { --button-color-background-focus: transparent; --button-color-background-hover: var(--color-button-plain-background-hover); --button-color-background-disabled: var(--color-button-plain-background-disabled); --button-color-background-activated: var(--color-button-plain-background-activated); --button-color-background-active: linear-gradient(var(--color-button-secondary-background-hover), var(--color-button-secondary-background-hover)); --button-color-text-disabled: var(--color-button-plain-text-disabled); --button-color-text-activated: var(--color-button-plain-text-activated); --button-border-color-default: transparent; --button-color-background-default: transparent; --button-color-text-default: var(--color-button-favorite-text); --button-color-text-hover: var(--color-button-favorite-text); } .button-secondary-toggled { --button-color-background-focus: var(--color-button-secondary-background-focus); --button-color-background-hover: var(--color-button-secondary-background-hover); --button-color-background-active: linear-

gradient(var(--color-button-secondary-background-hover), var(--color-button-secondary-background-hover)); --button-color-background-disabled: var(--color-button-secondary-background-disabled); --button-color-background-activated: var(--color-button-secondary-background-activated); --button-color-text-default: var(--color-button-secondary-text); --button-color-text-disabled: var(--color-button-secondary-text-disabled); --button-color-text-activated: var(--color-button-secondary-text-activated); --button-color-background-default: var(--color-button-secondary-background-activated); --button-border-color-default: var(--color-neutral-border); } .button-caution { --button-color-background-default: var(--color-button-caution-background); --button-color-background-hover: var(--color-button-caution-background-hover); --button-color-background-disabled: var(--color-button-caution-background-disabled); --button-color-text-default: var(--color-button-caution-text); } .rpl-vote-button-group { --vote-button-divider-color: var(--color-neutral-border-weak); } .rpl-vote-button-group:not([disabled]) .rpl-vote-button-group-label { color: var(--vote-button-label-color); } .rpl-vote-button-group:not([disabled]):hover.rpl-vote-button-group-label { color: var(--vote-button-label-color-hover); } .rpl-vote-button-group .rpl-vote-button-group-divider { background-color: var(--vote-button-divider-color); } code, details, header, kbd, pre, samp, th, tr:nth-child(2n) { background: var(--color-tone-6); } .rpl-vote-button-group[disabled] button[rpl]:disabled { --button-color-background-disabled: transparent; } .rpl-vote-button-group.button-plain { --vote-button-label-color: var(--color-secondary-plain); --vote-button-label-color-hover: var(--color-secondary-plain); } .rpl-vote-button-group.button-plain button[rpl]:first-child { --button-color-text-hover: var(--color-upvote-plain-weaker); } .rpl-vote-button-group.button-plain button[rpl]:last-child { --button-color-text-hover: var(--color-downvote-plain-weaker); } .rpl-vote-button-group.button-plain.upvote { --vote-button-label-color: var(--color-upvote-plain); } .rpl-vote-button-group.button-plain.upvote button[rpl]:first-child { --button-color-text-default: var(--color-upvote-plain-weaker); --button-color-text-hover: var(--color-upvote-plain-weaker); --button-color-text-disabled: var(--color-upvote-plain-disabled); --button-color-text-activated: var(--color-upvote-plain-weaker); } .rpl-vote-button-group.button-plain.downvote { --vote-button-label-color: var(--color-downvote-plain); } .rpl-vote-button-group.button-plain.downvote button[rpl]:last-child { --button-color-text-default: var(--color-downvote-plain-weaker); --button-color-text-disabled: var(--color-downvote-plain-disabled); --button-color-text-activated: var(--color-downvote-plain-weaker); } .rpl-vote-button-group.button-secondary { --vote-button-label-color: var(--color-secondary-plain); --vote-button-label-color-hover: var(--color-secondary-plain); --vote-button-divider-color: var(--color-neutral-border); } .rpl-vote-button-group.button-secondary button[rpl]:first-child { --button-color-text-hover: var(--color-upvote-plain-weaker); } .rpl-vote-button-group.button-secondary button[rpl]:last-child { --button-color-text-hover: var(--color-downvote-plain-weaker); } .rpl-vote-button-group.button-secondary.upvote, .rpl-vote-button-group.button-secondary.upvote button[rpl] { --button-color-text-default: var(--color-upvote-onBackground); --button-color-text-hover: var(--color-upvote-onBackground); --button-color-text-disabled: var(--color-upvote-disabled); --button-color-text-activated: var(--color-upvote-onBackground); } .rpl-vote-button-group.button-secondary.upvote button[rpl]:not([disabled]), .rpl-vote-button-group.button-secondary.upvote:not([disabled]) { --button-color-background-default: var(--color-upvote-background); --button-color-background-hover: var(--color-upvote-background-hover); --button-color-background-active: var(--color-upvote-background-hover); --vote-button-divider-color: var(--color-upvote-onBackground); --vote-button-label-color: var(--color-media-onBackground); } .rpl-vote-button-group.button-secondary.downvote, .rpl-vote-button-group.button-secondary.downvote button[rpl] { --button-color-text-default: var(--color-downvote-onBackground); --button-color-text-hover: var(--color-downvote-onBackground); --button-color-text-disabled: var(--color-downvote-disabled); --button-color-text-activated: var(--color-downvote-onBackground); } .rpl-vote-button-group.button-secondary.downvote button[rpl]:not([disabled]), .rpl-vote-button-group.button-secondary.downvote:not([disabled]) { --button-color-background-default: var(--color-downvote-background); --button-color-background-hover: var(--color-downvote-background-hover); --button-color-background-active: var(--color-downvote-background-hover); --vote-button-divider-color: var(--color-upvote-onBackground); --vote-button-label-color: var(--color-media-onBackground); } .rpl-vote-button-group.button-bordered-cab { --vote-button-label-color: var(--color-secondary-plain); --vote-button-label-color-hover: var(--color-secondary-plain); } .rpl-vote-button-group.button-bordered-cab button[rpl]:first-child { --button-color-text-hover: var(--color-upvote-plain-weaker); } .rpl-vote-button-group.button-bordered-cab button[rpl]:last-child { --button-color-text-hover: var(--color-downvote-plain-weaker); } .rpl-vote-button-group.button-bordered-cab.upvote { --vote-button-label-color: var(--color-upvote-plain); } .rpl-vote-button-group.button-bordered-cab.upvote button[rpl]:first-child { --button-color-text-default: var(--color-upvote-plain-weaker); --button-color-text-hover: var(--color-upvote-plain-weaker); --button-color-text-disabled: var(--color-upvote-plain-disabled); --button-color-text-activated: var(--color-upvote-plain-weaker); } .rpl-vote-button-group.button-bordered-cab.downvote { --vote-button-label-color: var(--color-downvote-plain); } .rpl-vote-button-group.button-bordered-cab.downvote button[rpl]:last-child { --button-color-text-default: var(--color-downvote-plain-weaker); --button-color-text-hover: var(--color-downvote-plain-weaker); --button-color-text-disabled: var(--color-downvote-plain-disabled); --button-color-text-activated: var(--color-downvote-plain-weaker); } .rpl-vote-button-group.button-media-cab { --vote-button-label-color: var(--color-media-onBackground); --vote-button-label-color-hover: var(--color-media-onBackground); --vote-button-divider-color: var(--color-media-border-weak); } .rpl-vote-button-group.button-media-cab button[rpl]:first-child { --button-color-text-hover: var(--color-upvote-onStrongScrim-weaker); } .rpl-vote-button-group.button-media-cab button[rpl]:last-child { --button-color-text-hover: var(--color-downvote-onStrongScrim-weaker); } .rpl-vote-button-group.button-media-cab.upvote { --vote-button-label-color: var(--color-upvote-onStrongScrim); } .rpl-vote-button-group.button-media-cab.upvote button[rpl]:first-child { --button-color-text-default: var(--color-upvote-onStrongScrim-weaker); --button-color-text-activated: var(--color-upvote-onStrongScrim-weaker); --button-color-text-disabled: var(--color-upvote-onStrongScrim-disabled); } .rpl-vote-button-group.button-media-cab.downvote { --vote-button-label-color: var(--color-downvote-onStrongScrim); } .rpl-vote-button-group.button-media-cab.downvote button[rpl]:last-child { --button-color-text-default: var(--color-downvote-onStrongScrim-weaker); --button-color-text-activated: var(--color-downvote-onStrongScrim-weaker); --button-color-text-disabled: var(--color-downvote-onStrongScrim-disabled); } faceplate-dropdown-menu faceplate-menu li[rpl]:first-child [role="menuitem"] { border-start-start-radius: var(--rem8); border-start-end-radius: var(--rem8); } faceplate-dropdown-menu faceplate-menu li[rpl]:last-child [role="menuitem"] { border-end-start-radius: var(--rem8); border-end-end-radius: var(--rem8); } faceplate-expandable-section-helper { display: contents; } faceplate-expandable-section-helper > details > summary::-webkit-details-marker, faceplate-expandable-section-helper > details > summary::marker { display: none; } faceplate-expandable-section-helper[rpl] > details > summary { margin: 0px; } faceplate-expandable-section-helper > details > summary [icon-name="caret-down-outline"] { transition: transform 0.22s ease-in-out; } faceplate-expandable-section-helper:not(:defined) > details[open] > summary svg[rpl][icon-name="caret-down-outline"], faceplate-expandable-section-helper[open] > details > summary svg[rpl][icon-name="caret-down-outline"] { transform: rotate(180deg); } faceplate-expandable-section-helper:not(:defined) > details[open] > summary svg[rpl][icon-name="caret-down-outline"], faceplate-expandable-section-helper:not([open]) > details > summary svg[rpl][icon-name="caret-down-outline"] { transform: rotate(0deg); } address, area, article, aside, audio, blockquote, datalist, details, dl, fieldset, figure, form, iframe, img, input, menu, meter, nav, ol, optgroup, option, output, p, pre, progress, ruby, section, textarea, ul, video { margin-bottom: 1rem; } body { font-size: var(--font-body); margin: 0px auto; padding: var(--faceplate-body-padding); overflow-x: hidden; word-break: break-word; overflow-wrap: break-word; line-height: 1.5; } @media (max-width: 599px) { body { --faceplate-body-padding: 1rem; } } h1, h2, h3, h4, h5, h6 { margin: 1em 0px 0.5em; } h1 { font: var(--font-title-h1); } h2 { font: var(--font-title-h2); } h3 { font: var(--font-title-h3); } h4 { font: var(--font-title-h4); } h5 { font: var(--font-title-h5); } h6 { font: var(--font-title-h6); } label { text-transform: var(--misc-label-text-transform); letter-spacing: var(--misc-label-letter-spacing); font: var(--font-label-default); color: var(--color-label-default); } label > input, label > textarea { margin-top: var(--spacer-label-default); } faceplate-switch-input + label, input[type="checkbox"] + label, input[type="radio"] + label { font-size: inherit; text-transform: inherit; letter-spacing: inherit; font-weight: inherit; vertical-align: middle; } a { color: var(--color-a-default); text-decoration: none; } a:hover { text-decoration: underline; } abbr, abbr:hover { cursor: help; } blockquote :last-child { padding-bottom: 0px; margin-bottom: 0px; } header { padding-inline: calc(-50% + 50vw); margin-inline: calc(50% + 0px - 50vw); padding-top: var(--faceplate-body-padding); padding-bottom: var(--faceplate-body-padding); margin-top: calc(-1 * var(--faceplate-body-padding)); margin-bottom: var(--faceplate-body-padding); } article header, aside header, dialog header, faceplate-dialog header, main header, section header { padding: 0.5rem 0px; margin: 1rem 0px; background: 0px 0px; } article header h1, aside header h1, dialog header h1, faceplate-dialog header h1, main header h1, section header h1 { font: var(--font-title-h1); } header h1 { font: var(--font-title-h0); } header > :first-child { margin-top: 0px; } header > :last-child { margin-bottom: 0px; } :where(button), :where(input):where([type="submit"], [type="reset"], [type="button"]) { background: var(--button-color-background); border-radius: 999px; border: var(--button-border-width,0) solid var(--button-border-color,transparent); box-shadow: var(--button-shadow); box-sizing: border-box; color: var(--button-color-text); cursor: pointer; display: inline-block; font-style: ; font-variant-ligatures: ; font-variant-caps: ; font-variant-numeric: ; font-variant-east-asian: ; font-variant-alternates: ; font-variant-position: ; font-variant-emoji: ; font-weight: ; font-stretch: ; font-size: ; font-family: ; font-optical-sizing: ; font-size-adjust: ; font-kerning: ; font-feature-settings: ; font-variation-settings: ; font-language-override: ; height: var(--button-height); line-height: calc(var(--button-height) - (2 * var(--button-border-width,0px))); overflow: hidden; padding: 0 calc(var(--button-padding) - var(--button-border-width,0px)); text-align: center; text-decoration: none; text-overflow: ellipsis; white-space: nowrap; outline-offset: 0px; --button-border-color: var(--button-border-color-default); --button-border-width: var(--button-border-width-default); --button-color-background: var(--button-color-background-default); --button-color-text: var(--button-color-text-default); --button-height: var(--size-button-sm-h); --button-padding: var(--spacer-2xs); --button-font: var(--font-button-sm); --button-border-width-default: var(--line-button-sm-border); --button-color-background-default: var(--color-button-secondary-background); --button-color-background-focus: var(--color-button-secondary-background-focus); --button-color-background-hover: var(--color-button-secondary-background-hover); --button-color-background-active: linear-gradient(var(--color-button-secondary-background-hover), var(--color-button-secondary-background-hover)); --button-color-background-disabled: var(--color-button-secondary-background-disabled); --button-color-background-activated: var(--color-button-secondary-background-activated); --button-color-text-default: var(--color-button-secondary-text); --button-color-text-disabled: var(--color-button-secondary-text-disabled); --button-color-text-activated: var(--color-button-secondary-text-activated); --button-border-color-default: var(--color-button-secondary-border); } .align-left, td, th { text-align: start; } :where(button).icon, :where(input):where([type="submit"], [type="reset"], [type="button"]).icon { width: var(--button-height); } :where(button):focus, :where(input):where([type="submit"], [type="reset"], [type="button"]):focus { --

button-color-overlay: var(--color-button-overlay-focus); } :where(button).hover, :where(input):where([type="submit"], [type="reset"], [type="button"]).hover { --button-color-overlay: var(--color-button-overlay-focus); --button-border-color: var(--button-border-color-hover); --button-color-background: var(--button-color-background-hover); --button-color-text: var(--button-color-text-hover, var(--button-color-text-default)); } @media (hover: hover) { :where(button):hover, :where(input):where([type="submit"], [type="reset"], [type="button"]):hover { --button-color-overlay: var(--color-button-overlay-focus); --button-border-color: var(--button-border-color-hover); --button-color-background: var(--button-color-background-hover); --button-color-text: var(--button-color-text-hover, var(--button-color-text-default)); } } :where(button).active, :where(button):active, :where(input):where([type="submit"], [type="reset"], [type="button"]).active, :where(input):where([type="submit"], [type="reset"], [type="button"]):active { --button-color-overlay: var(--color-button-overlay-active); --button-color-background: linear-gradient(var(--color-interactive-pressed), var(--color-interactive-pressed)),var(--button-color-background-active); } :where(button).anchor-disabled, :where(button):disabled, :where(button)[aria-disabled="true"], :where(input):where([type="submit"], [type="reset"], [type="button"]).anchor-disabled, :where(input):where([type="submit"], [type="reset"], [type="button"]):disabled, :where(input):where([type="submit"], [type="reset"], [type="button"])[aria-disabled="true"] { --button-border-color-hover: var(--button-border-color-default); --button-color-background: var(--button-color-background-disabled); --button-color-text: var(--button-color-text-disabled); --button-border-color: var(--button-border-color-disabled); cursor: not-allowed; pointer-events: none; } :where(button).disabled.pointer-all, :where(input):where([type="submit"], [type="reset"], [type="button"]).disabled.pointer-all { --button-border-color-hover: var(--button-border-color-default); --button-color-background: var(--button-color-background-disabled); --button-color-text: var(--button-color-text-disabled); --button-border-color: var(--button-border-color-disabled); cursor: not-allowed; pointer-events: all; } :where(button).button-activated, :where(input):where([type="submit"], [type="reset"], [type="button"]).button-activated { --button-border-color: var(--button-border-color-activated); --button-color-background: var(--button-color-background-activated); --button-color-text: var(--button-color-text-activated); } small :where(button), small :where(input):where([type="submit"], [type="reset"], [type="button"]) { --button-height: var(--size-button-xs-h); --button-padding: var(--spacer-sm); --button-font: var(--font-button-xs); --button-border-width-default: var(--line-button-xs-border); } :where(button).button-large, :where(input):where([type="submit"], [type="reset"], [type="button"]).button-large { --button-height: var(--size-button-lg-h); --button-padding: var(--spacer-xs); --button-font: var(--font-button-lg); --button-border-width-default: var(--line-button-lg-border); } :where(button).button-primary, :where(input):where([type="submit"], [type="reset"], [type="button"]).button-primary { --button-color-background-default: var(--color-primary-background); --button-color-background-focus: var(--color-primary-background); --button-color-background-hover: var(--color-button-primary-background-hover); --button-color-background-active: linear-gradient(var(--color-button-primary-background-hover), var(--color-button-primary-background-hover)); --button-color-background-disabled: var(--color-button-primary-background-disabled); --button-color-background-activated: var(--color-button-primary-background-activated); --button-color-text-default: var(--color-global-white); --button-color-text-disabled: var(--color-button-primary-text-disabled); --button-color-text-activated: var(--color-button-primary-text-activated); --button-border-color-default: transparent; } :where(button).button-plain, :where(input):where([type="submit"], [type="reset"], [type="button"]).button-plain { --button-color-background-default: transparent; --button-color-background-focus: transparent; --button-color-background-hover: var(--color-button-plain-background-hover); --button-color-background-disabled: var(--color-button-plain-background-disabled); --button-color-background-activated: var(--color-button-plain-background-activated); --button-color-background-active: linear-gradient(var(--color-button-secondary-background-hover), var(--color-button-secondary-background-hover)); --button-color-text-default: var(--color-button-plain-text); --button-color-text-disabled: var(--color-button-plain-text-disabled); --button-color-text-activated: var(--color-button-plain-text-activated); --button-color-text-hover: var(--color-button-plain-text-hover); --button-border-color-default: transparent; } :root { --button-color-background-default: var(--color-button-secondary-background); --button-color-background-focus: var(--color-button-secondary-background-focus); --button-color-background-hover: var(--color-button-secondary-background-hover); --button-color-background-active: linear-gradient(var(--color-button-secondary-background-hover), var(--color-button-secondary-background-hover)); --button-color-background-disabled: var(--color-button-secondary-background-disabled); --button-color-background-activated: var(--color-button-secondary-background-activated); --button-color-text-default: var(--color-button-secondary-text); --button-color-text-disabled: var(--color-button-secondary-text-disabled); --button-color-text-activated: var(--color-button-secondary-text-activated); --button-border-color-default: var(--color-button-secondary-border); background: var(--color-ui-canvas); --shreddit-content-background: var(--color-tone-7); --preferred-text-scale: env(preferred-text-scale); text-size-adjust: clamp(100%,calc(100% * var(--preferred-text-scale)),100%); } :where(button, input):where([type="submit"]) { --button-color-background-default: var(--color-primary-background); --button-color-background-focus: var(--color-primary-background); --button-color-background-hover: var(--color-button-primary-background-hover); --button-color-background-active: linear-gradient(var(--color-button-primary-background-hover), var(--color-button-primary-background-hover)); --button-color-background-disabled: var(--color-button-primary-background-disabled); --button-color-background-activated: var(--color-button-primary-background-activated); --button-color-text-default: var(--color-global-white); --button-color-text-disabled: var(--color-button-primary-text-disabled); --button-color-text-activated: var(--color-button-primary-text-activated); --button-border-color-default: transparent; } faceplate-tablist button { border-radius: 0px; } faceplate-tablist button:first-child { border-radius: 999px 0px 0px 999px; } faceplate-tablist button:last-child { border-radius: 0px 999px 999px 0px; } faceplate-tablist a { border-bottom: 2px solid var(--button-color-primary); color: inherit; display: inline-block; font: var(--font-button-b3); padding: 0.5rem 1rem 0.375rem; } faceplate-tablist a:hover { text-decoration: none; } code, kbd, pre, samp { font-family: var(--font-mono); border: 1px solid var(--color-tone-5); border-radius: 4px; padding: 2px 4px; font-size: 0.9em; } pre { background: var(--color-tone-5); border-color: var(--color-tone-4); padding: 1rem 1.4rem; max-width: 100%; overflow: auto; } kbd { border-bottom-width: 3px; } code pre, pre code { background: inherit; font-size: inherit; color: inherit; border: 0px; padding: 0px; margin: 0px; } code pre { display: inline; } details { padding: 0.5rem 1rem; border: var(--misc-accordion-border); border-radius: var(--radius-accordion-size); } details summary { cursor: pointer; font-weight: 700; list-style-type: var(--misc-accordion-closed-list-style-type); } details[open] summary { margin-bottom: 0.375rem; list-style-type: var(--misc-accordion-open-list-style-type); } details[open] summary icon-caret-down, details[open] summary svg[rpl][icon-name="caret-down-outline"] { transform: rotate(180deg); transition: transform 0.22s ease-in-out; } details summary icon-caret-down, details summary svg[rpl][icon-name="caret-down-outline"] { transform: rotate(0deg); transition: transform 0.22s ease-in-out; } .fp-avatar-container img, details[open] > :last-child, menu menu, ol ol, ol ul, ul ol, ul ul { margin-bottom: 0px; } dt, table caption { font-weight: 700; margin-bottom: 0.5rem; } dd { margin-inline-start: 2rem; } hr { border-top: 0px; border-right: 0px; border-left: 0px; border-image: initial; border-bottom: 1px solid var(--color-divider-default); background-color: transparent; margin: var(--misc-divider-margin); } hr[padding="2xs"] { padding: var(--spacer-2xs); } hr[padding="xs"] { padding: var(--spacer-xs); } hr[padding="sm"] { padding: var(--spacer-sm); } hr[padding="md"] { padding: var(--spacer-md); } hr[color="subdued"] { border-bottom-color: var(--color-neutral-border-weak); } hr[color="inverted"] { border-bottom-color: var(--color-neutral-border-strong); } fieldset { margin-top: 1rem; padding: 1rem 2rem; border: 1px solid var(--color-tone-5); border-radius: 0.25rem; background: var(--color-tone-7); min-width: 0px; } legend { padding: 0px; font-weight: 700; } table { border-collapse: collapse; width: 100%; word-break: normal; margin-bottom: 1rem; } td, th { padding: 0.5rem; } img, input, textarea { max-width: 100%; } ol, ul { padding-inline-start: 2rem; } li { margin-top: 0.25rem; } menu { padding-inline-start: 0px; border-radius: 4px; width: fit-content; border: 1px solid var(--color-tone-5); } menu li { padding: 0.5rem 0.75rem; border-block-end: 1px solid var(--color-tone-5); } menu li:last-child { border-block-end: none; } ins { text-decoration-color: var(--color-success-content); text-decoration-line: underline overline; } del { text-decoration-color: var(--color-danger-content); text-decoration-line: underline overline line-through; } input, select, textarea { font-family: var(--font-sans); color: var(--color-input-text); padding: 0.5rem 0.75rem; margin-bottom: 0.5rem; background: var(--color-input-default); border: var(--color-input-default) solid var(--line-input-border); border-radius: var(--radius-sm); box-shadow: none; box-sizing: border-box; font-size: 1rem; } input:disabled, select:disabled, textarea:disabled { cursor: not-allowed; opacity: 0.5; } input:invalid, select:invalid, textarea:invalid { border-color: var(--color-danger-content); } input[type="checkbox"], input[type="radio"] { vertical-align: middle; margin-bottom: 0px; margin-top: 0px; } input[type="color"], input[type="range"] { padding: initial; } input[type="search"] { border-radius: 400px; appearance: textfield; } dialog { border: 0px; border-radius: 4px; padding: 1rem; box-shadow: var(--boxshadow-modal); background: var(--color-ui-modalbackground); } dialog::backdrop { background: var(--color-scrim); } .scroll-is-blocked { touch-action: none; overflow: hidden; overscroll-behavior: none; } .grecaptcha-badge { visibility: hidden; } faceplate-partial[loading="eager"], noscript *, shreddit-app activate-feature:not(:defined), shreddit-app click-location-tracker:not(:defined), shreddit-app devvit-post:not(:defined), shreddit-app shreddit-devvit-ui-loader:not(:defined), shreddit-app shreddit-dynamic-ad-link:not(:defined), shreddit-app:not(:defined) { visibility: visible; } :root, :root.theme-light { --shreddit-color-mods-reported-background: #fff2bd; --shreddit-color-mods-reported-background-hover: #ffe88f; --shreddit-color-mods-reported-onBackground: #665505; --shreddit-color-wordmark: var(--color-global-brand-orangered); --shreddit-color-mods-filtered-background: #FBDBD4; --shreddit-color-mods-filtered-background-hover: #FDB3A4; --shreddit-color-mods-filtered-onBackground: #BC0117; --shreddit-color-streak-progress: #ffdda8; --shreddit-color-streak-not-reached-background: #f9fafa; --shreddit-color-streak-not-reached-text: #576f76; } @media (prefers-color-scheme: dark) { :root:not(.theme-light) { --shreddit-color-wordmark: var(--color-global-white); --shreddit-color-mods-reported-background: #251e02; --shreddit-color-mods-reported-background-hover: #382d03; --shreddit-color-mods-reported-onBackground: #dbaf00; --shreddit-color-mods-filtered-background: #1F0B04; --shreddit-color-mods-filtered-background-hover: #650405; --shreddit-color-mods-filtered-onBackground: #FF4F40; --shreddit-color-streak-progress: #623a00; --shreddit-color-streak-not-reached-background: #131f23; --shreddit-color-streak-not-reached-text: #82959b; } } :root.theme-dark { --shreddit-color-wordmark: var(--color-global-white); --shreddit-color-mods-reported-background: #251e02; --shreddit-color-mods-reported-background-hover: #382d03; --shreddit-color-mods-reported-onBackground: #dbaf00; --shreddit-color-mods-filtered-background: #1F0B04; --shreddit-color-mods-filtered-background-hover: #650405; --shreddit-color-mods-filtered-onBackground: #FF4F40; --shreddit-color-streak-progress: #623a00; --shreddit-color-streak-not-reached-background: #131f23; --shreddit-color-streak-not-reached-text: #82959b; } :root.theme-beta, :root.theme-rpl { background-color: var(--color-neutral-background); --shreddit-content-background: var(--color-neutral-background); --styled-scrollbar-background: var(--color-neutral-background); } :root.theme-beta.iframe, :root.theme-rpl.iframe { background-color: transparent; }

:root.theme-beta.theme-embed, :root.theme-rpl.theme-embed { background: 0px 0px; } body { -webkit-font-smoothing: antialiased; overflow-y: scroll; --faceplate-body-padding: 0px !important; } .search-input { border-radius: 0px; appearance: none; } .search-input::-webkit-search-cancel-button { display: none; } .hide-scrollbar { scrollbar-width: none; } .hide-scrollbar::-webkit-scrollbar { display: none; } .styled-scrollbars { scrollbar-color: transparent transparent; scrollbar-width: thin; scrollbar-gutter: stable; --scrollbar-background: var(--styled-scrollbar-background, var(--shreddit-content-background)); } .styled-scrollbars::-webkit-scrollbar { width: 16px; height: 16px; } .styled-scrollbars::-webkit-scrollbar-track { background: var(--scrollbar-background); } .styled-scrollbars.visible, .styled-scrollbars:hover { scrollbar-color: var(--color-neutral-border) transparent; } .styled-scrollbars.visible::-webkit-scrollbar-thumb, .styled-scrollbars:hover::-webkit-scrollbar-thumb { background: var(--color-neutral-border); border: 6px solid var(--scrollbar-background); border-radius: 8px; } shreddit-app { --shreddit-header-height: 56px; --shreddit-header-large-height: 56px; --shreddit-bottom-padding: 52px; --page-y-padding: var(--shreddit-header-height); display: block; } shreddit-app:has(reddit-header-small:not(.fixed)) { --page-y-padding: 0px; } shreddit-app shreddit-dynamic-ad-link:not(:defined) { display: flex; height: 100%; align-items: center; } shreddit-app nav details summary::-webkit-details-marker { display: none; } shreddit-app.no-top-bar { --shreddit-header-height: 0px; --shreddit-header-large-height: 0px; --shreddit-bottom-padding: 0px; } shreddit-ad-post, shreddit-post { grid-template-columns: auto 1fr auto; } shreddit-ad-post:not(:defined), shreddit-post:not(:defined) { position: relative; } shreddit-ad-post.focus-within\:bg-neutral-background-hover:focus-within .read-more-overflow-cover, shreddit-ad-post.hover\:bg-neutral-background-hover:hover .read-more-overflow-cover, shreddit-post.focus-within\:bg-neutral-background-hover:focus-within .read-more-overflow-cover, shreddit-post.hover\:bg-neutral-background-hover:hover .read-more-overflow-cover { --tw-gradient-from: var(--color-neutral-background-hover); } shreddit-ad-post .post-content, shreddit-post .post-content { grid-column: 1 / 4; } shreddit-ad-post iframe, shreddit-post iframe { width: 100%; max-width: 100%; margin: 0px auto; } shreddit-ad-post table, shreddit-post table { display: inline-block; max-width: 100%; overflow-x: scroll; width: 100%; table-layout: fixed; } shreddit-ad-post devvit2-custom-post devvit2-surface, shreddit-post devvit2-custom-post devvit2-surface { --devvit2-surface-height: var(--devvit2-surface-height-post-style); --devvit2-surface-background-color: var(--devvit2-surface-background-color-post-style); display: block; height: var(--devvit2-surface-height); overflow: hidden; background-color: var(--devvit2-surface-background-color); } .theme-dark shreddit-ad-post devvit2-custom-post devvit2-surface, .theme-dark shreddit-post devvit2-custom-post devvit2-surface { --devvit2-surface-background-color: var(--devvit2-surface-background-color-dark-post-style); } shreddit-ad-post[view-type="compactView"]:not(:defined), shreddit-post[view-type="compactView"]:not(:defined) { display: flex; flex-wrap: wrap; padding: 4px; } shreddit-ad-post[view-type="compactView"]:not(:defined) [slot="post-media-container"], shreddit-ad-post[view-type="compactView"]:not(:defined) [slot="call-to-action"], shreddit-post[view-type="compactView"]:not(:defined) [slot="post-media-container"], shreddit-post[view-type="compactView"]:not(:defined) [slot="call-to-action"] { flex-basis: 100%; } shreddit-ad-post[view-type="compactView"]:not(:defined) [slot="title"], shreddit-post[view-type="compactView"]:not(:defined) [slot="title"] { flex: 1 1 0%; margin-top: 24px; padding-left: 16px; } shreddit-ad-post[view-type="compactView"]:not(:defined) > [slot="thumbnail"], shreddit-post[view-type="compactView"]:not(:defined) > [slot="thumbnail"] { margin-left: 0.25rem; } shreddit-ad-post[view-type="compactView"]:not(:defined) [slot="title"], shreddit-ad-post[view-type="compactView"]:not(:defined) [slot="thumbnail"], shreddit-post[view-type="compactView"]:not(:defined) [slot="title"], shreddit-post[view-type="compactView"]:not(:defined) [slot="thumbnail"] { margin-bottom: 40px; } shreddit-ad-post[view-type="compactView"]:not(:defined) [slot="recommendation-bar"], shreddit-post[view-type="compactView"]:not(:defined) [slot="recommendation-bar"] { width: 100%; height: 32px; } shreddit-ad-post[view-type="compactView"]:not(:defined) [slot="post-media-container"], shreddit-post[view-type="compactView"]:not(:defined) [slot="post-media-container"] { margin-top: -32px; } @media (min-width: 767px) { shreddit-ad-post[view-type="compactView"]:not(:defined)::after, shreddit-post[view-type="compactView"]:not(:defined)::after { display: none; } shreddit-ad-post[view-type="compactView"]:not(:defined) [slot="thumbnail"], shreddit-post[view-type="compactView"]:not(:defined) [slot="thumbnail"] { margin-bottom: 0px; } } shreddit-ad-post .feed-card-text-preview blockquote:not(:first-child)::before, shreddit-ad-post .feed-card-text-preview blockquote:not(:last-child)::after, shreddit-ad-post .feed-card-text-preview pre:not(:first-child)::before, shreddit-ad-post .feed-card-text-preview pre:not(:last-child)::after, shreddit-ad-post .feed-card-text-preview table:not(:first-child)::before, shreddit-ad-post .feed-card-text-preview table:not(:last-child)::after, shreddit-post:not([view-context="BrandPostPerformanceFeed"]) .feed-card-text-preview blockquote:not(:first-child)::before, shreddit-post:not([view-context="BrandPostPerformanceFeed"]) .feed-card-text-preview blockquote:not(:last-child)::after, shreddit-post:not([view-context="BrandPostPerformanceFeed"]) .feed-card-text-preview pre:not(:first-child)::before, shreddit-post:not([view-context="BrandPostPerformanceFeed"]) .feed-card-text-preview pre:not(:last-child)::after, shreddit-post:not([view-context="BrandPostPerformanceFeed"]) .feed-card-text-preview table:not(:first-child)::before, shreddit-post:not([view-context="BrandPostPerformanceFeed"]) .feed-card-text-preview table:not(:last-child)::after { content: "\a "; white-space: pre; } shreddit-ad-post .feed-card-text-preview shreddit-spoiler, shreddit-post .feed-card-text-preview shreddit-spoiler { background: var(--color-category-spoiler); border-radius: var(--radius-sm); color: var(--color-category-spoiler); height: var(--size-md); overflow: hidden; vertical-align: middle; width: var(--size-2xl); display: inline-block !important; } shreddit-ad-post .feed-card-text-preview :not(ol, ul, li), shreddit-post:not([view-context="BrandPostPerformanceFeed"]) .feed-card-text-preview :not(ol, ul, li, h1) { color-scheme: revert; forced-color-adjust: revert; math-depth: revert; position: revert; position-anchor: revert; text-size-adjust: revert; appearance: revert; color: revert; font-family: revert; font-feature-settings: revert; font-kerning: revert; font-language-override: revert; font-optical-sizing: revert; font-palette: revert; font-size-adjust: revert; font-stretch: revert; font-synthesis: revert; font-variant: revert; font-variation-settings: revert; position-area: revert; text-orientation: revert; text-rendering: revert; text-spacing-trim: revert; -webkit-font-smoothing: revert; -webkit-locale: revert; -webkit-text-orientation: revert; -webkit-writing-mode: revert; writing-mode: revert; zoom: revert; accent-color: revert; place-content: revert; place-items: revert; place-self: revert; alignment-baseline: revert; anchor-name: revert; anchor-scope: revert; animation-composition: revert; animation: revert; animation-trigger: revert; app-region: revert; aspect-ratio: revert; backdrop-filter: revert; backface-visibility: revert; background: revert; background-blend-mode: revert; baseline-shift: revert; baseline-source: revert; block-size: revert; border-block: revert; border: revert; border-radius: revert; border-collapse: revert; border-end-end-radius: revert; border-end-start-radius: revert; border-inline: revert; border-shape: revert; border-start-end-radius: revert; border-start-start-radius: revert; inset: revert; box-decoration-break: revert; box-shadow: revert; box-sizing: revert; break-after: revert; break-before: revert; break-inside: revert; buffered-rendering: revert; caption-side: revert; caret-animation: revert; caret-color: revert; caret-shape: revert; clear: revert; clip: revert; clip-path: revert; clip-rule: revert; color-interpolation: revert; color-interpolation-filters: revert; color-rendering: revert; columns: revert; column-fill: revert; gap: revert; column-rule: revert; column-span: revert; contain: revert; contain-intrinsic-block-size: revert; contain-intrinsic-size: revert; contain-intrinsic-inline-size: revert; container: revert; content: revert; content-visibility: revert; corner-shape: revert; corner-block-end-shape: revert; corner-block-start-shape: revert; counter-increment: revert; counter-reset: revert; counter-set: revert; cursor: revert; cx: revert; cy: revert; d: revert; dominant-baseline: revert; dynamic-range-limit: revert; empty-cells: revert; field-sizing: revert; fill: revert; fill-opacity: revert; fill-rule: revert; filter: revert; flex: revert; flex-flow: revert; float: revert; flood-color: revert; flood-opacity: revert; grid: revert; grid-area: revert; height: revert; hyphenate-character: revert; hyphenate-limit-chars: revert; hyphens: revert; image-orientation: revert; image-rendering: revert; initial-letter: revert; inline-size: revert; inset-block: revert; inset-inline: revert; interactivity: revert; interest-delay: revert; interpolate-size: revert; isolation: revert; letter-spacing: revert; lighting-color: revert; line-break: revert; line-height: revert; list-style: revert; marker: revert; mask: revert; mask-type: revert; math-shift: revert; math-style: revert; max-block-size: revert; max-height: revert; max-inline-size: revert; max-width: revert; min-block-size: revert; min-height: revert; min-inline-size: revert; min-width: revert; mix-blend-mode: revert; object-fit: revert; object-position: revert; object-view-box: revert; offset: revert; opacity: revert; order: revert; orphans: revert; outline: revert; outline-offset: revert; overflow-anchor: revert; overflow-block: revert; overflow-clip-margin: revert; overflow-inline: revert; overflow-wrap: revert; overflow: revert; overlay: revert; overscroll-behavior-block: revert; overscroll-behavior-inline: revert; overscroll-behavior: revert; padding-block: revert; padding-inline: revert; page: revert; page-orientation: revert; paint-order: revert; perspective: revert; perspective-origin: revert; pointer-events: revert; position-try: revert; position-visibility: revert; print-color-adjust: revert; quotes: revert; r: revert; reading-flow: revert; reading-order: revert; resize: revert; rotate: revert; ruby-align: revert; ruby-position: revert; rx: revert; ry: revert; scale: revert; scroll-behavior: revert; scroll-initial-target: revert; scroll-margin-block: revert; scroll-margin: revert; scroll-margin-inline: revert; scroll-marker-group: revert; scroll-padding-block: revert; scroll-padding: revert; scroll-padding-inline: revert; scroll-snap-align: revert; scroll-snap-stop: revert; scroll-snap-type: revert; scroll-target-group: revert; scroll-timeline: revert; scrollbar-color: revert; scrollbar-gutter: revert; scrollbar-width: revert; shape-image-threshold: revert; shape-margin: revert; shape-outside: revert; shape-rendering: revert; size: revert; speak: revert; stop-color: revert; stop-opacity: revert; stroke: revert; stroke-dasharray: revert; stroke-dashoffset: revert; stroke-linecap: revert; stroke-linejoin: revert; stroke-miterlimit: revert; stroke-opacity: revert; stroke-width: revert; tab-size: revert; table-layout: revert; text-align: revert; text-align-last: revert; text-anchor: revert; text-autospace: revert; text-box: revert; text-combine-upright: revert; text-decoration: revert; text-decoration-skip-ink: revert; text-emphasis: revert; text-emphasis-position: revert; text-indent: revert; text-justify: revert; text-overflow: revert; text-shadow: revert; text-transform: revert; text-underline-offset: revert; text-underline-position: revert; text-wrap: revert; timeline-scope: revert; timeline-trigger: revert; touch-action: revert; transform: revert; transform-box: revert; transform-origin: revert; transform-style: revert; transition: revert; translate: revert; trigger-scope: revert; user-select: revert; vector-effect: revert; vertical-align: revert; view-timeline: revert; view-transition-class: revert; view-transition-group: revert; view-transition-name: revert; view-transition-scope: revert; visibility: revert; border-spacing: revert; -webkit-box-align: revert; -webkit-box-decoration-break: revert; -webkit-box-direction: revert; -webkit-box-flex: revert; -webkit-box-ordinal-group: revert; -webkit-box-orient: revert; -webkit-box-pack: revert; -webkit-box-reflect: revert; -webkit-line-break: revert; -webkit-line-clamp: revert; -webkit-mask-box-image: revert; -webkit-rtl-ordering: revert; -webkit-ruby-position: revert; -webkit-tap-highlight-color: revert; -webkit-text-combine: revert; -webkit-text-decorations-in-effect: revert; -webkit-text-fill-color: revert; -webkit-text-security: revert; -webkit-text-stroke: revert; -webkit-user-drag: revert; white-space-collapse: revert; widows: revert; width: revert; will-change: revert; word-break: revert; word-spacing: revert; x: revert; y: revert; z-index: revert; font-size: inherit; font-style: inherit; font-weight: inherit; margin: 0px; margin-block: unset; margin-inline: unset; padding: 0px; display: inline !important; } shreddit-ad-post .feed-card-text-preview ol, shreddit-ad-post .feed-card-text-preview ul { display:

inline; list-style: none; margin: 0px; padding: 0px; } shreddit-ad-post .feed-card-text-preview li { display: inline; margin: 0px; padding: 0px; } .md :first-child:not(li) { margin-top: 0px; } .md :last-child { margin-bottom: 0px; } .md li p { margin: 0px; } .md code { white-space: pre-wrap; } .align-center { text-align: center; } .align-right { text-align: end; } .rte-media { margin: 0px 0px 1rem; } .rte-media a { display: block; } .rte-media img { display: block; width: auto; } .rte-media-caption { font-size: 0.8em; margin-top: 0.4em; text-align: center; } .rte-video-placeholder { background: var(--color-global-black); } .continue { margin-top: 0.5rem; } .shreddit-pagination { display: grid; gap: 1rem; margin-bottom: 1rem; grid-template-columns: repeat(2, minmax(0px, 50%)); padding: 1rem; } .shreddit-pagination * { grid-column: 1 / span 1; } .shreddit-pagination * button { display: block; width: 100%; } .shreddit-pagination .right { grid-column: 2 / span 1; } shreddit-comment:not(:defined) { display: block; position: relative; padding-left: 24px; } @media (min-width: 768px) { shreddit-comment:not(:defined) { padding-left: 32px; } } rpl-hovercard:not(:defined) [slot="content"], shreddit-comment:not(:defined) [slot="commentAvatar"] { display: none; } shreddit-comment:not(:defined)::before { content: ""; position: absolute; left: 0px; top: 4px; display: inline-block; border-radius: 100%; width: 24px; height: 24px; background-color: var(--color-tone-4); } @media (min-width: 768px) { shreddit-comment:not(:defined)::before { width: 32px; height: 32px; } } shreddit-comment .load-more::after, shreddit-comment .load-more::before { position: absolute; left: -1.5em; width: 6px; content: ""; } shreddit-comment:not(:defined) [slot="commentMeta"] { height: 36px; margin-bottom: 2px; } shreddit-comment:not(:defined) author-flair-event-handler { display: flex; } shreddit-ad-post del { text-decoration-color: inherit; text-decoration-line: line-through; } shreddit-comment .load-more::before { top: 0px; height: calc(100% + 12px); background-color: var(--color-tone-7); } shreddit-comment .load-more::after { top: 50%; transform: translateY(-50%); border-radius: 50%; height: 6px; background-color: var(--color-tone-6); } shreddit-comment .admin { color: var(--color-identity-admin); } shreddit-comment .moderator { color: var(--color-identity-moderator); } shreddit-comment .op { color: var(--color-action-secondary); } shreddit-comment .self { color: var(--color-identity-self); } shreddit-comment .flair-with-emoji { display: flex; align-items: center; } shreddit-comment .flair-with-emoji .md { padding: 0px; font-size: 0.75rem; line-height: 0.75rem; display: flex; align-items: center; } shreddit-comment .flair-with-emoji .flair-image { width: 0.875rem; margin-right: 0.25rem; } shreddit-comment .avatar { border-radius: 50%; overflow: hidden; margin-right: 0.5rem; flex-shrink: 0; height: 20px; width: 20px; font-size: 20px; text-align: center; } shreddit-comment .author-flair { white-space: nowrap; text-overflow: ellipsis; overflow: hidden; display: inline; border-radius: 20px; margin-bottom: -2px; } shreddit-comment .author { color: inherit; } shreddit-comment .summary-flex, shreddit-comment [slot="commentMeta"] { display: flex; margin-inline-end: 0px; flex-direction: row; align-items: center; max-width: 100%; font-size: 0.875rem; } alert-controller, banner-controller, faceplate-toaster, toaster-lite { z-index: 9999; pointer-events: all; } blockquote { border-inline-start: 5px solid var(--color-tone-5); margin: 0.5rem 0px 1rem; margin-inline-start: 0.5rem; padding: 0.5rem 1rem; background: 0px 0px; } shreddit-comment-tree .top-level { padding: 1rem 1rem 0px; } shreddit-comment-tree:not(:defined) { display: block; padding: 0px 16px; } @media (min-width: 768px) { shreddit-comment-tree:not(:defined) { padding: 0px; } } shreddit-comment-tree:not(:defined) > shreddit-comment { margin-bottom: 16px; } shreddit-aspect-ratio:not(:defined) { --default-aspect-ratio: 2; --configured-aspect-ratio: var(--aspect-ratio, var(--default-aspect-ratio)); --computed-aspect-ratio: calc(100% / var(--configured-aspect-ratio)); --default-min-height: 150px; --configured-min-height: var(--min-height, var(--default-min-height)); --default-max-height: 100vh; --configured-max-height: var(--max-height, var(--default-max-height)); --aspect-ratio-padding: min(max(var(--configured-min-height), var(--computed-aspect-ratio)), var(--configured-max-height)); padding-bottom: var(--aspect-ratio-padding); position: relative; } shreddit-aspect-ratio:not(:defined):not(.visible) { display: block; height: 0px; } shreddit-ad-post [slot="subredditFeedPagePostDescriptor"], shreddit-ad-post [slot="aggregateFeedPostDescriptor"] { grid-column: 1 / 2; min-width: 0px; } shreddit-ad-post [slot="subredditFeedIcon"] { grid-column: 2 / 3; } shreddit-ad-post [slot="title"], shreddit-ad-post [slot="title-link"] { grid-column: 1 / 2; } shreddit-ad-post [slot="title-link"] { color: inherit; text-decoration: none; } shreddit-ad-post [slot="title-link"] h3 { display: inline; } shreddit-ad-post [slot="transcript"] { border-top: .5rem solid var(--color-ui-canvas); } shreddit-ad-post [slot="transcript"] .transcript-header { display: grid; grid-column: 1 / 2; grid-template-columns: 1fr auto; align-items: center; } shreddit-ad-post [slot="transcript"] .transcript-header .transcript-header-text { font-size: var(--font-body); font-weight: 600; } shreddit-ad-post [slot="transcript"] .transcript-header .transcript-header-button { background-color: inherit; border-width: medium; border-style: none; border-color: currentcolor; border-image: initial; border-radius: unset; font-size: 20px; height: 20px; line-height: 20px; color: var(--color-tone-1); } shreddit-ad-post [slot="transcript"] .transcript-body { background-color: var(--color-tone-6); } shreddit-ad-post .group { align-items: center; display: flex; } shreddit-ad-post .post-descriptor-overflow { min-width: 0px; flex: 1 1 0%; } shreddit-ad-post .separator::after { content: "â€¢"; display: inline-block; margin: 0px 0.25em; position: relative; } shreddit-ad-post .separator.flair-separator::after { margin-right: 0px; margin-left: 0.375rem; } shreddit-ad-post .author-flair { flex-shrink: 9999; } shreddit-ad-post .post-img { height: 100%; width: 100%; } shreddit-ad-post .post-img--deferred { background-color: var(--color-global-black); } shreddit-ad-post .post-descriptor-overflow a { align-items: center; color: inherit; display: flex; text-decoration: none; } shreddit-ad-post .join-btn { background-color: inherit; border-width: 0px; color: var(--color-action-secondary); font: inherit; padding: 0px 0.25rem; margin-left: 0.25rem; } shreddit-ad-post .author-flair { margin: 0px 0.375rem -2px; display: inline-block; overflow: hidden; text-overflow: ellipsis; } shreddit-ad-post .flair-with-emoji { display: flex; align-items: center; } shreddit-ad-post .flair-with-emoji .md { padding: 0px; font-size: 0.75rem; line-height: 0.75rem; display: flex; align-items: center; } shreddit-ad-post .flair-with-emoji .flair-image { width: 0.875rem; margin-right: 0.25rem; } .shreddit-subreddit-icon__default-icon { border-radius: 50%; height: 100%; margin-bottom: 1rem; overflow: hidden; width: 100%; background: var(--color-tone-7); text-align: center; } .community-list { background-image: ; background-position-x: ; background-position-y: ; background-repeat: ; background-attachment: ; background-origin: ; background-clip: ; background-color: ; background-size: 4.75rem 4.75rem; display: grid; grid-template-columns: repeat(auto-fit, minmax(18rem, 1fr)); grid-template-rows: 4.75rem; margin-bottom: 1.5rem; } @media (max-width: 607px) { .community-list > div:first-child { background: linear-gradient(var(--color-tone-5) 0 .125rem,transparent 0 4.75rem); } } @media (max-width: 607px) and (prefers-color-scheme: dark) { .community-list > div:first-child { background: linear-gradient(var(--color-ui-canvas) 0 .125rem,transparent 0 4.75rem); } } @media (min-width: 608px) { .community-list { background-image: ; background-position-x: ; background-position-y: ; background-repeat: ; background-attachment: ; background-origin: ; background-clip: ; background-color: ; background-size: 4.75rem 9.5rem; } } .page-number { display: flex; font-weight: 700; justify-content: center; padding: 0.25rem 0px; position: relative; width: 4rem; } #right-sidebar-container faceplate-partial[name="pdp-right-rail-content"] [loading="programmatic"]:not([is-loading]), faceplate-hovercard a[aria-expanded="false"] + div[hidden], faceplate-tabgroup:not(:defined) .button.icon, faceplate-tooltip:not(:defined) > :not([slot="trigger"]), rpl-dropdown:not(:defined) > [slot="content"], rpl-tooltip:not(:defined) > [slot="content"] { display: none; } .page-number:hover::after { content: ""; border-bottom: 0.125rem solid; position: absolute; top: 85%; width: 30%; } .post-background-image-filter { filter: blur(24px); } .theme-dark .embed-background-cta:active { background-color: rgb(89, 27, 2); } .thumbnail-shadow { box-shadow: rgba(255, 255, 255, 0.2) 0px 0px 6px inset; } @media (prefers-color-scheme: dark) { .thumbnail-shadow { box-shadow: rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.2) 0px 0px 6px inset; } } faceplate-screen-reader-content { position: absolute; width: 1px; height: 1px; padding: 0px; margin: -1px; overflow: hidden; clip: rect(0px, 0px, 0px, 0px); white-space: nowrap; border-width: 0px; } .flair-with-emoji .flair-image { vertical-align: text-bottom; } main#main-content { scroll-margin-top: var(--shreddit-header-height); } #shreddit-skip-link { height: auto; width: auto; overflow: auto; transform: scale(1); z-index: 9999; left: 8px; top: -100vh; display: inline-block; position: fixed; } #shreddit-skip-link:focus { top: 8px; } shreddit-gallery-carousel a:focus-visible .carousel-item-cover { outline: auto var(--color-global-focus); outline-offset: -1px; } shreddit-app > :not(reddit-debug-panel) { --rpl-debugger-color: rgba(255, 0, 255, 0.4); } gallery-carousel:not(:defined) ul { padding: 0px; margin: 0px; height: 100%; } gallery-carousel:not(:defined) li { height: 100%; } @keyframes bg-shimmer-animation { 0% { background-position-x: 100%; } 100% { background-position-x: -100%; } } .bg-shimmer { position: relative; background: var(--color-shimmer-background); overflow: hidden; } .bg-shimmer::before { content: ""; position: absolute; inset: 0px; background-image: ; background-position-x: ; background-position-y: ; background-repeat: ; background-attachment: ; background-origin: ; background-clip: ; background-color: ; background-size: 200% 100%; animation: 2.5s ease 0s infinite normal none running bg-shimmer-animation; } suspense-placeholder:empty ~ * { visibility: hidden !important; } ------MultipartBoundary--I56SseK8KlbPUoX04656zDPlz19lMcO3aAtG7jdQgM---- Content-Type: text/html Content-ID: Content-Transfer-Encoding: binary Content-Location: https://www.google.com/recaptcha/enterprise/anchor?ar=1&k=6LfirrMoAAAAAHZOipvza4kpp_VtTwLNuXVwURNQ&co=aHR0cHM6Ly93d3cucmVkZGl0LmNvbTo0NDM.&hl=en&v=gTpTIWhbKpxADzTzkcabhXN4&si
ms=20000&execute-ms=30000&cb=fh7f8o1o0ouk

protected by reCAPTCHA

------MultipartBoundary--I56SseK8KlbPUoX04656zDPlz19lMcO3aAtG7jdQgM---- Content-Type: image/png Content-Transfer-Encoding: binary Content-Location: https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/logo_48.png ‰PNG □ IHDR00□□W□ù‡□gAMA±□□üa□ cHRMz&€,„ú€èu0ê`:˜□œºQ<□□bKGDùC»□ pHYs□□□□□šœ□□□IDAThÞÝ™□P□÷□Ç=á□8□Š„à”Nxœ □,PlP8□,;ä¸C□1iL#6˜š□*ØZ□•!Ú ,□À È3€po ŠoÍLšiœI“æ1flÚŒÎ4± ±ujL&6$µàÌö÷ßýï±·»÷àÐ™ÎÌw¸□»ýïçó□í□ÿ,Zô□z^ ~□±□â□ƒÊ\ŒË_,C±eKÐ–Ž›gŸí□%ÈôPÙ,óL7•ŸÐ96—§qžú□•LíÈƒô Æ»k6□ßÊ*›□,xzüù_ìµ–ª‘‘‘ ÂB□"# ˆŒL(n¼úfÅÑYb□□.*å8□;©”Ñé˜K)NŠº‡H)□%ä…F"Ic…LB¦ˆÔ¢ÉÙ¬□–öçjGå¸uD¾íBÁ’ððTmã□□ðT ”) A□}D²fŒ□3□Vªß‡ÉÐO¾¹ù…‘t_·^] ¢xß{o³áÝ□Øð*□□öx?!W□□Éjƒ“@¢ G=Ed–XF«ªš–¹□□Õ×□JÜ□E? □/]š¡?pã□Wí»□H□□d5% WA+¨Íœ□ ª)2r□í+ÝÖ¡'qk8ñèõ/HSÖ[¬,Ù¹u^□zð□—P□*÷°ÿ“- A□} þ□□ Œ□I áPû□□□□SÐ□Ó„²|¼’□)Òé¶KS4¦“±ÊI□Î¥îÀûW¶ÿõ@¹«®ÃSûs□ýs□□$`€X9áéÈò§□EÙx =Àuº*iJ¡é□,Ç□¡®àýžký¸†□Þ□Ú'»□š! a □‰•*+§,§£ (□Þš“S□š\hš‰Ë£à±@˜□üâí¯¼¥âëó®à¹□†I□$ð□% 2□€ □l¼□ñŒÎaÜ|„àÝ□□Uíî^ÚØyï□□Ú©Ût Ã—8 œ □TF□o□p□+¯@<□gÂÇæÚ□□Ä□-ŸMº„ï□î:´@Šæ(À÷Í ¨□¤@¢ƒ€□À>□□=»ofm□WM{□□□eæ□,‰ÐDËr¶ÉÒª»□”□w□□□ÌT Los,÷T@RväÓ;ž,ë□□9«Þ÷Ñ56<□x□Ï□□□□Èš˜”□2Õkß1á□òÍddùVáÚ□□□mü¥y5□’/4| ÑË×®Gpp¥V□□–¥ª»ò6□¾¤}–¾‘□¯BÑ”□□ùÁ’Ça5²iãŸ&ªÌvø□yTdù6ÁÚç□ð/mþK¯»à(Úß\»□□□•□×†£□%Áá©ª—

Þ}‹†g□°ŸîHdiPXÄ“qÙÝŸ0□dð7>Ï□±ÚáÝ□HR(Bõm_ÿG□Ø□¾íîwÑ²Õ□¸Åöµ□Hä×ýñ÷□□ö©□}□□™¨^Sœ˜¥á)□□‹],Ý}¸□DÅ»‡3J□€Ù□5³âP#\·□ƒ8.CÂW!
½°ù°LHH‹^™7ø!□>□EII°ác□Î□~Ú}W^t□~ð[2□Ú□Stèó;□□□2ž□□–X¶*¿áƒKh1È÷¼)/ÿyhZÑØ□/Ë·àš§àQbÉ¿6—□'¢¦OFiÀ'¶{TŽ|Ã™ìŸ□tá™E$
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uñâE2èÜ□4□„ÛcÂç□Þ@3sæÌ□□_§PwJvg'p□€yþ6*èaƒÓðt`¦û7Œ›%□ å□¿¿□nMMÍàÃ,fƒ£Àx!jkkÛÝÙJ·□ô÷÷□□OØ□üÂ□¿□ÿ~ÓBB□Á×××ŸÀ›ab
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×jµÛ¡»}æ□□□x__ßß"Jåˇ"l|□ÿ…ZvÓã"□'š□□½µµð ³Üü_OÁm6Ûý——723□¼ •…w±□□Ö{…□~7E»□h!·V'—÷˜□'à-ó□¼ã□□A3Ù□¼ƒ□…?§ãïžÀ¿ Æ×>Ò79¶Œ?†
äUI□âßø□ú□7Cõ+(•□/IEND®B`, ------MultipartBoundary--I56SseK8KlbPUoX04656zDPlz19lMcO3aAtG7jdQgM---- Content-Type: text/css Content-Transfer-Encoding:
binary Content-Location: https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/releases/gTpTIWhbKpxADzTzkcabhXN4/styles__ltr.css @charset "utf-8"; .goog-inline-block { position:
relative; display: inline-block; } * html .goog-inline-block { display: inline; } :first-child + html .goog-inline-block { display: inline; } .recaptcha-checkbox { border-width:
medium; border-style: none; border-color: currentcolor; border-image: initial; font-size: 1px; height: 28px; margin: 4px; width: 28px; overflow: visible; outline: 0px;
vertical-align: text-bottom; } .recaptcha-checkbox-border { border-radius: 2px; background-color: rgb(255, 255, 255); border: 2px solid rgb(68, 71, 70); font-size: 1px;
height: 24px; position: absolute; width: 24px; z-index: 1; } .recaptcha-checkbox-borderAnimation { background-image:
url("
background-repeat: no-repeat; border-width: medium; border-style: none; border-color: currentcolor; border-image: initial; height: 28px; outline: 0px; position: absolute;
width: 28px; } .recaptcha-checkbox-nodatauri.recaptcha-checkbox-borderAnimation { background-image:
url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/checkbox_sprite.png"); } .recaptcha-checkbox-spinner-gif { border-radius: 2px; background-color: rgb(255, 255, 255);
background-size: 24px; border: 2px solid rgb(68, 71, 70); height: 24px; left: 0px; position: absolute; top: 0px; width: 24px; } .recaptcha-checkbox-spinner { background-
color: rgb(249, 249, 249); border-width: 6px; border-style: solid; border-color: rgb(77, 144, 254) rgb(77, 144, 254) transparent transparent; border-image: initial; border-
radius: 36px; height: 36px; left: -4px; outline: 0px; position: absolute; top: -4px; width: 36px; box-sizing: border-box; opacity: 0; animation: 2.5s linear 0s infinite normal
none paused spinner-spin; transition-duration: 1s; } @-webkit-keyframes spinner-spin { 0% { transform: rotateZ(0deg); } 10% { transform: rotateZ(135deg); } 25% {
transform: rotateZ(245deg); } 60% { transform: rotateZ(700deg); } 75% { transform: rotateZ(810deg); } 100% { transform: rotateZ(3turn); } } @keyframes spinner-spin {
0% { transform: rotateZ(0deg); } 10% { transform: rotateZ(135deg); } 25% { transform: rotateZ(245deg); } 60% { transform: rotateZ(700deg); } 75% { transform:
rotateZ(810deg); } 100% { transform: rotateZ(3turn); } } .recaptcha-checkbox-spinner-overlay { content: ""; position: absolute; top: -7px; left: -7px; width: 38px; height:
19px; background-color: rgb(249, 249, 249); animation: 1s linear 0s 1 normal none paused overlay-spin; transform-origin: center bottom; border-radius: 38px 38px 0px 0px;
transform: rotateZ(45deg); opacity: 0; } @-webkit-keyframes overlay-spin { 0% { opacity: 1; transform: rotateZ(45deg); } 100% { opacity: 1; transform: rotateZ(225deg); }
} @keyframes overlay-spin { 0% { opacity: 1; transform: rotateZ(45deg); } 100% { opacity: 1; transform: rotateZ(225deg); } } .recaptcha-checkbox-checkmark {
background-image:
url("
background-repeat: no-repeat; border-width: medium; border-style: none; border-color: currentcolor; border-image: initial; height: 30px; left: -5px; outline: 0px; position:
absolute; width: 38px; } .rc-anchor-dark .recaptcha-checkbox-spinner, .rc-anchor-dark .recaptcha-checkbox-spinner-overlay { background-color: rgb(34, 34, 34); }
.recaptcha-checkbox-nodatauri.recaptcha-checkbox-checkmark { background-image: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/checkmark_sprite.png"); } .recaptcha-
checkbox-hover .recaptcha-checkbox-border, .recaptcha-checkbox-hover .recaptcha-checkbox-spinner-gif { box-shadow: rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.1) 0px 1px 1px inset; border: 2px
solid rgb(178, 178, 178); } .recaptcha-checkbox-focused .recaptcha-checkbox-border, .recaptcha-checkbox-focused .recaptcha-checkbox-spinner-gif { border: 2px solid
rgb(77, 144, 254); } .recaptcha-checkbox-active .recaptcha-checkbox-border, .recaptcha-checkbox-active .recaptcha-checkbox-spinner-gif { background-color: rgb(235, 235,
235); } .recaptcha-checkbox-disabled .recaptcha-checkbox-border, .recaptcha-checkbox-disabled .recaptcha-checkbox-spinner-gif { background-color: rgb(241, 241, 241); }
.recaptcha-checkbox-loading .recaptcha-checkbox-spinner-gif { background-image: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/loading.gif"); } .recaptcha-checkbox-
checked .recaptcha-checkbox-border, .recaptcha-checkbox-checked .recaptcha-checkbox-spinner-gif { visibility: hidden; } .recaptcha-checkbox-checked .recaptcha-
checkbox-checkmark { background-position: 0px -600px; } .recaptcha-checkbox-expired .recaptcha-checkbox-border, .recaptcha-checkbox-expired .recaptcha-checkbox-
spinner-gif { border: 2px solid rgb(217, 48, 37); } .recaptcha-checkbox-clearOutline.recaptcha-checkbox-focused .recaptcha-checkbox-border, .recaptcha-checkbox-
clearOutline.recaptcha-checkbox-focused .recaptcha-checkbox-spinner-gif { border: 2px solid rgb(68, 71, 70); } body { margin: 0px; } .rc-anchor { border-radius: 3px; box-
shadow: rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.08) 0px 0px 4px 1px; } .rc-anchor-normal { height: 74px; width: 300px; } .rc-anchor-compact { height: 136px; width: 156px; } .rc-anchor-compact
#rc-anchor-classic-warning { width: 140px; text-align: center; } .rc-anchor-dark { background: rgb(34, 34, 34); color: rgb(255, 255, 255); } .rc-anchor-dark.rc-anchor-
normal, .rc-anchor-dark.rc-anchor-compact { border: 1px solid rgb(82, 82, 82); } .rc-anchor-dark #rc-anchor-over-quota, .rc-anchor-dark.rc-anchor-compact #rc-anchor-over-
quota, .rc-anchor-dark.rc-anchor-normal #rc-anchor-classic-warning, .rc-anchor-dark.rc-anchor-compact #rc-anchor-classic-warning, .rc-anchor-dark.rc-anchor-normal #rc-
anchor-v1beta1-shutdown-warning, .rc-anchor-dark.rc-anchor-compact #rc-anchor-v1beta1-shutdown-warning { color: rgb(255, 255, 255); } .rc-anchor-light { background:
rgb(249, 249, 249); color: rgb(0, 0, 0); } .rc-anchor-light.rc-anchor-normal, .rc-anchor-light.rc-anchor-compact { border: 1px solid rgb(211, 211, 211); } .rc-inline-block {
display: inline-block; height: 100%; } .rc-anchor-center-container { display: table; height: 100%; } .rc-anchor-center-item { display: table-cell; vertical-align: middle; } .rc-
anchor-content { display: inline-block; position: relative; } .rc-anchor-normal .rc-anchor-content { height: 74px; width: 206px; } .rc-anchor-compact .rc-anchor-content {
height: 85px; } .rc-anchor-error-message { color: rgb(255, 0, 0); font-family: Roboto, helvetica, arial, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; font-weight: 400; line-height: 16px;
padding: 0px 10px; } .rc-anchor-checkbox { margin: 0px 12px 2px; } .rc-anchor-checkbox-label { font-family: Roboto, helvetica, arial, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; font-
weight: 400; line-height: 17px; } .rc-anchor-normal .rc-anchor-checkbox-label { width: 152px; } .rc-anchor-compact .rc-anchor-checkbox-label { width: 95px; } .rc-anchor-
error-msg-container { color: rgb(217, 48, 37); font-family: Roboto, helvetica, arial, sans-serif; font-size: 12px; font-weight: 400; left: 0px; line-height: 14px; margin: 2px;
position: absolute; top: 0px; } .rc-anchor-normal.rc-anchor-error .rc-anchor-error-msg-container { width: 240px; } .rc-anchor-normal.rc-anchor-error .rc-anchor-content {
margin-top: 10px; } .rc-anchor-compact.rc-anchor-error .rc-anchor-content { margin-top: 25px; } .rc-anchor-normal-footer { display: inline-block; height: 74px; vertical-
align: top; width: 70px; } .rc-anchor-compact-footer { margin: 0px 12px; text-align: center; width: 136px; } .rc-anchor-logo-img { background:
url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/logo_48.png") no-repeat; } .rc-anchor-logo-img-ie8 { } .rc-anchor-logo-text { cursor: default; font-family: Roboto, helvetica,
arial, sans-serif; font-size: 10px; font-weight: 400; line-height: 10px; margin-top: 5px; text-align: center; } .rc-anchor-light .rc-anchor-logo-text, .rc-anchor-light div a:link,
.rc-anchor-light div a:visited { color: rgb(85, 85, 85); } .rc-anchor-dark .rc-anchor-logo-text, .rc-anchor-dark div a:link, .rc-anchor-dark div a:visited { color: rgb(245, 245,
245); } .rc-anchor-logo-portrait { margin: 10px 0px 0px 26px; width: 58px; user-select: none; } .rc-anchor-logo-img-portrait { background-size: 32px; height: 32px; margin:
0px 13px; width: 32px; } .rc-anchor-logo-landscape { user-select: none; } .rc-anchor-logo-img-landscape { background-size: 24px; display: inline-block; height: 24px;
width: 24px; } .rc-anchor-logo-landscape-text-holder { display: inline-block; height: 24px; margin: 0px 2px; width: 54px; } .rc-anchor-normal .rc-anchor-pt, .rc-anchor-
invisible .rc-anchor-pt, .rc-anchor-compact .rc-anchor-pt { font-family: Roboto, helvetica, arial, sans-serif; font-size: 8px; font-weight: 400; } .rc-anchor-pt { background-
image:
url("
} .rc-anchor-pt a { display: inline; padding: 2px 1px; text-decoration: none; } .rc-anchor-pt a:hover { text-decoration: underline; } .rc-anchor-normal .rc-anchor-pt { margin:
2px 11px 0px 0px; padding-right: 2px; position: absolute; right: 0px; text-align: right; width: 276px; } .rc-anchor-compact .rc-anchor-pt { margin: 0px 0px 2px; width:
132px; } .rc-anchor-aria-status { display: none; } #rc-anchor-alert, .rc-anchor-alert { color: red; font-size: 9px; margin: 2px; position: absolute; top: 0px; } #rc-anchor-
classic-warning, #rc-anchor-v1beta1-shutdown-warning { bottom: 0px; color: rgb(85, 85, 85); font-family: Roboto, helvetica, arial, sans-serif; font-size: 9px; padding: 4px;
position: absolute; width: 190px; display: flex; -webkit-box-align: center; align-items: center; height: 20px; } #rc-anchor-classic-warning a { display: inline-block; position:
relative; z-index: 1; padding: 4px; margin: -4px; } #rc-anchor-v1beta1-shutdown-warning a { display: inline-block; position: relative; z-index: 1; padding: 4px; margin: -4px;
} #rc-anchor-over-quota { bottom: 0px; color: rgb(85, 85, 85); font-family: Roboto, helvetica, arial, sans-serif; font-size: 9px; padding: 4px; position: absolute; width: 170px;
display: flex; -webkit-box-align: center; align-items: center; height: 20px; } .rc-anchor-compact .rc-anchor-content #rc-anchor-over-quota { width: 148px; } .rc-anchor-
normal .rc-anchor-pt.rc-anchor-over-quota-pt { width: 130px; } .rc-anchor-logo-portrait.rc-anchor-over-quota-logo { margin-top: 6px; } #rc-anchor-invisible-over-quota, #rc-
anchor-invisible-classic-warning { font-size: 9px; line-height: normal; } #rc-anchor-invisible-over-quota a, #rc-anchor-invisible-classic-warning a, #rc-anchor-invisible-
v1beta1-shutdown-warning a { color: white; } #rc-anchor-invisible-v1beta1-shutdown-warning { font-size: 9px; line-height: normal; } .rc-anchor-invisible { height: 60px;
width: 256px; display: flex; } .rc-anchor-invisible-text { background: rgb(26, 115, 232); color: white; display: flex; flex-basis: 166px; -webkit-box-orient: vertical; -webkit-
box-direction: normal; flex-direction: column; -webkit-box-flex: 1; flex-grow: 1; font-family: Roboto, helvetica, arial, sans-serif; font-size: 13px; font-weight: 400; height:

100%; -webkit-box-pack: center; justify-content: center; line-height: 20px; padding: 0px 16px; white-space: nowrap; } .rc-anchor-invisible-text.smalltext { font-size: 12px; padding: 0px 10px; line-height: 16px; white-space: normal; } .rc-anchor-invisible-text.smalltext .rc-anchor-pt { line-height: 12px; white-space: normal; } .rc-anchor-invisible-text.smalltext .rc-anchor-pt a:link { font-size: 9px; } .rc-anchor-normal-footer.smalltext .rc-anchor-pt { font-size: 5px; line-height: 6px; } .rc-anchor-invisible-text strong { font-weight: 500; } .rc-anchor-invisible .rc-anchor-normal-footer .rc-anchor-pt { transition: opacity 0.3s; text-align: center; width: 70px; margin-top: 2px; } .rc-anchor-logo-img-large { transition: 0.3s; background-size: 40px; margin: 5px 15px 0px; height: 40px; width: 40px; } .rc-anchor-invisible-nohover .rc-anchor-logo-img-large, .rc-anchor-invisible-hover-hovered .rc-anchor-logo-img-large { background-size: 44px; margin: 8px 13px 0px; height: 44px; width: 44px; } .rc-anchor-invisible-nohover .rc-anchor-normal-footer .rc-anchor-pt, .rc-anchor-invisible-hover-hovered .rc-anchor-normal-footer .rc-anchor-pt { opacity: 0; } .rc-anchor-invisible-nohover .rc-anchor-invisible-text .rc-anchor-pt, .rc-anchor-invisible-hover-hovered .rc-anchor-invisible-text .rc-anchor-pt { opacity: 1; } .rc-anchor-invisible-text .rc-anchor-pt { transition: opacity 0.3s; } .rc-anchor-invisible-text .rc-anchor-pt a:link, .rc-anchor-invisible-text .rc-anchor-pt a:visited { color: white; font-size: 10px; } .rc-anchor-invisible-hover .rc-anchor-invisible-text .rc-anchor-pt a:link { display: none; } .rc-anchor-invisible-nohover .rc-anchor-invisible-text .rc-anchor-pt a:link, .rc-anchor-invisible-hover-hovered .rc-anchor-invisible-text .rc-anchor-pt a:link { display: inline; } .rc-anchor-invisible-hover .rc-anchor-normal-footer .rc-anchor-pt a:link { display: inline; } .rc-anchor-invisible-nohover .rc-anchor-normal-footer .rc-anchor-pt a:link, .rc-anchor-invisible-hover-hovered .rc-anchor-normal-footer .rc-anchor-pt a:link { display: none; } .rc-audiochallenge-response-field { margin: 7px; text-align: center; } .rc-audiochallenge-response-field .rc-response-input-field { width: 220px; } .rc-audiochallenge-error-message { color: rgb(217, 48, 37); font-family: Roboto, helvetica, arial, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; font-weight: 400; margin: 20px 20px 0px; } .rc-audiochallenge-instructions { font-family: Roboto, helvetica, arial, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; font-weight: 400; margin: 10px 20px; } .rc-audiochallenge-play-button { margin: 0px 20px; } .rc-audiochallenge-play-button .rc-button-default { background: rgb(216, 216, 216); color: rgb(0, 0, 0); font-weight: 500; width: 100%; } .rc-audiochallenge-input-label { font-family: Roboto, helvetica, arial, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; font-weight: 400; margin: 10px 20px; } .rc-audiochallenge-control audio { height: 30px; width: 240px; } .rc-audiochallenge-tdownload { margin: 5px 20px; text-align: center; } .rc-audiochallenge-tdownload-link { background-image: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/download.png"); background-repeat: no-repeat; background-size: 36px; color: transparent; display: inline-block; height: 36px; opacity: 0.55; overflow: hidden; width: 36px; } .rc-audiochallenge-tdownload-link:focus-visible { background-color: rgb(216, 216, 216); } @media screen and (forced-colors: active) and (prefers-color-scheme: dark) { .rc-audiochallenge-tdownload-link { background-image: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/download_white.png"); background-repeat: no-repeat; background-size: 36px; color: transparent; display: inline-block; height: 36px; opacity: 0.55; overflow: hidden; width: 36px; } } .rc-audiochallenge-tdownload-link-on-dark { background-image: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/download_white.png"); background-repeat: no-repeat; background-size: 36px; color: transparent; display: inline-block; height: 36px; opacity: 0.55; overflow: hidden; width: 36px; } .rc-audiochallenge-tdownload-link-on-dark:focus-visible { background-color: rgb(216, 216, 216); } .rc-audiochallenge-tdownload-link:focus, .rc-audiochallenge-tdownload-link:hover { opacity: 0.8; outline: none; } .rc-audiochallenge-tdownload-link-on-dark:focus, .rc-audiochallenge-tdownload-link-on-dark:hover { opacity: 0.8; outline: none; } .fake-focus-audio { height: 0px; opacity: 0; width: 0px; } .rc-button-default { background: rgb(26, 115, 232); border: 0px; border-radius: 2px; color: rgb(255, 255, 255); cursor: pointer; font-family: Roboto, helvetica, arial, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; font-weight: 500; height: 42px; line-height: 42px; min-width: 100px; padding: 0px 10px; text-align: center; text-transform: uppercase; transition: 0.5s; } .rc-button-default:focus { outline: 0px; box-shadow: rgb(24, 90, 188) 0px 0px 0px 2pt; } .rc-button-default-disabled { background: rgba(73, 143, 225, 0.5); cursor: default; } .rc-button-red { background: rgb(226, 74, 74); } .rc-button-default-disabled.rc-button-red { background: rgba(226, 74, 74, 0.49); } .rc-canvas-image { display: none; } .rc-canvas-canvas { cursor: pointer; } body { margin: 0px; } .rc-imageselect-instructions strong { font-weight: 900; display: block; font-size: 28px; } .rc-footer { font-family: Roboto, helvetica, arial, sans-serif; position: relative; width: 100%; } .rc-separator { border-top: 1px solid rgb(223, 223, 223); margin-bottom: 1px; } .rc-controls { width: 100%; } .primary-controls { height: 60px; } .rc-buttons { float: left; height: 48px; margin: 6px 0px 6px 6px; background-repeat: no-repeat; } .fake-focus { height: 0px; opacity: 0; width: 0px; } .button-holder, .qr-button-holder { float: left; height: 48px; } .rc-button-reload { background: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/refresh_2x.png"); } .rc-button-reload:focus-visible { background-color: rgb(216, 216, 216); } @media screen and (forced-colors: active) and (prefers-color-scheme: dark) { .rc-button-reload { background: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/refresh_white_2x.png"); } } .rc-button-reload-on-dark { background: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/refresh_white_2x.png"); } .rc-button-reload-on-dark:focus-visible { background-color: rgb(216, 216, 216); } .rc-button-audio { background: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/audio_2x.png"); } .rc-button-audio:focus-visible { background-color: rgb(216, 216, 216); } @media screen and (forced-colors: active) and (prefers-color-scheme: dark) { .rc-button-audio { background: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/audio_white_2x.png"); } } .rc-button-audio-on-dark { background: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/audio_white_2x.png"); } .rc-button-audio-on-dark:focus-visible { background-color: rgb(216, 216, 216); } .rc-button-image { background: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/image_2x.png"); } .rc-button-image:focus-visible { background-color: rgb(216, 216, 216); } @media screen and (forced-colors: active) and (prefers-color-scheme: dark) { .rc-button-image { background: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/image_white_2x.png"); } } .rc-button-image-on-dark { background: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/image_white_2x.png"); } .rc-button-image-on-dark:focus-visible { background-color: rgb(216, 216, 216); } .rc-button-liveness { background: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/liveness_dark.png"); } .rc-button-qr { background: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/modac_mobile_dark.png"); } .rc-button-liveness:focus-visible { background-color: rgb(216, 216, 216); } .rc-button-qr:focus-visible { background-color: rgb(216, 216, 216); } @media screen and (forced-colors: active) and (prefers-color-scheme: dark) { .rc-button-liveness { background: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/liveness_light.png"); } } @media screen and (forced-colors: active) and (prefers-color-scheme: dark) { .rc-button-qr { background: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/modac_mobile_light.png"); } } .rc-button-liveness-on-dark { background: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/liveness_light.png"); } .rc-button-qr-on-dark { background: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/qr_light.png"); } .rc-button-liveness-on-dark:focus-visible { background-color: rgb(216, 216, 216); } .rc-button-qr-on-dark:focus-visible { background-color: rgb(216, 216, 216); } .rc-button-help { background: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/info_2x.png"); } .rc-button-help:focus-visible { background-color: rgb(216, 216, 216); } @media screen and (forced-colors: active) and (prefers-color-scheme: dark) { .rc-button-help { background: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/info_white_2x.png"); } } .rc-button-help-on-dark { background: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/info_white_2x.png"); } .rc-button-help-on-dark:focus-visible { background-color: rgb(216, 216, 216); } .rc-button-undo { background: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/undo_2x.png"); } .rc-button-undo:focus-visible { background-color: rgb(216, 216, 216); } @media screen and (forced-colors: active) and (prefers-color-scheme: dark) { .rc-button-undo { background: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/undo_white_2x.png"); } } .rc-button-undo-on-dark { background: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/undo_white_2x.png"); } .rc-button-undo-on-dark:focus-visible { background-color: rgb(216, 216, 216); } .rc-button { background-size: 32px 32px; cursor: pointer; height: 48px; opacity: 0.55; width: 48px; padding: 0px; border: 0px; background-repeat: no-repeat; background-position: center center; } .rc-button:focus, .rc-button:hover { opacity: 0.8; outline: none; } .verify-button-holder { float: right; margin: 8px 8px 9px 0px; } .rc-challenge-help { font-family: Roboto, helvetica, arial, sans-serif; font-size: 12px; font-weight: 400; overflow-y: scroll; padding: 5px 20px; } .reload-icon { height: 16px; width: 16px; } .apps-toast { position: relative; text-align: center; width: 100%; z-index: 101; } .apps-toast-content { background: rgb(50, 50, 50); border-radius: 2px; box-shadow: rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.14) 0px 6px 10px, rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.12) 0px 1px 18px, rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.4) 0px 3px 5px -1px; color: rgb(238, 238, 238); display: inline-block; font: 12px / 20px Roboto, helvetica, arial, sans-serif; padding: 14px; text-align: center; } .goog-container:focus { outline: none; } .rc-defaultchallenge-response-field { margin: 7px; text-align: center; } .rc-defaultchallenge-response-field .rc-response-input-field { width: 230px; } .rc-defaultchallenge-payload { border-width: medium; border-style: none; border-color: currentcolor; border-image: initial; font-family: Roboto, helvetica, arial, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; font-weight: 400; min-height: 61px; text-align: center; } .rc-defaultchallenge-incorrect-response { color: rgb(255, 27, 27); font-family: Roboto, helvetica, arial, sans-serif; font-size: 12px; font-weight: 400; line-height: 14px; margin-left: 20px; } .rc-doscaptcha-header { padding: 10px; margin: 10px; height: 20%; background-color: rgb(26, 115, 232); } .rc-doscaptcha-header-text { font-family: Roboto, helvetica, arial, sans-serif; font-size: 22px; font-weight: 400; text-align: center; color: white; } .rc-doscaptcha-body { height: 80%; } .rc-doscaptcha-body-text { font-family: Roboto, helvetica, arial, sans-serif; font-size: 16px; font-weight: 400; padding: 10px 15px; } .rc-doscaptcha-footer { pointer-events: none; } .recaptchaJavascriptChallengeLivenessOuterContainer { position: absolute; inset: 0px; display: flex; -webkit-box-orient: vertical; -webkit-box-direction: normal; flex-direction: column; } .recaptchaJavascriptChallengeLivenessContainer { -webkit-box-flex: 1; flex-grow: 1; } .goog-container:focus { outline: none; } #rc-imageselect { min-width: 240px; font-family: Roboto, helvetica, arial, sans-serif; background-color: rgb(255, 255, 255); } #rc-imageselect .rc-button:focus { outline: none; } .rc-imageselect-desc { margin-left: -10px; margin-top: -10px; padding-right: 100px; position: relative; } .rc-imageselect-instructions .rc-imageselect-desc strong { font-size: 22px; } .rc-imageselect-desc span { display: block; } .rc-imageselect-desc-no-canonical { position: relative; } .rc-imageselect-desc-no-canonical span { display: block; } .rc-imageselect-payload { min-width: 240px; margin: 0px 7px; padding: 7px 0px; } .rc-imageselect-challenge { position: relative; width: 100%; height: 100%; } .rc-footer { min-width: 240px; } .rc-imageselect-incorrect-response, .rc-imageselect-error-dynamic-more, .rc-imageselect-error-select-more, .rc-imageselect-error-select-something { color: rgb(217, 48, 37); font-size: 14px; padding: 7px 0px; text-align: center; width: 100%; background-color: white; } .rc-imageselect-desc-wrapper { margin-bottom: 6px; } .rc-imageselect-checkbox { background: url(" display: none; position: absolute; } .rc-imageselect-report-image { inset: 0px; display: none; position: absolute; } .rc-imageselect-table-42, .rc-imageselect-table-33, .rc-

imageselect-table-44 { border-collapse: separate; border-spacing: 0px; width: 100%; height: 100%; transition: 1s; } .rc-imageselect-table-42, .rc-imageselect-table-33 { margin: -2px; } .rc-imageselect-table-44 { margin: -1px; } .rc-imageselect-table-42 td { padding: 2px; } .rc-imageselect-table-33 td { padding: 2px; } .rc-imageselect-table-44 td { padding: 1px; } .rc-image-tile-target tr, td { margin: 0px; } .rc-imageselect-keyboard { position: relative; z-index: 100; outline: orange solid !important; } td:focus { outline: none; } .rc-image-tile-overlay { display: none; opacity: 0; position: absolute; background-color: rgb(26, 115, 232); width: 100%; height: 100%; z-index: 2; transition: opacity 1s cubic-bezier(0.49, 0.78, 0.46, 1.34); } .rc-image-followup-tile { display: block; } .rc-imageselect-dynamic-selected { position: relative; transition: 2s; opacity: 0.01; } .rc-imageselect-dynamic-selected .rc-image-tile-target { opacity: 1; } .rc-imageselect-dynamic-selected .rc-imageselect-checkbox { display: block; opacity: 1; background-size: cover; width: 60px; height: 60px; left: 50%; top: 50%; margin-left: -30px; margin-top: -30px; } .rc-image-tile-target { -webkit-tap-highlight-color: rgba(0, 0, 0, 0); position: relative; } .rc-imageselect-tileselected { position: relative; } .rc-imageselect-tileselected .rc-image-tile-wrapper { transform: scale(0.8); } .rc-image-tile-wrapper { transform: scale(1); } .rc-imageselect-tileselected .rc-imageselect-checkbox { display: block; background-repeat: no-repeat; inset: 0px; } .rc-imageselect-candidates { border: 2px solid white; box-sizing: border-box; height: 94px; overflow: hidden; position: absolute; right: 7px; top: 7px; width: 112px; } .rc-imageselect-candidates > div { background-size: 112px 94px; display: inline-block; height: 94px; margin: 2px; position: relative; width: 112px; } .rc-imageselect-challenge { box-sizing: border-box; text-align: center; user-select: none; } .rc-imageselect-response-field-error { border-bottom: 1px solid rgb(255, 0, 0); } .rc-imageselect-desc { font-size: 16px; } .rc-imageselect-desc-wrapper span { font-size: 14px; } .rc-imageselect-clear { clear: both; } .rc-image-tile-wrapper { overflow: hidden; position: relative; transition: 0.1s; } .rc-image-tile-wrapper img { position: relative; -webkit-user-drag: none; backface-visibility: hidden; } .rc-image-tile-11 { width: 100%; height: 100%; } .rc-image-tile-42 { width: 200%; height: 400%; } .rc-image-tile-33 { width: 300%; height: 300%; } .rc-image-tile-44 { width: 400%; height: 400%; } .rc-imageselect-instructions { height: 113px; width: 100%; margin-bottom: 7px; position: relative; } .rc-imageselect-desc-wrapper { background-color: rgb(26, 115, 232); position: relative; padding: 24px; color: white; height: 66px; font-size: 16px; } .rc-imageselect-progress { background-color: rgb(65, 124, 193); position: absolute; bottom: 0px; right: 0px; width: 0px; height: 15px; transition: 1s; } .rc-imageselect-carousel-offscreen-right { left: 105%; position: absolute; transition: 0.5s; } .rc-imageselect-carousel-entering-right { left: 0px; position: absolute; transition: 0.5s; } .rc-imageselect-carousel-mock-margin-1 { top: 1px; } .rc-imageselect-carousel-mock-margin-2 { top: 2px; } .rc-imageselect-carousel-leaving-left { left: 0px; opacity: 0.5; position: relative; transition: 0.5s; } .rc-imageselect-carousel-offscreen-left { left: -105%; opacity: 0.5; position: relative; transition: 0.5s; } .rc-imageselect-carousel-instructions { transition: 0.2s; opacity: 1; } .rc-imageselect-carousel-instructions-hidden { opacity: 0.5; } .rc-canonical-stop-sign { background: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/stop_sign.jpg") no-repeat; } .rc-canonical-speed-limit { background: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/canonical_speed_limit.png") no-repeat; } .rc-canonical-street-name { background: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/canonical_street_name.png") no-repeat; } .rc-canonical-other { background: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/canonical_other.png") no-repeat; } .rc-canonical-bounding-box { background: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/boundingbox2.gif") no-repeat; } .rc-canonical-car { background: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/canonical_car.png") no-repeat; } .rc-canonical-road { background: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/canonical_road.png") no-repeat; } .rc-canonical-bridge { background: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/canonical_bridge.png") no-repeat; } .recaptchaJavascriptChallengeQrOuterContainer { position: absolute; inset: 0px; display: flex; -webkit-box-orient: vertical; -webkit-box-direction: normal; flex-direction: column; -webkit-box-pack: center; justify-content: center; -webkit-box-align: center; align-items: center; } .recaptchaJavascriptChallengeQrContainer { align-items: anchor-center; position: relative; -webkit-box-flex: 1; flex-grow: 1; margin: 10px; display: flex; -webkit-box-orient: vertical; -webkit-box-direction: normal; flex-direction: column; } .recaptchaJavascriptChallengeQrCanvas { min-width: 200px; min-height: 200px; max-height: 45%; max-width: 40%; outline-offset: 0px; outline: solid 2px; border-radius: 2pt; padding: 20px; position: relative; border: 1px solid rgb(153, 153, 153); box-shadow: rgba(26, 115, 232, 0.3) 0px 0px 9px 2px; background: white; } .recaptchaJavascriptChallengeQrBackground { background: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/modac_qr_background.svg") no-repeat; position: absolute; top: 50%; margin-top: -20%; width: 100%; height: 100%; } .recaptchaJavascriptChallengeQrButton { background: rgb(26, 115, 232); border: 0px; color: rgb(255, 255, 255); cursor: pointer; font-family: Roboto, helvetica, arial, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; transition: 0.5s; border-radius: 25px; padding: 15px; text-transform: uppercase; text-decoration: none; position: relative; margin: 25% auto; } .recaptchaJavascriptChallengeQrInstructionsContainer { text-align: center; font-family: Roboto, helvetica, arial, sans-serif; display: flex; -webkit-box-orient: vertical; -webkit-box-direction: normal; flex-direction: column; -webkit-box-pack: center; justify-content: center; -webkit-box-align: center; align-items: center; } .recaptchaJavascriptChallengeQrShortInstructionsContainer { top: 0px; height: 113px; position: relative; background: rgb(26, 115, 232); text-align: center; margin: 0px auto; width: 100%; } .recaptchaJavascriptChallengeQrShortInstructions { font-weight: 700; color: rgb(255, 255, 255); font-size: 20px; margin-top: 45px; } .recaptchaJavascriptChallengeQrAdditionalInstructionsContainer { position: relative; display: flex; -webkit-box-orient: horizontal; -webkit-box-direction: normal; flex-direction: row; -webkit-box-align: center; align-items: center; -webkit-box-pack: center; justify-content: center; padding: 10px; } .recaptchaJavascriptChallengeQrCameraIcon { background: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/modac_camera_dark.png") 0% 0% / contain no-repeat; display: inline-block; width: 30px; height: 30px; } .recaptchaJavascriptChallengeQrMobileIcon { background: url("https://www.gstatic.com/recaptcha/api2/modac_mobile_dark.png") 0% 0% / contain no-repeat; display: inline-block; width: 30px; height: 30px; } .recaptchaJavascriptChallengeQrAdditionalInstructions { font-weight: 400; font-size: 14px; padding: 10px 20px 10px 10px; max-width: 80%; line-height: 1.3; color: rgb(119, 119, 119); } .recaptchaJavascriptChallengeQrCodeHidden { height: 0px; width: 0px; display: none; visibility: hidden; } .recaptchaJavascriptChallengeQrCodeVisible { height: 200px; width: 200px; display: inline-block; visibility: visible; } .recaptchaJavascriptChallengeQrButtonHidden { display: none; visibility: hidden; } .recaptchaJavascriptChallengeQrButtonVisible { display: inline-block; visibility: visible; } .rc-prepositional-payload { padding: 20px; font-family: Roboto, helvetica, arial, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; font-weight: 400; } .rc-prepositional-select-more, .rc-prepositional-verify-failed { color: rgb(255, 27, 27); font-family: Roboto, helvetica, arial, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; font-weight: 400; margin: 20px 20px 0px; } .rc-prepositional-target label { margin: 5px; float: right; } .rc-prepositional-instructions { margin-bottom: 20px; } .rc-prepositional-table { width: 100%; } .rc-prepositional-table td { background: rgb(249, 249, 249); border: 1px solid rgb(255, 255, 255); color: rgb(0, 0, 0); cursor: pointer; font-family: Roboto, helvetica, arial, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; font-weight: 400; width: 40%; padding: 15px; } .rc-prepositional-table td.rc-prepositional-selected { background: rgb(239, 239, 239); border: 1px solid rgb(101, 101, 101); } .rc-2fa-payload { font-family: Roboto, Helvetica, Arial, sans-serif; font-weight: 400; font-size: 14px; color: rgb(32, 33, 36); text-align: center; } .rc-2fa-background { background-color: rgb(236, 236, 236); width: 100%; height: 100%; overflow: auto; } .rc-2fa-container { background-color: rgb(255, 255, 255); width: 328px; overflow: auto; margin: 100px auto; } .rc-2fa-header { margin: 36px 0px 24px; font-size: 16px; } .rc-2fa-instructions { margin: 24px 40px; line-height: 17.5px; } .rc-2fa-response-field { text-align: center; } .rc-2fa-response-field input { width: 11.2ch; height: 40px; line-height: 40px; margin: auto; border: 1px solid rgb(151, 151, 151); font-size: 20px; letter-spacing: 0.8ch; padding-left: 1.2ch; padding-right: 0px; } .rc-2fa-response-field input:focus { border: 1px solid rgb(24, 90, 188); } .rc-2fa-response-field-error input { border: 1px solid rgb(217, 48, 37); } .rc-2fa-response-field-error input:focus { border: 1px solid rgb(217, 48, 37); } .rc-2fa-error-message { height: 36px; font-size: 12px; color: rgb(217, 48, 37); margin: 2px 40px; } .rc-2fa-submit-button-holder button { margin: 0px auto; min-width: 100px; height: 36px; line-height: 36px; text-transform: uppercase; text-align: center; font-weight: 500; letter-spacing: 1.25px; border-radius: 4px; background-color: rgb(24, 90, 188); border: 1px solid rgb(24, 90, 188); color: rgb(255, 255, 255); } .rc-2fa-submit-button-holder button:disabled { background-color: white; border: 1px solid rgb(151, 151, 151); color: rgba(0, 0, 0, 0.38); } .rc-2fa-cancel-button-holder button { margin: 20px auto; min-width: 100px; height: 36px; line-height: 36px; text-transform: uppercase; text-align: center; font-weight: 500; letter-spacing: 1.25px; border-radius: 4px; background: none; border-width: medium; border-style: none; border-color: currentcolor; border-image: initial; color: rgb(24, 90, 188); } .rc-2fa-cancel-button-holder button:active { border-width: medium; border-style: none; border-color: currentcolor; border-image: initial; } .rc-response-input-field { border: 1px solid rgb(116, 119, 117); border-radius: 2px; height: 36px; margin: 5px 0px; padding: 1px 9px; font-family: Roboto, helvetica, arial, sans-serif; font-size: 16px; font-weight: 400; outline: none; width: 270px; } .rc-response-input-field:focus { border: 1px solid rgb(26, 115, 232); } .rc-response-input-field-error, .rc-response-input-field-error:focus { border: 1px solid rgb(255, 0, 0); } sentinel { } ------MultipartBoundary--I56SseK8KlbPUoX04656zDPlz19lMcO3aAtG7jdQgM---- Content-Type: text/css Content-Transfer-Encoding: binary Content-Location: cid:css-9d75ba95-a72c-4bb7-aa85-8192d1fd8b8d@mhtml.blink @charset "utf-8"; @font-face { font-family: Roboto; font-style: normal; font-weight: 400; font-stretch: 100%; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/roboto/v48/KFO7CnqEu92Fr1ME7kSn66aGLdTylUAMa3GUBHMdazTgWw.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+460-52F, U+1C80-1C8A, U+20B4, U+2DE0-2DFF, U+A640-A69F, U+FE2E-FE2F; } @font-face { font-family: Roboto; font-style: normal; font-weight: 400; font-stretch: 100%; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/roboto/v48/KFO7CnqEu92Fr1ME7kSn66aGLdTylUAMa3iUBHMdazTgWw.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+301, U+400-45F, U+490-491, U+4B0-4B1, U+2116; } @font-face { font-family: Roboto; font-style: normal; font-weight: 400; font-stretch: 100%; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/roboto/v48/KFO7CnqEu92Fr1ME7kSn66aGLdTylUAMa3CUBHMdazTgWw.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+1F00-1FFF; } @font-face { font-family: Roboto; font-style: normal; font-weight: 400; font-stretch: 100%; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/roboto/v48/KFO7CnqEu92Fr1ME7kSn66aGLdTylUAMa3-UBHMdazTgWw.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+370-377, U+37A-37F, U+384-38A, U+38C, U+38E-3A1, U+3A3-3FF; } @font-face { font-family: Roboto; font-style: normal; font-weight: 400; font-stretch: 100%; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/roboto/v48/KFO7CnqEu92Fr1ME7kSn66aGLdTylUAMawCUBHMdazTgWw.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+302-303, U+305, U+307-308, U+310, U+312, U+315, U+31A, U+326-327, U+32C, U+32F-330, U+332-333, U+338, U+33A, U+346, U+34D, U+391-3A1, U+3A3-3A9, U+3B1-3C9,

U+3D1, U+3D5-3D6, U+3F0-3F1, U+3F4-3F5, U+2016-2017, U+2034-2038, U+203C, U+2040, U+2043, U+2047, U+2050, U+2057, U+205F, U+2070-2071, U+2074-208E, U+2090-209C, U+20D0-20DC, U+20E1, U+20E5-20EF, U+2100-2112, U+2114-2115, U+2117-2121, U+2123-214F, U+2190, U+2192, U+2194-21AE, U+21B0-21E5, U+21F1-21F2, U+21F4-2211, U+2213-2214, U+2216-22FF, U+2308-230B, U+2310, U+2319, U+231C-2321, U+2336-237A, U+237C, U+2395, U+239B-23B7, U+23D0, U+23DC-23E1, U+2474-2475, U+25AF, U+25B3, U+25B7, U+25BD, U+25C1, U+25CA, U+25CC, U+25FB, U+266D-266F, U+27C0-27FF, U+2900-2AFF, U+2B0E-2B11, U+2B30-2B4C, U+2BFE, U+3030, U+FF5B, U+FF5D, U+1D400-1D7FF, U+1EE00-1EEFF; } @font-face { font-family: Roboto; font-style: normal; font-weight: 400; font-stretch: 100%; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/roboto/v48/KFO7CnqEu92Fr1ME7kSn66aGLdTylUAMaxKUBHMdazTgWw.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+1-C, U+E-1F, U+7F-9F, U+20DD-20E0, U+20E2-20E4, U+2150-218F, U+2190, U+2192, U+2194-2199, U+21AF, U+21E6-21F0, U+21F3, U+2218-2219, U+2299, U+22C4-22C6, U+2300-243F, U+2440-244A, U+2460-24FF, U+25A0-27BF, U+2800-28FF, U+2921-2922, U+2981, U+29BF, U+29EB, U+2B00-2BFF, U+4DC0-4DFF, U+FFF9-FFFB, U+10140-1018E, U+10190-1019C, U+101A0, U+101D0-101FD, U+102E0-102FB, U+10E60-10E7E, U+1D2C0-1D2D3, U+1D2E0-1D37F, U+1F000-1F0FF, U+1F100-1F1AD, U+1F1E6-1F1FF, U+1F30D-1F30F, U+1F315, U+1F31C, U+1F31E, U+1F320-1F32C, U+1F336, U+1F378, U+1F37D, U+1F382, U+1F393-1F39F, U+1F3A7-1F3A8, U+1F3AC-1F3AF, U+1F3C2, U+1F3C4-1F3C6, U+1F3CA-1F3CE, U+1F3D4-1F3E0, U+1F3ED, U+1F3F1-1F3F3, U+1F3F5-1F3F7, U+1F408, U+1F415, U+1F41F, U+1F426, U+1F43F, U+1F441-1F442, U+1F444, U+1F446-1F449, U+1F44C-1F44E, U+1F453, U+1F46A, U+1F47D, U+1F4A3, U+1F4B0, U+1F4B3, U+1F4B9, U+1F4BB, U+1F4BF, U+1F4C8-1F4CB, U+1F4D6, U+1F4DA, U+1F4DF, U+1F4E3-1F4E6, U+1F4EA-1F4ED, U+1F4F7, U+1F4F9-1F4FB, U+1F4FD-1F4FE, U+1F503, U+1F507-1F50B, U+1F50D, U+1F512-1F513, U+1F53E-1F54A, U+1F54F-1F5FA, U+1F610, U+1F650-1F67F, U+1F687, U+1F68D, U+1F691, U+1F694, U+1F698, U+1F6AD, U+1F6B2, U+1F6B9-1F6BA, U+1F6BC, U+1F6C6-1F6CF, U+1F6D3-1F6D7, U+1F6E0-1F6EA, U+1F6F0-1F6F3, U+1F6F7-1F6FC, U+1F700-1F7FF, U+1F800-1F80B, U+1F810-1F847, U+1F850-1F859, U+1F860-1F887, U+1F890-1F8AD, U+1F8B0-1F8BB, U+1F8C0-1F8C1, U+1F900-1F90B, U+1F93B, U+1F946, U+1F984, U+1F996, U+1F9E9, U+1FA00-1FA6F, U+1FA70-1FA7C, U+1FA80-1FA89, U+1FA8F-1FAC6, U+1FACE-1FADC, U+1FADF-1FAE9, U+1FAF0-1FAF8, U+1FB00-1FBFF; } @font-face { font-family: Roboto; font-style: normal; font-weight: 400; font-stretch: 100%; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/roboto/v48/KFO7CnqEu92Fr1ME7kSn66aGLdTylUAMa3OUBHMdazTgWw.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+102-103, U+110-111, U+128-129, U+168-169, U+1A0-1A1, U+1AF-1B0, U+300-301, U+303-304, U+308-309, U+323, U+329, U+1EA0-1EF9, U+20AB; } @font-face { font-family: Roboto; font-style: normal; font-weight: 400; font-stretch: 100%; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/roboto/v48/KFO7CnqEu92Fr1ME7kSn66aGLdTylUAMa3KUBHMdazTgWw.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+100-2BA, U+2BD-2C5, U+2C7-2CC, U+2CE-2D7, U+2DD-2FF, U+304, U+308, U+329, U+1D00-1DBF, U+1E00-1E9F, U+1EF2-1EFF, U+2020, U+20A0-20AB, U+20AD-20C0, U+2113, U+2C60-2C7F, U+A720-A7FF; } @font-face { font-family: Roboto; font-style: normal; font-weight: 400; font-stretch: 100%; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/roboto/v48/KFO7CnqEu92Fr1ME7kSn66aGLdTylUAMa3yUBHMdazQ.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+0-FF, U+131, U+152-153, U+2BB-2BC, U+2C6, U+2DA, U+2DC, U+304, U+308, U+329, U+2000-206F, U+20AC, U+2122, U+2191, U+2193, U+2212, U+2215, U+FEFF, U+FFFD; } @font-face { font-family: Roboto; font-style: normal; font-weight: 500; font-stretch: 100%; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/roboto/v48/KFO7CnqEu92Fr1ME7kSn66aGLdTylUAMa3GUBHMdazTgWw.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+460-52F, U+1C80-1C8A, U+20B4, U+2DE0-2DFF, U+A640-A69F, U+FE2E-FE2F; } @font-face { font-family: Roboto; font-style: normal; font-weight: 500; font-stretch: 100%; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/roboto/v48/KFO7CnqEu92Fr1ME7kSn66aGLdTylUAMa3iUBHMdazTgWw.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+301, U+400-45F, U+490-491, U+4B0-4B1, U+2116; } @font-face { font-family: Roboto; font-style: normal; font-weight: 500; font-stretch: 100%; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/roboto/v48/KFO7CnqEu92Fr1ME7kSn66aGLdTylUAMa3CUBHMdazTgWw.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+1F00-1FFF; } @font-face { font-family: Roboto; font-style: normal; font-weight: 500; font-stretch: 100%; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/roboto/v48/KFO7CnqEu92Fr1ME7kSn66aGLdTylUAMa3-UBHMdazTgWw.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+370-377, U+37A-37F, U+384-38A, U+38C, U+38E-3A1, U+3A3-3FF; } @font-face { font-family: Roboto; font-style: normal; font-weight: 500; font-stretch: 100%; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/roboto/v48/KFO7CnqEu92Fr1ME7kSn66aGLdTylUAMawCUBHMdazTgWw.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+302-303, U+305, U+307-308, U+310, U+312, U+315, U+31A, U+326-327, U+32C, U+32F-330, U+332-333, U+338, U+33A, U+346, U+34D, U+391-3A1, U+3A3-3A9, U+3B1-3C9, U+3D1, U+3D5-3D6, U+3F0-3F1, U+3F4-3F5, U+2016-2017, U+2034-2038, U+203C, U+2040, U+2043, U+2047, U+2050, U+2057, U+205F, U+2070-2071, U+2074-208E, U+2090-209C, U+20D0-20DC, U+20E1, U+20E5-20EF, U+2100-2112, U+2114-2115, U+2117-2121, U+2123-214F, U+2190, U+2192, U+2194-21AE, U+21B0-21E5, U+21F1-21F2, U+21F4-2211, U+2213-2214, U+2216-22FF, U+2308-230B, U+2310, U+2319, U+231C-2321, U+2336-237A, U+237C, U+2395, U+239B-23B7, U+23D0, U+23DC-23E1, U+2474-2475, U+25AF, U+25B3, U+25B7, U+25BD, U+25C1, U+25CA, U+25CC, U+25FB, U+266D-266F, U+27C0-27FF, U+2900-2AFF, U+2B0E-2B11, U+2B30-2B4C, U+2BFE, U+3030, U+FF5B, U+FF5D, U+1D400-1D7FF, U+1EE00-1EEFF; } @font-face { font-family: Roboto; font-style: normal; font-weight: 500; font-stretch: 100%; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/roboto/v48/KFO7CnqEu92Fr1ME7kSn66aGLdTylUAMaxKUBHMdazTgWw.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+1-C, U+E-1F, U+7F-9F, U+20DD-20E0, U+20E2-20E4, U+2150-218F, U+2190, U+2192, U+2194-2199, U+21AF, U+21E6-21F0, U+21F3, U+2218-2219, U+2299, U+22C4-22C6, U+2300-243F, U+2440-244A, U+2460-24FF, U+25A0-27BF, U+2800-28FF, U+2921-2922, U+2981, U+29BF, U+29EB, U+2B00-2BFF, U+4DC0-4DFF, U+FFF9-FFFB, U+10140-1018E, U+10190-1019C, U+101A0, U+101D0-101FD, U+102E0-102FB, U+10E60-10E7E, U+1D2C0-1D2D3, U+1D2E0-1D37F, U+1F000-1F0FF, U+1F100-1F1AD, U+1F1E6-1F1FF, U+1F30D-1F30F, U+1F315, U+1F31C, U+1F31E, U+1F320-1F32C, U+1F336, U+1F378, U+1F37D, U+1F382, U+1F393-1F39F, U+1F3A7-1F3A8, U+1F3AC-1F3AF, U+1F3C2, U+1F3C4-1F3C6, U+1F3CA-1F3CE, U+1F3D4-1F3E0, U+1F3ED, U+1F3F1-1F3F3, U+1F3F5-1F3F7, U+1F408, U+1F415, U+1F41F, U+1F426, U+1F43F, U+1F441-1F442, U+1F444, U+1F446-1F449, U+1F44C-1F44E, U+1F453, U+1F46A, U+1F47D, U+1F4A3, U+1F4B0, U+1F4B3, U+1F4B9, U+1F4BB, U+1F4BF, U+1F4C8-1F4CB, U+1F4D6, U+1F4DA, U+1F4DF, U+1F4E3-1F4E6, U+1F4EA-1F4ED, U+1F4F7, U+1F4F9-1F4FB, U+1F4FD-1F4FE, U+1F503, U+1F507-1F50B, U+1F50D, U+1F512-1F513, U+1F53E-1F54A, U+1F54F-1F5FA, U+1F610, U+1F650-1F67F, U+1F687, U+1F68D, U+1F691, U+1F694, U+1F698, U+1F6AD, U+1F6B2, U+1F6B9-1F6BA, U+1F6BC, U+1F6C6-1F6CF, U+1F6D3-1F6D7, U+1F6E0-1F6EA, U+1F6F0-1F6F3, U+1F6F7-1F6FC, U+1F700-1F7FF, U+1F800-1F80B, U+1F810-1F847, U+1F850-1F859, U+1F860-1F887, U+1F890-1F8AD, U+1F8B0-1F8BB, U+1F8C0-1F8C1, U+1F900-1F90B, U+1F93B, U+1F946, U+1F984, U+1F996, U+1F9E9, U+1FA00-1FA6F, U+1FA70-1FA7C, U+1FA80-1FA89, U+1FA8F-1FAC6, U+1FACE-1FADC, U+1FADF-1FAE9, U+1FAF0-1FAF8, U+1FB00-1FBFF; } @font-face { font-family: Roboto; font-style: normal; font-weight: 500; font-stretch: 100%; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/roboto/v48/KFO7CnqEu92Fr1ME7kSn66aGLdTylUAMa3OUBHMdazTgWw.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+102-103, U+110-111, U+128-129, U+168-169, U+1A0-1A1, U+1AF-1B0, U+300-301, U+303-304, U+308-309, U+323, U+329, U+1EA0-1EF9, U+20AB; } @font-face { font-family: Roboto; font-style: normal; font-weight: 500; font-stretch: 100%; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/roboto/v48/KFO7CnqEu92Fr1ME7kSn66aGLdTylUAMa3KUBHMdazTgWw.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+100-2BA, U+2BD-2C5, U+2C7-2CC, U+2CE-2D7, U+2DD-2FF, U+304, U+308, U+329, U+1D00-1DBF, U+1E00-1E9F, U+1EF2-1EFF, U+2020, U+20A0-20AB, U+20AD-20C0, U+2113, U+2C60-2C7F, U+A720-A7FF; } @font-face { font-family: Roboto; font-style: normal; font-weight: 500; font-stretch: 100%; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/roboto/v48/KFO7CnqEu92Fr1ME7kSn66aGLdTylUAMa3yUBHMdazQ.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+0-FF, U+131, U+152-153, U+2BB-2BC, U+2C6, U+2DA, U+2DC, U+304, U+308, U+329, U+2000-206F, U+20AC, U+2122, U+2191, U+2193, U+2212, U+2215, U+FEFF, U+FFFD; } @font-face { font-family: Roboto; font-style: normal; font-weight: 900; font-stretch: 100%; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/roboto/v48/KFO7CnqEu92Fr1ME7kSn66aGLdTylUAMa3GUBHMdazTgWw.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+460-52F, U+1C80-1C8A, U+20B4, U+2DE0-2DFF, U+A640-A69F, U+FE2E-FE2F; } @font-face { font-family: Roboto; font-style: normal; font-weight: 900; font-stretch: 100%; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/roboto/v48/KFO7CnqEu92Fr1ME7kSn66aGLdTylUAMa3iUBHMdazTgWw.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+301, U+400-45F, U+490-491, U+4B0-4B1, U+2116; } @font-face { font-family: Roboto; font-style: normal; font-weight: 900; font-stretch: 100%; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/roboto/v48/KFO7CnqEu92Fr1ME7kSn66aGLdTylUAMa3CUBHMdazTgWw.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+1F00-1FFF; } @font-face { font-family: Roboto; font-style: normal; font-weight: 900; font-stretch: 100%; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/roboto/v48/KFO7CnqEu92Fr1ME7kSn66aGLdTylUAMa3-UBHMdazTgWw.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+370-377, U+37A-37F, U+384-38A, U+38C, U+38E-3A1, U+3A3-3FF; } @font-face { font-family: Roboto; font-style: normal; font-weight: 900; font-stretch: 100%; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/roboto/v48/KFO7CnqEu92Fr1ME7kSn66aGLdTylUAMawCUBHMdazTgWw.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+302-303, U+305, U+307-308, U+310, U+312, U+315, U+31A, U+326-327, U+32C, U+32F-330, U+332-333, U+338, U+33A, U+346, U+34D, U+391-3A1, U+3A3-3A9, U+3B1-3C9, U+3D1, U+3D5-3D6, U+3F0-3F1, U+3F4-3F5, U+2016-2017, U+2034-2038, U+203C, U+2040, U+2043, U+2047, U+2050, U+2057, U+205F, U+2070-2071, U+2074-208E, U+2090-209C, U+20D0-20DC, U+20E1, U+20E5-20EF, U+2100-2112, U+2114-2115, U+2117-2121, U+2123-214F, U+2190, U+2192, U+2194-21AE, U+21B0-21E5, U+21F1-21F2, U+21F4-2211, U+2213-2214, U+2216-22FF, U+2308-230B, U+2310, U+2319, U+231C-2321, U+2336-237A, U+237C, U+2395, U+239B-23B7, U+23D0, U+23DC-23E1, U+2474-2475, U+25AF, U+25B3, U+25B7, U+25BD, U+25C1, U+25CA, U+25CC, U+25FB, U+266D-266F, U+27C0-27FF, U+2900-2AFF, U+2B0E-2B11, U+2B30-2B4C, U+2BFE, U+3030, U+FF5B, U+FF5D, U+1D400-1D7FF, U+1EE00-1EEFF; } @font-face { font-family: Roboto; font-style: normal; font-weight: 900; font-stretch: 100%; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/roboto/v48/KFO7CnqEu92Fr1ME7kSn66aGLdTylUAMaxKUBHMdazTgWw.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+1-C, U+E-1F, U+7F-9F, U+20DD-20E0, U+20E2-20E4, U+2150-218F, U+2190, U+2192, U+2194-2199, U+21AF, U+21E6-21F0, U+21F3, U+2218-

2219, U+2299, U+22C4-22C6, U+2300-243F, U+2440-244A, U+2460-24FF, U+25A0-27BF, U+2800-28FF, U+2921-2922, U+2981, U+29BF, U+29EB, U+2B00-2BFF, U+4DC0-4DFF, U+FFF9-FFFB, U+10140-1018E, U+10190-1019C, U+101A0, U+101D0-101FD, U+102E0-102FB, U+10E60-10E7E, U+1D2C0-1D2D3, U+1D2E0-1D37F, U+1F000-1F0FF, U+1F100-1F1AD, U+1F1E6-1F1FF, U+1F30D-1F30F, U+1F315, U+1F31C, U+1F31E, U+1F320-1F32C, U+1F336, U+1F378, U+1F37D, U+1F382, U+1F393-1F39F, U+1F3A7-1F3A8, U+1F3AC-1F3AF, U+1F3C2, U+1F3C4-1F3C6, U+1F3CA-1F3CE, U+1F3D4-1F3E0, U+1F3ED, U+1F3F1-1F3F3, U+1F3F5-1F3F7, U+1F408, U+1F415, U+1F41F, U+1F426, U+1F43F, U+1F441-1F442, U+1F444, U+1F446-1F449, U+1F44C-1F44E, U+1F453, U+1F46A, U+1F47D, U+1F4A3, U+1F4B0, U+1F4B3, U+1F4B9, U+1F4BB, U+1F4BF, U+1F4C8-1F4CB, U+1F4D6, U+1F4DA, U+1F4DF, U+1F4E3-1F4E6, U+1F4EA-1F4ED, U+1F4F7, U+1F4F9-1F4FB, U+1F4FD-1F4FE, U+1F503, U+1F507-1F50B, U+1F50D, U+1F512-1F513, U+1F53E-1F54A, U+1F54F-1F5FA, U+1F610, U+1F650-1F67F, U+1F687, U+1F68D, U+1F691, U+1F694, U+1F698, U+1F6AD, U+1F6B2, U+1F6B9-1F6BA, U+1F6BC, U+1F6C6-1F6CF, U+1F6D3-1F6D7, U+1F6E0-1F6EA, U+1F6F0-1F6F3, U+1F6F7-1F6FC, U+1F700-1F7FF, U+1F800-1F80B, U+1F810-1F847, U+1F850-1F859, U+1F860-1F887, U+1F890-1F8AD, U+1F8B0-1F8BB, U+1F8C0-1F8C1, U+1F900-1F90B, U+1F93B, U+1F946, U+1F984, U+1F996, U+1F9E9, U+1FA00-1FA6F, U+1FA70-1FA7C, U+1FA80-1FA89, U+1FA8F-1FAC6, U+1FACE-1FADC, U+1FADF-1FAE9, U+1FAF0-1FAF8, U+1FB00-1FBFF; } @font-face { font-family: Roboto; font-style: normal; font-weight: 900; font-stretch: 100%; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/roboto/v48/KFO7CnqEu92Fr1ME7kSn66aGLdTylUAMa3OUBHMdazTgWw.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+102-103, U+110-111, U+128-129, U+168-169, U+1A0-1A1, U+1AF-1B0, U+300-301, U+303-304, U+308-309, U+323, U+329, U+1EA0-1EF9, U+20AB; } @font-face { font-family: Roboto; font-style: normal; font-weight: 900; font-stretch: 100%; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/roboto/v48/KFO7CnqEu92Fr1ME7kSn66aGLdTylUAMa3KUBHMdazTgWw.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+100-2BA, U+2BD-2C5, U+2C7-2CC, U+2CE-2D7, U+2DD-2FF, U+304, U+308, U+329, U+1D00-1DBF, U+1E00-1E9F, U+1EF2-1EFF, U+2020, U+20A0-20AB, U+20AD-20C0, U+2113, U+2C60-2C7F, U+A720-A7FF; } @font-face { font-family: Roboto; font-style: normal; font-weight: 900; font-stretch: 100%; src: url("//fonts.gstatic.com/s/roboto/v48/KFO7CnqEu92Fr1ME7kSn66aGLdTylUAMa3yUBHMdazQ.woff2") format("woff2"); unicode-range: U+0-FF, U+131, U+152-153, U+2BB-2BC, U+2C6, U+2DA, U+2DC, U+304, U+308, U+329, U+2000-206F, U+20AC, U+2122, U+2191, U+2193, U+2212, U+2215, U+FEFF, U+FFFD; } ------ MultipartBoundary--I56SseK8KlbPUoX04656zDPlz19lMcO3aAtG7jdQgM---- Content-Type: text/html Content-ID: Content-Transfer-Encoding: binary ------ MultipartBoundary--I56SseK8KlbPUoX04656zDPlz19lMcO3aAtG7jdQgM---- Content-Type: text/html Content-ID: Content-Transfer-Encoding: binary ------ MultipartBoundary--I56SseK8KlbPUoX04656zDPlz19lMcO3aAtG7jdQgM------